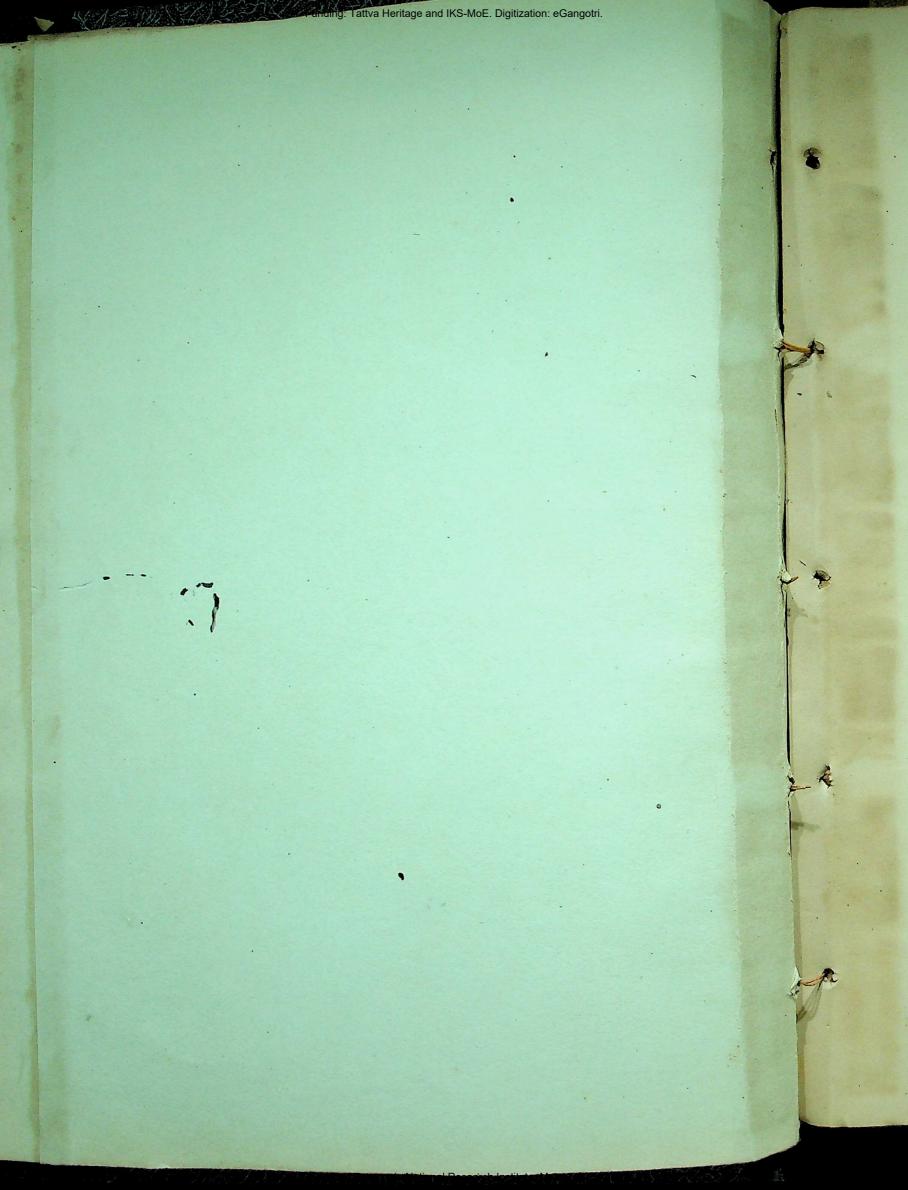
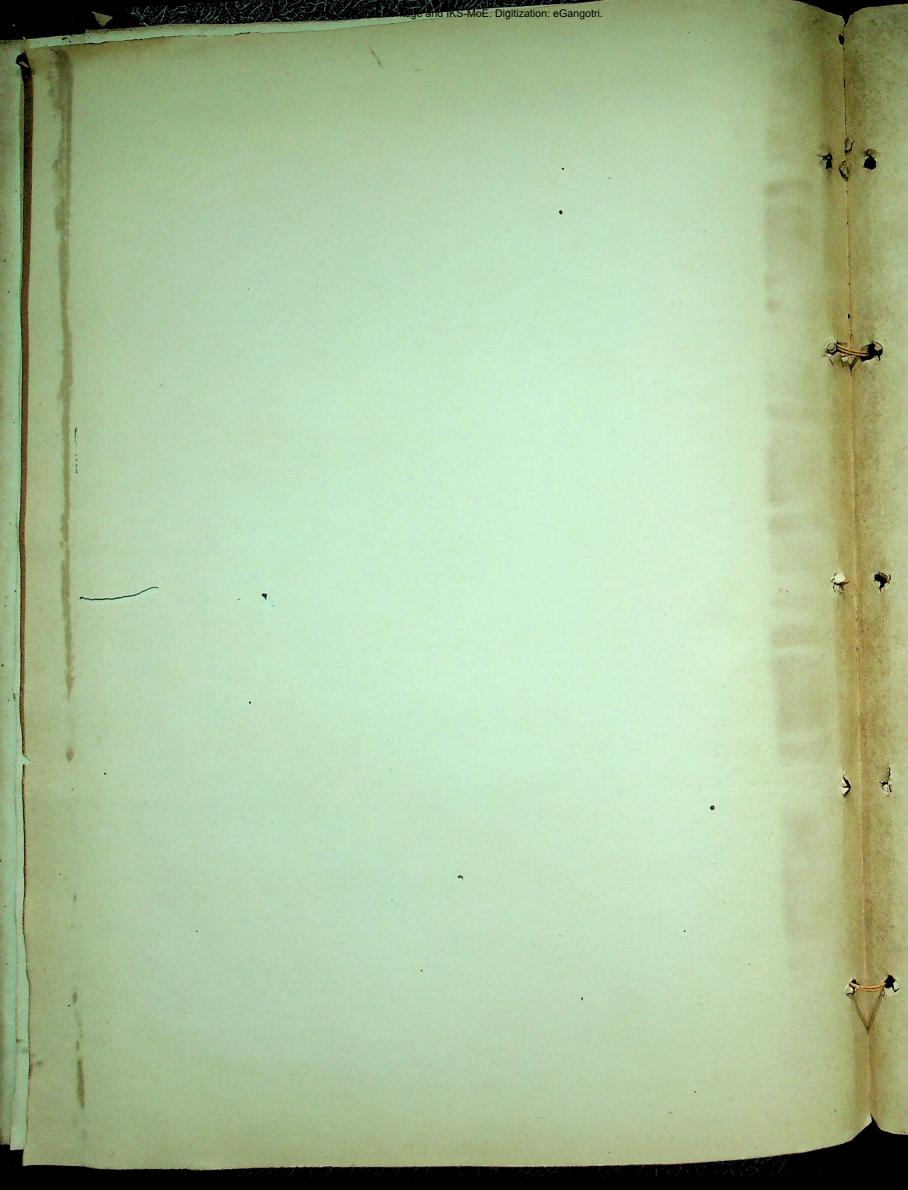
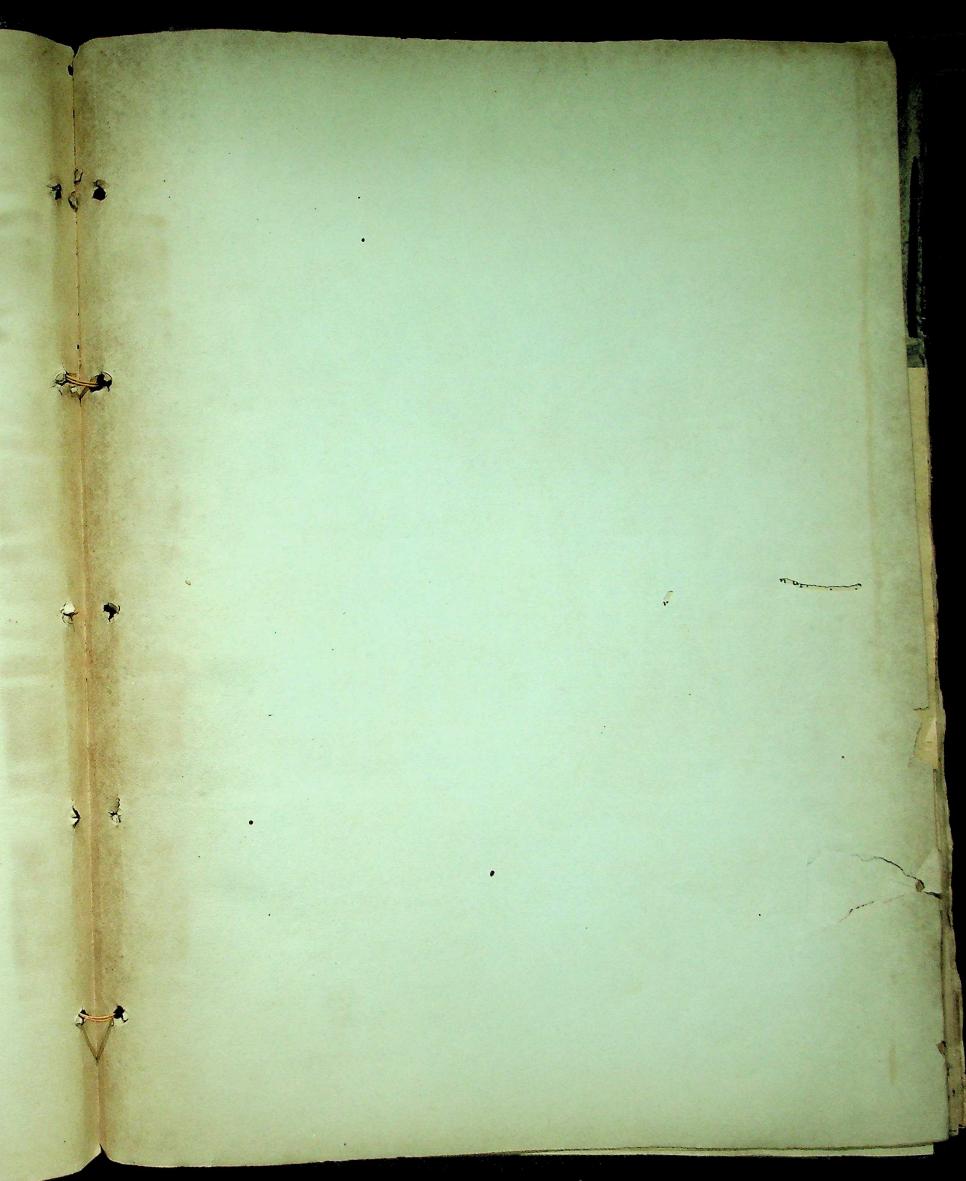


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Merrage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri. 1951-52 Nitre 2.70 0.43 Anot attention is the iss Coal Finis Pig Alun Diese Trac Elect Mach CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

The Illustra

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> Food Cotte Suga Jute Tea Milk Tota Soil Nitro Phos C. D Pow Town

Iron

1951-52 1955-56 1956-57 1957-58 1958-59

Nitrogenous Fertilisers (in terms of sulphate of ammonia)

5.20 6.41 2.70 7.92 8.82

Superphosphates (including bone-meal)

0.43 0.78 0.98 1.79

The Second Plan targets were 1,800,000 tons of nitrogenous fertilisers and 700,000 tons of superphosphates. In the Third Plan, it is proposed to increase consumption to 1,000,000 tons in terms of nitrogenous fertilisers and 400,000 to 500,000 tons in terms of superphosphates. In the past, the demand for nitrogenous fertilisers had exceeded supply, and foreign exchange difficulties had prevented in-creased production of phosphatic fertilisers. The Government has overcome some of its difficulties by modifying its insistence on reserving production of nitrogenous fertilisers to the public sector. And foreign exchange difficulties are not likely to hinder development in this field.

The growth of agriculture, however, depends on the co-operation of the State Governments and of people in the rural areas. The availability of fertilisers, it must be borne in mind, is not the same thing as the general use of fertilisers. The nature of the demand which is said to be far in excess of present supplies has not been sufficiently studied. Students of the subject have referred to the demand for nitrogenous fertilisers among plantation owners and the manner in which subsidised supplies have reached planters from the agriculturists.

Another matter which needs closer attention on the part of the Government is the issuing of licences for the manufacture of fertilisers. In the Second Five-Year Plan, several licences were not utilised. In so far as this was due to the lack of foreign exchange, there is nothing to be done about it. But where there is room for fear that the licences were applied for speculatively or to shut competitors out of the field, serious action seems to be called for In agriculture, more than in industry, the munities has depended on the ability, re-



5. WHEAT being unloaded in Bombay. India's failure to achieve self-sufficiency in food production has compelled the planners today to lay renewed emphasis on agriculture.

necessity for attending to details is as important as the capacity to plan for the five

The problem of agriculture in brief, apart from targets and outlays, is that at present unemployment and under-employment are far greater in the rural areas, that the new job opportunities under the Plans have been more in the urban areas and outside agriculture, and that it is not until 1975 that industrial development is expected to reach a stage when labour is attracted from agriculture to industry. Labour in the cities is enough to meet the growing demand of industry and commerce; and improvements in agriculture can only increase the number of under-employed and unemployed in the rural areas.

In this context, the emphasis laid by the Planning Commission on the democratic development of rural communities to provide occupation seems misplaced in the light of experience. Work in these com-

sourcefulness and energy of a few individuals. No doubt, it is very desirable to have the whole community interested in progress rather than to rely on the personal effort of a few. But in the absence of this general interest, it is the part of wisdom to carry on with what is available. It is also practical because responsibility is easier to fix and the responsible individual is more likely to be responsive if he is held

There is little in the industrial programme that calls for comment. A list of priorities has been drawn up, with carryover from the Second First, coming first, followed by projects for which external credits are already arranged, projects for which external credits have to be arranged, and those on which preliminary preparatory work should continue. The emphasis is on fertiliser plant, iron and steel, heavy machinery plant, and drug and chemical manufacture. It is open to question whether a fourth steel plant is really necessary to take on at this stage of India's develop-

ment but the Government appears to feel the need for it keenly.

As considerable reliance is placed on foreign collaboration, both financial and technical, in industrial development in the public sector, a great deal depends on the Government's ability to convince outside opinion of the feasibility of the scherges. Much work has been done in this direction, and much more might be expected in the next year. This again is bound to make the work of the private sector easier since a more realistic approach on the part of the Indian Government will be induced.

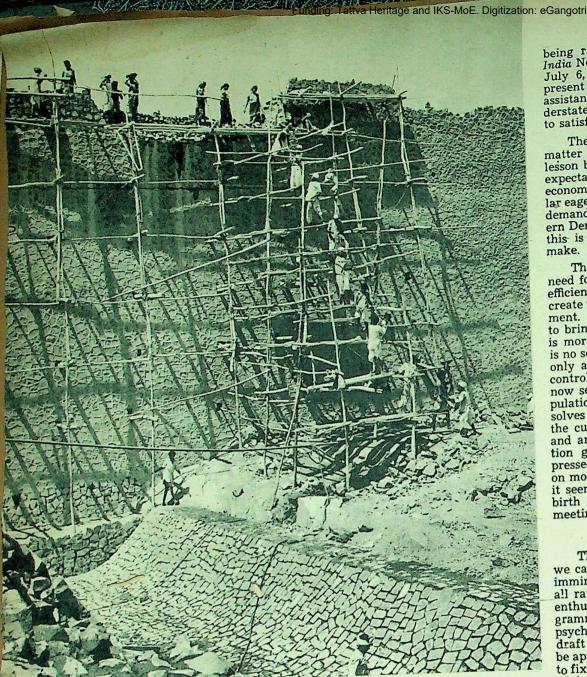
An important factor in industry is the ability to calculate ahead the commitment of an undertaking or enterprise. As one of the factors in making up the bill is labour costs, the consequences of the current controversy between the Government and its employees have a vital bearing on this subject. One achievement is the Pay Commission's move in bringing down the need-based minimum wage from

Targets Fixed for Achievement by 1966

Foodgrains 100-105 million tons Cotton 7.2 million bales Sugarcane 9.2 million tons Oilseeds 9.5 million tons Jute 6.5 million tons Tea 850 million pounds Milk 690 million maunds Total irrigated area 90 million acres Soil conservation 13 million acres more Nitrogenous fertilisers 1 million tons Phosphates 4 to 5 lakh tons C. D. Blocks 5,217 Power (installed capacity) 11.8 million kW Power generation 42,250 million kWh Towns and villages electrified 34,000 Iron ore 32 million tons Coal 97 million tons Finished steel 6.9 million tons Pig iron 1.5 million tons Aluminium 75,000 tons Diesel engines 66,000 Tractors 10,000 Electric transformers 3,500 Machine tools Rs. 30 crore-worth

Sugarcane machinery Rs. 10 crore-worth Sulphuric acid 1.25 million tons Sewing machines 450,000 Bicycles 2,000,000 Automobiles 100,000 Paper and boards 7 lakh tons Sugar 3 million tons Cement 13 million tons Cotton textiles (mill) 5,800 million yards Paper and paper boards 7 lakh tons Raw silk 5 million pounds Railway freight 235 million tons Roads 164,000 miles Shipping 11 lakh G.R.T. Post Offices 95,000 Telephones 675,000 Students in school 64.8 million Primary schools 500,000 Middle schools 45,000 High Schools 18,000 Hospitals and dispensaries 14,600 Hospital beds 190,000 Family Planning Centres 8,197 Doctors 103,000 Midwives 70,000

(Please Turn Over)



THE KAKRAPARA DAM across the Tapi 50 miles upstream of Surat. The Third Plan proposes an outlay of Rs. 650 crores for "major" and "medium" irrigation.

The Third Plan (Continued)

Rs. 125 a month to Rs. 80. The fifteenth Tripartite Labour Conference in July 1957 had adopted the larger amount unanimously and declared it as an inflexible guide during the Second Plan period for all wage-fixing bodies. In the newspaper industry, the wage board had been influenced by this directive, and debates in Parliament showed that the Government was not averse to having it enforced. Any departure from this standard was permitted only on the ground that the unit concerned was not able to pay a minimum wage to its employees, and in the process of proving this several units involved themselves in other complications.

The Pay Commission's insistence that the norms behind the minimum wage of Rs. 125 were not borne out by existing conditions and the Government's acceptance of this position alter the situation radically. It is perhaps too much to conclude from this that the Government of India has

changed its policy towards labour. But it is a fair inference that it has reached a stage where a change in its attitude to industry is inevitable. Even the leaders of the Union Government employees' unions have reiterated that they do not expect the acceptance of Rs. 125 as the need-based minimum wage at once, and this in itself is a repudiation of the fifteenth Tripartite Labour Conference's unanimous finding.

The draft Plan requires in the next five years an effort equal to that which has been put forth in the past ten years. The total external assistance required is in the region of Rs. 3,200 crores, of which Rs. 500 crores cover repayments, Rs. 300 crores private capital inflow and Rs. 200 crores the value of buffer stocks of foodgrains under P.L. 480. This section amounts to some 30% of the total Plan resources. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Nehru could in the circumstances claim that 80% of the finances necessary for the Third Plan were

being raised internally. (The Times of India News Service London message dated July 6, 1960.) It would be far better to present a true picture to those on whose assistance we count, than to indulge in understatement—either to meet criticism or to satisfy our own vanity.

The experience we have had in the matter of food ought to have taught us a lesson by now. It is to be hoped that the expectations of achieving a self-generating economy by 1965 are not inspired by similar eagerness to soften the magnitude of the demand we are making now on the Western Democracies—a kind of assurance that this is the last appeal we shall have to make.

The draft Plan repeatedly stresses the need for effecting economy and improving efficiency in administration in order to create the conditions necessary for achievement. Little, however, has been done to bring about these desired results; what is more distressing is the fact that there is no serious attempt to set matters right only a tendency to lay the blame on un-controllable factors. The main offender now seems to be the rapid increase in population, which satisfies foreigners and absolves the administration. I am afraid the current insistence on family planning and artificial methods of limiting population growth leaves me somewhat unimpressed. This is not because I object to it on moral or religious grounds but because it seems a confession of failure to talk of birth control as an economic weapon for meeting economic problems.

POPULAR ENTHUSIASM

The real problem, which at one time we came very near realising but with the imminence of the Third Plan period we are all rapidly forgetting, is how to rouse the enthusiasm of the people for the programmes of development. There is one psychological factor involved to which the draft Plan refers in passing: "... it will not be appropriate at this stage of development to fix a 'norm' of hours per day to be worked by a person and consider all persons who are working below that 'norm' to be unemployed. A more meaningful concept will be on the basis of willingness to accept additional work." The error in this lies not in the concept but in the manner in which it is expressed, and that is why the Planning Commission has failed to pursue the thought beyond using it to bring down the numbers of persons under-employed.

"Willingness to accept additional work" is not the point, but indifference to earning more is a material factor. The reason for this is the long tradition of the joint family which places an increasingly heavy burden on the earners and relieves dependants of all responsibility and initiative, reinforced by the politicians' appeals to sacrifice and to deferring enjoyment. If this attitude has to be tackled—and without changing it there is little hope of progress—a very different, approach is needed. —a very different approach is needed.
European students of social change have commented on the Protestant emphasis on work and reward in contrast to the Roman Catholic insistence on grace and absolution. In India, we have yet a third mood to contend against. It could conveniently be called privation and resignation. It is a mood admirable for defence but it is not the mood we can count on for great achievements in the economic field.

July 17

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THE ORIGIN OF LIFE __ 4

Celestial Abodes

by JAGJIT SINGH

E discussed how some molecules with the self-duplicating property of a gene could arise under the geochemical conditions prevailing on our planet some two billion years ago. Once formed, such molecules would multiply until the accumulated supply of one of the immediate components was exhausted—a foretaste of Malthusian pressure of population on the means of subsistence.

A premium would then be put, as pointed out by N. H. Horowitz, on a variant able to catalyse the formation of this component from a protein precursor still present in abundance—foreshadowing evolution by mutation and natural selection. Selection would also favour molecules capable of appropriating others and breaking them down to reorganise their constitution according to the devourer's own pattern—prototypes of future predators.

But all this is nothing more than a bare outline for beginning a probe into the origins of life from inanimate roots. To complete it and thus close the great gap preceding the establishment of cellular organisms we still need to know far more of intracellular histology, micro-physiology, geochemistry and cosmogony.

When we know enough of these subjects to be able to specify the magnitude and complexity of the smallest possible self-reproducing molecule system on the one hand, and of the cosmogonic processes of planetary formation on the grandest scale on the other, we shall be able to suggest an environment that is a cosmogonic possibility and at the same time capable of breeding the microscopic molecules of life, the genes and chromosomes. It will then be possible to demonstrate that under the conditions that actually prevailed on earth the emergence of life was inherent in the basic laws governing the behaviour of matter everywhere.

INDEED, the evolution of inanimate molecule into man via the missing link of a self-catalysing protein molecule may seem a miracle. But modern science does give us a glimmer of the Ariadne's thread running through the entire gamut of life from the "sub-vital" autocatalytic particle of protein all the way to man as an increasingly complex crescendo of self-sustained patterns of chemical reactions with their constant va-et-vient of ordinary atoms. This is why we need only depersonalise Omar Khayyam's "they" into the basic laws of the behaviour of matter to be able to conclude with him:

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's knead,

And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed.

But the same laws that kneaded man out of earth's first clay, what would they not do to that of other stars, planets and their satellites both in our own Milky Way and in other galaxies? There is a school of thought prevailing even now that has a sort of mystic faith in the

fitness of almost every celestial environment to develop and evolve its own species of living beings whose bodies and organs are supposed to be adapted to the peculiar circumstances of their particular abode.

Even the strictly disciplined and controlled imagination of Olaf Stapledon could not resist the temptation of toying with the idea that life and intelligence could perhaps emerge and persist in the incandescent environment of stars in the forms of myriad self-conscious flames of life. But it is clear that he did so merely to incorporate in the myth he set out to create a belief that is part of our cultural matrix even though beyond the limits of contemporary scientific credibility.

FOR life, as we have seen, is an attribute of matter that appears only in highly complex and therefore correspondingly fragile structures. Even a protein molecule, not to speak of other more elaborate structures like cells and animal tissues, is a complex and delicate entity extremely sensitive to heat. The molecular hurly-burly that heating inevitably lets loose proves too much for the delicately balanced constituents of proteins as well as living tissues. It coagulates proteins, decomposes amino-acids and deactivates enzymes.

No living tissue cell or bacterium, therefore, seems able to withstand even boiling water. The hottest niche that living organisms have so far been known to occupy is in Yellow Stone Park, where bacteria have learnt to survive in hot springs at 76° C., but none has been found in any of the hotter natural springs in spite of life's incredible resourcefulness to colonise any possible ecological corner. Apparently 80° to 90° C. is a fundamental upper limit to which life can accommodate itself.

The possibility of living organisms made of sterner stuff like silicon instead of carbon, able to survive in a much hotter environment, has no doubt been suggested because silicon ranks next to carbon in its power to combine with other atoms to form a multitude of compounds. But unlike carbon, silicon atoms show little tendency to bond with one another in long chains and rings. This is why the silicon counterpart of the hydrocarbon series does not stretch very far and even those hydrosilicons which do exist are far more fragile than their carbon prototypes. Consequently, silicon is no match for the prolific power of carbon to act as a base for the build-up of complex structures that are the indispensable precursors of life.

Since living matter, wherever it may occur in the universe, presumably requires a vast variety of complex compounds from which to synthesise itself, carbon alone among the elements seems qualified to serve as its backbone. A silicon cell, therefore, is not even a plausible biological "perhaps" so far as we can imagine at present.

But even if it were, it would not materially extend the temperature range up to which life could ascend. For every chemical compound, whether of silicon, carbon or anything else, can be broken down with sufficient heat. Indeed, the more complex its structure, the easier it is to disintegrate.

We may therefore rule out all possibility of life in any of its variety and adaptations in the stars as even the coolest of them has a surface temperature of 3,000°C.—much too high for any except the simplest compounds to exist.

But if excessive heat inhibits life of all kinds, too much cold is equally fatal. For vital processes—as our experience here on earth shows—depend ultimately on the energy received from the sun.

If this supply had been much smaller, it is doubtful if life could have ever sparked out of its inanimate slumber. It follows that only planets located at such distances from their central star as to give them the right amount of starshine and warmth could be suitable abodes of life in any possible form. If they are too near their central star, no life could originate in the midst of the hell fires to which their close proximity exposes them. On the other hand, if they happen to be too far away, life may remain congealed for ever in the frosty cold of outer space.

But it is not merely their distance from the central star that ought to be right. So must be their other features such as mass, axial rotation, atmosphere, hydrosphere and ellipticity of orbit. Thus, if a planet or a satellite like our own moon fails to combine the right blend of these other conditions, its location at the right distance from the sun will be of no avail. For the moon having too small a mass to retain any atmosphere is both airless and waterless.

Further, since it spins round itself slowly in about a month, a lunar day is as long as a terrestrial fortnight. In consequence, the surface rocks of its equatorial regions are alternately grilled by a fortnight's solar radiation undiluted by atmospheric absorption and they are chilled by an equally long night.

The noon temperatures at the subsolar point thus soar to 120° C. and drop to -150° C. at midnight. Nor is there any wind or water to temper the effect of such violent oscillations of surface temperature. In such a lunar chiaroscuro, no living organism, even if it could get there somehow, could escape being alternately roasted and put into a deep freeze.

THEN again, if a planet's orbit is highly elliptical, as for instance is the case with Mercury, the seasonal variations in the intensity of solar radiation may prove too great for life to develop and take root. Thus Mercury at its closest approach to the sun receives two and a half times as much sunshine as at its farthest. This alone would give rise to too violent fluctuations of temperatures which again are fantastically amplified because of the coincidence of the period of its axial rotation with that of its revolution round the sun.

As a result Mercury presents approximately the same face to the sun as the moon does to the earth, so that it is a fearful furnace of molten lead, lava and tin on the sunny side and an equally terrifying Cimmerian nightmare of frozen gases on the other eternally dark unlit side. These conditions whose rigour is in no way mitigated because of the virtual absence of wind and water would not enable it to harbour life of any kind whatever.

(To Be Concluded)

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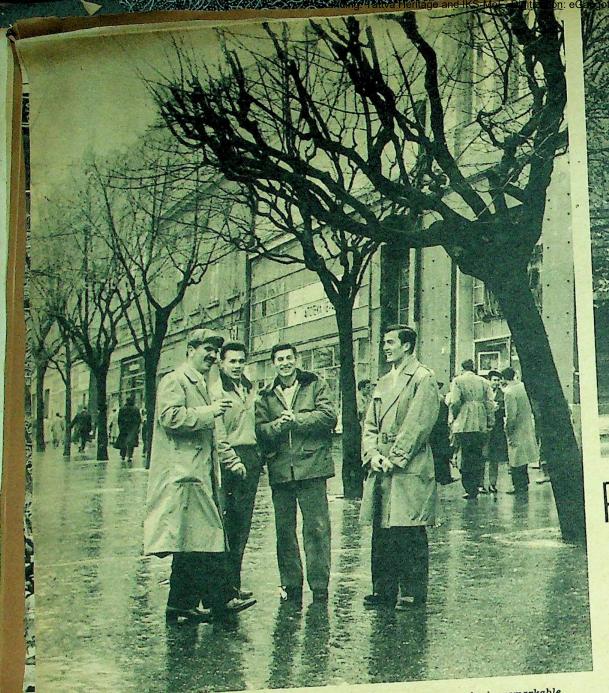
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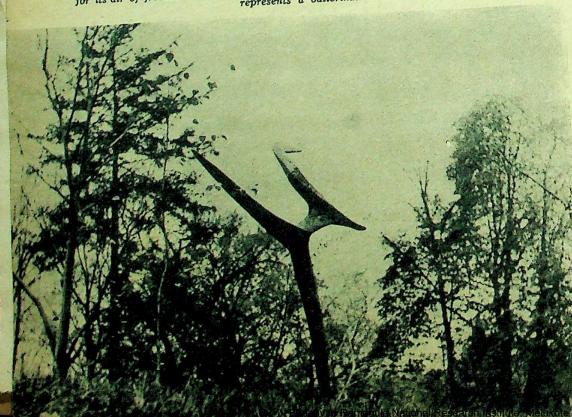
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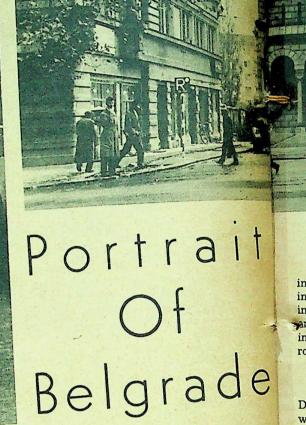
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AUTUMNAL CHEER. Among the world's Communist capitals Belgrade is remarkable for its air of freedom and absence of regimentation. Below: This modern bronze statue represents a ballerina.





capital of Communist Yugoslavia, is one of surprise at the unmistake able air of freedom. There is something about the bearing of the citizens that speaks of courage, independence and pride. Remarkable also is the absence police authority. People talk to policeme on traffic duty in a manner that expressed is no exaggerated glory or conceit about the few soldiers whom one occasionally meets in the streets.

By West European standards traff is negligible. There are a few modern of ces and buildings, but by and large grade looks like a provincial town whe the pace is peaceful and life anything hectic. The shops are beginning to hectic. The shops are beginning to greater range of consumer goods; the department stores are crowds of the department stores are crowds of sants and townspeople gaping at refriger tors with admiration and patriotic proof achievement.

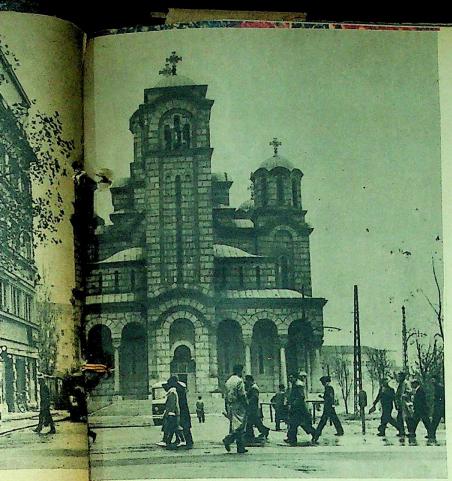
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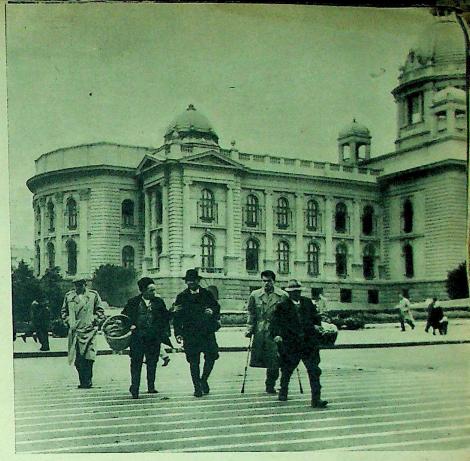
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St. MARK'S GREEK ORTHODOX CATHEDRAL on the Boulevard of the Revolution. Right, above: Rural folk on a visit to the city. Behind is the Parliament building.

One sees photographs of Marshal Tito in factories, in schools and public buildings. Even so the Tito cult is not greatly in evidence. There are a few night clubs and young men and women are increasingly becoming addicted to jazz music and rock 'n' roll.

Situated at the confluence of the Danube and Sava, Belgrade has a history which goes back to the third century B.C. when the first fortification was made by dom in the succeeding centuries.

the Celts. Later it had a succession of masters such as the Romans, the Huns and the Goths. In the 11th century it was conquered by the Byzantine emperor Basil II and in the 12th by the Hungarians. Thereafter the city changed hands again, the Greeks, Bulgarians and Hungarians replacing each other in turn. During the 14th century Belgrade was in the possession of the Serbian kings and was made capital of Serbia in 1403. The Turks and the Germans were a constant threat to its security and freedom in the succeeding centuries.

FLOOR SHOW at a night club—"Lili" in a number described as "Greek Fantasy". Right: Students dance at the "Index Bar", a bleak and bare basement where jazz sessions are held several times a week.





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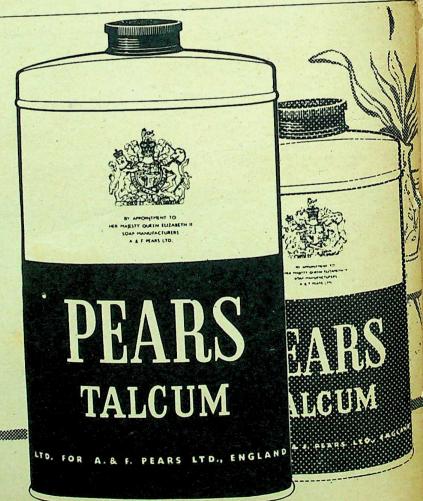
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SUMMERTIME

bloom practically throughout the year. The keen-eyed gardener may also be fortunate enough to discover a bud-mutation or spore which may be the beginning of a worth-while new variety.

Bougainvillaeas are easy to grow. One should always remember, however, that they like plenty of sun and should not be over-watered or over-manured. Also, if pruning is necessary, this is best done after the main flush of bloom is over.

Now a word about the varieties suitable for gardens in this country. There is the white Bougainvillaea, usually available under the name of "Snow White"; this has small leaves and elegant sprays of white bloom. Then there are the near-white varieties. These have the faintest possible flush of mauve or purple and the bracts are larger than in "Snow White". Probably the best known of the pale varieties is "Trinidad".

Some of the Bougainvillaeas are referto in catalogues as pink. But usually the colour is a combination of pink and purple shades. However, the variety commonly known as "Princess Margaret Rose" is a pale rose pink and can appropriately be called the pink Bougainvillaea. It is valued on account of its clean, delightful,

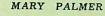
Then we have the varieties in shades of yellow or orange. The best one of these is known in this country as "Louise Wathen". The exact shade of orange varies with the time of the year and the locality, as the colour expression is influenced by climatic factors. The deep orange to de to become rather pinky in the latest tages. There is no Bougainvillaea which is a true golden yellow. But a variety known as "Enid Lancaster" in North India and similar ones known by names such as "Golden Queen" and "Yellow Queen" in South India are distinctly more yellow than "Louise Wathen". The colour varies

with the time of the year and shades of buff, apricot and yellow ochre are to be found. There is usually an orange suffusion, but the bracts do not turn quite as pink later, as in "Louise Wathen".

Among the more attractive of the Bougainvillaeas is the group of varieties with red bracts. The shades often vary from brick-red to deep crimson and are in much demand. Among the older varieties, "Mrs. Fraser" and "Lateritia" were well-known; after that, varieties such as "Maharaja of Mysore", "Lord Willingdon" and "Mrs. Butt" be-

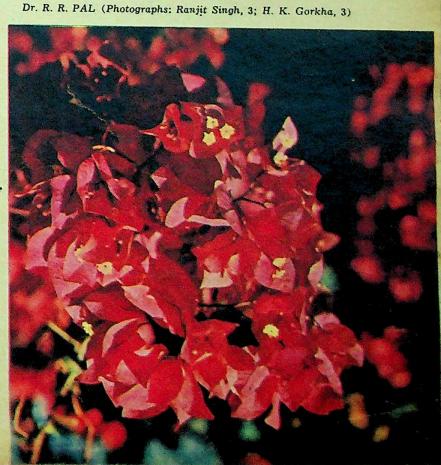
came available. The last named is a deep crimson and the others are various shades of brick-red. There is a very charming and somewhat rare variety with soft terra-cotta coloured bracts
which is sometimes
called "Tomato Red".
Among the news varieties mention may be made of "Dr. R. R. Pal" (named after the writer's father), which is a bright red colour and exceedingly florifer-

There is a host of varieties in the purple and magenta shades. For a large park, or for covering a tree, it is still difficult to beat the old variety popularly known as "Splen-dens". This blooms only once a year, immediately after the

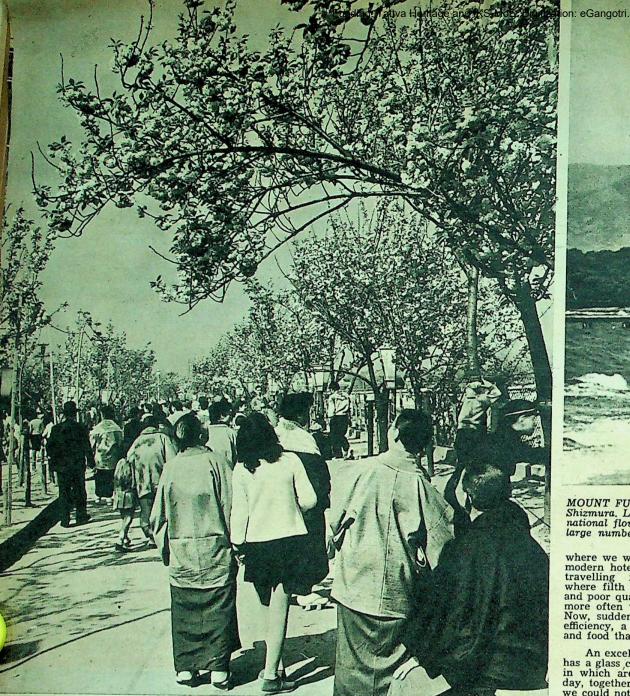


cold weather, in a magnificent burst of colour which lasts for two to three months.

Finally, we have "Mary Palmer" which produces some branches with light crimson bracts and other branches with white bracts; a few branches have white bracts splashed with red. In cold weather, the white colour is enlivened with a faint flush of amber or light pink. The combination of various colours on the same plant creates a most enchanting spectacle, particularly as this variety is exceedingly floriferous and nearly always in bloom.



for A.&F. Pears Ltd, D



Impressions Of Japan

LARE SIGNATURE STORY THE WORLD

APAN is full of surprises. Throughout our month's wandering in this land of the cherry blossom, my wife and I continually discovered the unexpected.

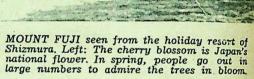
nually discovered the unexpected.

We first landed at Otaru, on Hokkaido Island in the far north. We had travelled from Hong Kong on a comfortable cargo-passenger ship and here we were loading Japanese oak for England, ten thousand miles away. Otaru looked grim; it is a town of factories, saw-mills and coal wharves, only four hundred miles east of Vladivostok. The countryside was just emerging from winter at the end of March. Patches of dirty snow and ice still lay in the streets while the hills skirting the city were gleaming white. But the sun managed to shine and warm the bitter wind blowing across this industrial centre.

Twenty miles away, connected by rail and

a well-paved motor highway, is Sapporo, the capital and largest city of Japan's northern-most island, with a population almost three times that of Otaru, and much cleaner. A new steel television tower dominates the scene, soaring hundreds of feet into the air. This is now a feature of many Lapanese cities with Thomas soaring hundreds of feet into the air. This is now a feature of many Japanese cities, with Tokyo possessing a huge new structure. A lift carries visitors up the tower to wide observation platforms, from where, through glass panels, views of the city and the surrounding hills can be obtained. There are also souvenir shops, restaurants and toy counters for children. These towers have caught the imagination of local people and visitors alike; it is expected that their very high cost will be met in a matter of months almost, rather than years.

Our first big surprise was the excellent quality of the lunch we enjoyed at Sapporo,



where we were taken to a remarkably clean, modern hotel. We had reached Japan after travelling in various countries of East Asia where filth and dirt, indifference, inefficiency and poor quality were the order of the day far more often than cleanliness and good service. Now, suddenly, we found a high degree of efficiency, a willingness to give good service, and food that was superb.

An excellent custom is that each restaurant has a glass case outside, or at least a window, in which are displayed various dishes of the day, together with the prices. Thus even when we could not understand the language we were able to point to what we wanted, and the restaurant people always put themselves out to serve us well. Many a time we did not know what we were eating, but it tasted good and we came to like Japanese food.

Tokyo was a surprise because it is so very modern, although this applies to other main cities also, such as Kobe, Yokohama, Osaka Kyoto and Nagoya. The capital hardly seems to be Eastern at all in many parts; it is the strings of advertisements strung high in the sky from huge balloons and the unmistakably Japanese people in the streets that differentiate Tokyo from any western style city in other parts of the world. It is a new city; the Imperial Palace, built within its three moats and high walls, and certain other parts are the only remnants of the old order; much of the rest is a product of this century. century.

The main streets might be almost those of any American city, but turn into the little side-streets and then, suddenly, you are in the real Japan. Street-lamps here are often most deco-rative: yest quantities of artificial risk cherry Japan. Street-lamps here are often most decorative; vast quantities of artificial pink cherry blossoms are used everywhere; the shops are decidedly Japanese, making the visitor quickly forget that this is a large city. Many people visit these side-streets to spend an hour or an in a coffee shop. Here, in soft lighting, perhaps in a little cubicle, one can sit listening to an orchestra. You need not order anything more expensive than a coffee. One large establishment of this kind has an orchestra stage slowly rising to pause and play on each floor, returning the same way. same way.

Another very pleas large number of women al costumes, most pictur had feared that perhaps had feared that perhaps out, except in the remote trary it is becoming far How pleasant to hear along the streets on their It all seems a little strang fare thronging with mo and the ubiquitous scoot

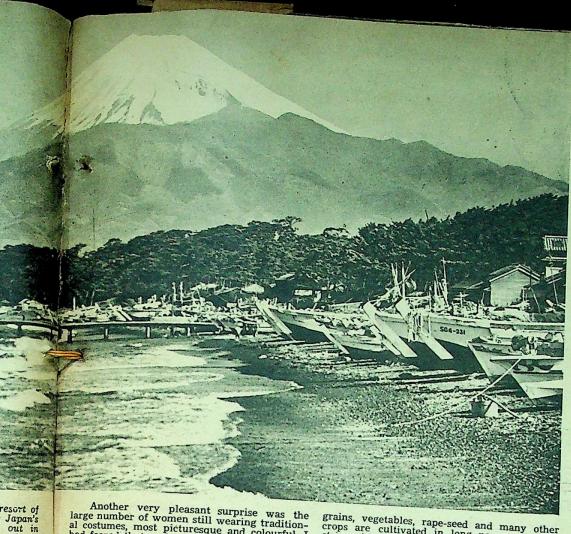
Like many other underground railway syst was again surprised at t tems operating in Tokyo The capital has a populatimillion, and this is rapid means that the streets all the vast transportation process. the vast transportation prople in and out. The main

> Text and Pho J. ALLAN

connected with extensive s whole city thrives undergro eat in restaurants, do all then take the train home, n the open until you reach y

As in many other couvidely popular in Japan. I had made the acquaintance journalist while touring in She now came to visit us at we ought to be on television televiour and a colleague with lowing day. It was all so quick that we hardly realised we with a cheque in our hands.

Farming in Japan is ways. Almost all crops have



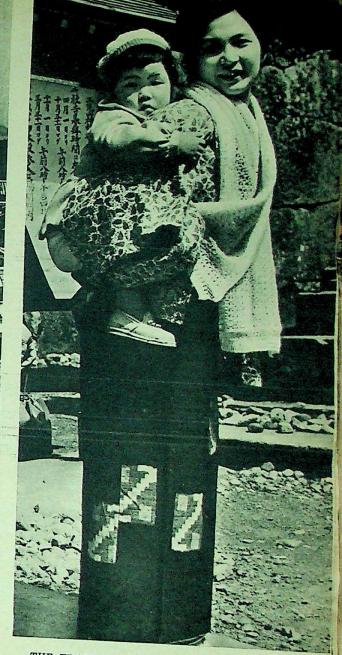
Another very pleasant surprise was the large number of women still wearing traditional costumes, most picturesque and colourful. I had feared that perhaps this custom was dying out, except in the remote parts, but on the contrary it is becoming fashionable once again. How pleasant to hear women clip-clopping along the streets on their small wooden shoes! It ill seems a little strange in a busy thoroughfare thronging with motor-cars, buses, trams and the ubiquitous scooters.

Like many other Londoners I take our underground railway system for granted, yet I was again surprised at the very modern systems operating in Tokyo, Nagoya and Osaka. The capital has a population of well over eight million, and this is rapidly increasing, which means that the streets alone cannot cope with the vast transportation problem of moving people in and out. The main stations at least are

grains, vegetables, rape-seed and many other crops are cultivated in long narrow parallel strips with channels for water along either side, often as neat and tidy as a well-kept garden.

Our visit lasted into April, the time of the cherry blossom, a flower almost worshipped by the Japanese. Sakura is the national flower, a type of cherry blossom not seen in any other country. When it is in bloom, organised parties, of all ages, make trips to see this striking sight. One of our lasting impressions is of the neverending groups of schoolboys and girls in their uniforms of navy blue, the girls' rather like a sailor suit. Wherever we went we met the inevitable groups of children—on every train in the land, so it seemed, on steamers on the Inland Sea, at the great shrines at Nikko, Kyoto and the Ise-Shinma National Park, at the hot springs in the Hakone Park and around the

(Please Turn Over)



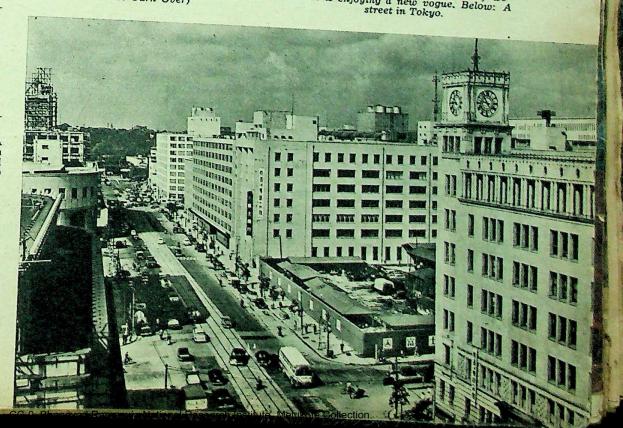
THE TRADITIONAL COSTUME of wo-men is enjoying a new vogue. Below: A street in Tokyo.

Text and Photographs by J. ALLAN CASH

connected with extensive shopping arcades. A whole city thrives underground where you can eat in restaurants, do all your shopping and then take the train home, never going out into the open until you reach your destination.

As in many other countries television is widely popular in Japan. A few years ago I had made the acquaintance of a Japanese lady journalist while touring in northern Norway. She now came to visit us at our hotel and said televing to be on television. Immediately she country is colleague with the result that we lowing day. It was all so quick and business-like air until we were being politely ushered out, Farming in the standard of the standar

Farming in Japan is unique in many ways. Almost all crops have to be irrigated—



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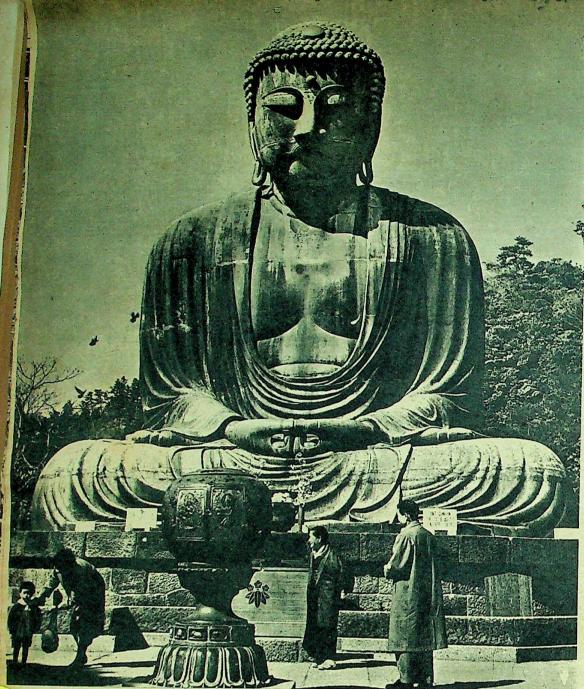
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THE COLOSSAL IMAGE OF THE BUDDHA at Kamakura, near Yokohama. Cast in bronze (13th century), it is over 42 feet in height and measures 97 feet round the base.

JAPAN

(Continued)

crater of Mount Aso. There was no mistaking that they were groups of exuberant school-children full of fun, and yet they appeared to be intensely interested in whatever they were seeing, always keeping their groups and behaving well.

The cherry blossom is to be seen everywhere during April. Virtually every city has a good place where it can be seen to advantage. Around the ancient castle and in the grounds of the Mint at Osaka it makes a very fine show. At the Foreigner's Cemetery in Yokohama and at some of the various shrines in Kyoto it is voluminous. At the centre of a village or in the open country, perhaps on the edge of a wood, many a time along the side of a road you will find the blossom. The Japanese never tire of it. Throughout the year vast amounts of artificial cherry blossoms are used to decorate streets, markets, houses and other buildings. The Cherry Blossom Festival at Kyoto is a strikingly colourful and elaborate stage presentation seen by thousands every spring. This must surely be one of the most delightful spectacles anywhere in the world, consisting of traditional dances with a mythological theme, exotic music and gorgeous costumes.

One thing stands out above all others for visitors to Japan—Mount Fuji which has become the symbol of the country. Often it is covered by cloud, but we were lucky to have a good view on several days from different points. Our first glimpse of it was from the hot springs in the Hakone National Park. The weather was clearing after two days of rain and the great white cone gradually shed its veil to stand out clear and bright against the blue sky. It was a thrilling sight.

While on the subject of volcanoes, one must not forget the Mount Aso National Park. This covers a large area on Kyushu Island, reached by steamer overnight from Osaka to Beppu, a pleasant sail among countless islands of the Inland Sea; and then a three-hour train trip up into the hills, over a sharp ridge and then down into what is one of the largest craters in the world. This has long been inactive, the present volcano being a cone within a wide circle of hills. The beautiful National Park is a region of hills and mountains, forest and flower-covered slopes, and farms in the valleys with large areas of flooded paddy fields.

A bus will take you along the winding road climbing from Bocchu station to the cable rail-

Pesearch Institute, Melukote Collection

way, which runs a service every few minutes. Now only a short walk leads you to an incredible sight. A vast steep rocky pit lies before you, smoke and steam belching from the floor of the crater. The sides are streaked with sulphur deposits. The wind will change and fill the huge arena with fumes; if it blows your way you start to cough and choke, but suddenly it clears again and all around the rim visitors can be seen admiring the spectacle.

Many parts of Japan can be visited by coach; it being usual during the summer season for the local services to turn into virtually sightseeing buses. At other times special coaches are run. A woman conductor, giving a running commentary, travels on each vehicle. Invariably these girls, some of them students on holiday, will be dressed in neat uniforms and white gloves.

The Japanese railways might well claim to be the most efficient in the world, covering most parts of the country and hardly ever late. In a number of places we had to be careful not to miss our train, and even more alert not to be carried past our destination. If a train is scheduled to stop for thirty seconds at a country station, the guard waves his flag on the twentyninth second and it is away. If any passenger has not left the train in time he remains on it, that is all. You have to get your baggage off very smartly to avoid this. Inevitably we had a lot of cases (most western visitors have) whereas the Japanese carry very little luggage—I will explain why later. The trains were always pleasant to ride in, and, as we had now come to expect, they were clean and comfortable.

FLOURISHING INDUSTRY

Japanese cultured pearls are known the world over. The oyster-beds are largely distributed around Toba, on the Ise Peninsula. Pearl Island has been set aside by the famous Mikimoto Company as a showplace where visitors can see how cultured pearls are produced. Here one can see everything. The oysters are impregnated by tiny pellets of a certain mussel shell from the Mississippi River and put in wire cages suspended from wooden rafts. They are opened after several years to extract the mature pearls. Next there is taggrading and selecting of the pearls before they are drilled and made into necklaces. Some of the girl divers give demonstrations of how they swim under water collecting the oysters.

You can buy oysters for about six shillings each and whatever they yield is yours. My wife and I bought five, and from each came two or three pearls. One or two were poor specimens, being dirty in colour, but the others were quite good. Two have now been made into earrings and are valued at some pounds sterling. Unfortunately the severe typhoon that swept across Japan recently hit this region badly, destroying many of the rafts and scattering oysters so widely that many will never be found again. For several years now there will probably be a scarcity of cultured pearls from Japan.

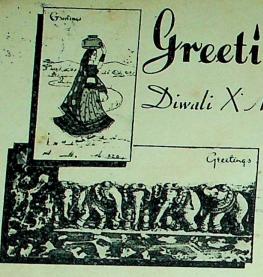
Often we stayed in Japanese inns, as a change from the western style hotels of the towns. They offered yet another of those pleasant surprises. It all starts at the front door where your shoes are removed and replaced by heelless' slippers. It must be admitted that these are difficult to wear unless they are the correct size, but they are to be left at the door of your room, usually a small suite with a bath room attached. You paddle around on bare of stockinged feet on a floor-covering of fine soft matting. The walls are usually cream or light coloured with nothing more for decoration than an occasional print and perhaps a vase containing two or three flowers. The furniture is plain and simple; a low table, with cushions around, is where you eat, the food being brought by a dainty little waitress who will probably remain close by, in the entrance hall, to attend to your needs.

Having reached your room all outer closure are removed and replaced by a kimono; it is cold a second kimono is worn, this one of thicker material. One can go out of doors in this clothing—in fact, the Japanese do—and anyone can tell at which inn you are staying by the colour of the kimono. Now we have the reason for the absence of baggage among Japanese travellers. So little is needed because a change

YOU LXXXI, 28, REGD. NO. BII3. SUNDAY: JULY 10, 1960. Veckly of India, July 10, 1960. ice every few minutes k leads you to an inteep rocky pit lies been belching from the sides are streaked with nd will change and fill the sides if it blows your and choke, but sudden around the rim visitors e spectacle. The ILLUSTRATED an can be visited by ing the summer season of turn into virtually other times special an conductor, giving a avels on each vehicle ome of them students seed in neat uniforms INDIA ays might well claim in the world, covering and hardly ever late we had to be careful deven more alert not stination. If a train is ty seconds at a country is flag on the twentyway. If any passenger time he remains on it get your baggage off s. Inevitably we had a stern visitors have) try very little luggage ter. The trains were a, and, as we had now the clean and comfort-रम्बास्यस INDUSTRY pearls are known the peds are largely districted by the famous a showplace where ured pearls are prosee everything. The by tiny pellets of a the Mississippi River pended from wooden teer several years to s. Next there is the pearls before they onecklaces. Some of strations of how they ting the oysters. or about six shillings eld is yours. My wife om each came two or were poor specimens, he others were quite the others were quite in made into earrings ounds sterling. Unphoon that swept this region badly, afts and scattering will never be found ow there will probad pearls from Japan. d pearls from Japan.
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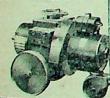
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To LOOK





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OK

Glamorous

The Illustrated Weekly of India, July 10, 1960.

of clothes is provided at the hotel. The few requirements are usually wrapped in a cloth tied at the corners and carried in hand.

In the bathroom you will find a basin on the floor as well as a sunken bath. The idea is that you wash yourself first, using soap, and only when you are clean do you step into the bath for a soak in the warm water. In one inn at Beppu the hot water is supplied from a natural spring nearby and it was necessary to bring it down to a reasonable temperature by adding some cold water. Beds are on the floor, good spring mattresses, but no bedsteads.

Normally there is a choice of western or Japanese food. At one we chose sukiyaki. It is cooked at the table, on a charcoal fire, and we had to go into a special room for this. Thin strips of beef, together with numerous vegetables, including beans, bamboo shoots, onions and several things we could not name, are all prepared in a sauce of sweetened "saki"—the vice wine of Japan—and generously splashed ith soya sauce, which takes the place of salt and adds a peculiar flavour to everything. More and you must say when you have had enough. We grew to like this dish very much, sampling it in Tokyo and in the houses of friends.

Food is an international subject, so I must write of a special restaurant in Tokyo where we ate tempura—various kinds of sea food cooked in butter and hot oil on the counter at which the diners sit. This is a great favourite with visitors. In another beautiful restaurant set in a large park-like garden we ate Genghis Khan food. Here everyone first of all dons a long white apron, which seems an odd custom until you see that the food is cooked right on the table. Or rather in the table, which is round with a charcoal fire sunk into the centre of it in a large earthenware or metal container. The food consists of pieces of various kinds of meat which are dipped in soya sauce and then grilled on a flat metal plate placed over the fire, level with the surface of the table. Naturally the meat splutters and splashes, hence the overalls. With all meals the favourite drink is saki, served hot in tiny cups or glasses, a delightfully smooth and subtle wine.

At two of the inns where we stayed banowets were being held. In both cases we were invited to join in after the main meal was nearly finished. Everyone sat on cushions at long narrow tables, covered with condiments and all kinds of side-dishes. Very good Japanese beer and saki were served by geisha girls,



THE JAPANESE PEASANT is a skilful farmer, though his techniques and implements are still old-fashioned. Intensive cultivation is a necessity in view of the small size of the holdings. The farmer himself does most of the work in the field, assisted by his wife and children.

dressed in the most gorgeous costumes. They were there to attend to all the needs of the guests, moving from table to table filling glasses, making sure no one was without food, sometimes stopping to chat or to take a glass of saki when it was offered, and in general adding colour and glamour to the scene. When the meal was finally over the girls went to a low stage and entertained the guests with singing and dancing. We were treated as honoured guests, everyone making a great fuss over us. Fortunately many people at these banquets spoke English.

When the time came to leave Japan we were sorry; there was so much more to see, if only we had the time, but we consoled ourselves that we would return one day. Our final surprise awaited us at Kobe. We thought we had completed our shopping before boarding the

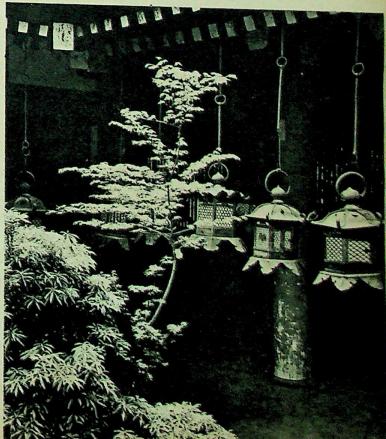
liner which was to take us to India, but this was where the trouble started.

Along the dockside were booths selling every kind of product. After dinner, we went for a last look at the stalls and found ourselves unable to resist the temptation. Eventually we staggered up the gangway, our arms loaded with parcels. Not only are prices cheap in Japan, but the goods are tempting and attractive. China and cloisonne work, lacquerware, carved wood and ivory, fans, lanterns and bambooware are as good as those available anywhere else in the world. We bought two pairs of binoculars which proved better than the expensive German ones we have had for years, and the price was far less. There were silks and brocades beautiful enough to tempt a saint. Thank goodness, the ship sailed early next morning, for the booths were still open!

A TEA CEREMONY in progress



THE KASUGA SHRINE at Nara



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A DEVOTEE walks on the path of fire. The fire-walkers undertake | the celebrations. Below: Ghee is poured in sufficient quantities the ritual without fear of burns. There is rarely a mishap during | to rouse the flames. (Photographs by author)

Fire-Walking In Madhya Pradesh



A NANCIENT ritual, with a touch of drama, fire-walking is considered a form of thanksgiving as well as a purification ceremony by a large section of Hindus.

In Madhya Pradesh it is generally undertaken after the Holi festival, and the villages are the main scene of activities.

A large pit nearly 20 feet in length and two in width and depth is stacked with logs and branches. After prayers to the village deity the wood is lit and allowed to burn for a few hours till the pit is turned into a pathway of flaming embers.

A little before sunset the fire-walkers, most of them in an intensely devotional mood, take a bath and arrive straight at the spot. In their hands they hold a small vessel—khumba—containing water, with flowers and leaves arranged like a bouquet floating on the top an intended for offering at the shrine after their ceremonial walk in the fire.

The fire is constantly fanned with bunches of neem leaves, considered helpful in warding off evil.

As the temple bells ring, the ceremony starts; in a row the fire-walkers descend into the pit and in silence walk across on the red-hot coals, oblivious of the ordeal.

Arriving at the other end they proceed to the shrine and pour the water in the vessels along with the flowers at the foot of the deity in an act of penance and piety.

T. NARINDRA PAUL SINGH

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ALL THE CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE QUOTATION CLUES ARE

WORDS GIVEN BELOW IN ALPHA-

BETICAL ORDER

FOUND

THAN EVER TO WIN! * Rel/- Per Entry NOTE: In "QUOTES" No. 33, the Quotation Clues are selected so that as far as possible in each one of them there is some suggestion to help solvers find the right words. Use your skill to spot the CORRECT WORD of each QUOTATION CLUE from among the

words listed on the right.

CONTEST OF SKILL!

CLUES ACROSS

CLOSES: OCTOBER 9, 1959.

1 Greek philosopher

OPEN TO ALL READERS!

- 3 A is no cure for the headache.
- 5 So, naturally eager for ——, we built a vast structure of optimism.
- 7 She had to encourage him. Come, she was a woman, she could —— everything.
- 8 A real sense of purpose plus enthusiasm will enhance your —, whatever it may be.
- 11 It certainly was easier at that time to give the —— up as a bad job than to explain it.
- 12 Uncle's wife
- 13 Amount of money received
- 18 On rising and retiring, he had taken the habit of closely examining his body, fearful of discovering a —— rash.
- 19 Godhead
- 20 Manner of using

CLUES DOWN

- 2 Then forth he would sally into the ranch country, where generally the women were at home and the men away.
- 4 A moon softened the night.
- 6 He looked much the same as before but a little if possible, a little more untidy.
- 9 Love? Why, what is love? Something to on?
- 10 The stranger stood like a statue three paces without the ball-room. He was —.
- 15 Religious
- 16 It was the perfect secretary who spoke; the career woman, aloof from feminine dithering.

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14 Applause

and colour are impotent wherever the comic effect lies in a point of wit.

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF NOV. 1; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF NOV. 8. Address Envelope:-"QUOTES" No. 33, Times of India Offices, Post Bag No. 702, Bombay-1.

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---- ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" No. 33 ----

(ALL ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED)

5 p.m., Friday,

In entering this Contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Re. 1|- ENTRY No. Enclosed Money

Order Receipt or Postal Orders or "Q" Cash Receipts.

FULL NAME in] Ink and Block > Mrs.

Letters.

CUT HERE ----- CUT HERE ----

"An investment in knowledge pays the best interest"

These quotation clues are actual quotations from authors, and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and, therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest, because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in the original work.

Here's "QUOTES" No. 33 with the new look! This literary pastime is purely one of skill in which every clue permits of only a one-word solution. There are two types of clues:—

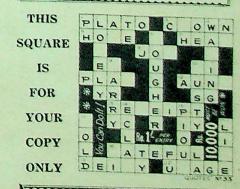
(1) The regular type, the solutions of which are to be found in any standard dictionary.

(2) Quotation clues, printed in thicker type, the answers of which when filled in complete the square.

-Benjamin Franklin

Important Announcement

The sources of the quotation clues of "QUOTES" No. 33 will be published along with the Correct Solution in the "WEEKLY" of November 1, 1959.



RULES & CONDITIONS ON PAGE 30 ENTER REGULARLY AND WIN!

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proceed to the shrine ong with the flowers penance and piety.

NDRA PAUL SINGH

QUOTES" No. 33

CLOSING DATE (both Local & Final)

October 9.

ADDRESS -----

"There lies the old city," said my guide in Prague. "Kafka lived there. And over there are the Jewish Cemetery and Synagogue which used to haunt him, and they date from the 13th century. Kafka's work is not popular now. No memorials have been raised to him. His two nieces and one brother-in-law still live in Prague."

Of course the Czechs are intensely aware of the economic gains that have accrued from their cultural sacrifices. Even under the inevitable impact of ideological conformity, they are not victims of any inner conflict or dilemma. Whatever jobs they may be called upon to do they seem to do with a missionary zeal. All Czech enterprises have the idealism of the public sector and the efficiency of the private. None of the trappings of totalitarianism, such as portraits, posters and parades, can be seen in the streets of Prague. In Czechoslovakia there is evidence of neither personality cult nor worship of any institution in the abstract. "I don't see many policemen in the streets of Prague," I said to a museum official. "I've seen more in Chicago." "Well," he replied with an impish twinkle in the eye. "They may all be in plain clothes, you see. For example, I may be one... Don't be scared. We need our men for our farms and factories. We can't spare them for the police." Apparently the Czechs are too democratic. But they are proud of their present system which they believe has built up the nation without sacrificing the individual. They are a self-respecting, hard-working, levelheaded people. Their progress may not be

spectacular. But they insist that every citizen has a share in it.

Even in the cultural field, all is not lost. The visual arts can be seen in their most imaginative and individualistic aspects. The theatre, music and dance of the Czechs, particularly in their classical and folk forms, are much respected all over Europe, and the museums and galleries contain some of the choicest and most eclectic collections available on the Continent. And as for religious freedom, Czechoslovakia, it is claimed (with Catholics: 42% and Protestants: 23%), is as tolerant as any democracy. Actually the Czech priests play a very progressive role in the life of the nation.

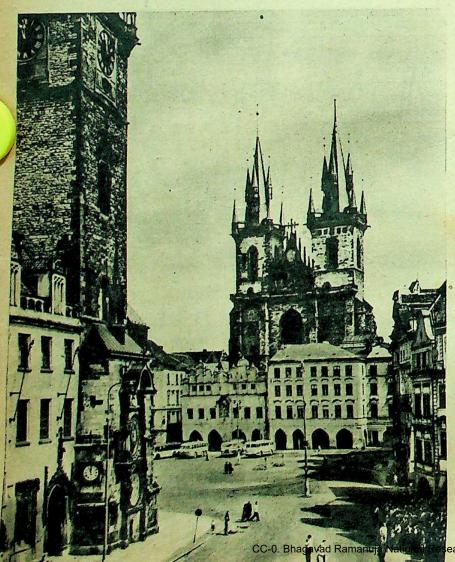
Like all great capitals of the world, Prague, the most strikingly Romanesque city in Europe, stands on the banks of a river—Vltava is its name. The town is a thousand years old and its austere castles and cathedrals are the nation's shrines as well as showpieces. Even the greying, weather-beaten buildings and rattling tramcars add to the city's old-world charm and the people are proud of these evocative anachronisms. Apparently there is some sinister spirit animating the silent, sinuous alleys which have a Kafkaesque spell for the stranger. It is the sort of charm that one dreams of, but begins to resist when one sees it in the reality. The skyline is dominated by a rich diversity of Gothic spires. Indeed Prague has no use at all for incongruous modernity. This great city is magnificently medieval in form and spirit.

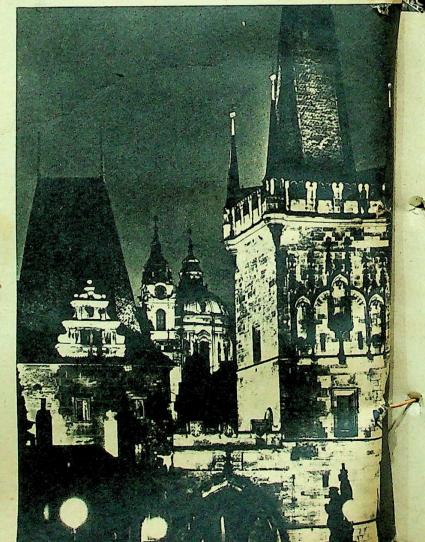
(To Be Continued)



Folk dancer.

"The skyline (of the Czech capital) is dominated by a rich diversity of spires." Right: The Bridge Tower, Prague.





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"As one walks along the Wenceslas Square, Prague's Champs-Elysees, one cannot help feeling that one is in a Western capital."

Impressions Of Czechoslovakia

NE cannot know one's own country, just as one cannot know oneself. In this respect, the spectator is better placed; it is his job to know more about others than about himself. This may sound paradoxical, but it is true. The reason is obvious. A fresh mind is more perceptive than a conditioned one. Thus, for example, it does not really matter where a particular country lies, whether behind the Iron Curtain or outside. One can understand the essence of it, provided one does not carry one's own curtain there.

It was as a guest of the Ceskoslovenske Aerolinie that I had a brief tour of their country recently. Other invitees included: two charming ladies who, having been elected maharanis for the duration of the trip, admirably performed their decorative functions; two civil servants, kept amusingly apart by the accident of seniority; three travel agents, a compact, gestapo-looking trio, but actually very simple and likable; an elderly airline official, apparently aloof and austere, but ready to let himself go on the slightest pretext; a promoter of tourism, a most delightful, Micawberish character with an incurable zest for living; and four bohemians on vacation—never mind their pro-

This is the first of a series of articles by A. S. RAMAN

fessions. And as though we were not enough, an Englishman, who would burst into verse at the sight of beer, joined us at Bahrein. Indeed we could not have asked for more fun. Altogether we constituted the pleasantest party I was ever in. The occasion was the Czech airline's inaugural flight from Bombay to Prague by the jet aircraft TU 104A.

Scarcely had I landed in the Czech capital, after a memorable flight, when I had the first surprise of the trip. "Do you know who he is, that bald-headed gentleman being pushed around by the people as though he were a nonentity?" asked a member of our party. "No," I said indifferently. "He is the Minister for Transport." I was struck by the informality and spontaneity of the conduct of the crowd. Of course, it was not indiscipline On the contrary, it was discipline with a difference—discipline that was not an end in itself, but a means to an end, the end being natural, human behaviour. This impression of mine was confirmed by my later glimpses of Czech life in all its diver-

sity. The cheerful, communicative people I met in the streets of Prague, which, by the way, is quite Parisian in its nocturnal flavour, had, I am sure, no means of knowing that I was a guest of their Government. They spoke to me as naively and naturally as the masses in any other country would to a stranger. My ignorance of their language raised an unfortunate barrier between me and their thoughts. But their manner of speaking gave me an insight into their mind—which seemed to me as free and fresh as its counterpart under a different political system.

As one walks along the Wenceslas Square, Prague's Champs-Elysees, one cannot help feeling that one is in a Western capital. There is freedom in the air. The healthy, forward-looking faces that one sees there are aglow not only with a pride in achievement but with an awareness of tradition. The cafes and cafeterias, the shops and stores overflow with people. The only place in which the Czechs seem to have no interest at all is the bookstall stacked with dreary propagandist literature. Here lurks a danger for the nation. For the hunger for creative literature felt by a sensitive, highly cultivated people has to remain unsatisfied.



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to the great.....

If you were to visit some of the better homes in your city, you might be surprised to find in the living room among all other vestiges of good living a Radio set of manifestly pre-war vintage. Over years it has become a trusted friend; for sitting beside it he has enjoyed great and delightful music; he watched the storm-clouds gather at Munich; followed victory celebration on D-Day; shared in the Nation-wide rejoicing on the day of Independence; sat tense and excited listening to his country's gallant fight in a Test match. He heard poets recite, philosphers and teachers lecture and quite a few awkward politicians orate.

Times have changed; the furniture in the room has been shifted around, people guess a little amusedly now about the age of the cabinet. But he refuses to change it, for he belongs to a band of perfectionists who believe that quality never ages and that only the best is good enough. And because in common with Radio connoisseurs all over the world, he knows the quality behind the name -

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To a younger generation of perfectionists we present a' Hi-Fidelity Radio-"TELERAD". It is designed by Telefunken and made from a TELEFUNKEN Kit:

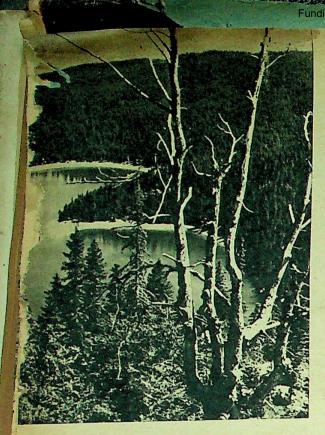
And this is not all. TELERAD has a pedigree and a heritage; it is made to rigid German specifications by Engineers who belong to German school of technique.

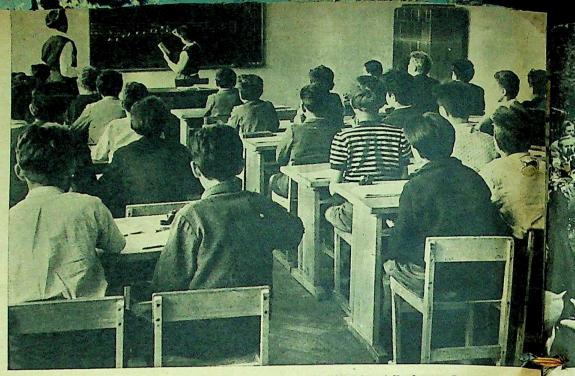
TELERAD engineers, technicians and workmen are determined to keep-up with this pace of progress, for they are determined to PLEASE THE PERFECTIONIST.

TELERA



THE best articles to sell through the Value Payable Post of India are such things as are continually used in big quantities by a large number of people or such articles as are not generally introduced but are within reach of all so far as prices are concerned. It is far easier to do a profitable business by catering to a million people who use a certain class of goods than by selling an article which is used by but 10,000 people. Every person eats, drinks and sleeps and wears clothes and jewellery but comparatively few ride in or own an automobile. It is the same in the mail order business. You want articles, which are in constant demand - articles used by the masses.





A SCHOOL in a suburb of Zagreb. Below, left: Typical Croation folk dress. Below, right: Peasant types from Krk, on the Adriatic coast.

situated on the banks of the river Miljacka. Tourists who have only heard of what it was in former days, or expect to encounter the Orient here, will be surprised at this modern city, humming with life, with its broad streets and high buildings. For lovers of antiquity, however, Sarajevo has a quarter in which minarets and mosques, still survive, along with beautiful Bosnian houses and a labyrinth of little narrow streets lined with protruding, wooden shop windows, while beyond one gets glimpses of a background of high blue hills surmounted by the ruins of ancient fortresses.

To reach Ohrid one must board a bus at Skoplje and travel through the western regions of the Republic of Macedonia, passing the marvellous valleys of the rivers Radika and Drin, along whose banks a narrow track winds in and out between lofty mountains, whose colours range from blue-green to violet. One passes by Mavrovo Lake, at a height of 3,500 feet, surrounded by thick, evergreen forests—it has been marked out as an important future tourist centre. One may visit the monastery of St. John of Bigor to admire its carved wooden icons, inset with patinated fili-



gree, which it took the famous masters of Debar a full twelve years to execute. One may halt by Bosko's Bridge and enjoy fresh trout caught before one's eyes. And finally, one will be rendered speechless by

Ohrid, an ancient town keeping vigil on a high cliff over the clear waters of the

the beauty of Lake Ohrid.

lake, is today one of the best known and most popular Yogoslav summer resorts, a town full of cultural and historical monuments of priceless value.

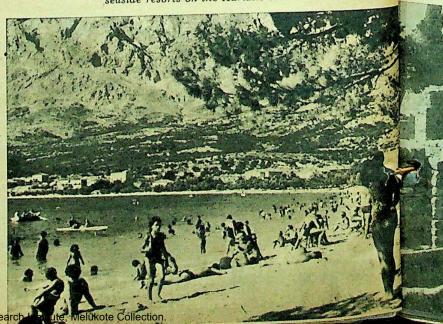
And there are so many more mountain and sea resorts in Yugoslavia which could well be mentioned, for the country's beauties are numerous and outstanding.

FOLE

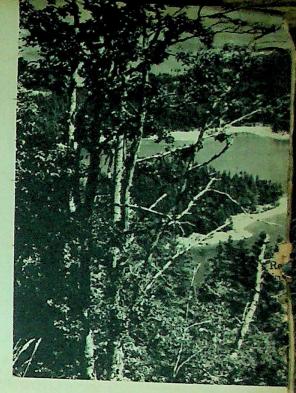
THE STRAWBERRY CROP is gathered in by willing volunteers on a farm in the Belgrade district.



MAKARSKA BEACH, at one of Yugoslavia's many beautiful seaside resorts on the Adriatic coast.

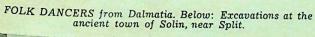






cave sculpture of extraordinary beauty. It is well lit and a two-mile railway passes through it. The Skocjanska is wild and

still unlit, but nonetheless most interesting. Within the cave the river runs murmuring, in a deep cleft, while the road passes along the rock walls, at a height very often of up to three hundred feet above the



Yugoslavia

And it is not Slovenia alone that is rich in mountains, forests and lakes. If one decides to travel down the river Ibar towards Kosovo and Metohia, one's attention will be diverted from the magnificent landscape to the fine architecture and frescoes of the ancient Serbian monasteries.

In the trackless mountain regions of the Republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the rivers Tara and Piva form the Drina, one of the most interesting rivers of Yugoslavia. Not far away there are mountain tracks, passing through the impressive forest areas of the Volujka, Zelengora and Maglic mountains. Their serene calm is broken only by the twittering of birds, and one meets there nothing beyond the timed chamcis. But at one time in 1943. timid chamois. But at one time, in 1943, they echoed with machine-gun fire and bomb explosions. Sutjeska and Zelengora fill the most glorious pages in the recent history of Yugoslavia—pages written in blood, recounting an epic story of suffering and of victory over a hated enemy.

Near Visegrad, below the famous eleven-arched bridge built by Mehmed Pasha Sokolovic as early as 1571, the raftsmen build their rafts and float them down the Drina. One can rely on the skilful hands of these mountain men if one takes with them what may well be the most unusual

(CONTINUED)

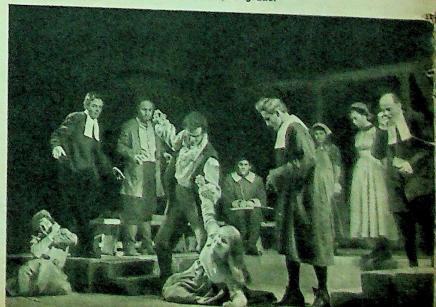
The clear, rushing waters of the Drina are full of rapids, waterfalls and submerged rocks which lurk in many stretches of its lengthy course. But these are what make it interesting. The raft creaks, leaps from the water, scrapes against rocks, and hurtles towards threatening cliffs overhanging the stream. One closes one's eyes. But the skilled hand averts a collision by a hair's breadth and one floats on towards some new excitement, while enjoying the magnificence of the canyon.

Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia-Herzegovina, is the jewel of this Republic. It is

A SCENE from "The Sorcerers of Salem", played at the Yugoslav Drama Theatre, Belgrade.

trip of one's lifetime.







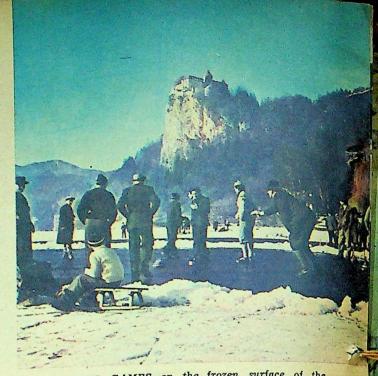
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more mountain via which could country's beaustanding.

many beautiful



KALEMEGDAN FORTRESS, the site of one of the capital's finest and best laid-out public gardens.



GAMES on the frozen surface of the Slovenian Republic's Lake Bled.

IN THE STREETS OF OLD SARAJEVO, capital of the Republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

oses of slavia

y's most fam-great Alpine s ideal condi-

athing, water sports and other In the immediate vicinity is g gorge called the Vintgar. The in places cut into its sides and crosses the stream over little bridges, while below the foamthunder in turmoil. To pass e gorge is a thrilling experience.

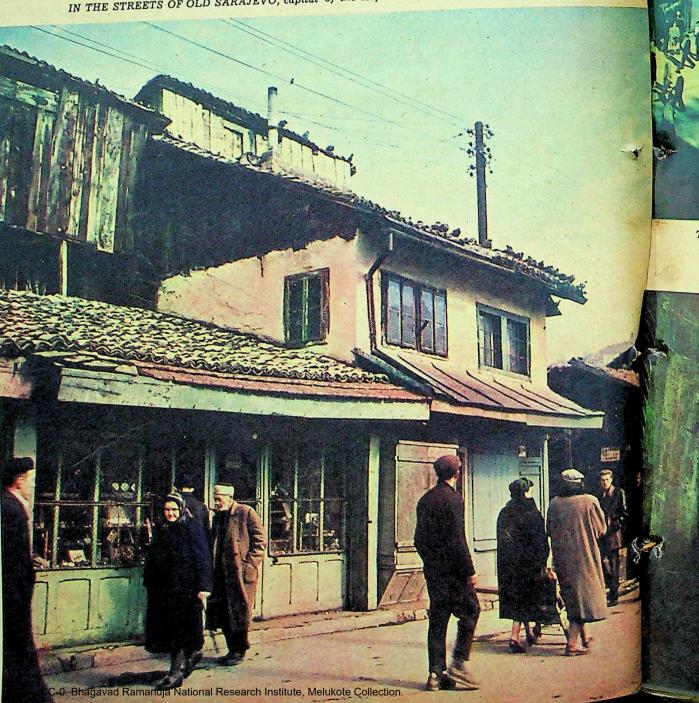
too, is known for its beautiful ted amidst the high mountains riglav. It is the largest lake in and the reddish bottom, seen lear waters, creates an impreshes of fire on the surface. The covered with forests, through es a highway to the Savica falls.

well-known summer resorts the high mountain regions of Gora, are Gozd Martuljak, Planand Jezersko.

pest known of which is Rogaska ts highly curative springs, comotels, picturesque surroundings amusements have for long made pular throughout the world, and led all the year round.

arge caves—the Postojinska and -are among the beauty spots of ne former famed for its natural

(Please Turn Over)

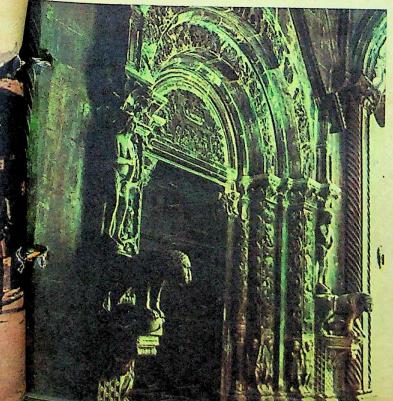


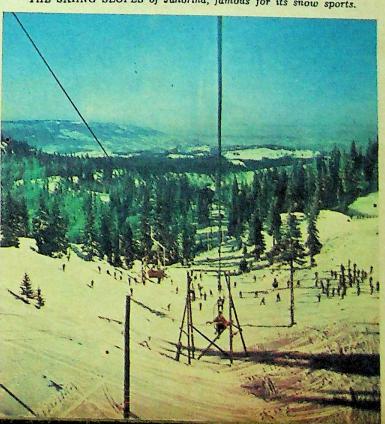
THE HEART OF BELGRADE, the Yugoslav capital. The building in the background is the headquarters of the Central Committee of the Yugoslav League of Communists.

THE RADOVANOV PORTAL of Trogir's church.

surface of the Bled.

THE SKIING SLOPES of Jahorina, famous for its snow sports.





The __ola, July 10, 1960.

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We are in the Peavenia—a region of mounlakes. And it is as if someo fully selected what to assign great is the balanced variety

At the foot of the haranges, among which towers ft., the highest peak in Yugare many well-known summoresorts.

Bled is one of the country ous tourist centres. With its lake and little island, it afford

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John Logie Baird

sheer mojonshine to talk of television, of sending pictures across space by wireless. No wonder then that the assistant editor of a newspaper was taken aback when, one day, a man asked him whether he was interested in seeing by wireless. The tousled hair and unkempt appearance of the questioner did little to reassure the assistant, who hastily excused himself, saying he would send somebody to take down the man's story. Soon, a reporter came down, listened patiently and politely to all that the man had to say, and, assuring him that his narrative would appear in the next day's newspaper, sent him away.

But nothing of the kind appeared in the paper the next day or on the days following. The assistant editor, dazed by the man's introductory question, had dashed up to the Press Room to say: "For God's sake, go down to Reception and get rid of a lunatic down there! He says he's got a machine for seeing by wireless!"

That "lunatic" was John Logie Baird, the inventor of television—and "the machine for seeing by wireless", which earned him such ridicule, was the forerunner of the television-receivers and transmitters of today.

The incredulity which made the assistant editor flee was not confined to laymen. On one occasion, a distinguished scientist, who attended one of Baird's early television demonstrations, is said to have crawled about under Baird's apparatus "to satisfy himself that there was no trickery"!

It was in such an atmosphere of rank scepticism, utter indifference and callous contempt that Baird did his pioneering work on television in England. He is yet another example of the lone inventor struggling against odds, striving hard in an uncongenial atmosphere of financial stringency and unsympathetic incredulity before achieving success.

ACTIVE MIND

Even as a child, Baird had shown a bent for experiments and inventions. Born in 1888, the son of a minister of the church at Halensbury, in Dumbartonshire, he was a weak child, suffering from heart and chest trouble, and did not distinguish himself at school. All hopes the father had of making his son take up his own profession had to be abandoned when he found the boy setting up a home-made generating plant and criss-crossing the road (where they lived) with wires connecting his friends' homes, so that the boys might talk with one another from their rooms through their improvised telephones!

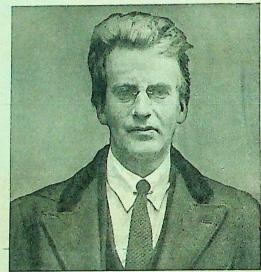
His father, understanding well John's bent, sent him to the Glasgow Technical College for a course in Electrical Engineering and thence to the Glasgow University. Just about the time that Baird took his B.Sc. degree, World War I broke out and he at once offered himself as a volunteer in the Army, but was turned down on medical grounds.

This led Baird to join the Clyde Valley Electrical Power Company as Assistant Mains Engineer. Even there, his inventive mind could not be inactive; he tried to make artificial diamonds by exploding a rod of carbon embedded in concrete. Once, this resulted in the power-supply being cut and embarrassing enquiries being made—which meant good-bye to artificial diamonds.

Then Baird turned to making an undersock, "the Baird undersock—medicated, soft, absorbent, worn under the ordinary sock, keeps the feet warm in winter and cool in summer". He was full of ideas and employed women to publicise his product. The business flourished surprisingly well, but soon news of their young Assistant Engineer's ventures reached the heads of the company, forcing Baird to soft-pedal with his inventions.

Troubled by continued ill-health, he went for some time to the West Indies to recoup lost strength. There, too, he set himself up in business, first in cotton and other goods, and later in mango chutney and guava jelly, but he found no market for his products. Then he thought London might take more kindly to him, and so back to England he went with his mango chutney and guava jelly.

He found it was not smooth sailing still and entered one commercial venture after another. Bouts of illness interfered with each one of his ventures, but he gamely persisted. Not finding business favourable, he at last launched upon invention as a career. First, a glass safety-razor and then pneumatic soles marked the early phases of this part of his life before he finally hit upon the idea of trying to invent a system of television.



He took a room in Queen's Arcade at Hastings and it was there that much of his earlier work was done. He had only a little money left and he had to keep himself going somehow. So, with bits of used wireless equipment rummaged from junk shops, cheap lenses from secondhand-goods dealers, a tea-chest to house his motor, a biscuit-tin to cover the projection-lamp, not to mention all sorts of other improvisations, Baird carried on his experiments in the transmission of light and shadow by means of electricity.

Finance was still a problem, but the zealous inventor persisted with his experiments. Moreover, he always followed his own methods—methods of trial and error; seldom did he resort to paper plans and designs. His aim was to achieve the transmission of the full details of an image. Success came to him at last "on the fifth Friday in October, 1925" when "the head of the ventriloquist's doll, which I used, suddenly showed up on the screen as a real image with details and gradations of light and shade". Excited, he ran down, asked an office-boy to come up, placed him under the bank of lights, and operated the receiver-set in the next room—

INVENTOR OF TELEVISION

and there, yes, there he could see quite distinctly the boy's image, not in outline, but "with details, with gradations of light and shade"!

It was a memorable day for him, but still more memorable was the twenty-seventh of January, 1926, when some members of the Royal Society trooped into his attic and saw one another by television. Even now, there was no unanimous appreciation of his work. The scepticism of the scientist who crawled about under Baird's table to satisfy himself "that there was no trickery" was only typical of the attitude of many towards what was then an incredible scientific goal. The scientists soon relented and accepted Baird's achievement, but the people who mattered—the men in power—would not so easily abandon their unhelpful stand. Sydney Mosley, who was his most unfailing friend, set about getting Baird's work recognised. "The support of the scientists was invaluable, but we were fighting a political battle—so it is to the politicians we went."

Baird was the first to transmit pictures across space; he was a few weeks ahead of American scientists reaching out for the same goal. It was a grand achievement, but grander conquests were to come. He had more facilities now and his interest in maintaining his lead over his contemporaries was keen. He continued to improve his apparatus so as to achieve long-distance transmission. In May, 1927, he could transmit pictures between London and Glasgow and, in January the following year, he transmitted them across the Atlantic—an achievement reminiscent of that of Marconi in the field of wireless.

TWO SYSTEMS

The B.B.C. began experimental broadcasts based on the Baird System in September, 1929, but stopped them in September, 1935, because of unsatisfactory reception by the equipment in spite of the elaborate precision employed in its making. But still the B.B.C. had faith in Baird's invention for, when the world's first public high-definition televison was inaugurated on November 2, 1936, programmes were radiated using the two systems—Baird's, based on mechanical scanning, and the E.M.I.'s based on electronic scanning—in alternate weeks. Experience, however, revealed the superiority of electronic over mechanical scanning, so the E.M.I. System was completely adopted for television transmission. Baird himself switched over to it later.

The company bearing his name and manufacturing receivers brought him a good income, but Baird would not rest on his laurels and explored fresh fields in television—colour and stereoscopic television. On August 16, 1944, he achieved the transmission of colour pictures, based on two colours—red and green. This was not entirely satisfactory, but it was the first all-electronic colour television.

It was astonishing, however, that during the war, when the services of lesser scientists were utilised, Baird was not called upon to undertake any scientific assignment. So he carried on in the field of television—a singularly unlucky man in that all his achievements had not made him rich and he had to work with meagre finance as before. Television transmission had been suspended during the war and the B.B.C. resumed it in June, 1945. Just a week after this, John Logie Baird died at Bexhill.

What is remarkable about Baird is that right in the present century, when organised expensive research is so much in the forefront and when scientific advancement is thought impossible without money and organisation, he went it alone to show what a man pursuing his ideas with unflinching determination could do. His is a striking example of singular faith and perseverance triumphing over every obstacle to success.

N. HARINARAYANA

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HARINARAYANA

PHOTOGRAPHERS OF INDIA_

The Art Of J. N. Unwalla

HE DOYEN of Indian photographers, Jehangir Unwalla was once asked to produce a great picture without moving out of a specified area—6 feet by 3 feet—with an additional stipulation that the camera should be pointed only in one direction—the ground! It was indeed a tough challenge. Unwalla accepted it, though hesitantly, and set his creative imagination to work.

He pulled a branch of a tree to cast a correct shadow to build up a theme, and the result was a moving and artistic photograph (reproduced here): "A Matter of Time". It depicts pathos and the end of Spring—two barren leaves on the ground

heightening the impression of approaching Autumn. The poetic thought, ingrained in the picture, gives a resounding meaning to the composition, which in itself remains a masterly study of light and shade and texture. A few months later, he won several awards for the print.

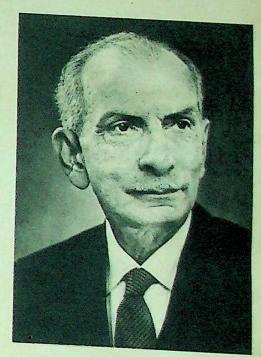
Unwalla's brilliant creative sense has won for him a name throughout the photographic world. A pioneer of the pictorial photographic movement in India, our camera artists owe him an immense debt of gratitude for his zeal and perseverance in advancing the position of photographers in our country.

In the beginning the plate camera restricted his activities to indoor work—portraits, still life and the like. He worked in a small room, making free use of daylight in conjunction with artificial light, studying the symphony of light and shade to capture the chiaroscuro effect in his pictures. By temperament he is a severe critic of his own work, and therefore, an exacting taskmaster.

Unwalla is interested in all branches of photography and he has done prolific exhibition work ever since the age of twenty. The American Annual of Photography (1935) listed him fourth amongst the most prolific photographers of the world. His record of acceptances spread

out over the last 40 years, through 800 international photographic exhibitions, is fantastic: 2,750 prints, 133 colour transparencies, with the singular credit of having won over 600 premier international awards. He is as adept in handling 16mm. amateur movies as a still camera; seven of his efforts in this field have won for him 14 awards in the U.S.A., France, England and India.

Technical perfection in photography is not, as is hastily assumed, an easy matter.



JEHANGIR UNWALLA—a study by the author

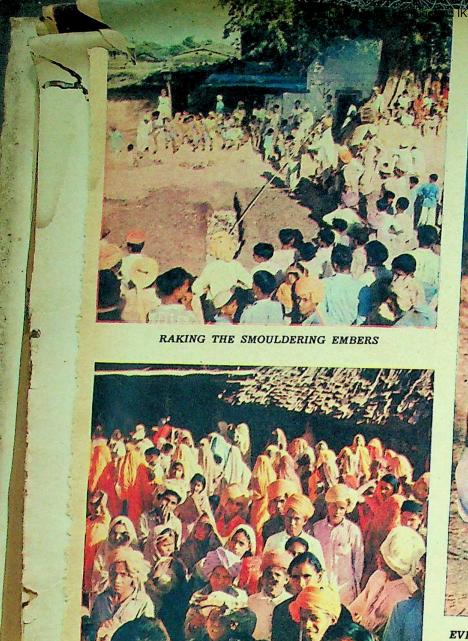
It demands a thorough knowledge of theory and the new materials and equipment always arriving on the scene. Constant experimentation in varied conditions alone can give an idea of the hard work involved and if Unwalla has earned the title of "The Perfectionist behind the Camera" one can imagine his real stature as a photographer. He does not give up till he has pulled out the best, be it any subject—a landscape, still life or a commercial assignment.

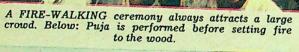
As a portraitist, Unwalla is supreme. Keenly aware of the challenge a sitter poses—to capture on a celluloid strip in the flicker of a second the subtle nuances of character—Unwalla's power of imagination and concentration are seen at their best in these undertakings. He has a number of striking portraits to his credit and can rightly be called the Karsh of India.

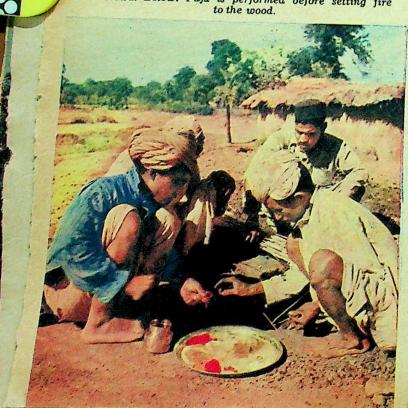
Many of us are not perhaps aware of the battles he has fought and won to gain a place for photography in the art circles of India. He knows that it is the younger generation which will have to build up on this victory, with the richness of their contributions and so he is always ready to give freely not only of his time but also of his knowledge to the newcomers.

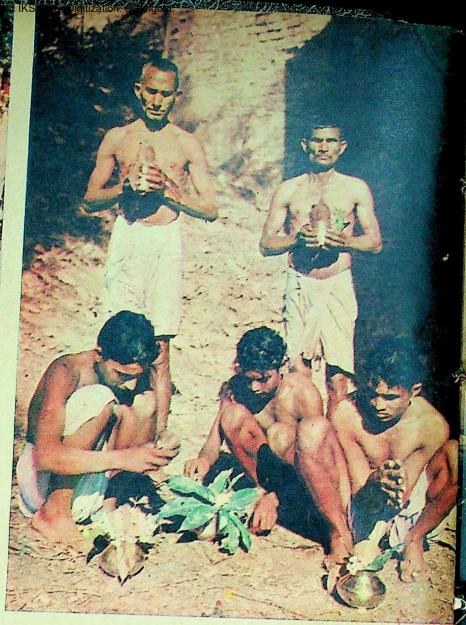


R. J. CHINWALLA

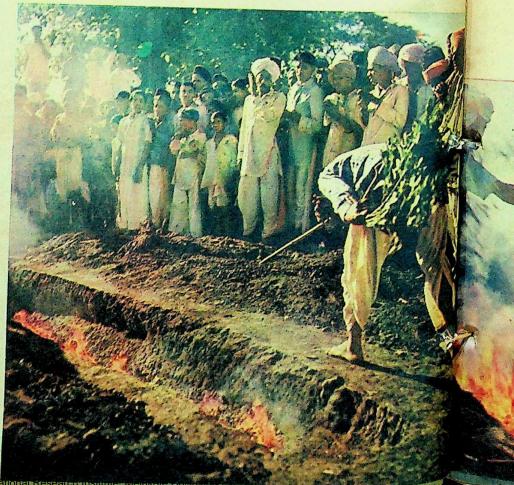




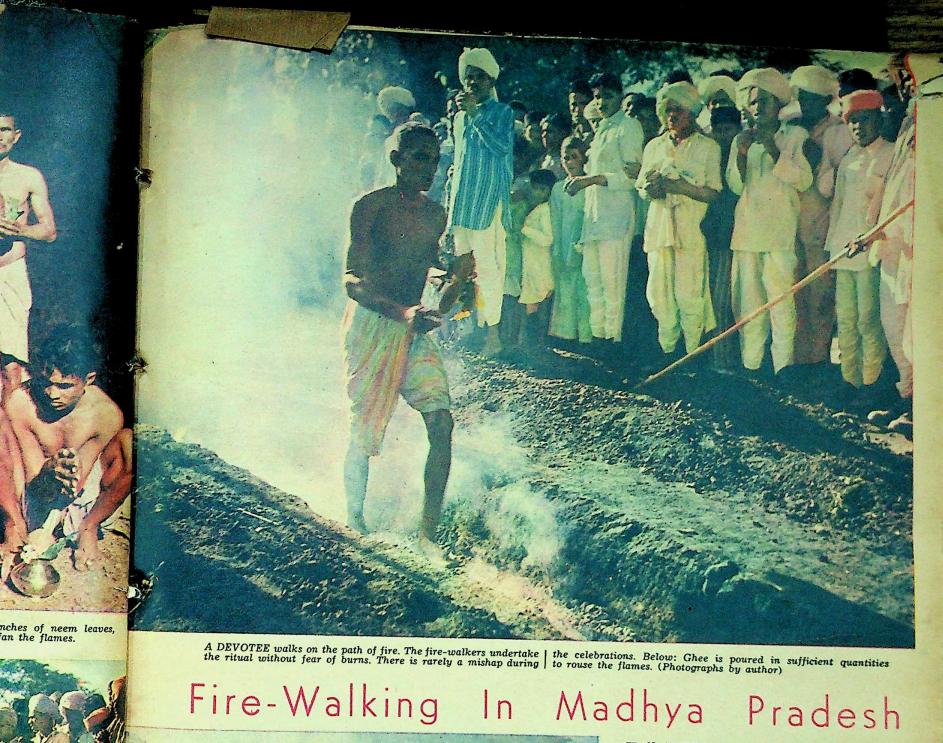




EVEN YOUNGSTERS take part in the ritual. Below: Bunches of neem leaves, considered helpful in warding off evil, are used to fan the flames.



CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja Nation





A N ANCIENT ritual, with a touch of drama, fire-walking is considered a form of thanksgiving as well as a purification ceremony by a large section of Hindus.

In Madhya Pradesh it is generally undertaken after the Holi festival, and the villages are the main scene of activities.

A large pit nearly 20 feet in length and two in width and depth is stacked with logs and branches. After prayers to the village deity the wood is lit and allowed to burn for a few hours till the pit is turned into a pathway of flaming embers.

A little before sunset the fire-walkers, most of them in an intensely devotional mood, take a bath and arrive straight at the spot. In their hands they hold a small vessel—khumba—containing water, with flowers and leaves arranged like a bouquet floating on the top arrintended for offering at the shrine after their ceremonial walk in the fire.

The fire is constantly fanned with bunches of neem leaves, considered helpful in warding off evil.

As the temple bells ring, the ceremony starts; in a row the fire-walkers descend into the pit and in silence walk across on the red-hot coals, oblivious of the ordeal.

Arriving at the other end they proceed to the shrine and pour the water in the vessels along with the flowers at the foot of the deity in an act of penance and piety.

T. NARINDRA PAUL SINGH

of clothes is provided at the hotel. The few requirements are usually wrapped in a cloth tied at the corners and carried in hand.

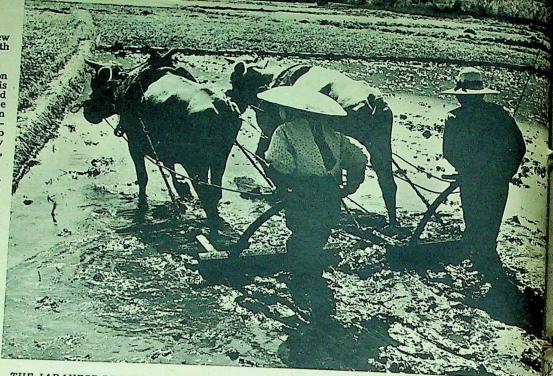
Funding: Tattya Herrage

In the bathroom you will find a basin on the floor as well as a sunken bath. The idea is that you wash yourself first, using soap, and only when you are clean do you step into the bath for a soak in the warm water. In one inn at Beppu the hot water is supplied from a natural spring nearby and it was necessary to bring it down to a reasonable temperature by adding some cold water. Beds are on the floor, good spring mattresses, but no bedsteads.

Normally there is a choice of western or Japanese food. At one we chose sukiyaki. It is cooked at the table, on a charcoal fire, and we had to go into a special room for this. Thin strips of beef, together with numerous vegetables, including beans, bamboo shoots, onions and several things we could not name, are all prepared in a sauce of sweetened "saki"—the rice wine of Japan—and generously splashed with soya sauce, which takes the place of salt and adds a peculiar flavour to everything. More and more of these are cooked while you eat and you must say when you have had enough. We grew to like this dish very much, sampling it in Tokyo and in the houses of friends.

Food is an international subject, so I must write of a special restaurant in Tokyo where we ate tempura—various kinds of sea food cooked in butter and hot oil on the counter at which the diners sit. This is a great favourite with visitors. In another beautiful restaurant set in a large park-like garden we ate Genghis Khan food. Here everyone first of all dons a long white apron, which seems an odd custom until you see that the food is cooked right on the table. Or rather in the table, which is round with a charcoal fire sunk into the centre of it in a large earthenware or metal container. The food consists of pieces of various kinds of meat which are dipped in soya sauce and then grilled on a flat metal plate placed over the fire, level with the surface of the table. Naturally the meat splutters and splashes, hence the overalls. With all meals the favourite drink is saki, served hot in tiny cups or glasses, a delightfully smooth and subtle wine.

At two of the inns where we stayed banquets were being held. In both cases we were invited to join in after the main meal was nearly finished. Everyone sat on cushions at long narrow tables, covered with condiments and all kinds of side-dishes. Very good Japanese beer and saki were served by geisha girls,



THE JAPANESE PEASANT is a skilful farmer, though his techniques and implements are still old-fashioned. Intensive cultivation is a necessity in view of the small size of the holdings. The farmer himself does most of the work in the field, assisted by his wife and children.

dressed in the most gorgeous costumes. They were there to attend to all the needs of the guests, moving from table to table filling glasses, making sure no one was without food, sometimes stopping to chat or to take a glass of saki when it was offered, and in general adding colour and glamour to the scene. When the meal was finally over the girls went to a low stage and entertained the guests with singing and dancing. We were treated as honoured guests, everyone making a great fuss over us. Fortunately many people at these banquets spoke English.

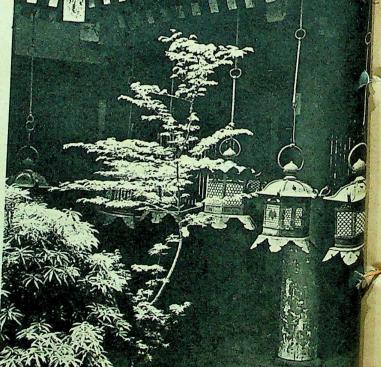
When the time came to leave Japan we were sorry; there was so much more to see, if only we had the time, but we consoled ourselves that we would return one day. Our final surprise awaited us at Kobe. We thought we had completed our shopping before boarding the

liner which was to take us to India, but this was where the trouble started.

Along the dockside were booths selling every kind of product. After dinner, we went for a last look at the stalls and found ourselves unable to resist the temptation. Eventually we staggered up the gangway, our arms loaded with parcels. Not only are prices cheap in Japan, but the goods are tempting and attractive. China and cloisonne work, lacquerware, carved wood and ivory, fans, lanterns and bambooware are as good as those available anywhere else in the world. We bought two pairs of binoculars which proved better than the expensive German ones we have had for years, and the price was far less. There were silks and brocades beautiful enough to tempt a saint. Thank goodness, the ship sailed early next morning, for the booths were still open!

A TEA CEREMONY in progress





THE KASUGA SHRINE at Nara

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way, which runs a service every few minutes. Now only a short walk leads you to an incredible sight. A vast steep rocky pit lies before you, smoke and steam belching from the floor of the crater. The sides are streaked with sulphur deposits. The wind will change and fill the huge arena with fumes; if it blows your way you start to cough and choke, but suddenly it clears again and all around the rim visitors can be seen admiring the spectacle.

Many parts of Japan can be visited by coach, it being usual during the summer season for the local services to turn into virtually sightseeing buses. At other times special coaches are run. A woman conductor, giving a running commentary, travels on each vehicle. Invariably these girls, some of them students on holiday, will be dressed in neat uniforms and white gloves.

The Japanese railways might well claim to be the most efficient in the world, covering most parts of the country and hardly ever late. In a number of places we had to be careful not to miss our train, and even more alert not to be carried past our destination. If a train is scheduled to stop for thirty seconds at a country station, the guard waves his flag on the twentry ninth second and it is away. If any passenger has not left the train in time he remains on it, that is all. You have to get your baggage off very smartly to avoid this. Inevitably we had a lot of cases (most western visitors have) whereas the Japanese carry very little luggage—I will explain why later. The trains were always pleasant to ride in, and, as we had now come to expect, they were clean and comfortable.

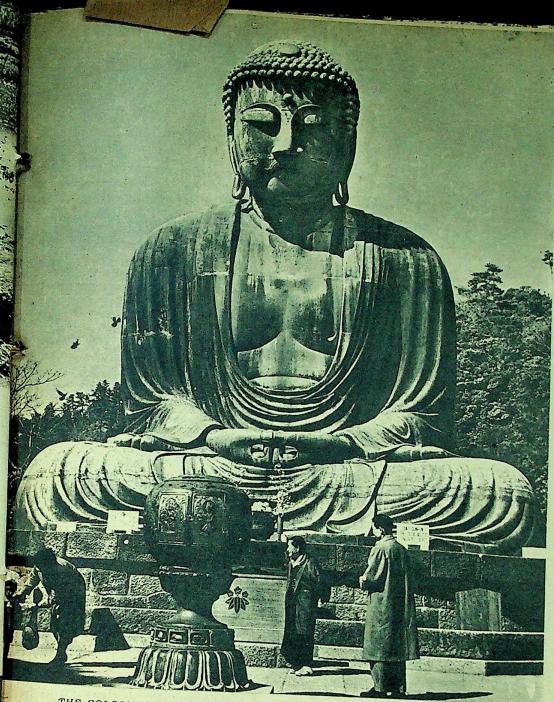
FLOURISHING INDUSTRY

Japanese cultured pearls are known the world over. The oyster-beds are largely distributed around Toba, on the Ise Peninsula. Pearl Island has been set aside by the famous Mikimoto Company as a showplace where visitors can see how cultured pearls are produced. Here one can see everything. The oysters are impregnated by tiny pellets of a certain mussel shell from the Mississippi River and put in wire cages suspended from wooden rafts. They are opened after several years to extract the mature pearls. Next there is the grading and selecting of the pearls before they are drilled and made into necklaces. Some of the girl divers give demonstrations of how they swim under water collecting the oysters.

You can buy oysters for about six shillings each and whatever they yield is yours. My wife and I bought five, and from each came two or three pearls. One or two were poor specimens, being dirty in colour, but the others were quite good. Two have now been made into earrings and are valued at some pounds sterling. Unfortunately the severe typhoon that swept across Japan recently hit this region badly, destroying many of the rafts and scattering oysters so widely that many will never be found again. For several years now there will probably be a scarcity of cultured pearls from Japan.

Often we stayed in Japanese inns, as a a change from the western style hotels of the big towns. They offered yet another of those pleasant surprises. It all starts at the front door where your shoes are removed and replaced by heelless 'slippers. It must be admitted that these are difficult to wear unless they are the correct size, but they are to be left at the door of your room, usually a small suite with a bathroom attached. You paddle around on bare or stockinged feet on a floor-covering of fine soft matting. The walls are usually cream or light coloured with nothing more for decoration than an occasional print and perhaps a vase containing two or three flowers. The furniture is plain and simple; a low table, with cushions around, is where you eat, the food being brought by a dainty little waitress who will probably remain close by, in the entrance hall, to attend to your needs.

Having reached your room all outer clothes are removed and replaced by a kimono; if it is cold a second kimono is worn, this one of thicker material. One can go out of doors in this clothing—in fact, the Japanese do—and anyone can tell at which inn you are staying by the colour of the kimono. Now we have the reason for the absence of baggage among Japanese travellers. So little is needed because a change



THE COLOSSAL IMAGE OF THE BUDDHA at Kamakura, near Yokohama. Cast in bronze (13th century), it is over 42 feet in height and measures 97 feet round the base.

APAN

(Continued)

crater of Mount Aso. There was no mistaking that they were groups of exuberant school-children full of fun, and yet they appeared to be intensely interested in whatever they were seeing, always keeping their groups and behaving well.

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rd booths selling r dinner, we went nd found ourselves on. Eventually we r arms loaded with

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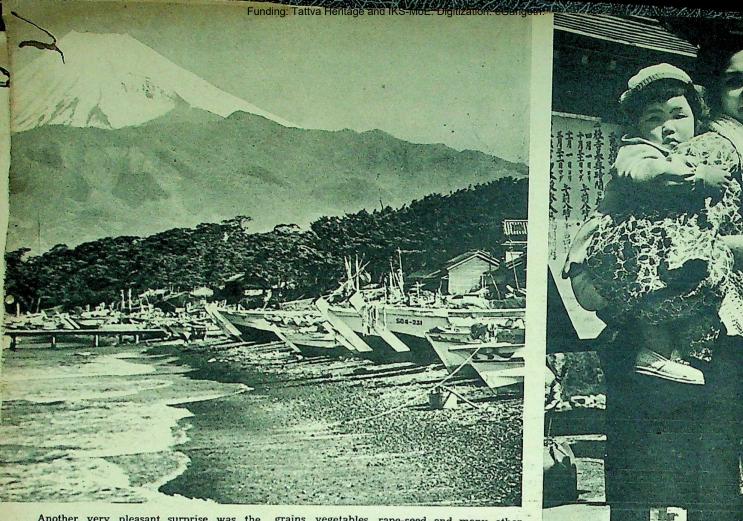
or years, and the re silks and bro-pt a saint. Thank next morning,

> The cherry blossom is to be seen everywhere during April. Virtually every city has a good place where it can be seen to advantage. Around the ancient castle and in the grounds of the Mint at Osaka it makes a very fine show. At the Foreigner's Cemetery in Yokohama and at some of the various shrines in Kyoto it is voluminous. At the centre of a village or in the open country, perhaps on the edge of a wood, many a time along the side of a road you will find the blossom. The Japanese never tire of it. Throughout the year vast amounts of artificial cherry blossoms are used to decorate streets, markets, houses and other buildings. The Cherry Blossom Festival at Kyoto is a strikingly colourful and elaborate stage presentation seen by thousands every spring. This must surely be one of the most delightful spectacles anywhere in the world, consisting of traditional dances with a mythological theme, exotic music and gorgeous costumes. exotic music and gorgeous costumes.

One thing stands out above all others for visitors to Japan—Mount Fuji which has become the symbol of the country. Often it is covered by cloud, but we were lucky to have a good view on several days from different points. Our first glimpse of it was from the hot springs in the Hakone National Park. The weather was clearing after two days of rain and the great white cone gradually shed its veil to stand out clear and bright against the blue sky. It was a thrilling sight. sky. It was a thrilling sight.

while on the subject of volcanoes, one must not forget the Mount Aso National Park. This covers a large area on Kyushu Island, reached by steamer overnight from Osaka to Beppu, a pleasant sail among countless islands of the Inland Sea; and then a three-hour train trip up into the hills, over a sharp ridge and then down into what is one of the largest craters in the world. This has long been inactive, the present volcano being a cone within a wide circle of hills. The beautiful National Park is a region of hills and mountains, forest and flower-covered slopes, and farms in the valleys with large areas of flooded paddy fields.

A bus will take you along the winding road climbing from Bocchu station to the cable rail-



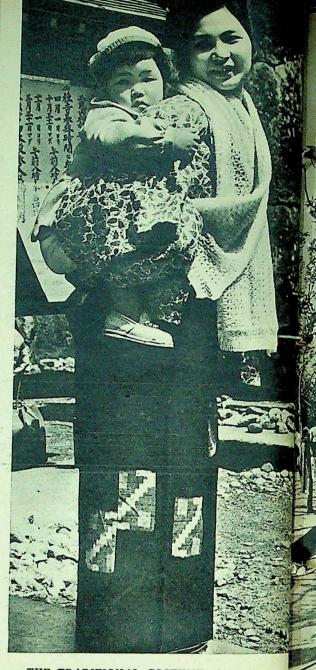
Another very pleasant surprise was the large number of women still wearing traditional costumes, most picturesque and colourful. I had feared that perhaps this custom was dying out, except in the remote parts, but on the contrary it is becoming fashionable once again. How pleasant to hear women clip-clopping along the streets on their small wooden shoes! It all seems a little strange in a busy thoroughfare thronging with motor-cars, buses, trams and the ubiquitous scooters.

Like many other Londoners I take our underground railway system for granted, yet I was again surprised at the very modern systems operating in Tokyo, Nagoya and Osaka. The capital has a population of well over eight million, and this is rapidly increasing, which means that the streets alone cannot cope with the vast transportation problem of moving people in and out. The main stations at least are

grains, vegetables, rape-seed and many other crops are cultivated in long narrow parallel strips with channels for water along either side, often as neat and tidy as a well-kept garden.

Our visit lasted into April, the time of the cherry blossom, a flower almost worshipped by the Japanese. Sakura is the national flower, by the Japanese. Sakura is the national flower, a type of cherry blossom not seen in any other country. When it is in bloom, organised parties, of all ages, make trips to see this striking sight. One of our lasting impressions is of the neverending groups of schoolboys and girls in their uniforms of navy blue, the girls' rather like a sailor suit. Wherever we went we met the inevitable groups of children—on every train in the land, so it seemed, on steamers on the Inland Sea, at the great shrines at Nikko, Kyoto and the Ise-Shinma National Park, at the hot springs in the Hakone Park and around the

(Please Turn Over)



THE TRADITIONAL COSTUME of women is enjoying a new vogue. Below: A street in Tokyo.

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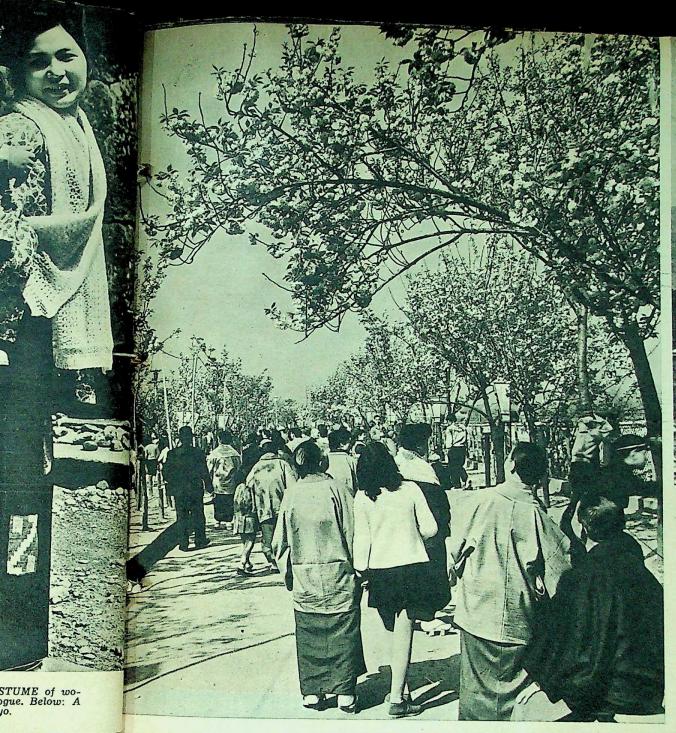
Text and Photographs by J. ALLAN CASH

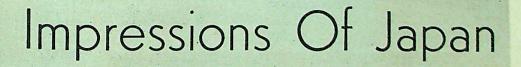
connected with extensive shopping arcades. A whole city thrives underground where you can eat in restaurants, do all your shopping and then take the train home, never going out into the open until you reach your destination.

As in many other countries television is widely popular in Japan. A few years ago I had made the acquaintance of a Japanese lady journalist while touring in northern Norway. She now came to visit us at our hotel and said we ought to be on television. Immediately she telephoned a colleague with the result that we were interviewed on a live programme the following day. It was all so quick and business-like that we hardly realised we had been on the air until we were being politely ushered out, with a cheque in our hands.

Farming in Japan is unique in many ways. Almost all crops have to be irrigated—







APAN is full of surprises. Throughout our month's wandering in this land of the cherry blossom, my wife and I continually discovered the unexpected.

nually discovered the unexpected.

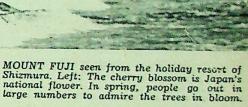
We first landed at Otaru, on Hokkaido Island in the far north. We had travelled from Hong Kong on a comfortable cargo-passenger ship and here we were loading Japanese oak for England, ten thousand miles away. Otaru looked grim; it is a town of factories, saw-mills and coal wharves, only four hundred miles east of Vladivostok. The countryside was just emerging from winter at the end of March. Patches of dirty snow and ice still lay in the streets while the hills skirting the city were gleaming white. But the sun managed to shine and warm the bitter wind blowing across this industrial centre.

Twenty miles away connected by rail and

Twenty miles away, connected by rail and

a well-paved motor highway, is Sapporo, the capital and largest city of Japan's northern-most island, with a population almost three times that of Otaru, and much cleaner. A new steel television tower dominates the scene television tower dominates the scene. steel television tower dominates the scene, soaring hundreds of feet into the air. This is now a feature of many Japanese cities, with Tokyo possessing a huge new structure. A lift carries visitors up the tower to wide observation platforms, from where, through glass panels, views of the city and the surrounding hills can be obtained. There are also souvenir shops, restaurants and toy counters for children. These towers have caught the imagination of local people and visitors alike; it is expected that their very high cost will be met in a matter of months almost, rather than years.

Our first big surprise was the excellent quality of the lunch we enjoyed at Sapporo,

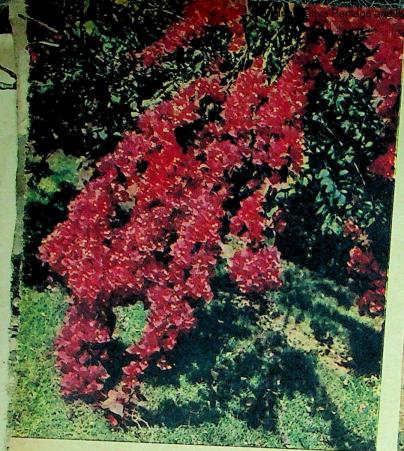


where we were taken to a remarkably clean, modern hotel. We had reached Japan after travelling in various countries of East Asia where filth and dirt, indifference, inefficiency and poor quality were the order of the day far more often than cleanliness and good service. Now, suddenly, we found a high degree of efficiency, a willingness to give good service, and food that was superb.

An excellent custom is that each restaurant has a glass case outside, or at least a window, in which are displayed various dishes of the day, together with the prices. Thus even when we could not understand the language we were able to point to what we wanted, and the restaurant people always put themselves out to serve us well. Many a time we did not know what we were eating, but it tasted good and we came to like Japanese food.

Tokyo was a surprise because it is so very modern, although this applies to other main cities also, such as Kobe, Yokohama, Osaka, Kyoto and Nagoya. The capital hardly seems to be Eastern at all in many parts; it is the strings of advertisements strung high in the sky from huge balloons and the unmistakably Japanese people in the streets that differentiate Tokyo from any western style city in other parts of the world. It is a new city; the Imperial Palace, built within its three moats and high walls, and certain other parts are the only remnants of the old order; much of the rest is a product of this century.

The main streets might be almost those of any American city, but turn into the little side-streets and then, suddenly, you are in the real Japan. Street-lamps here are often most decorative; vast quantities of artificial pink cherry blossoms are used everywhere; the shops are decidedly Japanese, making the visitor quickly forget that this is a large city. Many people visit these side-streets to spend an hour or two in a coffee shop. Here, in soft lighting, perhaps in a little cubicle, one can sit listening to an orchestra. You need not order anything more expensive than a coffee. One large establishment of this kind has an orchestra stage slowly rising to pause and play on each floor, returning the same way.



SUMMERTIME

bloom practically throughout the year. The keen-eyed gardener may also be fortunate enough to discover a bud-mutation or spore which may be the beginning of a worth-while new variety.

Bougainvillaeas are easy to grow. One should always remember, however, that they like plenty of sun and should not be over-watered or over-manured. Also, if pruning is necessary, this is best done after the main flush of bloom is over.

Now a word about the varieties suitable for gardens in this country. There is the white Bougainvillaea, usually available under the name of "Snow White"; this has small leaves and elegant sprays of white bloom. Then there are the near-white varieties. These have the faintest possible flush of mauve or purple and the bracts are larger than in "Snow White". Probably the best known of the pale varieties is "Trinidad".

Some of the Bougainvillaeas are referred to in catalogues as pink. But usually the colour is a combination of pink and purple shades. However, the variety commonly known as "Princess Margaret Rose" is a pale rose pink and can appropriately be called the pink Bougainvillaea. It is valued on account of its clean, delightful,

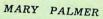
Then we have the varieties in shades of yellow or orange. The best one of these is known in this country as "Louise Wathen". The exact shade of orange varies with the time of the year and the locality, as the colour expression is influenced by climatic factors. The deep orange tends to become rather pinky in the latest stages. There is no Bougainvillaea which is a true golden yellow. But a variety known as "Enid Lancaster" in North India and similar ones known by names such as "Golden Queen" and "Yellow Queen" in South India are distinctly more yellow than "Louise Wathen". The colour varies

with the time of the year and shades of buff, apricot and yellow ochre are to be found. There is usually an orange suffusion, but the bracts do not turn quite as pink later, as in "Louise Wathen"

Among the more attractive of the Bougainvillaeas is the group of varieties with red bracts. The shades often vary from brick-red to deep crimson and are in much demand. Among the older varieties, "Mrs. Fraser" and "Lateritia" were wellknown; after that, varieties such as "Maharaja of Mysore", "Lord Willingdon"

and "Mrs. Butt" became available. The last named is a deep crimson and others are various shades of brick-red. There is a very charming and somewhat rare variety with soft terra-cotta coloured bracts which is sometimes called "Tomato Red". Among the newest varieties mention may be made of "Dr. R. R. Pal" (named after the writer's father), which is a bright red colour and exceedingly florifer-

There is a host of varieties in the purple and magenta shades. For a large park, or for covering a tree, it is still difficult to beat the old variety popularly s "Splenknown as dens". This blooms only once a year, immediately after the



cold weather, in a magnificent burst of colour which lasts for two to three months.

16 13 12 SE

Finally, we have "Mary Palmer" which produces some branches with light crimson bracts and other branches with white bracts; a few branches have white bracts splashed with red. In cold weather, the white colour is enlivened with a faint flush of amber or light pink. The combination of various colours on the same plant creates a most enchanting spectacle, particularly as this variety is exceedingly floriferous and nearly always in bloom

Dr. R. R. PAL (Photographs: Ranjit Singh, 3; H. K. Gorkha, 3)



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The tree at (radhapu Mahavan of Mahin piyatissa. the Mah which la vihara, tl ere in era, anotl ghosa, wr on Buddh Purification Anula, wi ger brothe the royal nuns and Mahinda w us, O Kin women. B tal) there known by is ripe hither brin

C INCE that distant day in the third will confer the ordination upon these wocentury B.C. when Thera Mahinda, son of the Emperor Asoka of India, crossed over to Ceylon to preach the doctrine of the Buddha, dynasties have come and gone, nations have risen and fallen, civilisations have waxed and waned; yet across that long gulf of time there has survived one living organism, namely, the Bodhi tree (Ficus religiosa) at Anuradhapura—an offshoot of the Bodhi tree at Gaya under which Siddhartha Gotama attained Nir-

Annually, the Buddhists of Ceylon commemorate the arrival of this Bodhi tree from India on the full-moon day of December, which falls this year on the

Known as Sri Maha Bodhi and venerated by the Buddhists of all nations, it is the oldest historical tree in the world, for its parent, the tree at Gaya that gave shelter to the Buddha, ceased to exist in Asoka's lifetime. Ceylon's history, the Mahavamsa, describes how the parent tree came to die an untimely death. Four years after the death of his queen, Asamdhimitta, Asoka raised Tissarakkha, a woman of great beauty, to the rank of queen. He loved Tissarakkha, but adored the Bodhi tree more.

Accordingly, Devanampiyatissa sent his own nephew, Arittha, with a message to Asoka. Mahinda also sent a message to his father. On arrival at Asoka's palace, Arittha delivered both messages. He also conveyed to Samghamitta the contents of Mahinda's message to Asoka. She straightaway called on her father and explained to him Mahinda's purpose.

Asoka exclaimed: "How shall I, when I no longer behold thee, dear one, master the grief caused by the parting with son and grandson?"

She replied: "Weighty is the word of my brother, O King: many are they that must receive the ordination, therefore must I depart thither."

"The great Bodhi tree must not be injured with a knife," mused Asoka, and then sought the advice of his spiritual adviser, Moggaliputtatissa Thera, on the mat-

"Shall a branch of the Bodhi tree be sent to Lanka, Sir?" he enquired.

"It shall be sent thither," replied the Thera, adding that the Buddha, having



PLANTED BY MAHINDA, son of Asoka, in the 3rd century B.C., the Bodhi tree at Anuradhapura, Ceylon, is revered as a branch of the original tree at Gaya.

Ceylon's enerated ' Bodhi She became jealous of the tree and "caused

it to perish by means of a mandu-thorn". Thus, the present Bodhi tree at Gaya is not the original tree.

The story of how an offshoot of the tree at Gaya came to be planted at Anuradhapura is related at length in the Mahavamsa. A few days after the arrival of Mahinda, the king of Ceylon, Devanampiyatissa, donated to the great Thera the Mahamegha park at Anuradhapura which later became the celebrated Mahavihara, the home of orthodox Buddhism, ere in the fifth century of the Christian era, another great Indian thera, Buddhaghosa, wrote his monumental commentary on Buddhism, Vissudhimagga (The Path of Purification). On that occasion, Princess Anula, wife of Devanampiyatissa's younger brother, and five hundred women of the royal household desired ordination as nuns and the king conveyed their wish to Mahinda who replied: "It is not allowed to us, O King, to bestow the ordination on women. But in Pataliputta (Asoka's capital) there lives a nun, my younger sister, known by the name of Samghamitta. She, is ripe in experience, shall come hither bringing with her the southern branch of the great Bodhi tree of the king of samanas, O King, and also bhikkhunis (nuns) renowned for their holiness; to this end send a message to the king, my father Asoka. When this theri is here she

foreknown Devanampiyatissa's request for a branch of the Bodhi tree, had willed that the southern branch of the tree "shall sever itself" without the aid of a knife.

Asoka had a beautiful gold vase made, to send the branch in, and filled it with perfumed soil. Headed by a thousand great theras and attended by a thousand princes and four divisions of his army, Asoka went in procession to the Bodhi tree along a bedecked route, seven yojanas long. After paying obeisance to the tree, he solemnly declared: "So truly as the great Bodhi tree shall go hence to the isle of Lanka, and so truly as I shall stand unalterably firm in the doctrine of the Buddha, shall this fair south branch of the great Bodhi tree, severed of itself, take its place in this golden vase." The miracle took place. Asoka twice "invested the branch with his empire".

ELABORATE PREPARATIONS

On the seventeenth day after its severance it put forth new leaves. In great splendour, natural and supernatural, was the new tree escorted to the coast, and there it was carried to the vessel by officials of the highest rank, Asoka himself helping until water reached his neck. He returned to the shore and stood there with hands uplifted as the ship set sail, after which, with tears and sobs, he returned to his capital. Meanwhile, across a sea of miracles the Bodhi tree went, in charge of Samghamitta. Innumerable deities made offerings to the tree and portents abound-

Meanwhile Devanampiyatissa had made elaborate preparations to receive the Bodhi tree. When the vessel was in sight, he and his officials of the highest rank rushed into the water up to their necks to receive it. Having lodged it in a stately hall specially erected on the beach, the king "invested the tree with his kingdom", and all did it honour for several days, after which it was brought to Anuradhapura in a mighty procession on the fourteenth day.

There, in the Mahamegha garden, it was deposited, the king himself lending a hand. But the tree rose straight up into the air and remained poised there, glowing with the Buddha's Sixfold Ray. the glory continued, and ten thousand converts took to the yellow robe as bhikkhus. At sunset the tree came down and planted itself, its roots brimming over and so vehemently gripping the earth that it forced the golden vase in which it stood clean into the ground and out of sight. After this all Lanka made offerings to it, and then a terrific storm of rain broke around the tree. Dense clouds descended, and for seven days enveloped it in their snowy womb. "And this," says the Mahavamsa, "occasioned renewed delight in the popu-Ultimately all the clouds dispersed, and the tree once more shone out resplendent with its rainbow of Six Rays before the eyes of Mahinda, Samghamitta, Deva-nampiyatissa and all the people.

Since then the Bodhi tree has been an object of veneration to hundreds of millions of Buddhists.

WILLIAM PEIRIS



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lyagaraja,

HAT Valmiki, in his day, did for literature, Tyagaraja did for music. Tyagaraja was the king of musicians and his art was entirely dedicated to Rama. His father was Ramabrahmam; his saint was Ramdas; his book was the Ramayana; his music teacher was Venkataramanayya; his mantra was Ramaand Tyagaraja lived in a songful ecstasy of Rama-consciousness. He created a new era in devotional music and his songs form the immortal symphony of a dedicated soul. He lived at Tiruvaiyar on the banks of the river Kaveri and, like a counterpart of that perennial river, his songs flow from heart to heart, from voice to voice, gaining every day new votaries.

He was born of pious parents. His father was a saint and singer, living a very simple life of devotion and dedication, while his mother, Santa Devi, was the embodiment of virtue and devotional fervour. They first lived in Tiruvarur and later settled in Tiruvaiyar. Of their three sons. Tyagaraja was the youngest.

The poet-saint was born on May 5, 1759, at noon. His star was Pu nya and his ascendant Kataka. As a child 1e imbib-ed his father's life of Rama we ship and emulated his pious example, ccumulating a rich store of holy songs and verses which he used to sing rapturously at prayer time. There was a free Sanskrit college at Tiruvaiyar founded by Govinda Dikshitar, the minister of Achyutappa Naik, King of Tanjore. Tyagaraja studied there for four years and picked up a grounding in Sanskrit hefore he care that the sanskrit hefore he in Sanskrit before he concentrated upon music. He learnt the art from the court musician, the famous Sonti Venkataramanayya, who had a soft corner in his heart for the budding genius.

DEVOTIONAL LYRICS

Tyagaraja took to the worship of Rama's image at home, his fervour finding expression in emotional lyrics, and his very first song proclaimed, "Tyagaraja day and night adores Raghava and makes his life a song-offering. Raghava is the merciful saviour of the world, the sole refuge of the poor and the forlorn, the benevolent giver of rare gifts to devotees, the Sun that devours darkness, the liberator of the elephant Gajendra from the grip of the terrible crocodile, the supreme Lord adored by sages such as Suka. To Him Tyaga-raja surrenders." Tyagaraja pored avidly over all available books on music. By concentration upon Narada he was able to obtain a copy of the Swararnavam, an ancient treatise on notation, and soon was a thorough master of musical art, science and technique, in all their aesthetic nu-

He took to the arduous tapasya of completing 96 crores of Ramanama, which added splendour to the blaze of his musi-cal ecstasy. "I have taken utter refuge at Thy feet, O Rama; Thy grace shall not forsake Thy devotee. I shall not fail in my devotion." He treated Rama as a living king and dedicated songs to every moment of His life-waking up, bathing, dressing, adorning Himself, feeding, going to sleep and he called His glories, cried out to Him

The Immortal

by SHUDDHANANDA BHARATI

his grievances, confessed his weakness and invoked His protection against the wicked who did him cruel harm. And all the time he was persecuted by his elder brother, who dismissed him as a fraud, an eccentric madcap and an imbecile, unfit for home life. When his father died, Tyagaraja took for his share the family image of Rama and renounced all other paternal property, while Ramabrahmam, the father, poured into his ears the parting words: "Tyagu, my son, I leave you no worldly wealth, but riches beyond limit. It is Rama and Paragraphy. Sing Rama helians in His Ramanama; Sing Rama, believe in His grace and live in Rama."

Tyagaraja would have been forlorn without Rama's constant Grace. He was a tall, lean, imposing personality. His colour was brown, his face bright, his chest broad, his forehead high and his cheeks bulging.



His eyes sparkled with an inner light and he had an incomparable voice. He used to wear a tulsi garland, while his fingers counted beads all day long. He was neat in dress, wearing his clothes in the style of a Vaidik Brahmin of the South. Twice a week he went out singing to collect rice. He put sandal on his brow and had his tambura always ready, so that he could sing his songs as they flowed. His life was well disciplined: he rose before dawn, at 4 o'clock, went to the Kaveri and, on finishing his ablutions, collected flowers and began his appropriate and flowers and began his song-offering and worship. With his family and disciples he partook of the offering to Rama, having his meal after puja at 12 o'clock. Resting himself for a while, he would teach songs to his disciples, though they were but a

He never allowed his followers to descend to worldly thoughts or undivine

songs. And every Ekadasi day he fasted regaling himself only with songs. When his first wife died, he married a second Kamalamba, who was very dutiful and faithful. They had an only daughter, Sitallahami, whom they married to a learner lakshmi, whom they married to a learned Brahmin, called Kuppuswami. Marriage presents were heaped before the bride groom, but his fancy was only for one pleasing picture of Rama which still hangs in his house in Tirumanjanam Street. He rejected all other presents. Sita len one son who died in his thirtieth year, so that Tyagaraja has now no surviving pro-geny beyond his immortal compositions.

His brother gave him trouble every day, burning his poems and calling him names. Once he threw into the Kaveri the figure of Rama worshipped by the Saint Pathetically Tyagaraja sang in his agony of separation, "Where O Rama! where has thou hid Thyself? Forsake me not in the wilderness of an unbelieving world. I have none but Thee. I have been deceived by my kith and kin. I have been betrayed by men. Come back to wipe away my tears of agony in a sordid, forlorn world. Remove my dark despair with a splendid smile 0 Rama, where art thou?" The Lord heard his devotee's prayer, and one fair morning Tyagaraja rediscovered the image of Rama and hugged it to his fond bosom, bathing it with tears of ecstasy, and celebrated his festival of reunion with thrilling songs of love and delight.

SPURNED RICHES

Tyagaraja's fame as a poet-seer and singer spread far and wide. Kings desired to hear him and to do him honour. Raj Sarabhoji of Tanjore was one such. Those were the days when foreign domination made its repercussions felt in life and art After the fall of Tipu at Srirangapatnam, the English annexed the Carnatic Districts and Tanjore fell into their hands. Raja Sarabhoji received a pension from the East India Company.

The Raja expected the Saint to con-He sent a messenger to bring him before him with the temptation of a fat purse title and rewards. "One song, sir, and the server avoids with the server avoid with the server avoids wi treasure awaits you in the royal court pleaded the messenger. Tyagaraja looke at Rama's image, closed his eyes in silence and then breathed a thrilling song in th Kalyani raga, which has won him eterna laurels.

"Riches or Rama's presence, which happier—speak, the truth, O mind? White is sweeter-milk, curd and butter or nectar flowing from prayer and medition upon Rama? Worldly pleasure God-delight, to wallow in the stinking of ditch of hellish sins or to bathe in the pu Ganga of God-consciousness, which wiser, answer O Mind? To glorify Ram to flatter the insolent rich, which is ris speak, O Mind?"

The messenger bowed to the Saint reported his song to the king, who beca angry and despatched strong hands

(Please Turn To Page 76)



Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri:

"THE GENTLEMAN WILL PAY"—II

The Tantalising Cora Pearl

THE pale, wild-eyed young man was waiting in the shadows of the porch as the costly, smartly-turned-out carriage drew up before the big mansion in the most fashionable quarter of Paris and the uniformed flunkey let down the steps.

"Cora!" Monsieur Duval addressed the lovely, jewelled creature who stepped out and prepared to enter the house in a little wave of perfume. "Cora! May I come in? Say I may come in?"

The man's voice had a note of desperate pleading, but Cora Pearl only flung him a cold, contemptuous glance, its insult heightened by the sensuous turn of her little smile.

"I'm sorry, my friend," she said, over her shoulder, "but it's too late."

And Cora Pearl, her ears ringing with the applause of the audience in the little, intimate theatre where she had been displaying scantily-clad charms in a third-rate opera specially written and produced to cash in on her social notoriety, went comfortably to bed. It was while she was sipping chocolate among her soft pillows next morning that they brought her the news. Young Duval had shot himself on her doorstep...

Cora shrugged shapely shoulders and raised her eyebrows, perhaps a little disgustedly. After all, Duval had paid for the house at the door of which, as a cast-off lover, he had staged his suicide. He had maintained her there for months, bought her fabulous thoroughbred horses, enriched her wardrobe—until his financial resources were so depleted that he was no longer of interest to Cora. Surely, the poor fool might have chosen somewhere else to shoot himself...

AT any rate, a line had been ruled under another page in Cora Pearl's account-book and she had already opened a fresh one. Still little more than 20, she had, in the luxurious, headlong, sensuously corrupt Paris of the Second Empire, already brought the profession of making men pay to a fine art.

Few of the men—aristocrats of Napoleon III's court, artists, wealthy men of affairs, writers—who competed for her favours were aware of her origins. Born in Devonshire, she had been given the unromantic name of Crouch. Her father was a poor music master and composer. One of his songs at least won wide success and is remembered to this day. Entitled "Kathleen Mavourneen"—a pseudo-

Irish effort—the profits from its sale played a big part in providing Cora with a better education than her parents could otherwise afford. Her schooling included two years in France—years which, together with her piquant, rather impudent, beauty, she was to exploit to the full in the near future.

Her first recorded adventure in the art of love ended on the debit side for Cora, though she was to take care that no subsequent one did. Disgruntled by the failure of several attempts to get on the stage in London, she fell easily for the flattery of a handsome stranger who accosted her one night in the street, forced a 24-hour affair on her, and then promptly deserted her, leaving her tarred with the scarlet stigma of Victorian disgrace.

— by -

LAURENCE ROSS

But Cora bore her tragedy lightly. The respectable circle of home now barred to her, she set out to make her own fortune with a capital of £5, and eventually got a singing assignment in a none too reputable night haunt in London's West End. The show failed, but the owner, one Brinkwell, planned to shake off his burden of debts by moving to Paris, and Cora agreed to go with him. In a very short time, she was well and truly launched on her new career.

For some time, it was a struggle—singing in glittering cafes chantants where plenty of male eyes rested appreciatively on her alluring face and seductive figure, but few practical propositions were forth-coming. It was when an immaculately dressed man invited her to have a glass of wine and then whisked her off to supper at the most expensive restaurant in Paris that Cora realised her luck was in.

The well-groomed egentleman was none other than a cousin of Napoleon III, and, before the evening was over, he had declared himself her slave—body and soul. To prove it, he bought her a mansion in the Rue de Chaillot. Among other charming amenities, the mansion had a pink marble bath for Cora's exclusive use. "I do love flowers!" Cora said—and her royal admirer footed a florist's bill to the tune of £700 a month. He also paid Gallois, France's most fashionable sculptor, £12,000 to immortalise Cora's beauty in marble.

But when Cora had spent rather more than £200,000 of his money in less than a

year, Napoleon's cousin saw the red light and sheered off. Undismayed, Cora turned to the one next on her list—the ill-fated Duval, heir to a man who had made almost £1,000,000 from hotel and restaurant enterprises.

"I would die to prove my love for you!" Duval proclaimed.

"That's no use," Cora replied, calmly.
"I want you to live—and pay some more of my bills."

When Duval had recourse to a pistol after his mistress's cold rebuff, he was broke to the world. The tragedy brought an unpleasant experience for the woman whose greed and callousness had killed him. When she next appeared on the stage, it was to be greeted with a storm of hisses and cat-calls. It was the end of her Paris career-for the time being, anyway. She went to London-to find that a reputable hotel had no room for her. She leased a Mayfair mansion at £200 a week and lived there-it was said-as the "protected" friend of an English duke. It was also rumoured that a certain member of the English royal family was in the habit of visiting her under the discreet name of "Mr. Robinson".

ONE way and another, in London and at the watering-places and casinos of the Continent, Cora Pearl dealt pretty successfully with the aftermath of her Paris crisis. Once, one of her many wealthy lovers announced, rather shamefacedly, that he was going to be respectably married to a girl from a high family. As a farewell gift, he handed Cora a deed by which she was to be paid 250,000 francs on his wedding-day. Cora tore up the deed and posted the pieces to her ex-lover's fiancee. By that time, she could well afford the gesture.

The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 marked the end of Cora's saga as an exploiter of men-and now began her transformation. Back in Paris, she worked sixteen hours a day during the dreadful Siege as a volunteer nurse. Many a stricken soldier and civilian blessed her name, but there were to be no more conquests for the internationally famous Cora Pearl. She was still only 44 when cancer claimed her, but her charms had disastrously faded. So had her fame, and her death, in 1886, was not accorded a single newspaper mention. And up to the last, it is said, she could never bear to hear the tune her father had written in the days of her childhood inno-

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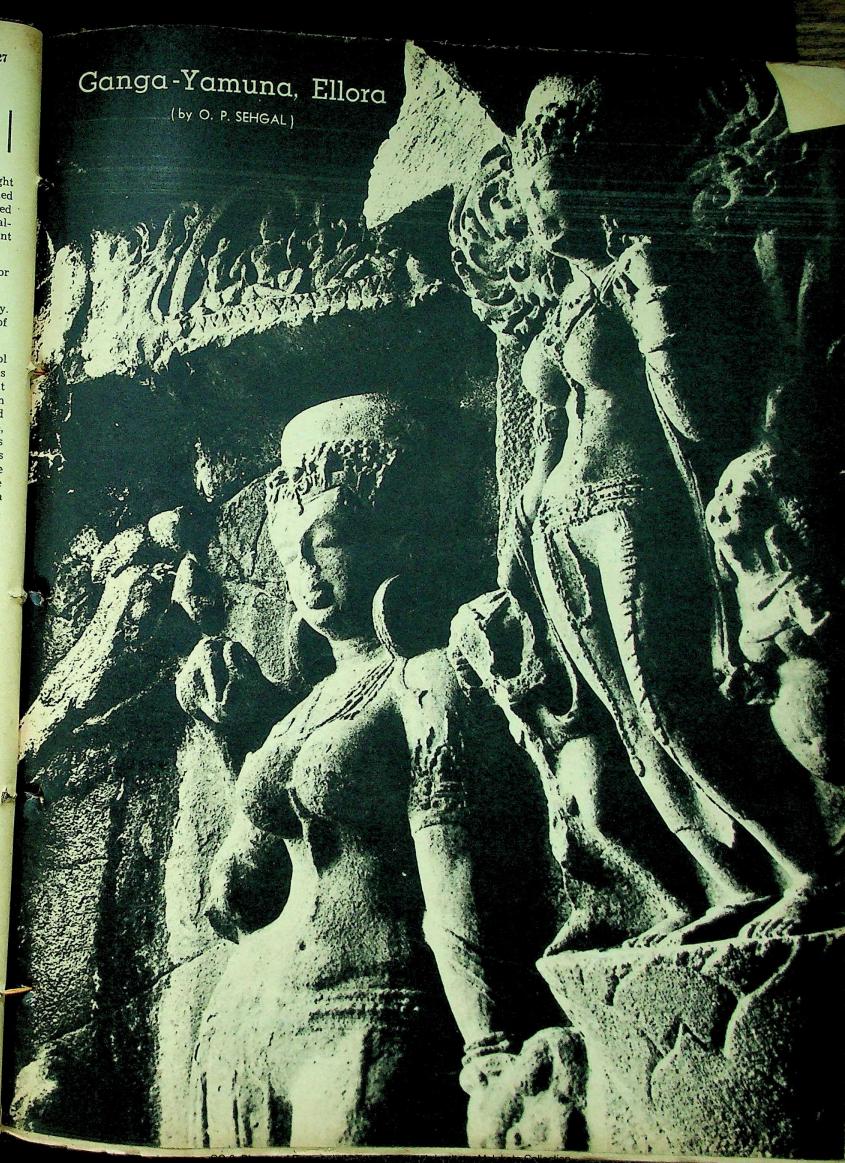
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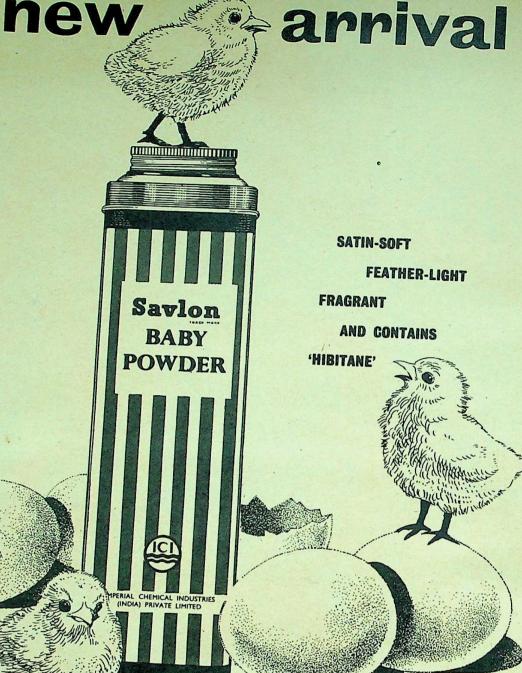
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Gresik: A Glimpse Of Javanese History Near Surabaya there is a charming town called Gresik, situated on the visitors come to Gresik in Muslim students. Hundreds of Indonesian to flourish fairly well as compared with

TEAR Surabaya there is a charming town called Gresik, situated on the sweet flowing Brantas River. Once upon a time it was a flourishing city: a seaport of great significance in East Java, trading with the other islands of the Indonesian Archipelago as well as with foreign countries. Gresik imported spices from the Moluccas and sandalwood from Timor, and exported pepper, cotton yarn and buffalo hides. This was in the early fourteenth century when the Hindu-Javanese Majapahit Empire was still powerful.

The Majapahit Empire had gained control of the entire Archipelago and this increased its political influence, so that those who belonged to the court circles accepted Hinduism. although the religion they practised was actually a synthesis of both Hinduism and Buddhism. The people in the villages accepted passively the religious dictates of the court, for these matters did not alter the basic economic realities of village life which continued on its placid keel; only the wind and the rain, the sun and the moon were the real masters.

Traders coming from China, India and Arabia to Gresik were so struck by its natural beauty and the ease with which one could make a living there that they turned settlers, and today the town has a cosmopolitan atmosphere, although it is no longer an important harbour. Among those who came to Gresik was an Indian merchant from Gujarat, known as Malik Ibrahim. He was a devout Muslim who began propagating the philosophy of Islam.

WIDE APPEAL

He found his most eager converts among the traders because they chafed under the strict social rules of Hinduism. They belonged to the Vaisya caste, which was considerably lower than that of the priest or of the nobility. This meant that even their wealth was powerless to alter their social position. Islam rejected caste and emphasised the importance of the individual. This idea appealed to the merchants, many of whom became Muslims, and from Gresik, during the fifteenth century, Islam spread to the coastal towns of Java.

At that time a son was born to a rich and aristocratic family in Gresik. His name was Racen Paku and he studied Islamic scriptures under a famous maulana. After his training he took the name of Sunan Giri and he gave both spiritual and material impetus to those sultans who wished to attack the Majapahit Empire. During his lifetime many pilgrims came to his mountain home in order to study the Islamic texts under his guidance. And today, at the site where he taught and where he is buried, there is a school for

Muslim students. Hundreds of Indonesian visitors come to Gresik in order to pay homage to Malik Ibrahim and Sunan Giri, who are considered the first of the nine "walis", or holy men, to expound the doctrines of Islam in Indonesia.

Though Islam finally became the national religion, Hinduism continued as a major cultural force in the life of the people. Islam in Indonesia was softened by the native tolerance of the community. Because of this Indonesian history has been "remarkably devoid of the strife and bloodshed common to religious conflicts waged in the past by other countries". It is an integral part of the Indonesian character to try and find a compromise. "Conflict is an ultimate and profoundly regrettable last resort" in Indonesia and "one to be shunned". So broad is that compromise and so tolerant the people that Sunan Giri's mausoleum is guarded by two curious animals which conform to the Hindu tradition of sculpture and the Muslim edict of not representing any living thing in the form of art.

by REBA LEWIS

In the early seventeenth century, the Dutch East India Company was formed, and from then on its tentacles began to embrace all of Java. The Muslim scribes of Gresik and Surabaya were opposed to this encroachment, and as they held high positions at the court, they successfully persuaded the sultans to resist it. The Dutch considered them formidable enemies and those who were Indonesian were imprisoned, while foreign religious teachers of Islam were deported. Among these there was one who had been a tutor to Aurang-When the Moghul Emperor heard that his tutor had been arrested he dispatched a special request to the Dutch Government, and after some time, the latter "agreed to send the tutor to the Imperial court at New Delhi, from his place of exile in Dutch administered Ceylon'

But there was no force strong enough to halt the Dutch advance and by the eighteenth century, Java was in their control. At the same time the fortunes of Gresik began to wane. In 1790 a member of the Dutch East India Company wrote:

"Gresik is no longer the flourishing trading town it formerly was because of the progressive decline in sea traffic. Traffic up and down the Solo River, too, is greatly hampered by the large number of toll houses erected by the princes. No sooner does one prince erect a toll house than the other places one nearby..."

In 1799 another Dutch traveller noted: "It is common knowledge that the site on which Gresik stands is one of the pleasantest and most convenient for trading purposes to be found in Java. Although trade has been in a state of progressive decline for some years the town continues

to flourish fairly well as compared with other places. This fact can be attributed chiefly to the ease with which ships arriving and departing can load and unload..."

Now, one hundred and sixty years later, Gresik has lost its pre-eminence as a port. One of its main trades is raising fish. Just outside the town there are many square, rather shallow ditches that have been dug to be filled with salt water. Fish are bred in these pools and once a year there is a festival to celebrate all fishing activities—both the raising and the catching of fish. This is a gay affair and is attended by dignitaries from all over East Java.

Some of the fisheries are owned by Hajis—rich men who have been to Mecca—but others are co-operatively owned, which is in keeping with the Indonesian tradition. Compromise and collective decisions play a major role in the affairs of the towns and villages. The idea of working together for a common cause forms part of the historic pattern of Indonesian development. It is called "gotong rojong", which means "mutual aid".

"Gotong rojong" has been responsible for many improvements in the daily life of the community. Thus, in all the towns of East Java, such as Gresik, primary and even secondary schools have been built by the community through joint effort. The Government only supplies the teachers. This co-operation between local groups and the Centre has brought about a rapid increase in the number of children going to school as well as quick progress in adult literacy.

The largest and most important factory in Gresik is a cement plant which was constructed a few years ago with the assistance of American funds and technical experts. It is the seventh largest of its kind in the world. The manager of the plant was formerly the Governor of Bali. He is also one of the curators of Airlangga University in Surabaya. The staff is entirely Indonesian and the factory is owned and administered by the Government.

DANCE DRAMAS

Gresik has a romance and charm all its own. Small boats continuously come and go from the neighbouring island of Madura. These "proas" are artistically decorated. This artistry extends to everything that is done by the people of Indonesia. They have a talent for creating beauty. Gresik is perhaps one of the few towns in Asia where one can buy paintings on the street along with vegetables and fruits. Needless to say, one may also bargain for the paintings.

At sundown, there are often performances of the "Wayang Orang"—dancedramas portraying heroic episodes from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. And so in a town that is professedly Muslim, one may hear stories of Rama and Si or Draupadi. In such an atmosphere tolerance growth is inevitable: one has the right to question, to accept and to reject. And that, perhaps, is the key not only to the townspeople of Gresik but to all Indonesians.







THIS

READING

Tagore-A. Full Portrait

HE literary tradition in India has, throughout its long history, suffered from one serous limitation. That limitation lies in the field of biography. Even in modern times this weakness has been reflected in Indian literature as an unhappy legacy which our writers have not been able to discard. There is hardly any work, either in English or in Indian languages, which can be compared to the great biographies produced by modern European writers such as Emil Ludwig, Romain Rolland and Andre Maurois.

In view of this, Krishna Kripa-lani's Rabindranath Tagore (Ox-ford University Press, 35s.) will be welcomed as an extremely signi-ficant book. Its importance is twoficant book. Its importance is two-fold. There is every reason to be-lieve that it will establish itself as the finest biography of Tagore in the English language. More than that, it breaks fresh ground as one of the very few creative contribu-tions made by Indian writers to the art of biography.

This work possesses all those qualities which bestow upon a biography aesthetic significance in addition to its utility as a record of facts and events concerning a great individual. It is singularly free from hero-worship and blind adulation, in spite of the deep reverence which the author has for the subject of his study. Krish-Kripalani does not hesitate to down those incidents which an unfavourable light on the incidents of Tagore's work. Here, at the we have an account of the left sentimental and balanced with-but height spinished.

Mg sentimental and balanced with-out being insipid.

One of the strongest features of this biography is that the inseparable connection between the development of the poet's personality and the evolution of his art has been very subtly brought out. This success is the result of the author's insight into the fundamentals of Tagore's philosophical outlook. Speaking of Tagore's world view, Kripalani says: "He dreaded every kind of organised power—whether social, political or industrial—which ignores human values and tends to stifle the personality of man." This is an absolutely correct assessment in the light of which alone can many of the views and actions of the poet be understood. Again, the author says: "The basic and most robust characteristic of Tagore's philosophy of life was his conviction that there is no contradiction between the claims of the so-called opposites—the flesh and the spirit, the human and the divine, joy in beauty and pursuit of truth, social obligation and individual rights. respect for tradition and freedom to experiment, love of one's people and faith in the opposites can and must be reconciled, not by tentative compromises

and timid vacillation but by build-ing a true harmony out of the ap-parent discordance."

parent discordance."

This is a beautiful summing up of all that Tagore stood for. Armed with this key, the author, unlocks for us the gateway leading to the poet's mind. Other writers on Tagore have also described the principle of harmony as the basis of Tagore's work. But Krishna Kripalani shows the working of this principle in every phase of the poet's life, not merely as an intellectual conviction but as the very foundation of his personality.

The earlier chapters of this book

The earlier chapters of this book are particularly well-written. It is well known that Tagore's mind and heart were moulded by the pattern of life in the family of Maharshi Debendranath. But the author has brought out many facts regarding Tagore's childhood experiences which have rarely been seen in all their psychological significance. One example may be mentioned. Tagore's poems about children have been acclaimed for their tenderness and their wonderful depiction of motherly love. But it is seldom remembered that Tagore himself was virtually starved of maternal care because his mother, Sarada Devi, had little time or inclination to look after the youngest of her fifteen children. The author shows how, in his poems about children, Tagore was vicariously satisfying his own unappeased hunger for motherly love.

A few minor errors have crent into this wool. The earlier chapters of this book

A few minor errors have crept into this work. Referring to a 17th-century palace at Ahmedabad where Tagore wrote some of his early poems, the author says: "The palace was originally built by Prince Khusru, (later, Emperor Shahjahan)." But Shahjahan, as a prince, was called Khurram, not Khusru. Luckily such errors are few, and on the whole the author has shown great care in checking his facts as well as references.

Indian Civilisation

HISTORY OF INDIA by A HISTORY OF INDIA by Michael Edwardes (Asia, Rs. 22) offers a remarkably fresh and vivid account of the Indian civilisation. The author makes it clear that what he has attempted is "to supply here a comprehensive history of India", and says: "The method I have used has been to give a view, an impression, of the continuity of India." This continuity he imparts to his parartice by continuity of India." This continuity he imparts to his narrative by keeping the attention centred on the people of India, who have been eliminated altogether from text-books of Indian history, which, in the absence of the human factor, remain tedious chronicles.

Mr. Edwardes places political events in their social context and traces their consequences in the impact they had on the masses. He also seeks to avoid the prejudiced view of imperialist writers deli-berately enlarging upon the my-stique of the Empire, making the

British period cover much of the canvas and giving the impression that it had lasted for two thousand rather than two hundred years; the anti-imperialists, who have preoccupied themselves in looking back at fictitious Golden Ages and penning the propaganda of revolt rather than the history of India, do not also appeal to the author. "The effects of British rule," he rightly stresses, "are implicit in the nature of independent India."

the nature of independent India."

The narrative is free from the mass of detailed information which is, however, suggested by means of lively introductions.

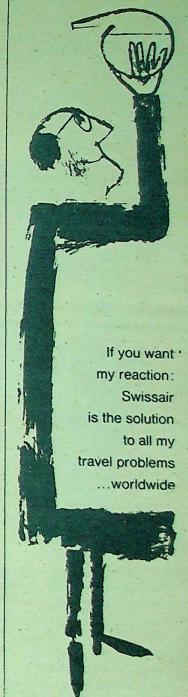
"Up till the British period," says the author, "I have quoted extensively from contemporary sources both in the text and in the appendices." He adds that most of this material is from non-Hindu sources and that this is due to the general indifference of the Brahmins to historical writing. The method has its shortcomings as well as its merits and the author is manifestly more at home with modern developments and the sources bearing on them than with ancient Indian culture, particularly the history and politics of South India and the Deccan where he falls into a number of minor mistakes, which it would be monotonous to enumerate here.

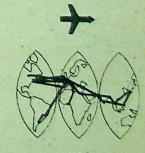
"The picture section has been planned," he says, "as an extension of the text."

It is also worth noting that the marrative contains only the minimum of dates, grouped together in convenient tables at the end of each section. "Such dates as are given here," says the author, "are those in general acceptance at the time of writing except in such time of writing except in such cases where I have myself decided on a revision." But he has not in-dicated the changes, giving his rea-sons



R. S. MUGALI, noted Kannada author.





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THE PLAIN AND THE PRINTED

HOME SECTION

The Art of



VARIED PATTERNS (Photographs by K. M. Mahajan)

ASHION—though fickle—is a tyrannical dictator. Its foibles are, in turn, dictated by the constant need for variety and, in view of present-day prices, economy. In fact, if one wants to appear well-groomed, economy is essential within a not-too-flexible budget.

It is a common feminine trait to keep a once-favourite sari hanging in the darkest corner of the wardrobe, after an "everyone-hasseen-it" phase. The plain silk, or cotton sari especially, seems to suffer this neglect on the part of its owner. But resourcefulness and a little planning can turn an "also ran" into a "winner". A border, a print, a touch of embroidery, can transform a plain sari beyond all recognition.

The method of transformation which has an aesthetic appeal and a wide range of variety is block printing. A traditional craft, block a wide range of variety is block printing. A traditional craft, block printing has been handed down to the present-day craftsman through centuries of innovation and experiment in colour and design. Blockmaking is a delicate craft, requiring a minute and specialised skill in execution. Like most other Indian handicrafts, this is a family tradition passed down from father to son. Thus it combines something of the wisdom of age with the vigour of youth and this characteristic permeates the art. The modern Indian block prints combine the age-old traditional designs with a modern setting, with new colour combination, or with some assimilation of modern designs. By this assimilation the present-day block printer has an array of merchandise with which to tempt his client.

A growing awareness of artistic excellence has led to Government and social patronage which has enriched the designer and his blockmaking. The design centres set up by the Government all over India advise and guide the traditional block-makers. In this way the services of qualified artists have been made available to the traditional workers. The cottage industries emporia have further provided an impetus to the industry by providing ample opportunities for the block printers to display and sell their products.

Once brought into the fashion limelight, block prints have stayed on to become fashion favourites.

Various commercial houses have picked up the trend and now women in numbers flock to get their old and even new saris block printed. A drab, or dull, or out-date sari becomes suddenly a la mode and attractive to the eye. Printing an old sari means less strain on the budget than buying a new one.

Choosing the print, colours and the manner of its usage also provides an opportunity to use one's ingenuity, because one is called upon to use prints and colours ingeniously. The challenge is hard to resist. The individual touch lies in how successfully you can adapt a print onto an old sari. Try several different methods—an all-over print with a piping; a patli-and-pallav effect; a "skirt-border" type; a half-and-half variation, or a bold border and pallav on a plain ground. A successful result is a booster to the ego and a joy to the beholder.

SAROJ MEHTA

SAROJ MEHTA

A SUBTLE COMBINATION



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M. Mahajan)

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SAROJ MEHTA

COMBINATION



WEEK'S



The First Cosmonaut

HE world is still ringing with praise for the first space tra-veller and we, in India, have just paid our homage to him. It is, therefore, natural that there should be a demand for books on Yuri Gagarin. But it is, perhaps, too early to expect a really first-rate volume on the man and his achievement.

The two titles under review-Till We Reach The Stars by Khwaja Ahmad Abbas (Asia Publishwaja Ahmad Abbas (Asia Publishing House, Rs. 8.50) and Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin by Wilfred Burchett and Anthony Purdy (Gibbs and Phillips, 15s.)—have evidently been written in great haste and suffer from journalistic enthusiasm.

While Abbas's work is the more readable of the two, the joint effort of Burchett and Purdy has much more meat. Abbas uses the story of Gagarin as a centre-piece to develop the theme of space travel, dividing the book into approximately equal parts. In the first section he deals with Man's urge to fly and to explore cosmic space, with copious references to Indian myths, Greek legends, Roman epics and the discoveries of ancient and medieval science. Gagarin himself therefore does not appear till the reader is half way through the book. That is fair enough. For after all the Soviet Cosmonaut's miracle of space flight was due at least as much to the pooled efforts of scientists, engineers, technicians and physiologists as to his own undoubtedly great courage, endurance, intelligence, concentration and physical fitness. An account of the earlier work should therefore find a phase in the back. Abbas find a place in the book. Abbas even whets the reader's appetite for it, by mentioning his success in persuading Mr. Khrushchev to command Yuri to grant him an exclusive interview.

One, therefore, expects here a more informed version of the Rusmore informed version of the Russian space research programme than we have yet had—Abbas having been allowed access to the scientists and engineers concerned with the space project. Actually he does not refer to any Russian space scientist except the very early pioneer, Tsiolkovsky, who died in 1935. He does not even mention the head of the Russian space research programme, Prof. space research programme, Prof. Fyodorov, who was persuaded by Burchett and Purdy to grant them "the only interview he has given since Gagarin's flight". In this respect these two authors do greater justice to the men behind the scenes in the Gagarin drama, such as Keldysh, Sisakyan and Parin.

Either because Abbas could not secure closer details of the Soviet space research programme or, as is more likely, because he had no

"feel" for them, he has had to resort to fatuous padding in the first part of his book. To quote one instance, the entire chapter entitled "Comrades from the Past", treating of those on whose work, Russian space science is said to have heavily leaned, could have easily been deleted, or at any rate compressed into a paragraph. For the "comrades" listed are Archimedes, the unknown Hindu inventor of the zero and decimal notation, Aryabhatta, Ulugh Beg of Samarkand, and such others—Archimedes because of his "principle of lever which is the foundation of the science of mechanics without which the Vostok could not be launched into the sky". If so, why not D'Alembert, Euler, Hamilton, Poincare and scores of others who carried mechanics to an even finer pitch of sophistication? Then again, if the inventor of decimal notation had to be mentioned in this context, because without it "the intricate matheof decimal notation had to be mentioned in this context, because without it "the intricate mathematical calculations required for a successful space flight would not have been possible", why not the Chinese inventor of paper, without which Tsiolkovsky could not have written his papers, or for that matter Abbas his book? The reason is obvious. The author has more space than he can fill with his material.

In the latter half, where he takes up the story of Gagarin, his experience as a journalist stands him in better stead. But even here Abbas is not able to shake off completely his earlier tendency to dilute his material merely to fill a predetermined volume. In the latter half, where he takes

Partly because of this dilution and partly because of the desire to paint his hero as a model hus-band, father, son, citizen and even a model ideologue, the picture that finally emerges is spoilt and



IVO ANDRIC, Nobel Laureate, and his wife photographed in their Belgrade home. Mrs. Andric is a costume designer for the stage.

almost degenerates into a caricature of a live personality. And yet the story of his flight deserves to be written in as vibrant a style as Saint-Exupery's account of his own flights. Let us hope some day it will be done.

Burchett and Purdy succeed better in giving a simple yet com-prehensive picture of the Russian space programme, including the work of the pioneers, the acade-micians, the astronauts and their trainers, the Gagarin story and a long discussion on "After Gaga-rin's Flight, What?"

Both the books are fully illustrated with many photographs of the Gagarin family and the Cosmonaut No. 1 beaming on the authors. But if you want to know why the Russians preferred dogs for their space experiments while the Americans used chimpanzees, you will not find the answer in either of these books.

An Absorbing Story

HOWARD Spring can always be relied upon for an absorbing story. A journalist turned novelist, story. A journalist turned novelist, he places the emphasis in his books on character and incident rather than on plot. His latest offering I Met a Lady (Collins, 21s.) is no exception. His canvas is crowded and there are occasional coincidents of the complete the pattern. and there are occasional coincidences—to complete the pattern—which do not quite ring true. The close inter-relationship between some of the dramatis personae—the outcome of bastardy and a sequence of strange marriages—is baffling even to themselves; somebody might easily say, "This man's step-father was my father's only natural son."

The narrative comes from George Ledra, who self-admittedly leads "a vague flaneur existence" after profitably disposing of his ancestral cotton business. He makes a limited reputation as a writer of belles lettres in a highbrow weekly. (The few examples given of his style are likely to make any self-respecting editor squirm!) His blissful marriage to Sqlvia, an actress of great beauty, wealthier and ten years older than himself, provides the central theme of the book.

The sexual aspects of this mating are evoked in particularly lovely prose, though they tend now and then to relapse into the routine of afternoon tea. Mr. Spring's evocation of nature in his beloved Cornwall is equally appealing.

There are several major personalities—and many minor ones—who project themselves memorably in this lengthy, skilfully adjusted tale. Two wars are incidental to I Met a Lady, which might be termed, where many of the characters are concerned, a saga of disillusion, the refrain being "Why did'st thou promise such a beauteous day...?"



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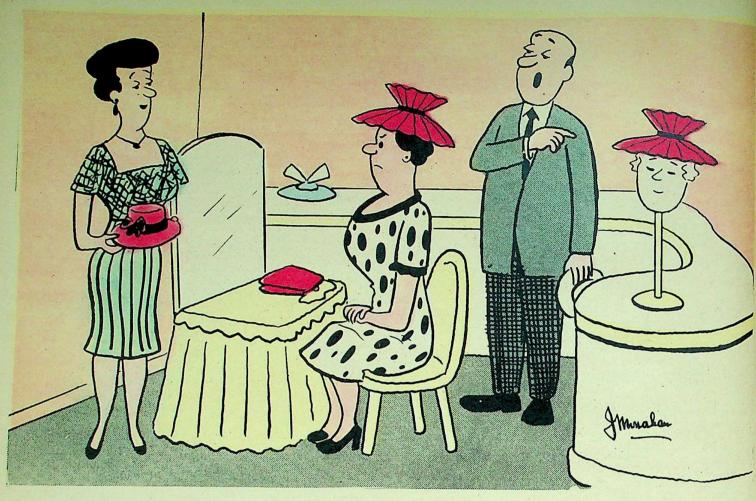
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"It looks better on the other dummy."

Smile Stories

LAWYER: "Are you acquainted with any of the men on the jury?"

Witness: "Yes, sir, more than half of them."

Lawyer: "Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?"

Witness: "If it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."

AFTER a discussion on health and hygiene, the doctor told his spinster patient, "Even though you take a bath every day, you can't stay healthy just by bathing alone."

"Maybe not, doctor," snapped the woman, "but I'm still going to bathe alone!"

THE young wife approached a post office window and said, "I wish to complain about the service."

"What's the trouble, madam?" the clerk wanted to know.

"My husband is in Calcutta on business and the letter he sent me is post-marked Mahableshwar."

HE: There are two periods in a man's life when he doesn't understand women.

She: Indeed, and when are those periods?

He: Before marriage and after marriage.

"AREN'T people funny?"

"Yes. If you tell a man that there are 270,785,934,341 stars in the universe he'll believe you—but if a sign says 'Fresh Paint,' that same man has to make a personal investigation."

A BANKER offers his analysis of Time:
Yesterday is a cancelled cheque,
Tomorrow is a promissory note,
Today is ready cash: spend it wisely.

TRAMP: "Lady, I'm hungry. Could you give me a piece of cake?"

Lady: "Isn't bread good enough?"

Tramp: "Yes, madam, but today is my birthday."

A RICH tourist describes the Eiffel Tower as "the Empire State Building after taxes".

AUTHOR: "I once got ten dollars a

Editor: "Hmm! How was that?"

Author: "I talked back to the judge."

LITTLE Danny: "Mother, may I have a nickel for the old man who is outside crying?"

Mother: "Yes, dear, but what is the old man crying about?"

Danny: "He's crying, 'Salty peanuts, five cents a bag!"

"IF Shakespeare were here today he would be looked on as a remarkable man."

"Yes, he'd be more than 300 years old."

A DOCTOR and a lawyer were comparing their professions.

"I'm not saying that lawyers are a pack of tricksters," said the doctor. "But you'll have to admit that the practice of law doesn't turn men into angels."

"Ah," said the lawyer. "You doctors have us there."

January 7, 1962

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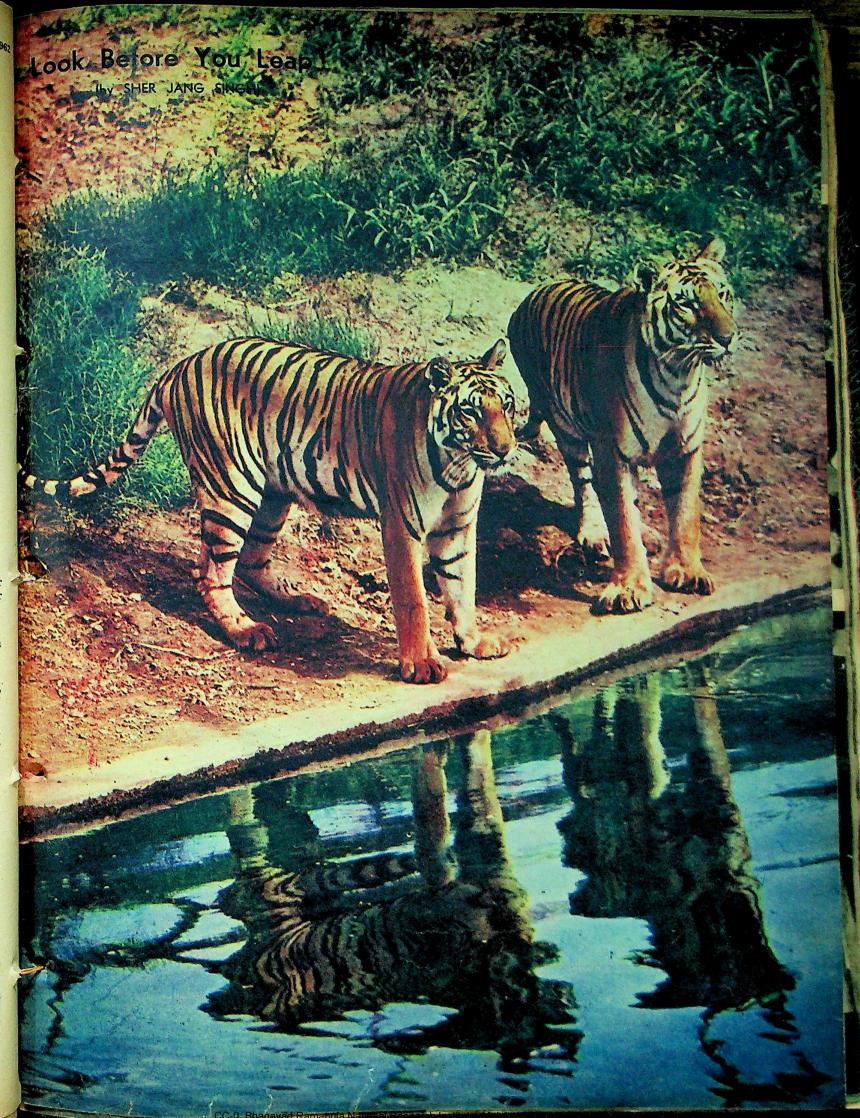
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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Israel-3 Impressions Of

T was my first Friday in Israel. I was enjoying a leisurely stroll in the late afternoon, and the pleasant spring weather of Haifa, where the elusive mystery of Mount Carmel strives to blend with the noisy bustle of a modern port, added to the zest of walking.

Suddenly, as the sun went down, I noticed a little hurrying and scurrying on the roads, and in a few minutes the highways and byways became practically empty. Shops were closed, buses ceased plying, and only a stray private car or taxi caught the eye. The weekly Sabbath, the day of rest, fasting and prayer, had begun, and would continue till nightfall on Saturday, when gaily-attired men, women and children would pour out of their homes, the streets would fill as rapidly as they had emptied twenty-four hours earlier, and vehicles, big and small, would rumble and clatter by once more. Some shops and all places of entertainment open after sunset on Saturday, but all other establishments, including offices and factories, do so only on Sunday morning.

Saturday is the official holiday of the week, just as we have our Sunday here. There is, however, a difference: behind the observance of the Sabbath in Israel are the imperative religious injunctions of the Bible. I was told that a very orthodox Jew will not even lift a telephone on the Sabbath. In quite a number of hotels the following notice is prominently displayed: "Please do not smoke and do not write on Saturday."

No food is cooked, even bread is not toasted, till after sunset on Saturday, but whatever has been cooked on Friday is preserved in "hot cases" on electric heaters. There is also the quaint rule that no milk or milk product such as cream or cheese can be served at the same meal at which meat has been taken. This, from what I learnt, is an implementation ad absurdum of a Biblical directive. Nevertheless, these somewhat curious dietary laws are enforced by rabbis who pay surprise visits to kitchens, and they are observed even in the Defence Forces. There is a Ministry of Religious Affairs in the Government, but there is no religious fanaticism or intolerance in Israel.

SABBATH RESTRICTIONS

Is there any other country in the world where even the trains come to a standstill on a holiday? But it is so in Israel on the Sabbath day, which is not just a holiday as we understand it, but is indeed a day of rest for men, just as God after accomplishing the task of Creation in six days rested on the seventh.

It must however be noted that the Israeli railways have no connection with any foreign line, because all around are Arab States, between whom and Israel a state of hostility unfortunately exists. The stoppage of rail traffic, therefore, on the Sabbath causes no inconvenience or hardship. Post offices are also closed on Saturdays, but the central telegraph offices are open day and night even on the Sabbath day.

It is an interesting fact that in Israel buses are the principal means of passenger transport, with the railways second, and sherut taxis (plying along fixed routes for fixed fares) a good third. The railways are State-owned, and there are 416 km. of main lines and 215 km. of branch lines in operation. Sea and air transport, which are rapidly progressing, are the country's only links with the outside world.

by H. V. KAMATH

Israel, though customarily described as a Jewish State, has neither a racial nor a religious bias in its governance or administration. The Proclamation of Independence, in 1948, declared that "the State of Israel will maintain complete equality of social and political rights for all its citizens, without distinction of creed, race or sex. It will guarantee freedom of religion and conscience, of language, education and cul-ture. It will safeguard the Holy Places of all

The Ministry of Religious Affairs attends to the needs not only of Israel's Jewish citizens, but also of her Muslims and Christians. To cite only one instance, some two hundred Muslim religious officials are paid by the State, and the Ministry works in close co-operation with the leaders of the Muslim and Christian communities. The Ministry is responsible for the preservation and renovation of mosques and churches as well as synagogues.

So it is a natural consequence that though Saturday is the weekly public holiday ordained by the State, the right of every community to observe its own weekly rest day and holy days is guaranteed by law: the Muslims observe Friday, the Christians Sunday, every week. This liberal, secular attitude finds its magnanimous expression in the fact that the Knesset (Israel's National Parliament), when in session, sits only for three days in the week, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday; and though Friday is the first of the three holidays, yet the Knesset does not assemble on Thursday, so as to enable Muslin members to reach home well in time.

LIBERAL ATTITUDE

This attitude also explains why it is that in the Knesset, where debates are ordinarily conducted in the official language, Hebrew, the proceedings are simultaneously translated into Arabic for Arab members, who are moreover permitted to speak in their own language. Arabic is also used in the courts. Stamps, coins and bank-notes bear Arabic inscriptions. The Ministry of Justice issues Summaries of Supreme Court decisions in Arabic for Arab law-

The State actively promotes the development of Arab culture and the use of Arabic in the press, the schools and everyday life. One daily newspaper, eight weeklies and seven other periodicals are published in Arabic. There is a special Arabic broadcasting station whose programmes include readings from the Qur'an and Christian Services.

The number of Arab children in schools has risen enormously in recent years, and elementary education is provided free by the State. Nearly sixty per cent. of Arab secondaryschool pupils benefit from scholarships or concessions, as compared with thirty per cent. of Jewish pupils. There are over a hundred Arab students in the Hebrew University, and in Haifa

Most of the Arabs live on the borders and adjacent areas, and the great majority, about 150,000, in a fairly continuous area in Galilee; Nazareth is practically an Arab town.

Circumstances have compelled the Government to adopt security measures in the border regions, where a virtual military administration continues to be in force. The measures however relate only to movement in and out of those

restricted areas; they do not interfere with the normal civic, political and economic life of the normal civic, political and economic life of the region. It must be mentioned that the many Arabs living away from the border, in Haifa Acre, Jaffa, Lod, etc. are not subject to any restrictions whatsoever.

In May 1960, when I was touring this new and fascinating country, I obtained the latest and fascinating country, 1 obtained the latest population figures: Total 2,088,685—Jews, 1,858,841; Muslims, 1,59,236; Christians, 48,277; Druzes, 22,331. The Muslim, Christian and Druze communities are ethnically Arab.

The Druzes practise an esoteric religion about which not much is known. Their forefathers broke away from Islam in the 11th century to launch a cult of their own which centres on reverence for the prophet Shoo'av whose tomb is near the Galilean village of Hittin. I found that, by and large, the Jew reposes greater trust in a Druze and regards him as a more devoted citizen than a Muslim or a

In the last Knesset—a new one was elected in August 1961—there were seven Arab members, 3 Moslems; 3 Christians and 1 Druze in a

The tiny State of Israel has only 19 cities and towns, including 6 mixed and 2 Arab, 36 other urban settlements, 682 Jewish and 103 Arab villages. Of what may be characterised as big cities there are only three: Jerusalem the capital, part of which falls, under U.N. decision, into Jordan; Haifa; and Tel Aviv. The last named somehow always reminded me of Bombay, a modern, sprawling city on the sea, and is in some respects as uncouth. Haifa is undoubtedly more attractive, and Jerusalem still retains an indefinable aura of peace which cannot fail to impress.

ORGANISED LABOUR

In few other countries is labour so well organised, with labour organisations so powerful, as in Israel. The Histadrut (General Federation of Labour) is the largest and most important, and was founded in 1920. A worker joins the Histadrut directly, as an individual and not as a member of an affiliated union. The membership fee, which ranges from 3 per cent. to 4-5 per cent. of the wages, covers all the Federation's trade union, health and social services. Almost 90 per cent. of Jewish workmen are enrolled in the Histadrut, into which Arabs have so been admitted since

Histadrut bodies include trade unions, collective and co-operative settlements, producers' and consumers' co-operatives, industrial undertakings, financial institutions, a youth organisation, and welfare services, the most important of which is the Kupat Holim (the Workers' Sick Fund). One day hardly sufficed for an on-the-spot study of Histadrut activities; I devoted three full days, assisted by good

Other Histadrut services include provident and pension funds, unemployment pay, vocational schools, and evening classes for adults. The Federation also runs a publishing house, two daily newspapers, and the largest sports organisation in the country (the Hapoel). There are wage agreements between the Histadrut and employers covering almost the whole country, with the result that no need has been felt for any minimum wage legislation. The highest wage or salary is not more than four times the lowest. When I mentioned the disparities in my country, people were amazed.

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The agreements between the Histadrut and employers link wages with the cost-of-living index, and provide for an eight-hour working day, family allowances, sick leave, holidays, maternity leave with pay, consultation with the unions on dismissals, and employers' contributions to the Sick Fund, to pensions and accident insurance. In fact the Histadrut is such a mighty organisation that its admirers as well as its detractors have often referred to it as "a State within a State".

I should like to say a little more about the Kupat Holim, which is the largest medical organisation in Israel. It is the health insurance association of the Histadrut, and two-thirds of the population are its members. It runs over 900 clinics, 15 big, well-equipped hospitals, 15 convalescent homes, and about 200 mother-and-child welfare centres. The doctors are so helpful that a friend of mine in India, who wanted medical advice for his son, got it free and in full measure. All that I did was to hand over the brief case history of the patient to the MAPAI secretariat, and the thing was done, efficiently and well. Incidentally it may be mentioned that in Israel there is one doctor to every 450 people. I understand it is the highest ratio in the world.

PUBLIC HEALTH ACTIVITIES

We in India can learn a lot from the manner in which public-health activities are conducted in Israel. The Ministry of Health is principally responsible for the maintenance and promotion of public health, but it secures effective co-operation from the Kupat Holim and Hadassah. The latter is the oldest voluntary health agency in the country, and is sponsored by the Hadassah Women's Organization of America.

The Health Ministry is assisted by a public advisory council and is the supreme administrative and co-ordinating authority in all matters of public health. It issues licences for the medical and allied professions, runs hospitals, maintains infant welfare clinics, nursing schools, public health laboratories, mental health and child guidance clinics, it provides school health services, and has adopted measures for the improvement of environmental sanitation, sewage disposal and control of drinking water.

The Ministry, Kupat Holim, and Hadassah services follow new immigrants into the development area soon after their arrival. In this connection, I may cite just one instance as an illustration. In 1952 when about 2,000 immigrants belonging to the ancient Jewish community of Cochin entered Israel, examination disclosed that nearly one-fifth of the immigrants suffered from filariasis. The culex mosquito which is the carrier of the disease is of common occurrence in Israel, and the risk was therefore considerable. The Ministry however insisted upon a special treatment for the immigrants from Cochin, and it has been so successful, I was told, that not a single local case of filaria has been detected over the years.

Great emphasis is laid on education, which is regarded as not just something that will fetch you a job or enable you to earn a livelihood, but as essential training for citizenship, for the country's defence, as well as a nation-welding activity. Is it not a sign of excellence that the educational institutions of a country, whose population is 2 million, contain about 600,000 pupils and students?

Primary education is free and compulsory for all children from the age of five to four-teen, the majority of schools are co-educational, with eight years' study in elementary and four in secondary schools. The language of instruction is Hebrew in Jewish schools and Arabic



THE AUTHOR on a visit to the International Relations Department of the Histadrut.

in Arab schools. Arabic is taught as an optional language in over a hundred Jewish schools, including the majority of secondary schools. Hebrew is taught in Arab schools from the fourth grade. English is the main foreign language, but French is also encouraged.

One of the finest educational institutions in Israel is the Technion at Haifa. I spent a full day at this Institute of Technology, and enjoyed every minute of it. A simple but substantial lunch with the students was an interesting part of the programme. A two-way traffic in questions and answers enlivened the gastronomic interlude for nearly an hour.

OLDEST INSTITUTION

The Technion, founded in 1912, is the oldest institution of higher learning in Israel. It offers Bachelor's, Master's and Doctor's degrees in twelve faculties and departments, covering the major fields of modern science and technology. More than half the engineers practising in Israel today are its products. At the time I visited the Technion last year, it had about 3,000 students, of whom, I was told, seven per cent. were girls.

The Haifa Technion and the Hebrew University in Jerusalem have, between them, turned out in recent years scholars, scientists and technicians of a very high calibre. Scope and opportunity for higher scientific research, fundamental as well as applied, are provided in the Weizmann Institute at Rehovoth, founded in 1949 in honour of the first President of Israel. The Foundation marked the seventieth birthday of Chaim Weizmann, who had tirelessly laboured, for decades, to promote scientific research as well as the cause of Zionism.

The press in Israel caters to diverse interests, and is free except for those restrictions imposed by the ordinary laws to which every citizen is subject. There is no political censorship, but some measure of control is exercised in respect of matters affecting military security. The majority of the papers are in Hebrew, and the only daily newspaper I could read at breakfast was a meagre 4-page Jerusalem Post in English, whose size was doubled at the weekend. I hope there will be some improvement in the coming years.

I found the Israeli people news-conscious, and the farmer or factory hand finds time to read his daily newspaper. Even in the remotest rural settlements you meet people eager to discuss recent events, domestic and foreign.

No account of Israel would be satisfactory without a reference to the Dead Sea, near the Israel-Jordan border. We know that Mt. Everest is the highest spot on the globe, but how

many are aware that the Dead Sea, 1,292 ft. below sea-level, is the lowest point on the earth's surface?

I was almost overcome by the sweltering heat when I reached the seashore one afternoon in May. I walked to the edge of the still waters, collected a little in my palm, and gingerly put it on my tongue. I immediately spat it out: it was so terribly salty. On inquiry I learnt that it contains 30 per cent. of salt, while ordinary sea water has only 3-4 per cent.

The abnormal concentration of salt is fatal to all aquatic life, hence the name Dead Sea. It however contains billions of tons of magnesium chloride, magnesium bromide and calcium chloride, besides common salt. The Dead Sea Works extract, at present, potash and bromine whose exports fetched 5 million dollars in 1959-60. There is a plan to produce, progressively, table salt, magnesium oxide and metallic magnesium.

In recent years parchment scrolls concealed in pots and urns have been discovered in caves in the Dead Sea regions and they have shed new light on ancient Jewish history as well as on many a Biblical story.

What does the future hold in store for these gifted people with such a chequered, tempestuous history, so small in number, yet with such a big contribution to human civilisation? They sent Jesus to the Cross 2,000 years ago, but as if in atonement, Saul of Tarsus, as the Apostle Paul, transformed, by the force of his fiery genius, his Master's simple spiritual gospel into an organised, living religion, and himself died a martyr.

In Israel today, as the Jew prays in his synagogue, toils in field and factory, strengthens his defences, it is not unlikely that anxious thoughts for the morrow assail him. Will this little strip of earth suffice for the growing population? Will increasing pressure of numbers depress living standards? If the Cold War becomes hot and hotter, and then turns into a shooting war, will Israel survive?

A race which, besides Jesus and Paul, has produced Moses, Spinoza, Karl Marx, Rembrandt, Einstein, Trotsky and Menuhin cannot be a sterile race. They can surely be expected to bring more gifts to the altar of humanity in the coming centuries.

A cynic once remarked that fortunately there are not many Jews in the world, otherwise how would humanity contain them? It may be a clever observation, but I do not wholly agree.

(Concluded)



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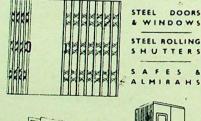
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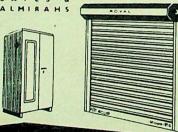
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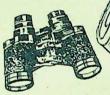
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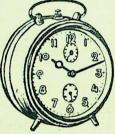


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Sunday, January 21, 1962 Sunday, January 21, 1962



AT A MEETING of the Working Committee are (from !. to r.) Mr. Hafiz Mohammed Ibrahim, Mr. Morarji Desai, Mr. Kamaraj Nadar and Mr. S. K. Patil.



WITH AN IMPETUOSITY akin to her father's, Mrs. Indira Gandhi jumped down from the dais to bring discipline among the crowds—later to sit with them and keep a watch over them. Below: Mr. Sanjiva Reddy (left), President of the Congress, with Mr. Nehru and Mr. U. N. Dhebar (right).





PROCEEDINGS had to be abandoned twice at the 67th session of the Congress held at Srikrishnapuri, Patna, because of great, turbulent crowds. On the second occasion the gathering was estimated 300,000 strong and Mr. Nehru and other leaders struggled unsucother leaders strugged unsuc-cessfully for two hours to res-tore order. Describing the stampede later "as a mistake of love", the Prime Minister did not rule out the possibility of its having been engineered by some Opposition party.

The Congress: 67th Session

Mr. NEHRU, in his long address, lashed out at critics of the Congress, particularly the Swatantra Party.





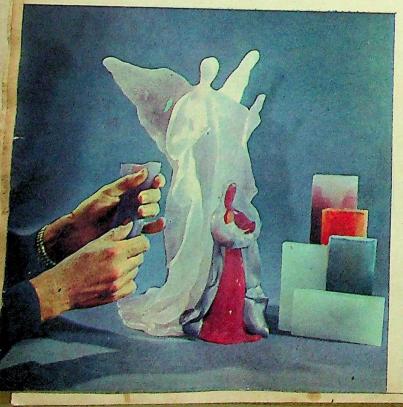
ADORATION OF THE MAGI. The wise men and the shepherds kneel in devotion before the Infant. Their colours are opaque, reflecting their earthly origins: All the angels are translucent, symbolic of heavenly purity.

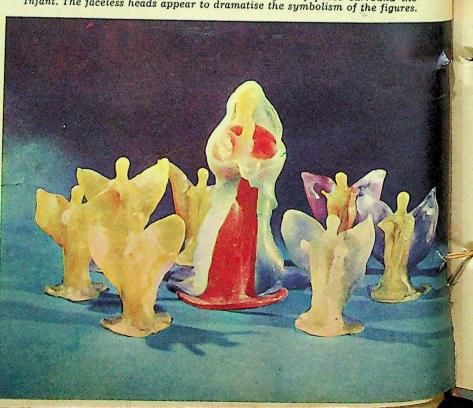
Waxing

WAX IS TRANSFORMED into ethereal figures in Pat Erickson's skilful hands.

Angelic!

MADONNA AND CHILD. Arms open, the angels of peace surround the Infant. The faceless heads appear to dramatise the symbolism of the figures.





The Illustra

PAT E Dorna of the almost dov buy a Yulo sudden in beeswax, F ed—a frag

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Hot

PAT ERICKSON was a struggling art student in Dornach, Switzerland, back in the Great Depression of the early 1930s. Despite the fact that she was almost down to her last Swiss franc, she still wanted to buy a Yule gift for a dear friend. She was seized with a sudden inspiration. She spent the franc on a piece of beeswax, pinched it, squeezed it and pulled it and fashioned—a fragile, tiny angel!

From this threadbare beginning evolved Erickson's unique pastime of wax sculpture. "It took a dozen years to develop the process," she explains, "and it is constantly being improved. For example, my recent figurines could stand temperatures up to 80°F. Now I've managed to increase the heat tolerance."

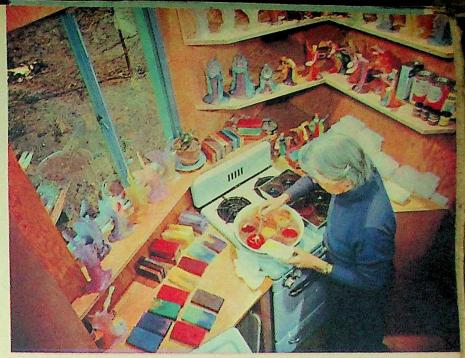
Erickson, a professional painter, teacher, wood sculptor and goldsmith, has devoted most of her spare time to introducing colour into blocks of paraffin. This is done by softening beeswax in a solution of turpentine and adding colour, in the form of powder. When she is satisfied with the colour tone, the solution is poured over bars of household wax and permitted to harden. The result is much like a three-flavoured ice-cream sandwich.

From Erickson's patient hands emerge an ethereal parade of Madonnas, angels, kings and shepherds, each aglow in delicate shades of pink, blue, red and golden yellow. The end-product has the startling effect of a three-dimensional stained-glass church window. Her "Blessing Angel", a foot-high figure, stands with arms extended in an attitude of benevolent grace and its wings, rubbed to a thinness of less than an eighth of an inch, actually seem to be stirring.—G.J.R.

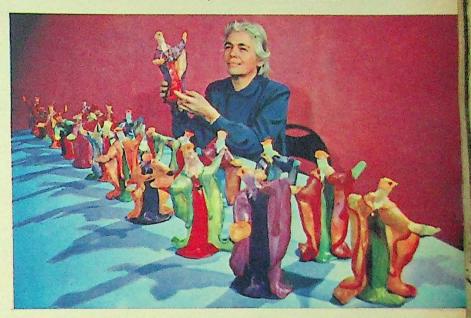
How to make these figures—First, blocks of white wax are coloured. Soften beeswax in turpentine and add dry colour until desired tone is reached. The solution is then dripped on to the bars. Second, soften bar in warm water and, by squeezing and pulling, prepare it for modelling. Third, fashion the head and work two narrow strands into arms. Fourth, by applying thumb pressure, pinch and spread sections of wax which will then be formed into wings, robes or the tattered garments of a shepherd. Finally, after much patient shaping, the completed figure emerges.

rround the

he figures.



APPLYING hot colour solution (powdered colour dissolved in turpentine) to solid blocks of common household wax.



PARADE OF KINGS. Below: The choir of angels. The deft use of colour suggests the sacred music rising to a full crescendo.

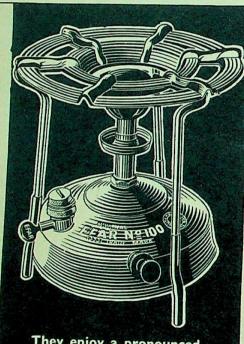


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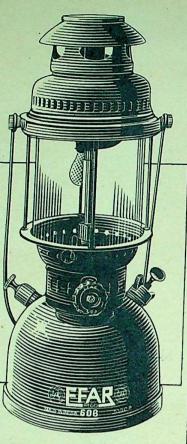
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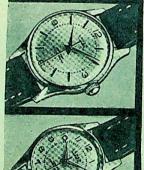


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I HOUSE BOMBAY I.

The shawl, in India, is a well-nigh classical accessory, and ever since the days of Akbar, considered haute couture. Today it returns to the West to reinforce the tailored garment of western dress as a stole.

The mass produced shawls are no intelligent guide to Kashmir art. They are, at best, awkward productions by desperate workers bent on capturing a market. But a choice such as a Kashmir shawl, is as much an investment in beauty as collections. ket. But a choice such as a Kashmir shawl, is as much an investment in beauty as collections of Plate, China, or Schools of Art. In a genuine product, unmistakably lyrical, the suppleness of material and nobility of design is painstakingly ensured. One single piece is of slender proportions participating in unique assembly—sometimes, one shawl may be of fifteen hundred pieces darned to one semblance—of infinite travail. Private collections, such as those of the Prime Minister's, with whom it is a favourite in the repertoire of gifts, some Museum pieces and a very few masterpieces in our national emporia are uniformly genuine and activated by the undying spirit that makes the Kashmir shawl so delicate an encumbrance for the old and as becoming in age, even more so, as in fastidious maturity.

The Kashmir shawl is an un-

The Kashmir shawl is an unconscious chronicle in itself. Its origins are not yet lost as are those which underlie the stylisations of Persian design. It is still naive in loving record, hence its responsive gaiety and hence also its blundering response when hustled by moderns, or by the despotic revivalist campaigns of well-meaning authorities. meaning authorities.

meaning authorities.

It is besides, a little history of jealous striving and of deliberate progress towards artistic achievement—native to the soil, expanding in the sun of royal favour, fashion's favourite and, now, of timely revival. In unravelling its artistic purport, are revealed curious strains, as several dynasties claimed the art of the beautiful valley as the badge of their cultural fame. Thus, the forefathering of its beauties is a sur-

mise worthy of the finest instincts of scholar and historian. There is, first of all, a touch of royal Muslim fastidiousness, a certain Puritan appeal in its exquisite neatness, the evidence of "a Sufi paradise", in its neatly trimmed hedgerows of grass; its solemn bouquets.

The calculated use of soft drape is perhaps Hindu, as Hindustan's costume, from ancient record to this day, deplores chafing devices of tailored fits or drawing in of the waist (in Persia the shawl marks the waist of the gentleman's coat). But perhaps the voluptuous need for uttermost fineness declares Muslim dandiness at its courtly best. So also, the thousand pieces attached painstakingly, border to field, pallava to both, the field itself a mass of ribbons tehered by cobweb darning—all blooming like a garden, kept meticulously by a wise and gentle gardener; one knowing the full values of profusion, the discrimination of pruning, decisiveness of trimming, the catching intake of delight at small streams and the wayward reflections.

There is also a love of literacy, the hellers he salve a never the filteracy.

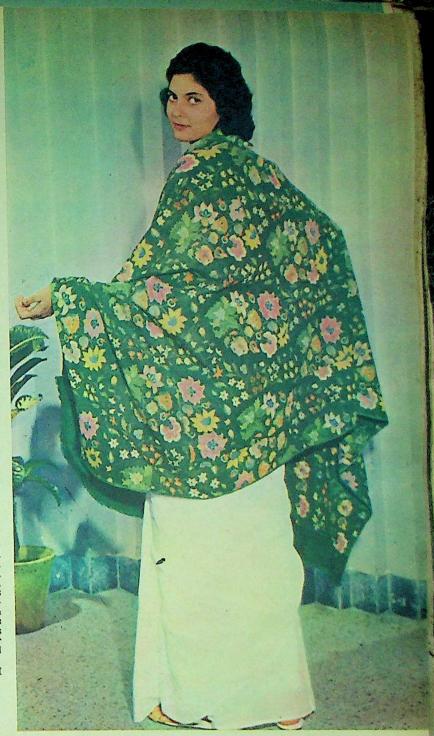
wayward reflections.

There is also a love of literacy, the hallmark of much of the best of Asia's artistic leaning, for its motifs are calligraphic with the air of mild flourishes, and exquisite lineament, honouring both the scribe's profession and the familiar surroundings. Close to Central Asia with its mountain fastness—where thinker and intellectual went to ruminate, where much of literature is hidden, and where it traded with the cultures that met and mingled on a Continental highway—it is not surprising that its appeal should be calligraphic, with affinities to Persian and Chinese predilictions. But the flora and fauna is Kashmir: iris and lily, narcissus, pine cone, pine brush, letter hall a surprising that the call the professional control of the calligraphic, with affinities to Persian and Chinese predilictions. But the flora and fauna is Kashmir: iris and lily, narcissus, pine cone, pine brush, letter hall a professional calling a professional calling and calling a fauna is Kashmir: iris and lily, narcissus, pine cone, pine brush, lotus—blue and pink—and sweet, silver, temperate tones, befitting its mist-laden climate and soft verdure; as also its superbly warm tints of mellow autumn; the wool's white of winter snow; spring's green ramification of bramble or young sapling and some eternal summer of evergreen.

NEEBHA JOSHI

NEEBHA JOSHI





PRECIOUS HEIRLOOMS. The shawls featured here are old pieces from private collections, which were displayed at the Exhibition of Antique Textiles, in Bombay. (Photographs by R. N. Vernekar.)

HOME SECTION

the Fabulous

5/0W/S

of Kashmir

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization. eGangotii.

a goddess named Gold 18

SYNOPSIS

The wise Seth of Sonamitti has been twice worsted by the Cowhouse Five. First, with his wife Lakshmi's collaboration, they compel him to disgorge part of his stock of cornered cloth. Next, when out of spite he bars women from his village picture show, they gain entry by Meera's clever trickery.

The Seth requests Meera's minstrel grandfather for a "taveez". The latter consents, "for a price" unspecified and "in due time", but later solemnly confers the touchstone "taveez" on Meera in public. When she does an act of kindness, he promises, its power will turn all copper on her body into gold.

The Cowhouse Five are concerned as to how to thwart the Seth's ambition for a seat on the District Board, but when they push forward Meera's Grandma as an opponent, the Seth decides, that she must be disqualified by foreclosure on her mortgaged lands.

Meera is summoned, but at the decisive moment, the Seth's shrewd eye remarks that the one-rupee ring on her finger is pure gold. Sifting the possibilities, he concludes that it can only be the work of the "taveez". He signs a fifty-fifty working agreement with her, but though his first attempts to stimulate "real kindness" prove fruitless, he is not discouraged.

When Grandma decides that Meera's partnership with the Seth will not allow her to stand against him for the seat on the District Board, Rajaram, one of the Five Elders, takes her place. But Meera's partnership becomes a cause of disgrace when the villagers' miseries are crudely exploited to provoke acts of kindness, while Meera resents the Seth's attempts to commercialise the movements of her heart. But, comforted by Lakshmi's return and unaware that she possesses the disillusioning secret of the "taveez's" magic, he stubbornly persists in his quest of fields for the exercise of "real kindness".

The problem, for Sohanlal, is to undeceive Meera without hurting her. For this, fortunately, they are able to recall the minstrel, the author of the mischief, whom Meera at once proceeds to interrogate.

EERA," protested Grandma, "this old man has had to sit up in a railway coach a full day and a night and you deny him five minutes' rest."

Her eyes, trustful, held mute prayer and his quick response came: "Beta, we will do what we can. We will put our heads together, you and I. Do not worry."

But it was Grandma who worried most. How would he undo the knot he had tied? He must have time to think. Meera must be diverted.

"Hei-ee!" Grandma cried with sudden gaiety, "Let the three of us forget our troubles. Let us laugh. Tell us, yellow-cled man, what you saw at Kushalpur." She lifted a finger by way of warning. "Only the truth!"

He gave quick response and it was not long before Meera also shed her preoccupation and was in tune with the others. The lost merriment lived again in her and she clapped her hands in the old way. "Oh, Grandpapa!"

He went on, "Now listen. There was a magician at the fair—he could put anybody to sleep and then make him act as bidden. One day he cast his spell on a policeman and made him say, I am a rascal. I am the son of a filthy swine.' How the audience laughed!"

Meera and Grandma saw the policeman in his deep slumber and they also enjoyed his plight and laughed.

THE stream, narrow yet full-bodied after the heavy rains, caught the midnight moon. Squat shrubs on the muddy bank made a patchwork of subdued dark relieved by lines of cow-paths. The minstrel felt his way with his stick and tapped lest there be snakes. Meera, a step behind, seemed rapt, moving in a heavy-lidded trance.

The miracle had happened, and much else had come in its wake! The minstrel had built the illusion for her and it was no hard task, for she was pliable, ready for him, eager to believe. The act of real kindness was done, a king's wealth was attained.

hundred hovels around. For Champa and Munni along with Bimla and Sohagi had been the first to share the touchstone's bliss. Those two paid fairly when they took over a hundred neighbouring huts, let that be admitted, and the people, happy to get five times the price, moved off self-evicted. Who could tell where they went?

Champa and Munni, simple-souled peasant wives, set their wits to work and as their tracts of new land were cleared of rubble and fenced, they engaged masons from town for the new construction. It had to be city-style houses, for Champa and Munni could well afford the expense with the abundant bliss they had received from their dear sister.

Champa's chief mason made floors of marble, white as cow milk and mirror-bright. Munni watched and fell a-thinking. The Devi be my witness, she vowed, I will have something to hit the eyeballs har-

der. She urged her ma-

sons and they suggested this and that, but the idea came in the end from Munni herself. She would

That was the starting point. The story grew real by the touch of art, its drama fast, its time-space condensed. The minstrel could create vivid images, like life itself.

They had set out an hour before midnight, walking the sleep-laden roads and fields where a new world had arisen. There it lay before her in clear perspective.

See that house of brick? See that other brick house a hundred yards to the left? One was Munni's, one Champa's. Their mud huts had been pulled down, but the sites were not changed—those two women would not move off the ancestral earth. That earth, however, had spread out on every side swallowing a

have stone lions at her gates, a massive pair like the couchant lions at the gates of palaces of old.

Han! said Champa, her face dark. She threatened her men with a wage-cut unless they used their heads and hands to better effect.

"It cannot be. They are friends and sisters, Munni and Champa. No, no, Grandpapa!"

All the same, there stand the two brick houses in moonlit splendour, clear to the eye. The houses of Champa and Munni.

That all she And so tra And we be And the so

Photogi

VIDYA

anuary 21, 1962



Champa and Munni agi had been the 's bliss. Those two cover a hundred be admitted, and be admitted, and e times the price, could tell where

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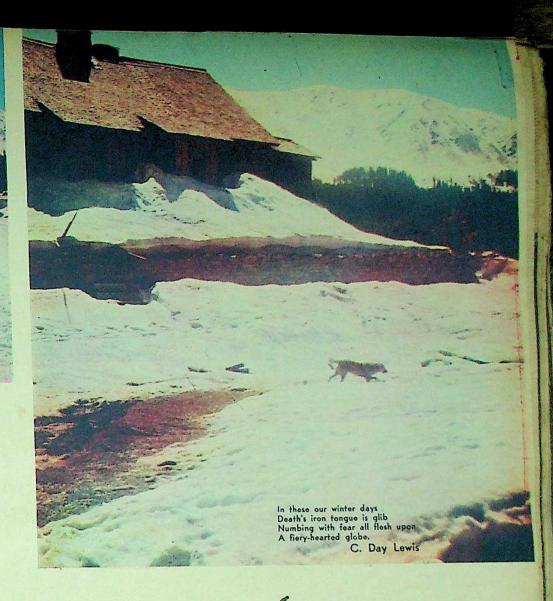
That all should change to ghost and glance and gleam, And so transmuted stand beyond all change, And we be poised between the unmoving dream And the sole moving moment — this is strange...

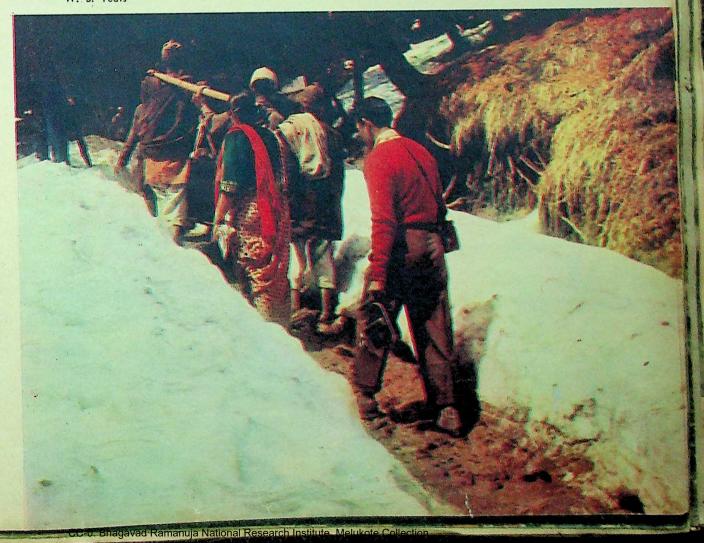
Edwin Muir



Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

W. B. Yeats





Photographs by VIDYAVRATA

a massive pair ates of palaces

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nds and sisters, andpapa!"

the two brick ar to the eye.

January 14, 1962

FIRST PRIZE: Rs.

RUNNERS-UP UNDER 3 ERRORS Rs. 2,000

NOTE: In "QUOTES" No. 61, the Quotation Clues are selected so that as far as possible in each one of them there is some suggestion to help solvers find the right word. Use your skill to spot the CORRECT WORD of each QUOTATION CLUE from among the words listed on the right.

CLUES ACROSS

OPEN TO ALL READERS

CLOSES:

5 P.M., FRIDAY, **FEBRUARY 9, 1962.**

CONTEST OF SKILL

- 1 English poet
- 3 But, still, had been fun,
- It was no kind of reward for a faithful -
- "There's the now; if he's not down in five minutes I shall fetch him myself."
- The back of a beast cut for food
- 14 Related by blood

Are you going to lend a hand, or am I to drag him through the — myself? 15

must

EASIER THAN EVER TO WIN

- Helped
- She began to both very happy. - him about. They were
- 19 His simmering feelings began to again.
- They had probably been to her and had found her gone.
- 21 Critical examination

CLUES DOWN

- Frequently
- 4 Great artery
- He was in fine form. He told them how important the —— was.
- A few pedestrians stopped, —, proffered futile advice, and passed soberly on.
- 9 Then owing to his height he saw the -
- It moved the man greatly, and he went soberly on toward the —.
- "I'll write a note to the clerk. He'll get the envelope and turn it over."
- Men should women sometimes. Why should they be gorged with food and wine for nothing?"
- 17 Storehouse

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF MAR. 4; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF MAR. 11. Address Envelope:—"QUOTES" No. 61, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1.

NOTE: If you send your Envelope by Registered Post, please omit "Post Bag No. 702" from above address.

---- ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" No. 61 -

QUOTES" No. 61

(ALL ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED) CLOSING DATE (both Local & Final) 5 P.M., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1962.

In entering this Contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally bind-

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Mrs. Miss

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QUOTES No. ALL THE CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE QUOTATION CLUES ARE TO FOUND BE AMONG

wan

THE WORDS GIVEN BELOW IN ALPHA

BETICAL ORDER

ABUSE AMUSE HANGER HORSE BALLET HOUSE LIFE BOIL MOIL NAMES COUP DANGER RIGHT DEN DEW SOUP GAMES GAPED WAKE GAZED

Here's "QUOTES" No. 61, with the new look This literary pastime is purely one of skill in which every clue permits of only a one-word solution. There are two types of clues:—

- (1) The regular type, the solutions of which are to be found in any standard dictionary.
- (2) Quotation clues, printed in thicker type, the answers of which when filled in complete the square.

These quotation clues are actual quotations from authors, and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and, therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest, because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in the original work.

The HIGH COURT of Maharashtra has adjudged that "QUOTES" CONTESTS as presented and conducted by us, do not fall within the purview of the Prize Competition Act, 1955.

Important Announcement

The sources of the quotation clues of "QUOTES" NO. 61 will be published along with the Correct Solution in the "WEEKLY" of March 4, 1962.

THIS SQUARE IS FOR YOUR COPY ONLY

RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 56

January 14, 1962 FIRST PRIZE: 3,000

RUNNERS-UP
UNDER 3 ERRORS

s. 2,000

No. 61 ECT ANSWERS

ON CLUES ARE

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LOW IN ALPHA. ORDER

HANGER HOUSE HOUSE LIFE MOIL NAMES NIGHT RIGHT SOUP TAKE TOSS WAKE WIFE

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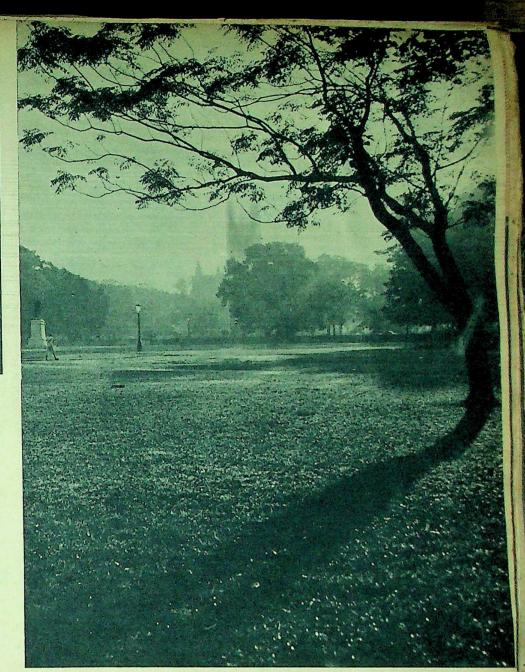
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S ON P. 56 AND WIN











Thindian Industries Fair

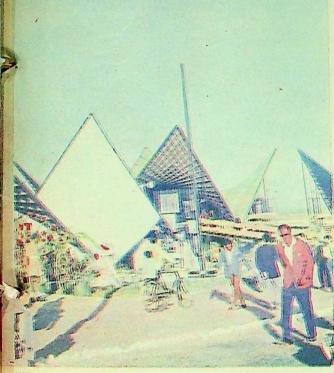
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400 pavilions, spread over an area of 180 acres. The total outlay was about one crore of rupees, while the cost of goods displayed in the foreign pavilions alone was in the range of Rs. 30 and 35 crores. Apart from 19 foreign countries, almost every public and private enterprise in India was represented. The designs varied from the traditional to the original or sometimes bizarre, and from the merely pleasing to the highly imaginative. There was one stall which claimed to have a "futuristic" design. Dome-shaped pavilions were common. Birds were popular motifs. Air India International's stand was built to look like a fontactic bird from a distance Modern ideas of fantastic bird from a distance. Modern ideas of decoration were evident everywhere. Abstract art

came to the rescue of many exhibitors in search of novelty. There were however many conventional paintings showing couples, boatmen and musicians.

Visitors could have plenty of diversion. Almost every day there was some entertainment show. Besides, the visitors themselves were interesting to watch. Drawn from all parts of India, with not a few from abroad, they presented a colourful human spectacle. There were also unusual exhibits to relieve the tedium presented by the formidable array of heavy machinery. Among these were the "Nylon Girl" (South Indian type) at the British pavilion and the "aero-car" of the U.S. pavilion.



THE SAHU-JAIN STALL

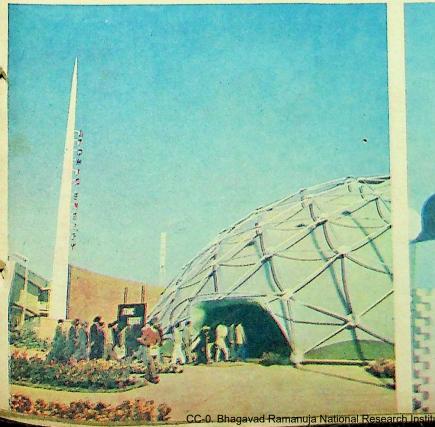
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U.S.S.R. (Photographs: Suresh Chandra Jaipuria, 6)

UNITED STATES



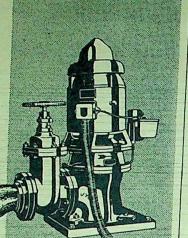




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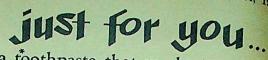
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January 14, 1960

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READING

The Green Mansions

A VID readers of tales of shikar can, no doubt, see a difference in the methods of narration and the verities of their favourite literary jungle-wallahs, but to the uninitiated there is possibly a certain sameness of routine. How to build a machan can become as hackneyed a topic as how to wear a sari. The present reviewer, who iconoclastically is not a Corbett enthusiast, reacted very favourably to Kenneth Anderson's eight offerings in The Call of the Man-Eater (Allen and Unwin, 21s.). These are simply told, deeply knowledgeable stories of forest denizens in a wide orbit which includes, among other locales, much of Mysore State and the Coimbatore area. the Coimbatore area.

The author—a Bangalorean—is dedicated to wild life and wisely resorts to a solitary night-watch when he wearies of humanity. His fund of jungle lore is inexhaustible and his narrative is doubly palat-ble since it is spiced with humour and appealing human touches. He is particularly adept in his onomato-poeic rendering of the calls of ani-mals and birds.

With Kenneth Anderson as guide, the reader absorbs every nuance of primitive existence in the green mansions he so vividly describes. Moonlit forest aisles and glades come throbbingly to life in these fluent, objectively-told tales. the is a kind-hearted, perhaps sentimental, hunter, with a sincere appreciation of the ways of Nature and of God.

Two stories in this volume are enthralling by any standards—"The Evil One of Umbalmeru", which deals with an ex-circus tigress turned man-eater, and "The Black Rogue of the Moyar Valley", with its climax of stark, grisly terror.

A night by the camp-fire with Mr. Anderson would be not only an education but a very pleasant means of escape from the day-to-day worries of this atomic world.

A Famous Lioness

RARELY has a best-seller (over RATELY has a best-sente (vocal property) and been sold by August 1961) been followed by an equally or even more remarkable sequel. But Living Free (Collins & Harvill Press, 25s.) even surpasses its predecessor with its absorbing ac-Press, 25s.) even surpasses its predecessor, with its absorbing account of how Elsa, the now world-famous lioness of Kenya, learnt to live the life of a wild lioness, mated with a wild lion and finally fulfilled the dream of Mrs. Adamson by one day walking "into camp followed by a litter of strapping cubs". The mother discreetly and jealously kept them hidden from the time of their birth till they were six weeks old—a period of great suspense for the Adamsons. At last came the exciting occasion when Elsa first brought her young family to introduce them, thus proving beyond all doubt

that she had retained her strong emotional attachment to Mrs. Adamson.

There follows a series of epi-sodes at and near the camp in the Kenya bush as the cubs have varisodes at and near the camp in the Kenya bush as the cubs have various encounters, meet friends and enemies, face various dangers—all the time growing up into wild lions. This was part of the carefully thought out plan of the Adamsons: that although Elsa was still a lioness of two worlds living most of her time in the bush as a wild animal and part of her time at the camp of her human friends, yet the cubs were not to be tamed or petted but allowed to remain totally unspoilt, so that at any time they could be left to fend for themselves as normal wild lions. To this end they succeeded admirably, in spite of repeated and somewhat surprising efforts on the part of the mother to put her cubs on close and intimate terms with the Adamsons. The reactions of the three cubs to everything around them, their obedience for mischierous discontinuate decreases. overything around them, their obedience (or mischievous dis-obedience!) to their mother, and above all their development into three entirely different individuals or "personalities" are of absorbing interest. interest.

All this, and the chance en-counters with dangerous creatures counters with dangerous creatures such as crocodiles, rhino, buffalo and elephant, not to speak of other lions and poachers, make for exciting reading. But the greatest value of the book is that it is probably the most authentic and complete "documentary" of the behaviour of wild lions—or of the behaviour of wild lions—or of the property wild enimals for that matter the behaviour of wild lions—or of any wild animals for that matter. As a contribution to the new science of animal behaviour, or ethology, it is unique, and it is no doubt this fact that induced Sir Julian Huxley to write the introduction. The book is superbly illustrated with nearly 100 blackand-white and 12 colour photographs, which provide evidence of



KENNETH ALLOTT, noted British critic, who was one of the delegates to the seminar on English Literature, held recently in Bombay.

the veracity of a story which otherwise would seriously tax our credulity. There is no doubt that this book, along with its predecessor, will become and always remain a classic among the great animal stories of the world.

E. P. G.

Sentimental Study

BERNARD Fergusson, the distinguished author of Beyond the Chindwin and other books, and who, for a time, was Lord Wavell's A.D.C., has taken time off from his more serious studies of the last war to pay a tribute to his one-time chief. This unpretentious little book—Wavell, Portrait of a Soldier (Collins, 12s. 6d.), is a warm and human document, indeed more a quick pen-and-ink sketch than a formal portrait, but done with loving care.

Wavell, who had the misfortune to be appointed to a series of hopeless commands, must remain one of the might-have-been greats of military history, with more set-backs than victories associated with his leadership. Nor was he a conspicuous success as Viceroy of conspicuous success as Viceroy of India, and even the most skilful writing is not going to endow his personality with brilliance. Nor, to be sure, does Bernard Fergusson try very hard to do this; he records mainly personal anecdotes covering a period of fifteen years of close association and tries to convey the livele qualities of a or close association and tries to convey the likable qualities of a somewhat retiring and taciturn man. All this proves, in a way, that soldiers turned writers are a sentimental breed, particularly when writing about their private regimental heroes.

M. D. M.

A Valuable Handbook

RONALD Woolmer, author of The Conquest of Pain (Cassell, 18s.), having worked as a senior anaesthetist at various hospitals in London, and now Consultant in Anaesthesia to the Royal Navy and President of the Anaesthesia Section of the Royal Society of Medicine, writes authoritatively on how modern medicine has developed new techniques of anaesthesia, both local and general, for use in various fields of the science, including plastic surgery, cardiae surgery and childbirth.

Other topics of general interest in this useful manual are: hypnosis, pain-killing and mood-changing drugs, the heart-lung machine and anaesthesia by refrierentian geration.

Pain and surgery, once consider-ed inseparable companions, have been finally parted, thanks to re-cent advances in anaesthesia. It is fascinating to read how the sur-geon or physician of today, in his ght against disease, can make more and more extensive inroads into the body of his patient, with-out causing hurt or harm.

R. J. V.



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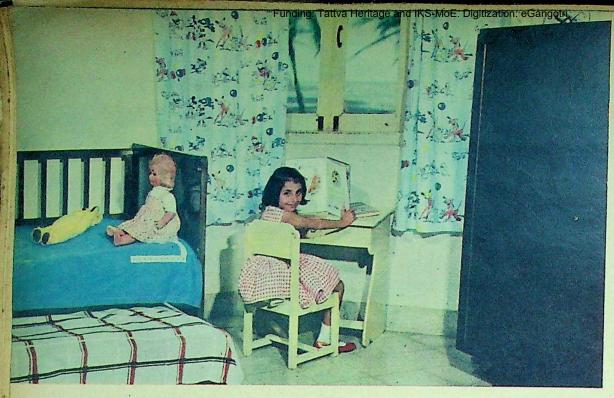
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A PLACE TO GROW IN. This nursery has the capacity to change with the growing needs of its occupant, without any of its major items being altered. (Courtesy: Mrs. H. Chubb, Bombay.)

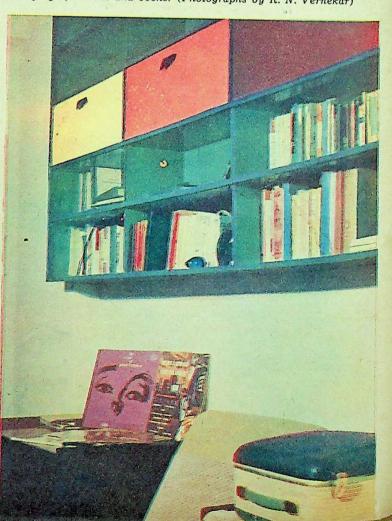
HOME SECTION

Rooms for the Family

STRONG COLOURS against sober black make a suitable setting for a young man. The views below show a wide study table, well

lighted, a really comfortable chair to browse in, and plenty of space for a player, records and books. (Photographs by R. N. Vernekar)





N planning rooms for growing children, the wise parent must children, the wise parent must devise a comfortable setting conducive to the interests and personalities of the occupants. This is essential especially with teenagers and collegiates who need privacy and a suitable background for their expanding Rooms for them should be complete, independent units—bed-sitters—where they can study, enter-tain friends, read, listen to music, build their models or paint (if these are their hobbies), dress and sleep. It is important for youngsteep. It is important for young-sters to help in creating their own "living-room", for, after all, it is they who have to live in it! Some young girls and boys have definite preferences in colour-schemes, in furniture and art-objects. Others require guidance and co-operation. The room for two sisters and the study-bedsitter for a young collegiate on these pages have been planned and executed by the young people themselves.

What are the main points to keep in mind when doing up a room within a restricted budget? The most important thing is to stick to the essentials, except for a few well-chosen accessories to give it the correct character.

Imagination costs nothing but can give your room a personality all its own. Look at the girls' room carefully and you will see that the correct placing of a lamp, the subtle blend of colours and the unusual choice of ornaments make

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Britain, The Commonwealth And The Common Market

REAT Britain is facing one of the most momentous choices in its history—to join or not to join the European Common, Market? In doing so, it finds itself in a very odd negotiating position indeed. All the difficulties stem from the interests of others, not from Great Britain's own interests. What constitutes satisfactory terms for entry are therefore much more a matter of emotion than of reason; they are correspondingly unpredictables.

There has been, quite surprisingly, little discussion in the United Kingdom of which British interests would be served, and which would be damaged, if Great Britain joined the Common Market. At first the farmers expressed a great deal of not very concrete anxiety, but this has now died away. Every now and then a company chairman at his annual meeting expresses an opinion about the opportunities the Common Market offers his company. That is all. Nobody has made a full study, industry by industry, product by product, Common Market country by Common Market country, of where Great Britain could hope to gain and where it must expect to lose.

From this it is reasonable to draw the conclusion that the great mass of British industry feels itself to be competitive. If it did not, it would be agitating. As it is, hardly any company chairmen express alarm, while a great many say that their investigations have led them to think that the Common Market offers them great opportunities. The worried people are the left-wing economists, who believe that British industry must be uncompetitive because its share of world exports has been dropping; which is logical but not probable. Because one is losing orders for building dams in Ghana, it does not mean that one will not be able to export chocolates to Italy.

POLITICAL CALCULATION

The British farmer's calculation is more political. He has discovered, somewhat to his surprise, that he is as efficient as any farmer in Europe, and more efficient than most; he has also discovered that in the Common Market countries farmers carry even more political weight than he does himself, so he has come to the conclusion that his interests are reasonably safe on the whole, though he will be eager to see what provision is made for such special interests as horticulture.

None of this is, however, very specific. Nobody has said his exports will double or triple if Britain joins. Equally, nobody has said that, in the same circumstances, imports of some particular commodity will increase by some definite amount. No public calculation has been made of the effect on the British balance of payments. There has been much vague talk about the competitive spur which will be applied to British industry; but nobody has said to which industries the spur will be applied, or whether it will go deep enough to

draw blood. Some people have vague fears, more have vague hopes—a confidence that the Government would not have applied unless there were economic benefits, a feeling that Great Britain needs a wider home market to be competitive than its own 50 million people can provide.

The real argument comes over the provisions to be made for the Commonwealth. People in Britain are not very worried about the consequences for themselves if Great Britain loses its preferences in the Commonwealth. They are worried for the Commonwealth if it loses its preferences in Britain. They accept that if Great Britain joins the Common Market, it must accept the main provisions of the Treaty of Rome, which set up the Market. But they want to be sure that these provisions will not be too harsh on old friends with whom Britain has fought two wars and shared much history.

There are a long series of interests involved. There are the worries of the tropical countries like Nigeria and Ghana about what will happen as between their products and those of the ex-French colonies in Africa. There are the worries of Canada about its aluminium and newsprint and manufactures.

by MAURICE ZINKIN

There are the worries of Australia about its wheat and beef, and of New Zealand about its butter and cheese. There are the worries of India, Pakistan and Ceylon about tea and jute goods and cotton textiles, of Hong Kong about all its manufactures, and of the West Indies about sugar and bananas.

There is no single solution to this miscellaneous assortment of troubles; and some of them are difficult for the Common Market countries to make concessions about, while others are quite easy. They can solve the problem of tea, for instance, without hurting anyone, by giving tea a nil tariff. The West Indies could be protected by their becoming associated territories. And so on, through a long list. But at the end of the list, one is still left with two crucial problems, low-cost manufactures from the Asian countries of the Commonwealth, and foodstuffs from Australia, New Zealand and, to some extent, Canada.

These are the problems about which the British public is worried, and on which any agreement which may be reached will have to satisfy them. It is true that there are other problems which could be equally serious for the Commonwealth countries concerned. What happens, for instance, if a Commonwealth country for which associate status is proposed refuses it, perhaps for what seems to the Commonwealth country concerned to be good political reasons? But these problems do not worry the British public so much. If association was refused, for instance, the public might well feel that the country has been given its chance and had refused it, and that the responsibility was therefore no longer theirs.

For both Asian manufactures and temperate foodstuffs, the Common Market countries have the same solution. They are willing to make special arrangements between now and 1970, in order to give the Commonwealth countries concerned time to adjust, but after that they insist that there must be no exception to the provisions of the Treaty of Rome, the basic Common Market agreement. They recognise, however, that the need for special provisions will not end in 1970. There is no reason to think that New Zealand will have any less need to sell its butter in the British Market, or India its textiles, in 1970 than now.

The Common Market countries, therefore, are willing, nearer the time, to consider what can be done to see that the Commonwealth countries do not sell less in Europe than they do now.

DETAILED REMEDIES

The detailed remedies they propose differ for different products—for Asian textiles they think in terms of a periodic review of how they have been affected by Britain's application of tariffs. For temperate foodstuffs they are talking of world commodity agreements. In both cases the principle is the same. The Commonwealth should not, in the long run, have special privileges; but it should not be allowed to suffer either.

This is an approach which puts the British Government in a dilemma. They may themselves be confident that the Common Market countries will treat the Commonwealth fairly as time goes on towards 1970; but they can also appreciate that the Commonwealth countries may not share their confidence. To decide at what point a compromise should be accepted as providing for both Commonwealth interests and the preservation of the essential structure of the Treaty of Rome, must be very delicate.

Much will, therefore, depend on the British public mood. The British elector is very susceptible to charges of betrayal. He could clearly not accept any agreement by which New Zealand butter and cheese were not guaranteed outlets. New Zealand has always been loyal, to use a word of which New Zealanders are still proud; and New Zealand wasvery generous to Great Britain during and after the War. Equally, the British elector would not accept a settlement by which the sacrifices all fall on the poorer members of the Commonwealth. To improve one's own future at the expense of those less well off than oneself is too ungentlemanly for the British mind.

On the other hand, the British man in the street could be quite quickly driven to exasperation if the Commonwealth countries overplay their hand, as some of them have occasionally seemed as if they might. Not to let down old friends is one thing; to sacrifice one's own interests for some quite minor interest of one's friends, New Zealand manufactures, for instance, is quite another.

The decision whether or not to enter, whether or not the terms are reasonable, as Mr. Nehru has said, must be Britain's own. Now that Great Britain is no longer a mother amongst children, but a sister amongst sisters, she too must be freed of these obligations which mothers accept, but sisters do not.



AND HRA PRADESH

Area 6.052 sq. miles

Population: 3,59,77,999

Bengal

CAPITAL: HYDERABAD

Date of Inception: October 1, 1953

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District Headquarters

A Minerals

Industrial Centres

Other Towns



Roads

Educational & Cultural Centres



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Railways

Fine Art and Dance



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Airways

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Rivers

Agricultural Crops





Ports

Crafts



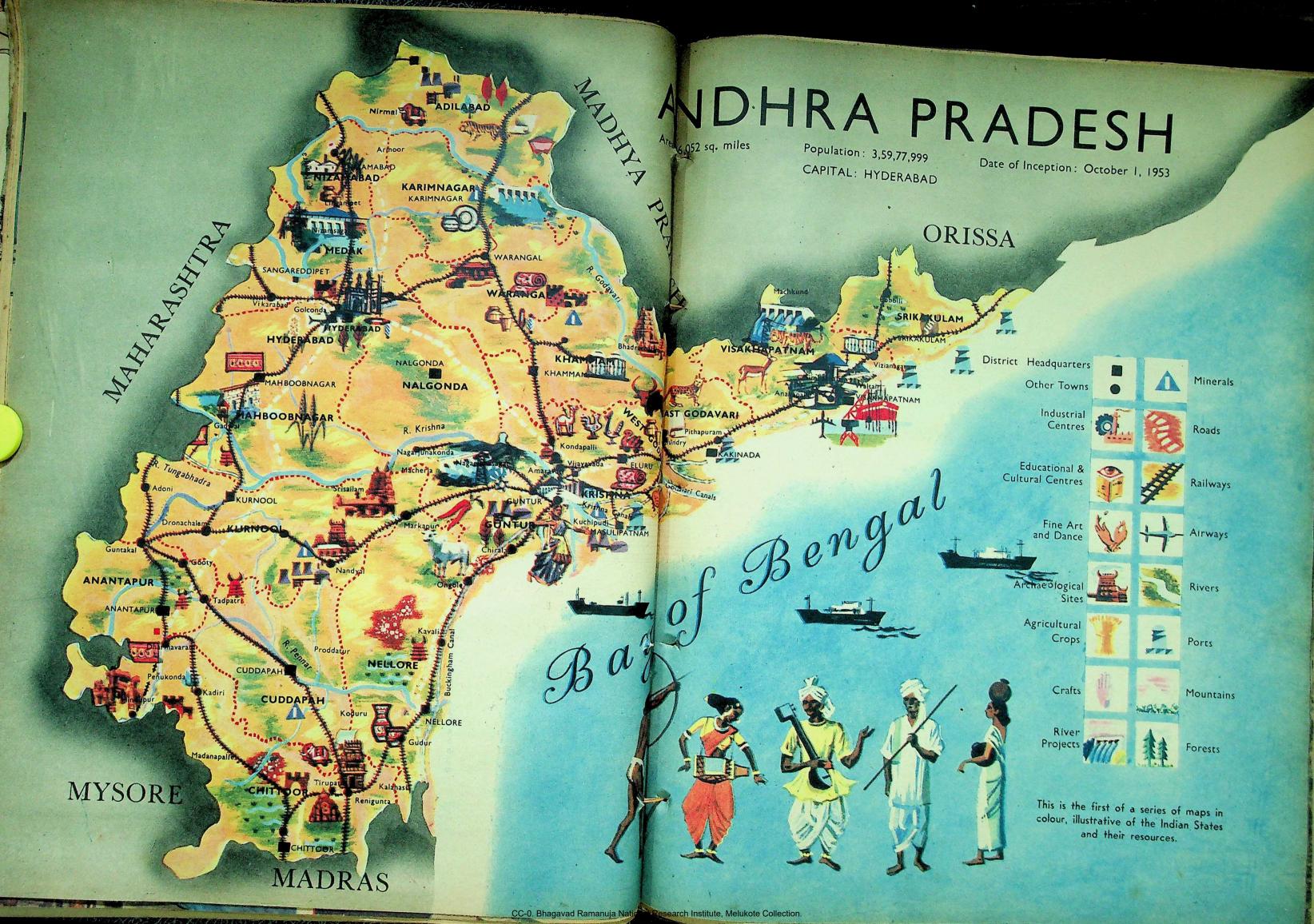
Mountains

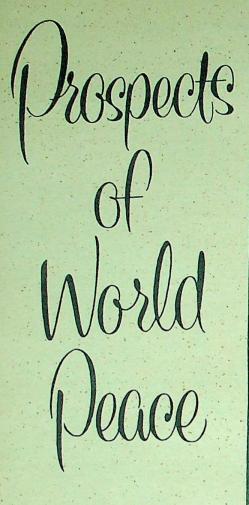
River Projects



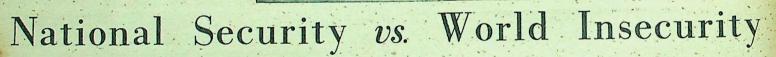
Forests

This is the first of a series of maps in colour, illustrative of the Indian States and their resources.











N the first outburst of horror, when Truman's bombs exploded, destroying Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945, philosophically-minded statesmen exclaimed that out of evil cometh good and that the nuclear weapons would make war obsolete.

But what has actually happened? It is true that a nuclear war has not yet broken out. But the fear of such a war breaking out has not disappeared. Not only does the fear continue, but preparations are made for conducting such a war. The fear has assumed a degree of terror which increases in proportion to the further advances in the destructive power of the bomb, achieved since 1945 during these seventeen years of non-stop technological experiments. The magnitude of the destructive nature of the bomb has been fully realised, but it has not resulted in a united effort to secure human survival by a joint abrogation of the use of the weapon.

Honest and eminent physicists believe that if the nature and magnitude of the power of the A and H bombs were fully realised, the common sense of mankind as a whole would

by C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

establish lasting peace. But this hope of overawing the world into peace has proved to be unfounded. Mankind and, in particular, Governments continue to be blind. National security is still the goal and it has become more and more complicated as a result of the international race for atomic knowledge and technique. The resources of the nations are being consumed in this unquenchable fire of competition. National economies have got linked up with the atomic industry of warfare, and consequently vested interests have grown round this misfortune. There is a very old imagery in Sanskrit: a man falling down a deep well to certain doom licks his fingers as he for a moment tries to hold on to a beehive exuding honey. The vested interests and plans of national security are like the honey which the falling man is tempted to lick even as he is going down with gravitational acceleration of speed to his doom. This image conveys only mildly an idea of the current position of the world.

It is a terrible fallacy to believe that national security can possibly mean anything real when world insecurity is built into it simultaneously and with accelerated speed. Edward Teller, a leading scientist, resigned his position

as director of an atomic laboratory (Livermore) in order to speak his mind freely. He has written a book entitled The Legacy of Hiroshima dealing with the "downward drift of America's morale which started with Hiroshima". The aim of the book is to expose the nuclear fallacy of hoping for peace out of terror. Dr. Robert Oppenheimer went to the extreme limit of honesty when for the sake of serving humanity he concealed the awful truth.

Governments have not been scared into rationality. The hunt for national security is still on and it has taken the world to the brink of total annihilation, irrespective of who is who. So heavy are the stockpiles of the demoniac weapons that science and technology despair of finding out how they can all be simultaneously "unfanged" in order that there may be no intermediate imbalance of power. It seems mankind has chained itself to irrevocable annihilation and that Too Late is already written over its fate. An eminent scientist is working hard on this problem of how to destroy all the bombs of all the nations simultaneously, at one zero instant, when all are agreed on it. Even if all the hurdles are happily overcome and agreement is reached that nuclear warfare should be given up, the orderly dismantling of the existing stockpile will present a tremendously terrifying problem. It is difficult if not impossible to make a gadget substitute for human trust and faith. It is only Heaven that can change men's hearts and when that happens all difficulties vanish like mist before the sun.

The Illustrated

ing to vanced and mirrobbers and for those admirrable indus's source valed akhis... I hat except the numan being by spot... Not witing of humble tscious that I we ver penetrated Brahmaputra." in 1908 in his every geograph the last word of the four great Manasarovar. fell to my lot crepancies and Hedin.

The Kangr Purana—says t from Kailas to and that four and enter coppe Vanas. Of these wards and the mouth (Lange mouthed river Gompa on the

SWAM

Ganga in Gyganorthwards at cock-mouth (Mouthed river Chungo on the ceeds westward or Vakshu goes thence comes of Khambab, the Brahmaputra) yung-dung on Diunpo) and where it is call southwards at f lion-mouth (Seriver, or the I Senge, situated Baltichen and

The water is cool, of the putra cold, an sands of gold in the Karnali putra; and of who drink of on to say, will of the Karnali, Brahmaputra, Indus, heroic lifour rivers go

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According tures, the sour near Dulchu o west of Mena from a law source is in the season of the sarovar; of the yungdung gla of Manasarov springs of Mouth-east of being in the L four rivers ar miles from the

The Illustrated Weekly of India, September 2, 1962.

O pundit had succeeded in penetrating to the source and the one who advanced nearest to it, namely, to a point 30 miles from it, had been attacked by robbers and forced to turn back... Thanks to those admirable robbers, the discovery of the Indus's source was reserved for me and my five Indus's source was reserved for me and my five Indus's source was reserved for me and my five Indus's source was reserved for me and my five Indus's source was reserved for me and my five Indus's source was reserved for me and my five Indus's source was reserved for me and my five Indus's source was reserved for me and my five Indus's source was reserved for me and my five Indus's source was reserved for me and my five Indus's source was reserved for me and my five Indus's source was the Indus and believed that I was the first white man who had ever penetrated to the source of the Indus and Brahmaputra." Thus declared Dr. Sven Hedin in 1908 in his Trans-Himalaya. Since then, every geographer had believed that Hedin's was the last word on the subject of the sources of the four great rivers of the holy Kailas and Manasarovar. Thirty years elapsed before it fell to my lot to find out certain serious discrepancies and errors in the findings of Sven Hedin.

The Kangri Karchhak—the Tibetan Kailas

Hedin.

The Kangri Karchhak—the Tibetan Kailas Purana—says that the Ganga at first descends from Kailas to the spring Chhumik-thungtol and that four rivers emerge out of this spring and enter copper pipes to pass through the Lake lanas. Of these: (1) the Ganga goes first eastwards and thence comes out of the elephantmouth (Langchen Khambab, the elephantmouthed river, or the Sutlej) near Dulchu Gompa on the west and proceeds to Chhemo

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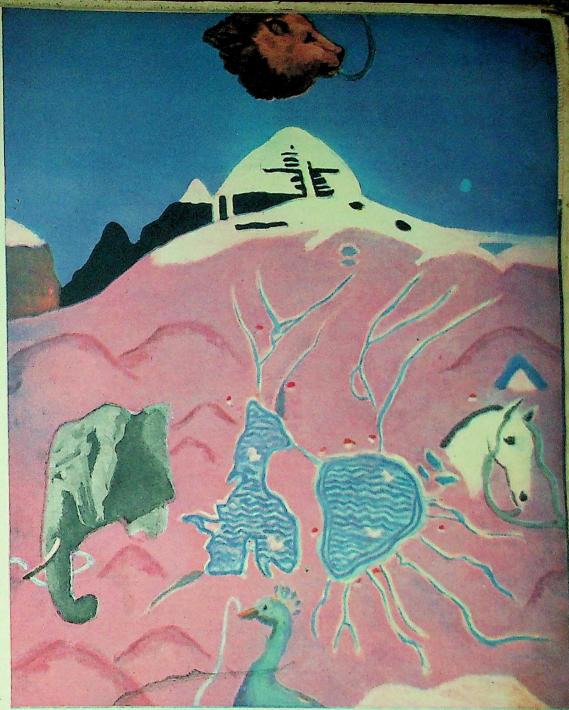
SWAMI PRANAVANANDA

Ganga in Gygar (India); (2) the Sindhu goes northwards at first and comes out of the peacock-mouth (Mapcha Khambab, the peacock-mouthed river, or the Karnali) at Mapcha Chungo on the south in Lankapuring and proceeds westwards to Sindu-yul; (3) the Pakshu or Vakshu goes westwards in the beginning and thence comes out of the horse-mouth (Tamchok Khambab, the horse-mouthed river, or the Brahmaputra) from a mountain in Chemayung-dung on the east, going to Chang (Tashi-Dinpo) and thence to Kamarupa in India, where it is called the Lohita; (4) the Sita goes southwards at first and thence emerges from the lion-mouth (Senge Khambab, the lion-mouthed river, or the Indus) from a mountain called Senge, situated on the north of Kailas, going to Baltichen and Changhor.

The water in the Sutlej, says this purana,

Baltichen and Changhor.

The water in the Sutlej, says this purana, is cool, of the Karnzli warm, of the Brahmaputra cold, and of the Indus hot. There are sands of gold in the Sutlej, it says; of silver in the Karnali; of cat's-eyes in the Brahmaputra; and of diamonds in the Indus. Those who drink of the water of the Sutlej, it goes on to say, will become strong like an elephant; of the Karnali, beautiful like a peacock; of the Brahmaputra, sturdy like a horse; and of the Indus, heroic like a lion. It is also said that these four rivers go round Kailas and Manasarovar



THE SOURCES of the four great rivers illustrated according to descriptions contained in the Tibetan puranas. The Sutlej is known as the elephant-mouthed river; the Indus, lion-mouthed; the Brahmaputra, horse-mouthed; and the Karnali, peacock-mouthed.

Four Great Himalayan Rivers

INQUIRY INTO THEIR SOURCES AN

seven times and then take their courses to-wards west, south, east and north, respectively.

According to Tibetan traditions and scripnear Dulchu or Dunchu Gompa, about 30 miles
west of Manasarovar, or in the Rakshas Tal
source is in the Kanglung glaciers, about 30
Indus is in the Springs of Senge Khambab,
sarovar; of the Brahmaputra, in the Chemaof Manasarovar about 62 miles from Manayungdung glaciers, about 63 miles south-east
of Kailas, about 63 miles south-east
of Manasarovar, and of the Karnali, in the
south-east of Mapcha Chungo, about 30 miles
being in the Lampiya pass. The sources of these
miles from the shores of the holy lake. So the

observation in the Tibetan scriptures that these four rivers originate in the Kailas and Manasarovar area is not far from the truth.

At the very outset, I would like to raise the important question as to how the source of a particular river is to be fixed. If the river in question happens to have more than one headstream, which of them is to be considered the main river? Is it decided by the volume of water that it brings down or by its length, or is the source to be located according to the traditions of the local people? If all the three factors are simultaneously to be taken into consideration, it will be impossible to locate the sources of these and other Himalayan rivers, inasmuch as none of the headstreams fulfils all the three conditions are not fulfilled, which of them should be given the greatest weight and why?

The streams of the Sutlej, Indus, Brahmaputra and Karnali are considered sacred by the Tibetans, but their sources are regarded as of even greater sanctity. In Tibet, it is the custom to erect monuments in holy places and on the tops of passes from where a holy place is first visible. The monument may take the form of a chhorten (a stupa-like structure), mani-walls, mani-stones (on which the Tibetan sacred mantra, Om Mani Padme Hum, is carved), cairns, coloured flags and festoons of rags or heaps of stones. So it is not strange to expect some such holy thing at the sources of the four great rivers of the Manasarovar. Sven Hedin, too, gives detailed descriptions of them at the source of the Indus, at the springs of Langchen Khambab and Chakko and at several other places. But when he describes the source other places. But when he describes the source

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SUNRISE ON THE HOLY LAKE MANASAROVAR

Rivers Great Four (CONTINUED)

of the Brahmaputra he, however, makes no mention of any such holy symbol so very com-mon in Tibet, though he says that the Tibetans also believe the Kubi to be the Tamchok Kham-

According to Tibetan traditions the source of the Brahmaputra lies not in the Kubi glaciers, as claimed by Sven Hedin, but in the Chema-yungdung glaciers. While locating the sources of the Indus and the Sutlej, he tries to refer to Tibetan traditions in support of his findings, although he has not faithfully adhered to them even in finally fixing the source of the Sutlej. But, unfortunately, all the quotations which he cites are from Chinese geographers and not even a single direct reference is made to any Tibetan work. In spite of the fact that none of the Chinese geographers has mentioned the name of Kubi, Sven Hedin persists in making the Kubi the principal branch of the Tamchok Khambab or Brahmaputra. We should not attach greater significance to the Chinese geographers than to the Tibetans themselves on matters of Tibetan geography. Some of the Chinese geographers themselves place the source of the Brahmaputra in the Chemayungdung.

Sven Hedin's own remarks are: "We have seen that some of the Chinese writers make the seen that some of the Chinese writers make the Chema the principal branch, coming from Tamchok Kabab; others say that the Chema is only a tributary joining the Kubi. In all instances, both western and eastern, the Kubi Tsangpo has, however, been almost ignored. The Chinese authorities do not mention its name." Sven Hedin gives a vague quotation from Elements of Hydrography, by the Chinese professor Chi Chao Nan (1762), which runs thus: "Langchen Kabab (mountain) lies south-east of Kailas. On the east of this mountain stands the Tam-

chok Kabab mountain which is the source of the Tamchok Kabab or the Brahmaputra." Even this single quotation gives more support to my own findings than to those of Sven Hedin, because the Chema-yungdung glaciers are east, of, and nearer to, the Kanglung Kangri glaciers (the source of the Tag), whereas the Kubi Kangri glaciers (where Sven Hedin places the source of the Brahmaputra) are on the southeast of the Kanglung glaciers, and not on the east, as has been mentioned by the Chinese professor, whose authority Sven Hedin cites in support. A monument (called Tamchok Khambab Chhorten) at the source of the Brahmasupport. A monument (caned famichok Kham-bab Chhorten) at the source of the Brahma-putra, near the Chema-yungdung glaciers, was shown to me by my Tibetan guide, and this agrees with the Tibetan tradition about the source of this river.

Regarding the source of the Brahmaputra, Sven Hedin writes: "No other traveller had ever been in this region, and I would on no account miss the opportunity of penetrating to the actual source of the Brahmaputra and fixing its position definitely. First of all, I must, of course, gauge the quantities of water in the source streams." He thought he would be able to investigate the sources of the Sutlej and the Indus also on the same basis by measuring the quantities of water, but in this he failed and was forced to fall back on the Tibetan tradition to support his findings. He had neither the time nor any choice to fix the sources of the Indus nor any choice to fix the sources of the Indus and the Sutlej after duly measuring the quantities of water which the different headwaters discharge and then to proceed to the head of the biggest of them.

Sven Hedin would have served the cause of truth better if he had frankly admitted the difficulties of deciding upon suitable and consistent criteria for fixing the sources of these

The Illustrated Weekly of India, September 2, 160 rivers instead of struggling desperately to achieve the coveted honour of being their first discoverer. By giving preference to quantity of water in the case of the Brahmaputra to tradition in the case of the Indus, and length (combined with tradition again) in the case of the Sutlej, he did not hesitate to discard a continuous and in the case of the sutlej, he did not hesitate to discard a continuous tradition and uniform procedure. Had not Sven Hedin been compelled to go by a devious route for securing guides and yaks, he would certainly have attained the head of the Chemayungdung, and would, I am sure, have without any hesitation whatever fixed the source of the reports of the reports. out any hesitation whatever fixed the source of the Brahmaputra in the Chema-yungdung gla-ciers, in confirmation of the reports of the no-mads and the people of Bongba he would have met on his way.

The following lines, from Sven Hedin, will speak for themselves regarding the hollowness of his arguments and the way in which he begs the question: "I cannot, however, judge in this case, as I never went up to the sources of the Chema-yungdung-chhu... This problem will have to be solved in future and the very source of the Chema-yungdung, even if well known by certain Tibetan tribes, has not yet been discovered... The Chema-yungdung seems to be a few miles longer than the Kubi. So in length and absolute height, the western branch (Chema-yungdung) is no doubt more distinguished than the eastern (Kubi). But the volume of water is overwhelming in the latter..." However, in fixing the sources of the Sutlej and the Indus, he gives no place or consideration to volume of water. Can anybody pronounce such findings to be scientific?

The Chinese geographer Chi Chao Nan (1762), the Chinese maps of the Ta-ching (1744), the Chinese Civil Officer Kloproth (1840), D'Anville (1733), Lloyd Gerrard, Henry Strachey (1846), Nain Singh (1866), Graham Sandberg (1904), Major Ryder (1904) and others located the source of the Brahmaputra in the Chema-yungdung (from the information obtained through the Tibetans) and made the Kubi a tributary of the Chema. In spite of the fact that the Chema-yungdung is the traditional resurge of the Brahmaputra and is better discusses of the Brahmaputra and is better discusses. fact that the Chema-yungdung is the traditional source of the Brahmaputra and is better distinguished by its length and height than the Kubi, Sven Hedin overlooked all these points and gave preference to the test of volume of water and put the source in the Kubi glaciers. As opposed to this, in fixing the source of the Sutley and the Indus he paid no heed to volume of water.

It may be interesting to note here that the It may be interesting to note here that the lower course of the river Chema-yungdung is also called the Martsang Tsangpo or Tamchok Khambab even much above Shamsang where the Kubi joins the Chema. This goes to prove that the Chema-yungdung is traditionally the principal headstream of the Brahmaputra. For the sake of consistency Sven Hedin should have applied the same test to the source of the Brahmaputra as he did in the case of the Industrial and the Sutlej.

the subsequent acceptance of the same by Burard of the Survey of India, the sources of these four great rivers were as uncertain in 1936 of they had been thirty years before. In 1937 i

In spite of Sven Hedin's verdict in 1907 and

THE GURLA MANDHATA MASSIF (23,355 ft.), situated on the southern side of Manasarovar. Right: Mapcha Chungo, the source of the Karnali. (Photographs by author)





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September 2 1902 desperately to being their first tence to quantities of the Brahmaputa. Indus, and length in) in the case of to discard a conce. Had not Sven ya devoirs routes, he would cere of the Chemasure, have with ixed the source of ma-yungdung glater of the composition of the noba he would have

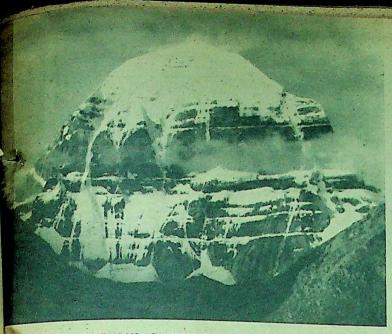
Sven Hedin, will not the hollowness in which he begs wer, judge in this the sources of the his problem will not the very source if well known not yet been disdung seems to be Kubi. So in length western branch-oubt more distinctively. But the sliming in the lather sources of the sources of the sources of conter. Can anybody be scientific?

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note here that the thema-yungdung is angpo or Tamchok e Shamsang where This goes to prove is traditionally the Brahmaputra. For Hedin should have the source of the lade

verdict in 1907 and for the same by But the sources of the sources of the sources in 1936 and so before. In 1937 in

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MOUNT KAILAS (22,208 ft.). According to Tibetan beliefs, the four rivers circle this mountain and Manasarovar seven times. Right: Mani-stones are among the holy objects invariably associated with the sources of sacred rivers.

tried to establish their sources from all points of view, namely, tradition, volume, length and glaciers, by actually visiting the places.

on a close observation of Sven Hedin's map we note that he gives the Tibetan names of only three sub-glaciers of the Kubi Kangrigroup but not of the Brahmaputra glacier itself. Brahmaputra is the Indian name and not the Tibetan. Why should he omit to give the Tibetan name of the Brahmaputra glacier when he does so in the case of the Sutlej and the Indus? The Tibetan name would have given us a clue as to whether the Tibetans really consider that to be the source of the Tamchok Khambab. According to Burrard and Hayden, "Sven Hedin has moreover an advantage over Moorcroft and Strachey, in that he was a Tibetan linguist." As such Sven Hedin should have at least pondered over the meaning of the word Tamchok Khambab. Ta—horse, amchok—ears, "hembab—coming from the mouth of. So the least pondered over the meaning of the word Tamchok Khambab. Ta—horse, amchok=ears, Rambab=coming from the mouth of. So the meaning of the word "Tamchok Khambab" is "horse-ears-mouthed" river. The sources of the four great rivers are located by the Tibetans in certain springs to which they attribute the appearance of the mouths of various animals just as the Hindus call the source of the Ganga Gomukh or "cow-mouth". There are two glaciers called Chema-yungdung-pu and Thamchok Khambab Kangri with a broad-faced peak separating them. The monument or the shrine is situated on the left bank of the Brahmaputra (where it is called Chema-yungdung-chhu) between these two glaciers, opposite the broad-faced peak. There is a dry spring near by, which is said to contain water in summer and in the rainy season. The two glaciers are the two ears, and the spring near the boulder is the mouth. Both these glaciers together go by the general name of Chema-yungdung-pu, or simply Chema-yungdung. The one and a half to two miles.

About five miles down Tirthapuri, at Palkarine and the prine sell-with miles.

About five miles down Tirthapuri, at Palk-ya, a river called Langchen Tsangpo (the same

as the Tirthapuri branch coming from the Rakshas Tal) joins the Sutlej. The Chhinaku, Guni-yankti, Darma-yankti and the Gyanima branch join together to form the Langchen Tsangpo. The Guni-yankti and the Darma-yankti, taken individually, carry more water than the Tag Tsangpo where it falls into the Manasarovar; of these two rivers, the Darma-yankti, taken individually, also often carries more water than the Tirthapuri branch. So if quantity of water is taken into account the source of the Darma-yankti should be the source of the Sutlej; i.e., it is in the Zaskar range near the Darma pass. When Henry Strachey and Dr. Longstaff suggested that the source of the river Darma-yankti might be the source of the Sutlej according to quantity of water, Sven Hedin disposed of the matter summarily.

Sven Hedin says: "But if we are to move the source from one point to another according to the volume of either stream we may as well give up the problem as unsolvable. Reckoned from the source of the Tag Tsangpo, the Tirthapuri branch is the longest." Here he brings into consideration the length of the river and local traditions, which points he overlooked in the case of the Brahmaputra, where he lays the whole stress on quantity of water. If quantity of water is taken into consideration the source of the Ganga cannot be placed at Gomukh but should be located at the Mana pass, inasmuch as the river Alaknanda, which takes its rise there, is twice as big as the Bhagirathi at Devaprayag, where these two rivers meet. Dr. Longstaff also says that the volume of water in the Langchen Tsangpo is greater than in the Tirthapuri branch.

Even according to Sven Hedin, the Lang-chen Tsangpo carried 2,943 cu. ft. of water per second, whereas the Tirthapuri branch (Sut-lej) carried 3,009 cu. ft. in the year 1908. In other words, the Langchen carried 66 cu. ft. less than the Tirthapuri branch. Even this small dif-ference of 66 cu. ft. is due to the fact that Sven

Hedin measured the water in the Chukta, Go-yak, Trokpo-shar and Trokpo-nur, just after heavy rains, when they were in high floods; whereas the water in the Sullej down the Langchen Tsangpo was measured on a clear day in autumn. Had all the above-mentioned streams been measured under the same circumstances, certainly, even in the year 1908, Sven Hedin could have found the Langchen Tsangpo carrying much more water than the Tirthapuri branch. He was fully conscious of this fact, for, later on, he remarks that "undoubtedly the Darma-yankti carries at certain times more water than the branch of the Tirthapuri." So far as my observations go—on six occasions—and so far as my information collected from local Tibetans and a score of Bhotiya merchants goes, the Langchen Tsangpo carries more water than the Tirthapuri branch. The affluents of the Langchen receive larger quantities of water in the monsoon and from glaciers all the year round-than those of the Tirthapuri, we have

Going further up the Tirthapuri, we have the stream Trokpo-shar which carried 953 cu. ft. of water per second whereas the Dulchu branch (Sutlej) carried only 661 cu. ft. of water in the year 1908. If we take the quantity of water into consideration, the source of the Sutlej could as well be located at the head of the stream, the Trokpo-shar. In fixing the source of the Brahmaputra, Sven Hedin gives preference to the Kubi over the Chema-yungdung as the Kubi happened to be 3½ times as large as the Chema when he took the measurements; but in the case of the Sutlej he rejects this consideration, even though the affluent Chukta is 50 times as large as the source-stream of the Sutlej.

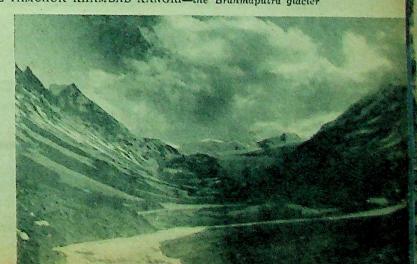
Sven Hedin further writes: "If we compare the two branches (the Tirthapuri and Langchen Tsangpo) and ask which of them should be reckoned as the original source of the Sutlej, I would give this honour to the one which has

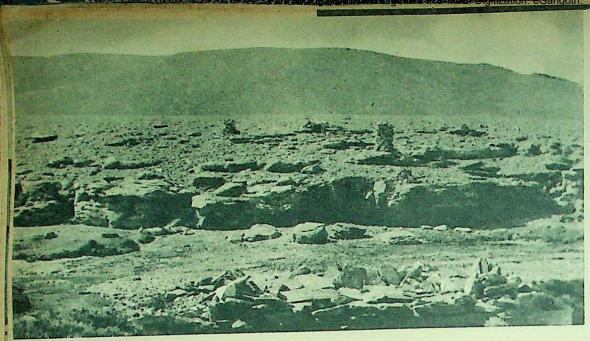
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THE SUTLEJ emerging from the Rakshas Tal

. THE TAMCHOK KHAMBAB KANGRI—the Brahmaputra glacier







THE SENGE KHAMBAB, source of the Indus

Rivers Great Four

(CONTINUED)

the largest course and comes from the highest and most extensive glaciers." From this, one can very well judge how Sven Hedin loses all sense of proportion in applying a uniform procedure in fixing the sources of these rivers belonging to the same region.

About the source of the Indus, he writes:
"At this point the situation which has been discussed and searched for during some two thousand years, the famous Senge Khambab or Indus is born. But the infant river which is a mere brook is much shorter than both the Lungdep and the Munjam... in fact and strictly hydrographically the Senge Khambab is only a right or northern tributary to the Bokhar Tsangpo, which itself is only a very insignificant brook. Compared with the latter, both Lungdep and Munjam have a greater quantity of water and may be somewhat larger than the Bokhar. From a hydrographic point of view it may be said to be a matter of taste which of these different brooks should be regarded as the principal source of the Indus. The question is of no great consequence, for whichever branch should be chosen, its source is situated at a short day's march from the Senge Khambab. The problem cannot be settled in any more satisfactory way than to accept the Tibetan view and regard the Senge Khambab as the source of the Indus, in spite of its being the shortest and one of the smallest of the several source branches."

So Sven Hedin had neither choice nor time

So Sven Hedin had neither choice nor time to fix the source of the Indus after measuring the quantity of water which the different headstreams discharged and then proceed to the head of the biggest of them. Besides other, things, he did not like to spend much time at the Senge Khambab in measuring the water in the different headstreams. Instead of first measuring the velocity of the two rivers, the Senge Khambab and the Gartong at their confluence, and then going up the Senge Khambab to find out the sources of the Indus, Sven Hedin first fixed the sources of the Indus in the Senge Khambab springs and then went down to measure the quantity of water in the Gartong. It was a coincidence that the Senge Khambab carried more water than the Gartong at that time, viz., early winter. But as a matter of fact the Gartong often carries a greater quantity of water for a major part of the year than the Senge Khambab itself.

Sven Hedin himself writes: "The spring

Sven Hedin himself writes: "The spring floods consequent on the melting of snow is also greater in Gartong... we may consider it probable that the Gartong carries during the whole year more water than the Senge Khambab, but we have at least discovered that the Senge Khambab is a large stream when no bab, but we have at least discovered that the Senge Khambab is a large stream, when no disturbing influences are at work, when there is no precipitation and when the temperature in the two river-basins may be considered identical." But the conditions mentioned in the above passage are very rarely fulfilled.

So, if quantity of water be taken into account, the source of the Indus should be at the head of the Gartong river. Coming back to the Senge Khambab, of the different source

streams of the Indus, the Tsethi-chhu, the Lungdep-chhu, the Munjam-chhu, and the Bokhar-chhu, into which the tiny brook of the Senge Khambab springs flow, the Lungdep-chhu carries the most water and is the longest of all the streams and as such its source, which is in the Topchhen la, should be considered the source of the Indus. on the basis of quantity of water. But if the Tibetan traditions are taken into account, the source of the Indus would be in the springs of the Senge Khambab, which Sven Hedin also accepted.

THE KARNALI

THE KARNALI

The source of the Karnali or the Mapcha Khambab, the fourth of the series of the four great rivers, is at the Mapcha-Chungo springs, 23 miles north-west of Taklakot, and the genetic source is near the Lampiya pass. Some explorers have placed the source of the Karnali in the Rakshas Tal, because one of its headstreams, the Gurla-chhu, has its source in the glaciers on the north-western slopes of the Gurla Mandhata peaks, south-east of the Gurla pass. This Gurla-chhu flows into the Karnali, about a mile down in the village of Kardung. Those who go to Kailas by the Lipu Lekh pass and Taklakot cross this stream at the souther small stream which has its source on the south-eastern side of the Gurla pass (not very far from where the Gurla-chhu takes its rise) but flows to the northern side of the Gurla pass into Rakshas Tal. The Gurla-chhu is a big stream whereas the other stream is a very small one. Those who did not trace the courses of the two streams closely confused them and placed the source of the Karnali (Mancha Khambab) one. Those who did not trace the courses of the two streams closely confused them and placed the source of the Karnali (Mapcha Khambab) either in Rakshas Tal or in the Gurla Mandhata. The Gurla-chhu is much smaller than the Map-chhu proper. Moreover the traditional source, Mapcha-Chungo, is on the Map-chhu, which is the longest as well as the biggest headwater of the Karnali, so the glacial source of the Karnali is near the Lampiya pass in the Zaskar range. Zaskar range.

It may be noted that the combined river of the Kali, coming from the Lipu Lekh pass and the Saraju coming from the Nandakot, is called the Sharada from Tanakpur downwards. The Karnali coming from the Mapcha-Chungo, after its mountainous course in Manasa Khanda and Nenal is called Chagra, which receives the after its mountainous course in Manasa Khanda and Nepal, is called Ghagra, which receives the Sharada at Chouka Ghat. From Chouka Ghat till it falls into the Ganga, down Chapra, the combined river is known by both the names, Ghagra and Saraju. I make a mention of this fact here because some people believe that the fact here because some people believe that the river Saraju takes its rise from Manasarovar.

If Tibetan traditions are taken into account in fixing the sources of the rivers under discussion, the source of the Sutlej (Langchen Khambab) is in the springs near Dulchu gompa, about 22 miles west of Parkha; that of the Indus (Senge Khambab) is in the springs of Senge Khambab, north-east of Kailas, 53 miles from Parkha; the source of the Brahmaputra (Tamchok Khambab) is at the head of the Chema-yungdung at the Tamchok Khambab

Chhorten, 92 miles from Parkha; and that of the Karnali (Mapcha Khambab) is in the spring Mapcha-Chungo, about 23 miles north-west at Taklakot.

Rasht

Mapcha-Chungo, about 23 miles north-west of Taklakot.

One cannot object to the genetic sources of these rivers being traced without "dislocating the traditional places or tampering with the traditional places or tampering with the traditional sources, we can trace the genetic source of the Sutlej either to the Line traditional sources, we can trace the genetic source of the Sutlej either to the Line that the that the Line that the Line that the that Senge.

Senge.

Should quantity of water be the citerion, then the source of the Sutlej is near the Darma pass (four days' journey from Dulch gompa) at the head of the river Darma-yank the source of the Indus is near the Topchheni (26 miles from Parkha) at the head of the Lungdep-chhu or at the head of Gartong, the source of the Brahmaputra is in the Kubi gliciers, at the head of the Kubi river (three four days' march from the Chema-yungdung glaciers); and the source of the Karni is near the Lampiya pass (two days march from the spring, Mapcha-Chungo) When volume is taken into consideration, the sources are all glacial. Except in the case the Karnali, the traditional sources of all the other three rivers are dislodged. According to volume, the source of the Sutlej may also be either at the head of the Trokpo-shar-chhu, the Lha-chhu, as already discussed.

GLACIAL SOURCES

Should length be the test, the source the Sutlej would be in the Kanglung Kambut the Samo Tsangpo might be given due or sideration. The source of the Indus would near the Topchhen la at the head of the Lump tep-chhu; the source of the Brahmaputa, the Chema-yungdung or Tamchok Khamk Kangri glaciers at the head of the river Crama-yungdung; and the source of the Karm near the Lampiya pass. When length is the as the test, the traditional sources of the trivers—the Sutlej, Barhmaputra, and Karm —remain intact, and that of the Indus along disturbed; but the sources of all the rivers main glacial. main glacial.

Sven Hedin's source of the Sutlej, in Kanglung Kangri; of the Indus, in the spray of the Senge Khambab; and of the Brahmuta, in the Kubi glaciers, would not sale any one of the above three criteria (traditivolume, or length, in its entirety)—a positivolume, or length, in its entirety)—a positivolume, which assails his claims of being "the white man and European" to discover the sources of these rivers finally.

For several generations the Ganga of confused with the river Sutlei and scribed as taking its rise from Manasara and Kailas—which is far from the truth, said confusion and the wrong findings were to: (i) the Indian name of the Sutlei as in the Tibetan puranas is "Ganga"; in the Tibetan puranas is "Ganga"; outlet of Manasarovar into Rakshas Tallis outlet of Manasar

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, September 2, 180 Rashtrapati Radhakrishnan tha; and that of the) is in the spring niles north-west of will be 74 on Wednesday. by J. ULLAL e genetic sources of thout "dislocating ampering with the usages of the loca thout "dislocating can trace the gene her to the Lhe larkha), the head of to quantity of the dislocating and the dislocating that it is to the larkha at the head of to length). So also rahmaputra can be ung Kangri glaciers and the dislocation of the lampy comments of the lam water be the crime Sutlej is near the burney from Dulch river Darma-yank lear the Head of the ead of Gartong; the case of the Kubi glacubi river (three of the Chema-yung pass (two day Mapcha-Chungo), Mapcha-Chungo to consideration, the cept in the case of the Karal to consideration, the case & cept in the case & al sources of all the lodged. According to Sutlej may also the Trokpo-shar-chhu, ohu or at the head discussed. **OURCES** e test, the source he Kanglung Kanglung Kanglung Kanght be given due of the Indus would he head of the Lungth the Brahmaputra.

Tamchok Khambad of the river Cource of the Kanglung When length is tall sources of the the maputra, and Kanglung of the Indus along so f all the rivers the sof all the rivers the sources of the sources of the the sources of of the Sutlei, in strand of the Brahy and of the Brahy ares, would not salk ee criteria (tradition entirety)—a position of being "the first to discover the solly. tions the Ganga were Sutley and see from Manasar from the truther from findings were for the Sutley as is "Ganga" ito Rakshas Tal is to Rakshas Tal is to Rakshas Tal is to ga-river) in and Manasarovar hat that it is the fact the headstreams is supposed to take the supposed to take lly.

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Thoughts On National Integration

The problem of national integration can be viewed from various levels—that of the individual citizen, the community, the province and the nation. We can discuss how an individual's plurality of allegiances can be harmonised, at least to the extent that the nation's cultural, economic, political and territorial integrity is not questioned. The problem can also be discussed from the point of view of our evolution into a stable, efficient, really representative parliamentary democracy with balanced regional economic development of the country and cultural and social progress for all the elements of our population-not just the major ones. And last, we can examine the problem from the point of view of what I may call "Indianising India". There are so many relevant aspects to the problem of our national integration that it is almost impossible to explore them in any detail in a brief essay. However, I shall try to set down a few random reflections on the subject.

To begin with, it must be pointed out that the problems we are facing today in developing among our people the consciousness of belonging to one indivisible nation and one nationality are neither unique nor special to us as a people. The problem of welding human groups with diverse and conflicting loyalties into a bigger group and eventually into a nation is almost as old as man. Every nation, from ancient Greece and Rome to Great Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union, has faced similar problems and "solved" them to the best of its abilities and resources.

"IN GROUP" LOYALTY

From primitive times man's loyalty has tended to centre round the smallest group on the basis of "consciousness of kind". The loyalty gradually ascended from the smallest social unit, the biological family, to the extended or joint family, the sept, clan, tribe, caste, province, etc., to the nation.

Passionate loyalty to the "in group" and persistent hostility to the "out group" have existed wherever human groups have existed: The feelings of identity, sympathy and loyalty to one's own group (no matter what the criteria of affinity-language, religion, city, profession, school, college, club or association, caste or colour) are in a sense "natural" and even harmless so long as this loyalty does not lead to hostility to other groups. This prejudice in fayour of one's own group is so ingrained in human nature that I have not come across, for instance, even half a dozen men among the leaders of our country (who so glibly mouth pious platitudes on the need for national integration) who have not given away their prejudices in private conversation. This does not mean that we do not have a few uttama purushas in our country and that one cannot equcate oneself to give up narrow and parochial loyalties. In fact, one might measure the depth of an individual's culture by the size of the group to which his loyalty extends. One is of course not born with prejudice. One acquires it from the family, the school and society at large. But one can also give it up, through proper education and cultural environment, for tolerance is teachable. I am sure that some day man's loyalty will extend to the entire human race.

Now to our politics. Our democracy is run on party principles. Political parties are generally based on economic ideologies since everybody presumably believes in political freedom and democracy which implies a representative form of government. Hence the conservative, socialist, labour and communist parties. (Actually the Communist Party is a special case as it does not believe in individual freedom or democracy as a form of government.) But when democracy, in the British sense, was introduced into our country and limited power was transferred to provincial legislatures (dyarchy) political parties were immediately formed to contest elections not on the basis of any economic philosophy but on the basis of caste and religion. Thus the emergence of the Justice Party, the Hindu Mahasabha, the Muslim League, the Dravida Kazhagam, the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam, etc. Obviously to the average citizen caste and religion constitute more fundamental considerations than any other principle of allegiance.

____ by ---

Dr. S. CHANDRASEKHAR

The Congress Party itself does not conform to the text-book definition of a political party. Our recent history and struggle for freedom were so unusual in many ways that the Indian National Congress, which once claimed all the great minds and hearts of the country, irrespective of caste, language, religion and economic ideology, came to regard itself as the party, equating itself with the nation. This is no longer true of the Congress and now it must be considered a political party like any other, except that it is national and has on its rolls most of the stalwarts who fought for our freedom. If we are to evolve strict parliamentary democracy the Congress must become a party with a particular economic ideology, no matter what it is. For it is not sound practice for different Congress leaders to blow hot and cold, some for socialism, some for private enterprise. The Congress embraces believers of all kinds of economic systems from near-communism to ultra-conservatism and the disadvantage of such a party for the country is that, apart from dissensions within the party, it tends to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

My main point is that the Congress Party by its all-embracing character prevents the rise of genuine political parties, like a real socialist party, for instance. It is high time that the Indian National Congress as such was abolished, as Gandhiji wished, since it has fulfilled its great historic role of winning freedom for the country. It should be reorganised today as a strict political party, because as it is the Congress, with its lack of ideological cohesion, unfairly steals the thunder from every other party.

If the Congress as a party is unconventional, even more so are such parties as the Jan Sangh, the D.K. and the D.M.K. The Jan Sangh is obviously interested in protecting the cow and northern Hindus. There is no economics here for it must be clear even to the simple-minded that doing away with half of our cattle population would enable the other half to eat better and bring us considerable economic gain. Protection of Hindus seems to imply hatred for Muslims and other minorities. The logic of this has never been clear to me. Obviously the Jan Sangh would like to undo a thousand years of history and deny the contributions of Muslims to Indian art and administration, culture and architecture.

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The Dravida Kazhagam is a southern phe-The Dravida Razingson to addition phenomenon and owes its existence and importance to Periyar E. V. Ramaswamy Naicker, whose role as a social reformer is very impressive. The role as a social reformer is very impressive. The erstwhile "backwardness" of the non-Brahmin community in the old Madras Presidency brought this party, along with the Justice Party, into existence. The Justice Party has vanishing the DK has prospered. The DK at the DK has prospered. ed, but the D.K. has prospered. The D.K. stands. ed, but the D.K. has prospered. The D.K. stands for the uplift of non-Brahmin Hindus and the abolition of caste. As for the caste system, abolition of caste. As not the caste system, all thoughtful people who have the country's interests at heart agree that it should go. There are of course differences regarding the modus operandi to be adopted. The uplift of non-Brahmins is certainly welcome since they constitute a vast majority of the population. But what I cannot understand is why the uplift of non-Brahmins should imply the hatred and suppression of Brahmins. The reasons usually given on the D.K. platform are that the caste system is an evil and that the Brahmins are responsible for it. But I find that for every one Brahmin believing in caste there are ten non-Brahmins who believe in it with equal vehemence. Since Brahmins are, like Muslims, Christians, Sikhs and other minorities, an integral part of the nation, harming their interests will not promote the interests of the majority community. Therefore discrimination against Brahmins or any other community cannot possibly promote the nation's progress.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES

To me, the problem here is the conflict between ability and merit on the one hand and social justice and the advancement of "backward" communities on the other. Any organised society and civilised government has to face this conflict and resolve it in the interests of efficiency, stability and advancement. The able and talented have to be chosen if efficiency is to be ensured. At the same time a government must endeavour to enable certain "underdeveloped" communities to have better and more opportunities for higher education, better jobs and higher incomes. Admissions to schools, colleges and professional institutions should be on the basis of merit and poverty. As per our country's Constitution, a few seats must be re-served for those who cannot be judged on intellectual or economic grounds. Caste as a basis of preference should be discarded on principle. This is one true way of abolishing caste, for, if no preferential treatment is given on the basis of caste for anything, caste will cease to have any relevance or importance. It is to be earnestly hoped that no State Government will deny admission to any educational institution to any candidate with the necessary academic credentials on the ground that he belongs to any particular caste.

This applies not only to government but private institutions of learning as well as private industry. It has been found that there are private industries which appoint only those who belong to the caste of the proprietor or owner. We certainly need a Fair Employment Practices Commission on the lines of the one existing in the United States so that discrimination on the basis of caste can be prevented. The kind of prejudice and discrimination we practise against our own people not only does us great harm, but it lowers our status in the eyes of the external world as well.

The Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam (Society for the Advancement of the Dravidians) is an offshoot of the D.K. This party is mercifully not against local castes but is generously against

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June 2, 1962:

the whole of North India! It is not clear where

the North begins, but it is north of Madras or

perhaps Hyderabad. (There are very real dif-

ferences of opinion about where the South ends

and the North begins. One leading South Indian belonging to the D.M.K. Party assured me

that, as far as he was concerned, the North began at Tiruchirapalli!) "North" is sometimes

gan at International Sometimes equated with Hindi-speaking areas, in which case presumably the D.M.K. has nothing against the Bengalis, Gujaratis, Maharashtrians and

Punjabis, unless some quack anthropologist can

maintain that all the Southerners are so-called

Dravidians and the rest of the population Ar-

yans. However, the major demand of this party

is that the Government of India, being in the

North and dominated by Northerners, is neg-

lecting and discriminating against the South

and therefore the South must secede from the

Union! Were Pakistan not a reality one could

pooh-pooh this demand as a case of collective

mental aberration. But the fact that this party

obtained a respectable number of votes in the

last general election and has become the Op-

position in the Madras State Legislature shows

that some millions believe in the D.M.K. thesis

BALANCED DEVELOPMENT

What shall we do with this demand? Has the South been neglected? What is the expla-nation for the differential regional economic

development within the country? A careful examination (for which there is no space here)

shows that, although it is true that the South is

not industrially as advanced as the North, this is not due to conscious or deliberate neglect by the Government of India. The industrialisation

of a region depends on what is called factors of

location. Nature must have endowed the area

with raw materials of the right kind and grade,

water resources, etc. Unless a State has been endowed with such basic resources it can-

not have large-scale modern industry and there

is no point in the people complaining that it is not being industrialised. Bihar seems to have

all the necessary raw materials for modern in-

dustry among the Indian States. It is pos-

sible, of course, that with more thorough geo-

logical surveys we may be able to discover la-

tent resources in other States which are to-day unindustrialised. But basically it is

meaningless to clamour for large industry unless the State can produce the basic requisites for rapid and large-scale industrialisation. This does not mean, however, that

other kinds of industries cannot be started in

purely agrarian regions. There is no doubt a

great need for balanced, regional, economic de-

velopment. It is interesting to note what the

Planning Commission submitted on this ques-

tion to the National Integration Council on

The Conference recognised the import-

ance of regional balance in economic deve-

lopment as a positive factor for promoting

national integration. It is true that region-

al inequalities in economic growth have

diminished to some extent after the advent

of political independence and as a result of

the Five-Year Plans for economic develop-

ment; but the disparities that remain are

substantial. The Conference felt, therefore,

that a rapid development of the economi-

cally backward States and backward re-

gions in any State should be given priority

in national and State plans, at least to the

extent that a minimum level of develop-

ment is reached for all States within a stat-

ed period. Removal of regional economic

disparities also requires the removal of all

barriers to the free movement of skilled la-

bour and managerial personnel between the different States. More attention has to be

paid to economic development in rural

areas and to greater decentralisation and

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a southern pheand importance Naicker, whose impressive. The ne non-Brahmin lras Presidency the Justice Pararty has vanish-The D.K. stands Hindus and the e caste system, ve the country's should go. There ding the modus uplift of nonsince they conpopulation. But hy the uplift of the hatred and reasons usually e that the caste e Brahmins are that for every te there are ten t with equal ve-, like Muslims, norities, an integ their interests of the majority nination against nity cannot posress.

NITIES

is the conflict he one hand and ement of "backr. Any organised ent has to face the interests of ement. The able n if efficiency is ne a government ain "underdevebetter and more tion, better jobs s to schools, coltions should be erty. As per our eats must be ree judged on in-Caste as a basis ded on principle. ning caste, for, if ven on the basis ill cease to have is to be earnestnment will deny nstitution to any academic credenbelongs to any

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azhagam (Society Dravidians) is an rty is mercifully enerously against

dispersal of economic activity. There should be a periodic review of the progress made.

The only way to offset the secession demand of the D.M.K. is for the Government to give up its "Hindi-at-any-cost" policy and advise the Hindi fanatics and enthusiasts to take it easy. As the North is not likely to learn the South Indian languages, and the South will not learn Hindi for at least two generations, the existing linguistic link between the North and the South, namely English, should, apart from other weighty reasons, not be given up. The Government should also educate the public in the South on the share the South has received from the total national income and the number of South Indians in the All-India services.

The Communist Party of India is the only party in the country with its heart and soul dedicated to centres outside geographical India. Recent world history reveals that Communism comes into power through chaos and anarchy and hence the Indian Communist Party can hardly wish for national integration. If they are in favour of any integration it is with Russia or China! Some of our Communists make light of China's occupation of our territorythat it should not matter very much if our Chinese "brothers" occupy a few thousand square miles of India! A fine way of integrating the nation indeed! Some observers believe that the threat to India's territorial integrity and security comes more from the Communist Party than from the D.M.K., and this is possibly true.

SIGNIFICANT EXAMPLES

In the making of modern nations several methods have been employed. Two significant examples are the United States of America and the Soviet Union, and we shall see whether they have any lessons for us.

The United States of America, as a free nation, is less than two hundred years old. Apart from the native Red Indians, there was no such thing as an American two hundred years ago. Immigrants from every European country and some numbers of "forced immigrants" from Africa as well as a handful from a few Asian countries contributed to the making of the American population. The various European nationalities, which have been at loggerheads with each other for centuries in Europe, met and married in the new continent. There were no doubt strains and tensions and proud attachment to national origins but the melting-pot had begun to operate, and, when people of different nationalities married each other, the hyphenated American (Dutch-American, German-American, Italian-American, etc.) produced children who were simply Americans. After several generations of cross-marriages, ethnic strains from very European nation (and sometimes from the whole world) were blended. Every year new citizens meet and affirm their loyalty to the country on what is called "I am an American Day". This melting-pot process by which diverse nationalities coalesce and become the citizens of a new country is the method by which the modern American has been evolved. America has serious minority problems, but by and large only with those groups such as Negroes and Asians which did not marry with the predominant white Europeans and merge their identity. Although even here a good deal of racial mixture has taken place. On the whole the average American is passionately attached to his country and does not bother too much about his very mixed ancestry. As a nation they are dedicated to justice and tolerance, although as individuals and communities they may show some disparity between their democratic beliefs and their discriminatory practice towards such groups as Negroes, Jews and Nisei. But on the whole America as a country has achieved national integration.

On the other hand we have the Soviet method of dealing with the problems of minorities and national integration. According to the Soviet Academy of Sciences, there are no fewer than 169 ethnic groups in Russia, of which at least 60 are substantial from the point of view of numbers. Contrary to the American practice of the melting-pot, the Communists believe in what they call "cultural autonomy" of all "na-tionalities" or minority groups. The minority group is permitted to keep and develop its language, literature, customs, manners, dress and dance and need not lose its individuality and identity by intermarriages with predominant Russian groups or with other minority groups. But in practice there is considerable totalitarian pressure on various nationalities to conform to the Communist economic, political and social philosophy. And, of course, no nationality can secede from the Soviet Socialist Union. While the nationalities may have cultural autonomy they do not have economic or political freedom. Nor do they have a free Press for they have to echo the views of the Russian Communist Press.

Of these two ways of life-American and Russian-I believe that the path of our national integration lies in the American way of intermarriages, biological assimilation, cultural admixture and the eventual evolution of an integrated Indian way of life.

To begin with, our young Hindu men and women should marry into castes other than their own. If such marriages take place on a large enough scale, no one in the course of time will be able to claim that they belong to any particular caste and caste affiliation will cease to have any value or validity. The second step should be marriages between various interprovincial and inter-linguistic groups. Such marriages can only become possible when young men and women choose their life partners, if possible with the consent and guidance of the parents. But if the marriages are arranged as they are today by the older conservative parents and relatives, the caste system will continue for ever. One's own choice of a marriage partner involves the need for economic security. That is, no young man should marry unless he has the resources to support his wife and future children. Whereas today, since parents choose brides and grooms, the new couple manages to subsist on the parental family resources and not on their own.

INDIANISING INDIA

The third step should be inter-religious marriages. Some of late approve of intercaste marriages but are against inter-religious marriages. In Japan we find members of one family professing different faiths and this does not seem to be a barrier to domestic harmony. Once real affection, love and respect between husband and wife exist, other problems will work themselves out. I am in favour of interreligious marriages so long as there is not only tolerance but acceptance of different beliefs and agreement about the faith in which the children are to be brought up.

In all intercaste and interprovincial marriages, the children will grow up not belonging to this caste or that State but as noisnas first and last. I do not minimise certain diffifirst and last. I do not minimise certain diffi-culties that may crop up in the transitional period, but if there are thousands and thousands of such inter-group marriages they may be-come fashionable and totally acceptable even to the large unsophisticated segments of our society. Today such marriages are slowly on the increase but they are usually among the highly educated and economically successful ingnly educated and economically successful groups. There have been such marriages in the homes of almost each one of our leaders from Gandhiji down and now the practice must spread to the middle classes and eventually to the masses. Only then can our country become truly integrated.

Today we have Bengalis and Biharis, Mysoreans and Maharashtrians, Goans and Gujaratis, Tamilians and Tulus, but no Indians. But I hope by the process of intermarriage we shall evolve that rare biological specimen, Indians! That is what I mean by "Indianising India."

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research Institute. Me

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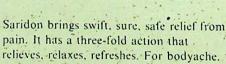
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HERE is a growing need for an objective assessment of the progress made by India since independence. In the partisan controversies carried on from day to day we are apt either to exaggerate the progress achieved or belittle its significance, according to our political views and sympathies. It is this lopsided outlook that has to be discarded and in clearing away our prejudice of mind to help us acquire a correct estimate of what we have achieved during the last fifteen years. Sir Percival Griffiths' Modern India (Ernest Benn, 30s.) will be of special value. He writes with considerable understanding of the problems which India has faced during these years and the bold, sustained efforts made to solve them.

Very few will disagree with his view that most of what is modern in contemporary India—the growth of nationalism, the secular outlook, of hationalism, the secular outlook, faith in the rule of law and parliamentary democracy, and the intense desire for rapid industrialisation—is the product of British rule. The first part of his volume deals with this historical background.

ground.

Among the achievements of independent India in the political field are the integration of the Princely States into the Union, the reorganisation of the nation on a linguistic basis, the framing of a federal constitution with a strong centre, and the successful working of the system of parliamentary democracy based on adult suffrage. A large amount of political stability has thus been secured. In the field of external affairs the policy of neutralism stands vindicated and has enabled India to gain a prominent voice in international affairs. It is a pity that tension exists between India and Pakistan, but this is not entirely the fault of India It is also a premised. exists between India and Pakistan, but this is not entirely the fault of India. It is also to everyone's good that the Government has realised the aggressive nature of China's foreign policy.

It is however in the economic sphere that commendable progress has been achieved. There has been has been achieved. There has been an increase in agricultural output, considerable development in the field of irrigation and power and in the industrialisation of the country. Sir Griffiths recognises the inevitability of a system of planning try. Sir Griffiths recognises the in-evitability of a system of planning in a developing country and the need for a socialistic approach which has a special psychological value. What is needed is to arrest the growth of population, evolve effective measures to solve the un-employment problem and exemployment problem and exploit internal financial resources and afford appreciable encouragement to the private sector.

Though the author is on the whole hopeful of a bright future for the country, he points out that the growth of linguistic rivalries are a disturbing factor and that there is the danger of the estab-lishment of one-party rule by the Congress. Some of the statements made by him are not based on adequate evidence. Among them are: the police action in Hyderabad was ruthless; the attempts to secure admission of untouchables to schools or temples have never proved more than partially successful; Pakistan has been more ready than India to abide by a plebiscite in Kashmir and that the Communist influence in the valley is manifest.

On Betrayal

A CUDDON, educated by Benedictine monks and at Oxford, attracted wide attention with his A Multitude of Sins. Sin, in fact, seems to be almost his special subject, for in his new book Testament of Iscariot (Barrie & Rockliff, 18s.) he makes the hero say: "Now I feel that the only subject about which I would be seen say: "Now I feel that the only subject about which I would be competent to talk is sin. This is something I understand. If they gave me a 'chair' in sin I could fill the lecture halls week after week."

Testament of Iscariot is a rather gloomy and depressing book. It is a long monologue put into the mouth of a man called Kane (probably intended to suggest Cain the first murderer), fifty-one years old, who has exiled himself in the light of the country side her called the state of the state old, who has exiled himself in the Irish countryside because he feels that he contaminates everyone he meets. He can no longer live with himself, yet he must do himself justice. He has had a successful life, yet he looks on his past as a succession of Judas-like betrayals. He is continually seeking for re-pentance but it is only in the last sentence of the book that he gets on to his bicycle to go slowly to the village to make confession to a priest.

This is a frankly propagandist work and if it is correct that salv-



KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. well-known American author.

ation arises from a sense of sin it will probably succeed in its aim.

A very different book, also dealing with Judas Iscariot, is the novel by "James Peto" which, we are told, is the pseudonym of a well-known novelist, playwright and critic. This work, Iscariot (Jarrolds, 18s.), is a piece of excellent professional writing and the author has clearly thought a great deal about his subject. He considers a number of possible reasons for Iscariot's tragedy. Perhaps he was the odd man out in a group of humble fishermen. Perhaps he was an official of the Temple treasury who, after being disgraced, was sent into Galilee to spy on Jesus. Perhaps it was because he was given control of the common purse, though some of the other disciples, one would have thought, had a stronger claim upon it. Perhaps the chief enigma is why Jesus ever accepted him at all as one of the twelve.

Dormitory Gossip

It is difficult to make much of The Garden (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.) by Kathrin Perutz, which claims to deal with the "barbarous absurd mystiques of an adolescent oasis",—to wit, an exclusive girls' college in Massachusetts (described elsewhere as being in Vermont). The result is somewhat sleazy, with an abundance of discordant, dormitory gossip. dormitory gossip.

dormitory gossip.

Kathy, the introvert narrator, has a near-Lesbian crush on a girl called "The Blossom". She looks into The Blossom's eyes and sees them as "the pool of Narcissus and Lethe combined". But this is real love, the kind of love—she avers—that E. E. Cummings meant when he wrote, "Nothing can equal the power of your intense fragility," "Fleur de mon coeur." sighs Kathy masochistically. The Blossom, frankly, is a bit of a bore. She has the habit of appearing around corners with the earnest query, "I wonder if there is a God." Such soulful questions she intersperses with the bawdiest rhymes. In the climax both Kathy and The Blossom lose their virginity to a couple som lose their virginity to a couple of esurient pick-ups.

Sartre, Camus, bourbon and doughnuts ... yeah, Babycat, it's a great life in the upper dorm!

The Dhamma

"HRISTMAS Humphreys' famous CHRISTMAS Humphreys' famous bestseller Buddhism, which was first published by Penguin Books in 1951, has now come out in a new, slightly enlarged and revised edition in the Belle Sauvage Library (Cassell, 16s.). The success of this be'. is mainly due to the lively style and the non-sectarian attitude of the author, who has been for 35 years President of the Buddhist Society, London, the

largest and oldest Buddhist organisation in Europe. The work under review is not only the outcome of book-learning, but of personal experience and conviction, though it embodies the results of the best scholars in each particular field of this year, which was the scholars in each particular field of this year, which was the scholars in each particular field of it embodies the results of the best scholars in each particular field of this vast subject—except when it comes to Tibetan Buddhism, where we find many of the old prejudices repeated, based partly on incompetent and hostile sources (like Waddell's "Lamaism") and partly on well-meaning but spurious theosophical literature (like "Mahatma Letters"). Fortunately this forms only an insignificant part of the book, it being mainly dedicated to Theravada Buddhism and the remainder to the more general aspects of Mahayana. One concise chapter deals with Zen, with which the author seems to feel the greatest affinity.

The main aim of the author is to demonstrate that only a combination of the best that can be found in each of the various Schools of Buddhism can reveal the depth of the dharma, which in the life of each follower has to find its own growth and expression. Though not all Buddhists will subscribe to the author's famous "12 principles of Buddhism" as the common basis of all Schools, there is much to be said in their favour. Not all Buddhists believe in the One Mind or the Oneness of Life—which is accepted only by Mahayanists; nor can nirvana be equated with enlightenment, otherwise there would be no difference between a saint (arahan) and a Buddha; nor did the Buddha ever say "Work out your own salvation", a cliche coined by slipshod translators of the Buddha's last words: appamadena sampadetha, which simply mean "strive with diligence!" But these are minor points which do not detract from the intrinsic value of the book, which succeeds in giving a fair picture of the essentials of Buddhism, a teaching that "appeals to the West because it has no dogmas, satisfies the reason and the heart alike, insists on self-reliance coupled with tolerance for other points of view, embraces science, religion, philosophy, ethics and arts, and points to man alone as the creator of his present life and sole designer of his destiny". The main aim of the author is to

L. A. G.



POLSON'S BUTTER

SOCIAL WORKERS help run the institute which provides work for large numbers of women. the Cumballa Hill area is likely to be opened shortly. (Photographs by J. Ullal) A branch in

HOME SECTION

In the heart of Bombay city, at Dongri, is an apparently unassuming building, housing an institution run by women of the Khoja community. It is appropriately called "Apni Duncan". Its modest appearance, however, is misleading and hardly does credit to the work going on within. For it is a veritable beehive of activity in the culinary arts. The Institution is known for its select dishes, such as Moghlai curry and the delectable biriyani. It also caters to suit Western tastes. suit Western tastes.

Subsidised lunches, at nominal rates, to almost 200 children at nursery schools are provided, in addition to the running of canteens in various schools, catering for picnics, parties or weddings.

This useful venture was born out of the need for providing the unskilled women of the community with a vocation which did not require any academic qualifications

Practical Venture

or high technical skill. Started about 10 years ago, it is sponsored by the Ismailia Helping Society and was initiated by a group of Khoja women to aid their less fortunate sisters. It has now grown into a multipurpose institution.

Recipes for two of the Institute's most popular specialities are given below:

FRIED CHICKEN

Ingredients: 1 cleaned and cut chicken, 8 beaten eggs, 3 kilo ghee (for frying), 50 gm. ghee, 200 gm. chopped tomatoes, 100 gm. dry breadcrumbs, salt.

Masala: 1 stick cinnamon, 6 cardamoms, 6 peppercorns, ½ teaspoon chilli powder.

Ground Masala: 4 green chillis, pod garlic, small piece ginger.

Method: Apply all the masalas and salt to the chicken and set

aside for an hour. Heat the 50 gm. ghee, fry the chicken well, add 2½ cups hot water and cook till tender; then add the tomatoes and simmer till soft, and the gravy is thick. Remove from fire, and cool. Coat chicken with masala, dip in bread-crumbs and then in egg; fry in hot ghee (¾ kilo), sprinkling the remaining egg on top to form a lace. Fry till golden brown.

MUTTON BIRIYANI

Ingredients: 1 kilo cleaned and cut meat, 1 kilo rice (to be parboiled with some whole garam masala), 1 stick cinnamon, 4 peppercorns, 4 cardamoms, ½ kilo beaten curds, juice of 1 lemon, salt, 8 peeled and halved large potatoes, 100 gm. tomatoes chopped, 350 gm. onion sliced, 350 gm. ghee, 1 teaspoon saffron (to be heated and then powdered and mixed in ½ cup water).

Masala: 10 green chillis, 6 cloves, peppercorns, ½ teaspoon turmeric, teaspoon chilli powder.

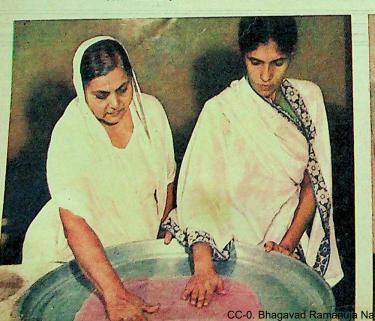
Ground Masala: 10 green chillis, 10 sprigs mint, 1 pod garlic, 2 small pieces of ginger.

small pieces of ginger.

Method: Mix the masalas, salt, tomatoes, beaten curds, lemon juice, potatoes, and ½ cup saffronwater with the meat. Put into a thick-bottomed pan. Heat the ghee, brown the onions in it, then cool and grind to a fine paste. Add the onions and ½ cups of water to the marinated meat and mix well. Then add half the ghee in which the onions were fried. Arrange the rice on top of the masala. Sprinkle over with ¼ cup saffron-water and the remaining ghee. Cover the pan, and seal it well on all sides with dough. Simmer on a medium fire with coals on the lid of the pan, for half an hour. Then reduce the fire, and simmer for another fifteen minutes. Serves 6.

SHIREEN JAMALL

CATERING for school canteens, picnics or weddings is undertaken. Snacks, sweets and pickles are a speciality.





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Phulkari from the Punjab

HE origin of the bagh and the phulkari is not known. It is conjectured that the art was brought by Gujar nomads Central Asia. It may also some association with the gulkari of Iran, which was prac-tised there until very recently and may still be known in some remote

Though it may have had its ori-gins elsewhere, yet this form of embroidery has become expressive of the very essence of the Punjab, where life is lived and enjoyed in all its fulness. The warmth of colours, the bold patterning and the patient, hard work which go into the phulkari make it symbolic of the women of the region.

In the literature and folk songs of the Punjab, there are numerous references to phulkari and bagh. Guru Nanak Devji (1469-1538), the first Guru of the Sikhs, wrote, "Kudd kasidha paihren gholi, Tan tu janche nari" (Only when you can embroider your own choli with the phulkari stitch, will you be accepted as a lady.)

No ceremony was perfect unless the auspicious, embroidered chaddar was worn by the women. On the birth of a baby girl or boy the grandmother and the aunts would assemble and start preparing the bagh to be used at the time of the child's marriage. With prayers and distribution of sweets, the grandmother would start the embroidery of vari da bagh, one of the most complicated of embroidered shawls, worked in a golden-coloured silk. Every inch of the surface was covered with the embroidery, worked in small squares. A coloured border was sometimes added, but generally the shawl would be of a glowing golden colour, broken only in a corner by an embroidered black spot-to ward off the evil

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EN JAMALL

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The bagh would sometimes take ten years to make. The grandmother would work on it every day to have it ready for the day when the chaddar would cover the bride as they brought her home. It was indeed a labour of love.

The phulkari was never prepared for sale. Each family made its own to be used for different occasions. The question of profit never arose, except in case of dire need.

At the time of famine these heir-looms might be sold to buy food for a family and that was how they found their way into the market.

The various ceremonies associated with the wearing of phulkaris were all the rites connected with were all the rites connected with marriage. The maternal grand-mother, "Nani", used to embroi-der the bride's chope. This differs from the bagh and phulkari, being made with a double running stitch, so that the design appears identical on both sides. The most suitable colour for the ground was a deep red and the embroidery was in golden-yellow silk thread. During the ceremony of churda, when the red-dyed ivory bangles are slipped onto the bride's hands the chope is draped about her by her Nani. The suber was a red phulkari with five flowers in the centre. A small border was also embroidered at the spot where the ghungat covers the head and face.

The all-over bagh, in goldenyellow work, was worn at the time of the doli and also annually, at the time of worship during Karva Chauth, when the wife prays for the long life of her husband.

The embroidery was done on hand-spun and handwoven cotton material—a khaddar—available either in white, maroon or blue, the colours used for embroidery being golden-yellow, white, pink, mehndi green and deep purple. The thread used was pure silk. It came from Kashmir and Afghanistan and was dyed in Amritsar and distributed to all the major markets. From there the travelling hawkers, with pack on back, would go the round of the distant villages, selling their wares and sharing the gossip of the town with the peasants.

The women embroidered the cloth with an ordinary needle and without the help of any sketches or patterns. They started working from one end and evolved the pattern as they went along. The embroidery, however, was always done on the wrong side—the pattern emerging on the reverse could only be guessed at by following the faint lines drawn by the silken thread. The stitch normally used was the long-and-short darning stitch, except in the case of the chope where it was the double running stitch, which brought out the same pattern on both sides.



"VARI DA BAGH" (Photographs by Ram Dhamija)

Today, all the embroidered shawls are known as phulkari. Earlier, only the simpler types which were prepared for common use in the house or to be given to the sample. the servants during a wedding, were so known. The choice, all-over embroidered pieces were known as bagh.

The bagh again has its variations. Vari da bagh presented by the bridegroom's mother to the bride; reshmi sheesha, silken mirror, a fine all-over embroidery, in white, so perfect that it is supposed to look like a mirror, satranga and to look like a mirror; satranga and pachranga, meaning seven coloured and five coloured; lahriya, the waves; dhoop chhaun, sunlight and shade, a combination of white and golden-yellow.

Each region also had its distinct style of embroidery.

The Hariana region had a style quite distinct from the usual phulkari. Here strict symmetry was not adhered to. Baghs were made, but not with the meticulous care of those of the Hazara district (now in West Pakistan). The patterns were bolder, freer and more imaginative. Designs were evolved and the motifs were an expression of the women's dreams and aspirations.

An interesting embroidered phulkari from Rohtak, reproduced here, has the pattern of a train running in the centre and the big doorways of a haveli (courtyard) on both sides. In the centre is embroidered a set of jewels that the woman has probably longed for and never been able to wear. The whole phulkari is alive with animals, birds and human forms taken from the surroundings.

Today, only the older women know the art of this embroidery. The younger women prefer to take the patterns from books and to show their skill in other stitches, such as herring-bone, cross stitch, Kashmeri taropa, cut work and shadow work, taught to them in Industrial Training Schools. The phulkari motifs have been adapted to make articles of everyday use, but in the adaptation the spirit of the original seems to have been lost. The Punjab Government has now opened a centre to revive these traditional embroideries. What is necessary is to make the Punjabi women proud of their heritage and to instil in them a desire to continue this craft which is so much an expression of the Punjabi temperament.

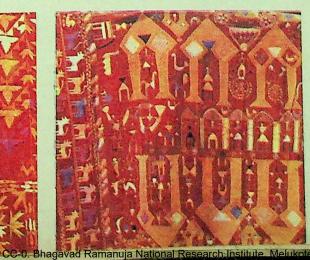
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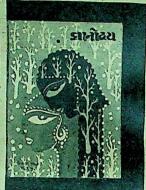
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"Why to court? Go right to hell! I couldn't care less, bawled Chandrayya from inside the

Of course, Chandrayya's whole attitude had trightened him somewhat, but, then, what was fear for his person before the huge loss to be incurred should he choose to leave the matter at that? Somehow, he fought off his own cowardice pulling him back and proceeded to town. There, he consulted an advocate and had a registered notice issued to Chandrayya.

"But now the threat yelled at him by Chandrayya came back to him and a tremor ran down his spine. For, with the issuing of the notice, his fears had become all the more. By the time he prepared to walk the distance back to the village, it was almost dark.

"The way to the village involved a walk of more than a mile along a kuchha road. When Surayya left the main road and took to this path, it was dark, very dark. He was unnerved by the prospect of having to walk the distance all alone. The various trees on both sides of the path looked like so many ghosts floating around with their hair flowing fiercely. His courage deserted him completely at this moment.

"Somehow, he pulled himself together and, reciting a prayer, braved his way forward. He had hardly walked a few yards when he reached a big pipal-tree. Suddenly, he heard a rustling sound from behind the shrub on his left.

"In a flash, some half-a-dozen hardy men pounced on Surayya—and among them he could recognise... Chandrayya. A number of lathis played on Surayya's bare scalp. He fell helpless to the ground and the men stood by his body. Chandrayya then caught hold of his neck and, fishing out his wallet, containing about twenty-five rupees, thrust it into his own pocket, saying: "Anyhow you have filed a suit, so I might as well keep this to bear part of the expenses."

"He then kicked Surayya brutally in the buttocks and ran off with his comrades."

THE news of the assault on Surayya spread like wildfire in the village. The whole place was soon astir with the sensational tidings of the incident. But nobody felt any tinge of sympathy for the wronged Surayya.

"Of course, his wife and daughter wept loud and long at finding him in such a condition. His wife's sorrow was limitless and, at last, finding no one to console her, she calmed herself stoically.

"The other banias in the village did not show their face during the night. They securely locked themselves up in their houses. After daybreak, however, they came out, in groups, to console Surayya.

"Throughout the night, sleep had eluded Surayya. He had kept thinking about the happenings of the day. He did not look at his wife and daughter wailing throughout the night. He did not even groan at the pain he felt from the thrashing he had received.

"His bania brethren now advised him: Look here, Surayya, we can't take this kind of humiliation lying down. We should file a criminal suit against that rogue, Chandrayya, and see the matter through."

"Surayya did not reply for a time. He sat quiet, twiddling his fingers. They took his silence for diffidence and said, encouragingly: No, Surayya. You don't have to be doubtful about the outcome of the suit. We'll certainly win the case."

eyes. Looking them in the face, he said, entured thusiastically: "Then it's all right! Let's raise among ourselves and file a suit against

"At this suggestion, the enthusiasm of his comrades suddenly vanished. They looked blankly at each other for a while. At last, one of them replied: 'Oh, that would be strange, manhandled, so it is for you to take revenge or leave the matter at that. Where do we come into the picture?'

"Surayya was enraged at these words. Forgetting his anguish for the moment, he sat up in his bed and said: Brothers, you must face facts. Did they thrash me—personally? No! They revenged themselves on the money with me. It obviously means they intend to take revenge on all the money lords in the village—on everybody who makes money by lending it on interest. If it were to thrash me only, Chandrayya alone could have finished the job. Why then did so many villagers join in the conspiracy? They have the capacity to manhandle us, and they have done so with one of us. But we have money enough to resist them, so let us join forces and teach them a lesson."

"But the Seths could not see any logic in this argument of Surayya. They felt certain that, following the shock of the attack, he had taken leave of his senses. So, one after the other, they quietly slipped out of the house.

"In the face of the advice of other friends, Surayya stuck to his point and refused to file a suit. I don't have to fritter away my money in a suit for these other rich guys to benefit,' he said.

"BUT Surayya's fate had taken a different turn from the moment Chandrayya had laid about at him, in blatant disregard of the law. We don't know which malevolent planet reigned at that inauspicious moment, but Surayya's downfall began from then on.

"Surayya's reluctance to bring Chandrayya to book, after having been so greatly humiliated by him, was something that came to be considered in the village to be a sign of the impotence of wealth. He became the butt of all and sundry in the place. His wealth which they had been dreading all the while, when it was known to be of no assistance to him in his hour of need, earned him only contempt. Elders as well as youngsters lost no time in getting their own back on him. They mocked him and sneered boisterously. The moment he came out of his house, a horde of persons would be on his heels (shouting excitedly: "Surayya's interest! Chandrayya's lath!" They would then burst into a loud, jeering cackle.

"Whenever Surayya went to collect the money due to him from one of his many debtors, the person he approached would reply: 'You've forgotten the kicks of Chandrayya, have you?' A few of them, more daring, would knock him on his head, twice, with their middle finger, saying: "This is your principal, this your interest!"

"As a result, Surayya was not able to collect a single pie back. All the money he had lent remained with his debtors, and soon he became a pitiable bankrupt. His son-in-law was rudely shocked by this state of affairs. His hopes of inheriting the property after Surayva's death were shattered. He did not, therefore, wish to have anything to do with an unprofitable commodity and, accordingly, drove his wife, Surayya's daughter, out.

"Surayya was now a wreck on all counts. His money reserves vanished as speedily as they had been accumulated. Of friends he had none to turn to—even his own son-in-law had turned against him. He could not face the sight of his wife and daughter trying to console each other unsuccessfully. He, now spent barely a few hours at home. He would hurriedly finish his meagre meal and hasten out of the house.

"For hours he would sit under the huge banyan-tree by the bund of the village tank, all by himself, flinging stone after stone into the placid waters. The gurgling ripples set in motion by the stones would fascinate his distraught mind. Time would thus roll on.

"But the vengeance of the villagers grew in proportion to Surayya's increasing helplessness and poverty. His losses resulted in a consequent gain in their strength, and they used it all the more ruthlessly to destroy the little that was left of him. They were not satisfied with wrecking him alone; their vengeance extended to his family, too.

"One day, when Surayya's daughter was grazing their buffaloes in the backyard of their house, four sturdy ruffians, who had been hiding behind a haystack there, pounced on her and committed on the spot an outrageous rape.

After their departure, the girl, exhausted and bleeding profusely, got up and walked a few yards—to fling herself into the well near by and kill herself.

"This tragedy was too much for Surayya's wife. She poured kerosene all over her person and burnt herself to death.

"That was not all. His enemies got the debts Surayya had incurred back by auctioning away his house to clear off his liabilities."

I HAD so far been listening to the story of the outrages perpetrated on a single helpless individual without interruption, but at this juncture felt impelled to ask: "And there was not a single human being in the village who thought of putting an end to these atrocities?"

"Fantastic as it may sound, there was not one person who so much as said it was wrong. Some told themselves that it was but just retribution for Surayya's earlier misdeeds. Others, who felt really pained at the overdose of persecution, had to suppress the pricks of their conscience lest the wrath of the village should turn towards them for their making bold to say a word in favour of Surayya.

"The wrecking of Surayya was now complete. All his money had gone. His daughter and wife had fallen innocent victims to the unreasonable scourge of public hatred. He was heartbroken. Whining like a dog badly bit, he roamed about the village for a few days.

"Slowly, his distraction of mind assumed the proportions of real madness. Now he eats only when someone takes pity on him and clandestinely offers him a morsel of food. He sits all day under the banyan-tree by the bund of the village tank, come rain or shine."

Surayya's strange behaviour with Venu a little while before was, however, still left unexplained. So I asked Venu: "But what is this business of stones?"

"Habit, have you not heard, is man's second nature. In fact, even after one's nature has undergone a mutation by the hammering of circumstances, habits cling on tenaciously. So it is with Surayya. The business of lending and collecting money has gone so deeply into his being he does these things even in his madness. Some of us take pity on him and play up to him, loth to hurt him in his present state."

Even as Venu was explaining, loud cries of "Surayya's interest, Chandrayya's lathi!" rent the air. Piercing through them was heard the pathetic, helpless groaning of Surayya. We rushed out of the house to see what was the matter.

Outside, in the street, Surayya was fleeing from his pursuers, panting for breath. The bundle of stones given by Venu was held securely in his hands. Chasing him came a pack of urchins, shouting excitedly and flinging stones at the wretch.

Suddenly, Surayya increased his speed and dashed away rapidly. He halted abruptly, in front of a house, looked at it for a while, and then turned left, towards a well.

The urchins had already been left far behind. Surayya now leant into the mouth of the well. The urchins stood motionless at a distance, the stones stuck in their palms. Venu and I saw what happened next, but did not know what to do about it.

Surayya peeped into the well for a while, and then turned towards the house. He looked at it intently for a moment. Suddenly, he brayed shrilly, like a factory siren, and jumped into the well, the bundle of stones in his hands.

A number of people rushed towards the well, but to no purpose. The heavy bundle of stones given by Venu inevitably dragged Surayya to the bottom of the well. His dead body was fetched out.

Later, on my way back home, Venu told me: "The house you see opposite the well there was once Surayya's. And the well is the same one into which his daughter flung herself."

(Translated by S. S. Prabhakar)

THE MAIDAN, overlooked by the Raja of Chamba's palace. (Photographs by author)

way to Dalhousie. Situated on a mountain spur, this bungalow provides an excellent view of the Ravi and of the town of Basohli. From this point there began a steep uphill climb which ended only at Banikhet. Here there was a pleaned only at Banikhet. Here there was a pleaned only at Banikhet. ended only at Banikhet. Here there was a pleasant meadow surrounded by a forest of pines From Banikhet we climbed again till we reached the outskirts of Dalhousie. The road to Chamba forks left at this point. The bridle road from Dalhousie to Chamba is, no doubt far more interesting, but we decided to go by car, taking the new road. This decision was dictated by our desire to economise time and to reach Chamba quickly. Moreover, my companions from distant parts would not have liked to have to walk to Chamba.

After we had descended a few miles, the smooth tarred road ceased to be in evidence. A narrow track, littered with loose stones, which were a menace to the car, soon made us regret our decision. At many places we had to get down to remove the stones and boulders out of the way of our car, which had a low clearance. As we gazed at the dreadful gorges and chasms falling away to our left, we were full of praise for our driver, Rasil Singh, who so skilfully negotiated many narrow corners. Now we were going down and down, ultimately to reach the level of the Ravi, which we crossed by a suspension bridge.

The sun had set and darkness was falling, and as we reached the Circuit House at Cham-ba, we breathed a sigh of relief that at last our

A Journey To Chamba In Search Of Paintings

AMED after a fair princess and reminiscent of a tree with fragrant flowers, Chamba evokes romantic feelings among people who admire this jewel of the Punjab Himalayas. A folk song from the hills tells us that "The lovely one feels at home in the mountains of Chamba, which are bathed in showers of rain." Situated in the bosom of the middle Himalayas, Chamba has preserved its identity inviolate through the long period of Muslim rule, when the plains were ravaged by fanatical hordes which poured into India from the mountain fastnesses of Central Asia and Afghanistan. It was once the seat of an ancient Hindu kingdom, founded in the middle of the 6th century, which continued its rule unaffected by the vicissitudes which overtook the kingdoms in the plains of Northern India, till it was absorbed in the Union territory of Himachal Pradesh in 1947, along with other feudal states of the Punjab Hills. On account of its remoteness, it has preserved its culture, along with its beautiful temples and ancient palaces. It gives us a glimpse of GADDI SHEPHERD

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by M. S. RANDHAWA

ancient Hindu India, in the North, in its pristine

In the last quarter of the 18th century, the Kangra style of painting, which had its birth at Haripur-Guler, reached Chamba, and young Raja Raj Singh (1764-1794) became its patron. The patronage of artists was continued by his successor, Jit Singh (1794-1808), and grandson, Charhat Singh (1808-1844). Most of the private collections of paintings from Chamba have been sold away to dealers and art-lovers from the plains, but Chamba is still fortunate in preserving a large collection in its Bhuri Singh Museum. For this we must mainly thank the efforts of the scholar-historian, Dr. J. P. Vogel, who lived at Chamba for many years, studying its history and archaeology. its history and archaeology.

Dr. Vogel advised the ruling prince, Bhuri Singh, to build a museum where, apart from sculptures, embroideries and carved woodwork, paintings from Chamba and the Kangra Valley could be displayed. Though substantial discoveries of new paintings were not to be expected here, the area having been systematically denuded of its art treasures by art-loving officials and others, still I felt that at least the Museum collection should be seen. No scholar had yet studied its paintings, and on that account alone a visit to Chamba seemed well worth while, despite its remoteness and the difficulties of access.

THE SMILE OF SPRING

An opportunity came my way in April, 1960, when my friends Mr. W. G. Archer and Dr. Mulk Raj Anand suggested a tour to the place. We were returning from our trip to Kangra, Mandi and Suket and were back in the Forest Rest-House at Nurpur. Leaving Nurpur early in the morning, we crossed the Chakki river and turned again towards the Himalayas. April is a very pleasant month in the lower hills. Nature puts on the smile of spring and the air is heavy with the fragrance of flowers. There are a number of orange groves in the foothills which exhale an exquisite fragrance. Even the barren rocks and mountains are covered with the adhatoda vasaka, whose white flowers are full of honey. Shrubby Easter trees are swathed with fragrant white blooms, and mauve and pink orchid-like sprays of blossoms burst from the mutilated dark branches of the kachnars.

There is one-way traffic on this road, and we spent some time at the rest-house at Don-era waiting for the downward vehicles to pass. We had our lunch at a small rest-house on the

dreadful journey was ended. The Circuit House was once the quarters of the British Resident and is now used by officials and important visitors. Its large rooms appeared gloomy and comfortless. The heavy curtains and dark-brown Victorian furniture further added to the gloom which pervaded the place. I thought of the cheerful modern buildings of Chandigarh, with their large glass windows which establish contact with nature and provide open views of the mountains. mountains.

After everybody had been allotted a room the dinner, which consisted of curried mutton, was brought in. The fatigue of the journey and its danger had given us a good appetite. When the lights were switched off and we prepared to go to bed it was with every anticipation of seeing some imperial ghosts in this sombre building. The rooms were still dark at 9 am. Sunshine is a rare commodity in Chamba, which is hemmed in by high hills on all sides. It is not before 10 a.m. that the sun can be seen, and by 3 p.m., or earlier, it disappears. We wondered why such heavy curtains had been provided to shut out the light, when the sun could be seen for so few hours. The only pleasant thing about the Circuit House was the wooden verandah at the back, from which the must of the river could be heard unceasingly.

We had allowed ourselves three days here, to see all the temples, the ancient palaces decorated with murals, the embroideries and far collections of miniatures, both private and public. The news of our arrival had already reached the ears of most of those who knew some ed the ears of most of those who knew some who possessed collections. Some years who possessed collections. Some years before had purchased a series of beautiful painting of the Krishna-Rukmini theme from Mr. Civil Singh, a retired officer of the Provincial Civil Singh, a retired officer of the Provincial Civil Singh, a retired officer of the women in these paintings indicated that artists from Guler must have migrated to Chamba from the court have migrated to Chamba from the court Raja Prakash Chand, who incidentally had Raja Prakash Chand, who incidentally had Raja Prakash Chand, who incidentally had painting we see him listening to music, whe painting we see him listening to music, whe had all the was hardly 16 years of age.

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The pictures so far shown us were adequate neither in number nor in quality to satisfy us for the trouble we had taken in visiting the locality, at so much risk to our car as well as to our own lives. While brooding over the impasse, I received a visitor who introduced himself as a retired tahsildar with an interest culturists, and for a while we discussed the problem of growing apples in Chamba.

"Where is your orchard," I aked.

"Fifteen miles from here. It is a flat piece of land, irrigated by a spring."

"Do any pests damage your crop?"

"The biggest pests are the schoolboys of the neighbouring, village. They are more des-tructive even than the monkeys. They prefer to sample the fruits when they are actually

"I have a collection of paintings to show you," said my visitor. "It belongs to a person who does not like to disclose his identity. Could you come to my house tomorrow at 10 a.m. for a cup of tea with us and see the pictures?"

I was delighted to receive this news and immediately informed my companions, who were no less excited at the prospect of seeing this collection of paintings. With what impatience we waited for the dawn of the morrow it would be hard to tell. Dr. Anand, meanwhile, had received an invitation from the local Government College for a talk on Indian Art. In this backwater of Chamba, where people of such experience and attainments are rare visitors, the lecture evoked considerable interest among the citizens. The only complaint we heard next morning was from an art-loving drawing master of the school, who said that the invitation for the lecture had been as severely restricted as if an atomic bomb were to be exploded. We all wished that the organisers had shown greater liberality in inviting people.

LEGENDARY ORIGINS

The town of Chamba derives its name from Champavati, a daughter of Raja Sahila Varman (920 A.D.). The ancient capital of the state was Brahmaur, earlier known as Brahmaura. Champavati happened to see the plateau on which the town now stands. A flat piece of land in the hills is indeed a rarity, and the Raja's daughter took a fancy to the site and asked her father to build a town upon it. But this piece of land had been earlier gifted to Brahmins, who were unwilling to part with it. Ultimately a deal was struck and the Raja agreed to give them eight copper coins in perpetuity on the occasion of every marriage in the family. On this condition the land was given and the town was built and named Champa, after Champavati. after Champavati.

Next arose the question of water supply. A kuhl was made from a neighbouring stream, but the water would not enter the channel. In those days the science of hydraulics was unknown and human sacrifices to propitiate the spirits of the water were common. Even to ensure the stability of forts, human beings were sacrificed and buried in the foundations. To propitiate the spirit of this stream the Brahmins advised that the Rani or her son be sacrificed. Accompanied by her maidens, the Rani willingly mounted to the spot where the water-course joined the main stream. There a grave was dug and she was buried alive. It is said that once the grave was filled, the water began to flow, and since then Chamba has had an abundant supply. In memory of the Rani, a temple was erected and a fair called the Suhi Mela, which is attended only by women and children, is held there in the month of March. Dressed in their best clothes, the women climb the steps to the shrine and sing songs in the Rani's praise. Rani's praise.

Another festival celebrated in Chamba is known as the festival of Minjar. It is held in traditional dress of gold brocade and preceded by drums and trumpets, was carried in procession across the maidan to inaugurate the fair. Now that the state no longer exists, we were told that the Deputy procession. There are no two opinions that an official is a rather poor substitute for the splendidly-clad Raja, who, apart from the prestige of his ancestry, was an impressive figure.

Moreover, the shoddy Western clothes worn by the officials wholly fail to create any such aura of grandeur as the citizens of Chamba have been accustomed to.

The people of the locality, in dress, language and appearance, are hardly distinguishable from the Punjabis of the plains. But refugees from the North-West Frontier Province, whose wooden stalls have disfigured the maidan, have brought with them a tradition of roughness which makes them stand out from the indigenous population. It is the gaddis, the shepherds of the Chamba hills, who lend character to the town. Their kilted men with coils of black rope around the waist and handsome women laden with silver ornaments and necklaces of amber beads appear very quaint indeed.

The temples of the ancient capital are noble specimens of Hindu temple architecture. The temple of Vishnu, or Lakshminarayana, was built by Sahila Varman. The marble for the images was brought from the Vindhya mountains. Sahila Varman is still remembered by the people of Chamba. The later part of his life he spent in retirement at Brahmaur, the ancient capital, in the company of his favourite teacher, Charpatnath.

PRINCELY PALACES

Like most hill capitals, Chamba has a large maidan. The town stands to the north of this and rises in a series of tiers. The most outstanding buildings are the palaces of the Raja. Of these the Rang Mahal, which looks like a feudal castle. with towers at either side, is undoubtedly the most interesting. When French visited Chamba in 1931, he could not go inside, because a Rani was living there. There is one room whose walls are painted with murals depicting episodes from the Ramayana and the Bhagavata Purana in bright red and blue.

Some of the verandahs are also adorned with murals, which have unfortunately fallen victim to the vandalism of the cottage industries enthusiasts who had installed their handlooms there and have recklessly damaged a nomber of paintings. Beautifully decorated rooms which would have been preserved as national monuments in other countries have thus been damaged through neglect. The roof of the room which contains the best murals is leaking badly, and to judge by present auspices there will be no trace left of the paintings in another few years. What the hand of man created with loving imagination and patient labour will be destroyed as a result of the apathy of our generation. It is surprising that all this should happen under a Government which has given so much encouragement to art and culture by establishing the several Akademis.

After examining the murals of the Rang Mahal and expressing regret and indignation at their sad condition, we decided to explore the town. There are a number of shops of goldsmiths, who manufacture jewellery which finds a ready sale with the hill women. Dr. Anandhas a special sympathy for goldsmiths, which he expresses volubly, claiming kinship with them. The goldsmiths, in their turn, were very happy to find such an eminent writer claiming connection with them, and as proof of their joy and satisfaction they sold him a beautiful brass image, which was indeed a work of art.

Next we saw the art treasures of the Bhuri Singh Museum. Apart from paintings from Kangra and Chamba, the Museum contains some remarkable pieces of carved woodwork from Bahmaur. Inscriptions on stone from springs and temples which Dr. Vogel had so painstakingly collected from remote places in the state are precious witnesses to the history of Chamba. I have nothing but praise for Vogel, who lived at Chamba for many years absorbed in patient research work on the history of the area. Others similarly placed would sorbed in patient research work on the history of the area. Others similarly placed would have found their existence dull and boring. The Museum building is of timber, and how far it was wise to place such priceless treasures in so combustible a structure is open to question. It seemed to us rather risky.

Chamba is well known in the hills for its beautiful women. They are mostly gaddis, whose ancestors migrated from Delhi and Lahore when Muslim rule was established there. I remembered my first visit to the town in 1928, when I was accompanying the late Professor

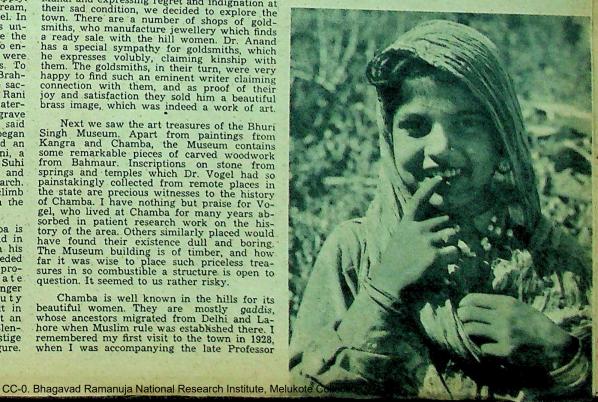
Shiv Ram Kashyap, with a party of students, on a botanical tour of the Himalayas. Before we entered the town the Professor warned us about the enchantresses of Chamba, and as we descended to the maidan, we did see some attractive specimens. A comely maiden carrying a brass pot on her head was hurrying back home from a spring. The photographer of our company, seeing so charming a subject for a picture, pointed the lens of his camera at her. On seeing the camera, she increased her speed and disappeared. My sympathy was with her, for the photographers who have begun to go to the hills, in large numbers, to collect pictures of hill beauties, have undoubtedly become a great pest.

On account of its remoteness Chamba, in its day, was an asylum for refugee princes from the neighbouring states. Raja Bir Singh of Nurpur, when he escaped from the tyranny of Ranjit Singh, sought refuge in the town, where he was seen by Vigne, the English traveller, who was the first European to visit it. In 1835, Vigne was favourably impressed with the outlying villages. He writes, "The village houses were whitewashed and thatched, with a neatness that would not have disgraced those of England; thick topes or clumps of mango trees were plentiful among them; and the whole aspect of the country told favourably of the Raja's Government."

The Raja at that time was Charhat Singh. Vigne, who was a painter, requested the ruler to allow him to paint his portrait. Vigne states that the Raja agreed, sat like a statue and was finally so pleased with his likeness that he was obliged to present it to him. Next he turned his attention to Raja Bir Singh. Vigne writes, "After I had succeeded tolerably with poor Bir Singh, I handed the drawing to Charhat Singh for his inspection, who upon seeing the long, melancholy face of his Quixote-looking brother-in-law portrayed upon paper, was wholly unable to check a disposition to laughter and burst into a long-continued chuckle, in which all regard for Oriental gravity and decorum was quite forgetten."

We decided to return by the bridle-road which passes through Khajiar and Dalhousie. After a stiff climb we reached an altitude of 6,000 ft. and had an excellent view of the town of Chamba, with its whitewashed houses and glittering corrugated roofs. Surrounded by a grand forest of cedars, the beautiful meadow of Khajiar is undoubtedly one of the most charming spots in the Himalayas. In the centre is a small lake with a floating island and at one side a quaint-looking temple. Passing through a grand forest of cedars and firs, we finally reached Dalhousie, whence we motored down to the plains again. We were happy to have seen Chamba and its art collections.

GADDI MAIDEN

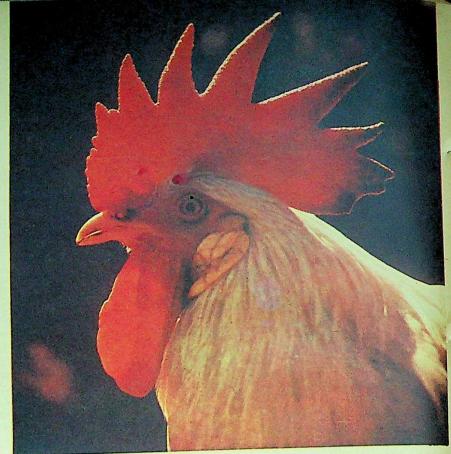




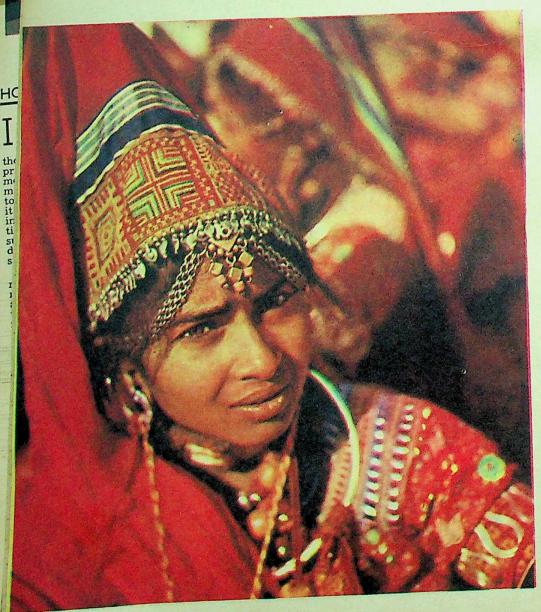
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PHOTOGRAPHERS OF INDIA - 19

T. NARINDRA PAUL SINGH



COCK



RUSTIC FINERY



LANTERN IN THE SKY!

A FTER learning the fundamentals of exposure and composition, a photographer with the feel for his medium and seized with the desire to create, not merely to record, a scene finds that art demands not so much a knowledge of rules as a provocative mind, capable of surmounting the limits imposed by the text-books. Thus, to obtain anything new with the camera, one has to discard the cliches of convention and break the very rules that one has assiduously studied.

Outwardly, Narindra Paul Singh does not look a rebel. But, talking to him, it is clear that he has the necessary artistic

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My Husband Hates Suspense-2

A LONDON studio at last had given Hitch a chance to be a full director of a picture. He had chosen the story himself—a bone-chilling little yarn about a rooming-house in which the lodgers begin gradually to suspect that one of them is an insane killer.

In that picture Hitch did everything he'd always wanted to do. He'd never liked title-cards, for example. He thought they made films slow and unreal, and in this one—even though it was a silent—he used as few cards as possible. Instead, he showed clocks and calendars and newspaper headlines to give facts without ever stopping the action.

When he had finished the film, it was quite unlike any picture that had ever been made, and he could hardly wait to hear what the officials at the studio would say about it.

But, when the day dawned for them to see it, he couldn't force himself to go to the studio while the film was being screened. It was the most suspenseful day in his life—and the most miserable one. I remember that before and during the screening Hitch and I walked about the city aimlessly—seeing nothing and saying nothing—for several hours.

Suddenly Hitch stopped and looked at his watch. "They've seen it!" he said. "Let's go back." He found a taxi, and we sped to the studio. We hurried up the stairs and into the production room.

There was no need even to ask the question. We looked silently around the circle of faces and read the word "awful" before anyone spoke it. The film was put into a can and up on a shelf. Alfred Hitchcock's career as director seemed to be over before it had begun.

There's a happy ending to the story, of course. For months the picture gathered dust. And then, simply because a great deal of money had been spent in making it, it was released—apologetically—to a few obscure London cinemas. The public saw it, and word got around. Within a year The Lodger (for that was the picture's title) was being called the best British film that had ever been made.

I'VE often wondered if a great deal of Hitch's dread of suspense doesn't date from the unhappy day when we walked the streets of London. I know that ever since then his reaction to the suspense he cannot avoid has been to rush outside and start walking.

Take the day the baby was born. We had been married two years and were living in an apartment in London. I was having the baby at home, as many women to be taking a long time. Or perhaps they all seem that way.

I could hear Hitch pacing to and fro in the living-room in accepted father-to-be fashion, and then I heard the front door open and close, and I knew that he had fled by ALMA HITCHCOCK

He was gone a long time and, when he came back, I had a daughter for him, and he had a bracelet for me. "Here," he said, holding it up. "I had to find some excuse to go for a walk."

"It's beautiful!" I said, really meaning it. "But you didn't have to go out. I wasn't really feeling bad at all."

"I know you weren't, dear," he said, blandly. "But consider my suffering. I nearly died of the suspense."

OUR daughter, Patricia, was 10 when Hitch was invited to go to the United States to make pictures. Friends in Britain warned us that not even Hitch could keep his calm in Hollywood. "It's a mad scramble out there," they told us. "Everything depends on proving you're a success. You'll have to have a huge house. And, if you don't move to a better one every few years, people will think you're slipping."

We didn't believe them. The first thing we did, after Hitch had decided that he liked the work, was to go house-hunting. Almost immediately I saw the house that I wanted. It was a charming onestorey ranch model, much smaller than its neighbours, and I loved it on sight. But, when Hitch heard the price, he shook his head sadly and said we could never afford it. And that, I thought, was that.

I was still house-hunting when my birthday rolled around. In our house we give birthday gifts first thing in the morning. It's Hitch idea—to avoid the suspense of waiting and wondering till dinner-time. This particular morning he woke me even earlier than usual and placed a small box in my hands. I opened it a bit sleepily and drew out a simple black handbag. A lovely bag, really, but I wondered why it couldn't have waited at least until the sun was up. I turned it over in my hands, trying to summon up a little pre-dawn enthusiasm, and unsnapped the clasp. Inside was a gold-plated key to the house I'd loved.

That was fifteen years ago. We moved in right away, and we've lived there ever since.

We have a friend who has a big car and a big house and a big film contract, but he's still living in a frenzy of suspense, because he hasn't yet got into the big club he wants to join. If I were to ask him what is the one most important thing in his life, I don't think he could tell me. Hitch's formula for peace of mind concerns exactly that: Discover the one thing that matters—and skip the rest.

Hitch discovered years ago that the one place he really most enjoys is home. So, when he's not working, that's where you'll find him. He belongs to no clubs, indulges in no sports of any kind, spends all his vacations at home.

True to his formula, he can even tell you which is the most important room in

the house. The kitchen, of course! I spend fully half of every day there. It's not that we have a great many guests for meals. Lord Mayor's procession or no, I still don't like to cook a company dinner. But I do love to cook for Hitch—and here I'll admit that I have unusual inspiration. No man ever loved good food more than he does.

His favourite dinner is a roast chicken and a boiled ham, served side by side on the table. A friend was watching me prepare this meal one afternoon and asked me how many guests we were expecting. "Just the two of us," I told her, and she stared at me as though I were mad.

Dinner at our house takes all evening. We've discovered, you see, that that's what we most want to do, so we spend the entire evening doing it.

A recent dinner was a case in point. In one of my fifty cook-books I'd found a roast-duck recipe that I wanted to try. At breakfast I'd discussed it with Hitch. (Really I would have liked to surprise him with it, but, of course, he can't bear the suspense of wondering all day what's for dinner.) By the time he came home from the studio at 6-30, the duck was smelling wonderful. He put on his apron and strung the beans while I set the kitchentable with a handmade linen cloth and our best silver. I got out thin-stem glasses, and we discussed which wine goes best with duck. Then we sat down to the soup course. We didn't hurry. We had the entire evening ahead of us.

AN hour and a half later Hitch set down his coffee cup, stood up with a sigh, and slipped on his apron again. Solemnly he filled the sink with water and sprinkled soap flakes into it. I couldn't help laughing.

"I don't know why you won't let me clean up," I said. "I really believe you loathe doing it."

"I do, my dear," he replied, with great dignity. "But I should equally loathe sitting back with a cigar and watching you do it. So, since I'm going to be uncomfortable anyway, I might as well be doing the dishes."

Sometimes, of course, we do go out to eat. Not long ago we went to a restaurant in Paris. It was an elegant place. There were chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, an orchestra playing softly at one end of the room, and a black-coated waiter hovering near our table. At last the waiter turned his back for a minute, and on a scrap of paper I jotted down what we had ordered. Hitch leaned across to me and whispered: "Won't this be fun at home!"

It was, too. A couple of weeks later we had the same meal on our kitchentable. We enjoyed it twice as much—even the souffle. Hitch watched it rise through the glass door in our new oven and never even swallowed hard.

(Concluded)

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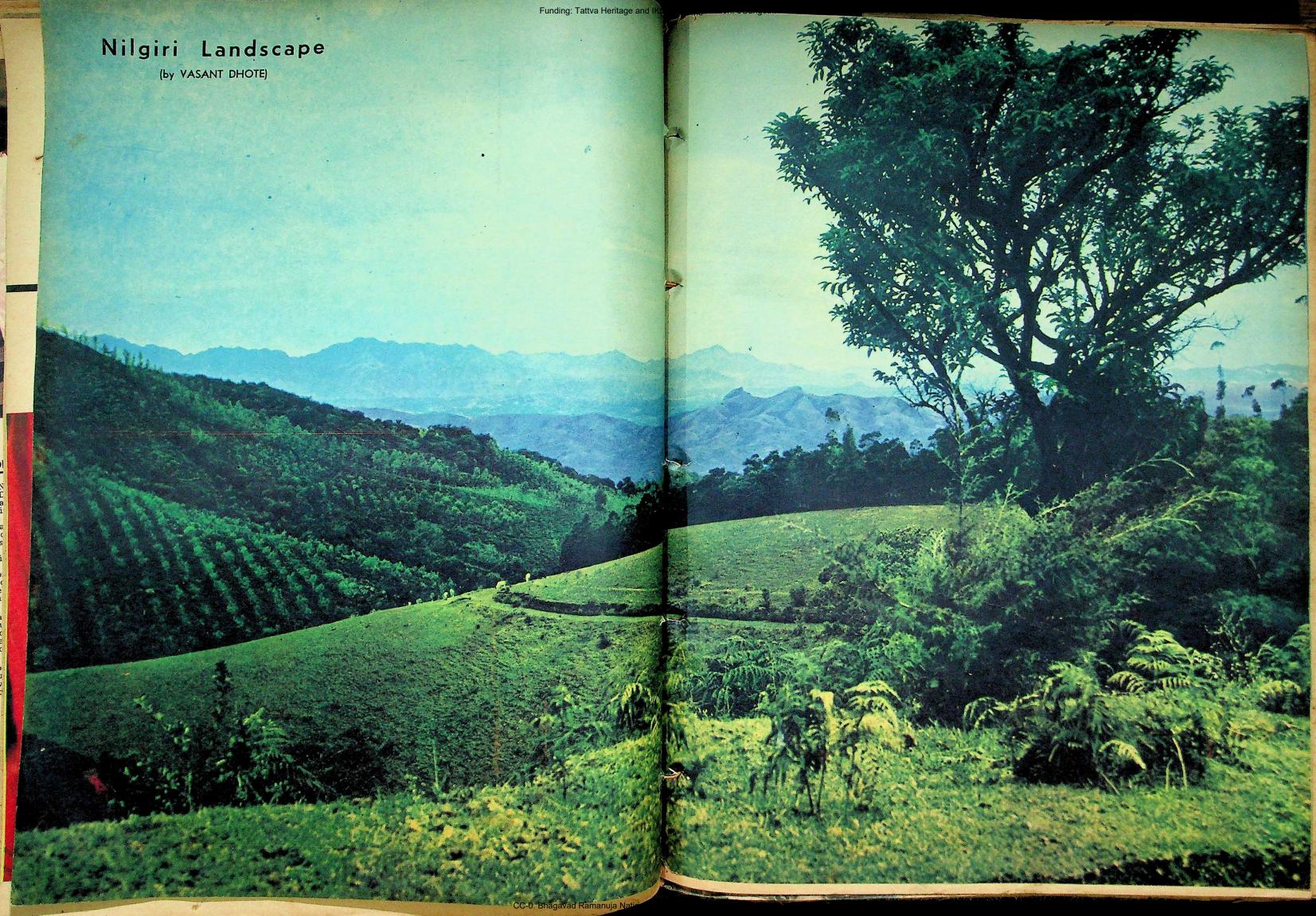
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HAT night no one slept easily. The wind moaned and writhed around the sandal-wood house. The lightning burst out as if consuming the hills. On the concentric zinc roofs of the verandahs the rain drummed bellicosely like an endless army of schoolboys. The ground everywhere was sodden like mango pulp.

At four o'clock in the morning Lakshmi arose to prepare breakfast for the members of the doomed mansion. She wasn't the first one up. Sambasivan was already dressed in his ceremonial clothes, rubbing his eyes and despondently flourishing his mace. Ernest was scraping the mud off his puttees.

"Where d'you suppose you've been?" Lakshmi asked Ernest.

"Stashing away the D.D.T. in the forest."

"Fat lot of good that is. If you've got any spare time you might use it more intelligently. Try to think of some way of getting us out of this mess."

"I sneaked into the village, too," said Ernest. "I figured if we kidnapped Raman they couldn't do anything to us. But they must have figured it also. They've got him guarded like he was the Kohinoor diamond."

Sambasivan gave his mace a final twist of frustration. "I feel insecure with this. I think I'd better get my rifle."

He rummaged in the almirah and excavated a fearsome-looking gadget. Ernest stared at it open-mouthed.

"I've never seen anything like it. Did you put it together yourself?"

Sambasivan beamed. "How perceptive of you to infer that. It's another one of my multi-purpose projects. The barrel can be attached to a vacuum-cleaner; and with slight modifications it can play atonal music."

"But can you shoot anything with it?".

"That is a function of minor importance. The apparatus was designed for use during drill with the University Training Corps. I was a colonel in the U.T.C., you know."

A sigh of despair seeped into the steam of the coffee. They looked towards the door. It was Kubera. The smell of breakfast had awakened him, but now that he was awake he could no longer bear the thought of it.

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"Sit down," said Lakshmi. "It's a very long ascent to the hereafter. One might as well begin it on a full stomach."

"What do you think they will do to us?"
Kubera moaned.

"I really couldn't say," said Sambasivan. "But they can't fry us in butter since there isn't any left."

Kubera wrung his hands. "Do something. Assert your authority. Offer that bloodthirsty barber a fifty per cent. share in my enterprises."

"Come, come," said Sambasivan. "You're the financier type. Surely you've mastered crises like these before? Have you never had angry mobs bashing at your windows?"

"I usually climb into a chartered aero plane."

Ernest scowled penetratingly into the mist. "They're coming," he said, gulping his coffee down. "Tell them to take it easy. I haven't been able to load my camera yet."

THE figures began to assemble in the ashen light of the morning. The mists magnified and multiplied them so that the two hundred and ninety-nine seemed an army of two thousand. They advanced to the house irresolutely, as if there was no other way out. They were not fanatical but simply tired and trod upon. There had been no miracles so they were obliged to build a bonfire.

A more decisive person might have restored the crowd to its natural feeling for order, brought out its latent reluctance to destroy.

SYNOPSIS

After three years at Columbia University, New York, Nalini comes to Mudalur where her father Professor Sambasivan is spending his annual holiday with wife Lakshmi and young son Gopal. At the family's villa Hillview she interviews a number of young men who have come in response to her father's advertisement offering her in marriage. Among them are Visvakarman, the journalist and writer; Satyamurti, the orphan; Kalyanasundaram, the expert gathering material on arranged marriages; and Kubera, the cosmetics manufacturer who wants to commercialise the legendary mangoes growing on the top of Mudalur's Mahavir mountain. Upon the scene appears an American, the anti-malaria man Ernest Jones who too seeks the hand of Nalini whom he has already met in the U.S. At the wedding of Padma, Sambasivan's "treasury officer", Jones meets the inflammatory barber Raman who de-

velops an intense dislike for the foreigner. Later Nalini happens to go into the forest with Jones in his jeep. Three hours in the jungle with the foreigner is a difficult thing for Nalini to explain to her parents and her protests that "nothing happened" do not convince them. Nor are the villagers convinced, particularly Raman who burns with hatred for the American and his host, who, according to him, is the cause of the ruin of the village. Under his leadership a great crowd gathers to deal with the situation, but the suave Kubera persuades them first to go through the expedition to Mahavir mountain to gather the legendary mangoes. Guruswami, Hillview's caretaker, is chosen to lead the mountaineers. The expedition ends in disaster with Guruswami seriously injured. Raman is firmly convinced that the Professor and his family are responsible for all the happenings, and there is unrest again in the village...

by BALACHANDRA RAJAN

But Sambasivan appeared portly and incongruous in his ceremonial dhoti with his U.T.C. armament clutched in his left hand and a lady's umbrella nervously raised in his right. A hoot of derision greeted him. He recoiled from it as from a blow in the face.

"What have you come for?" he demanded, sadly.

"You are old," Raman said. "It is natural; that you should ask ridiculous questions. We have come to dispose of you and of those whose sins you have sheltered. We have come to cleanse Mudalur of your memory.'

"Because you have ruined us."

"But how?"

"It is unnecessary to underline the obvious."

"Sahib," an underlining voice said from the back, "our situation is desperate. We are cut off from everyone else. There is sickness in the village. The rain falls unceasingly. Our food has been destroyed and we are starving."

"That's the unvarnished truth."

"Disgraceful exploitation."

"Somebody ought to hang for it."

"But I had nothing to do with it."

"Nothing, he says. What about the mangogatherer?

"And the D.D.T.-fiend who sprays every-thing with indecency?"

"But they're only my guests and I didn't even invite them."

"Didn't invite them, eh? That's adding discourtesy to your other vices."

"He's guilty," Raman cried. "A host is patron to the sins of his visitors."

"The house is a cesspool of evil."

"Orgies in there and blasphemy up on the mountain."

Sambasivan had dropped his rifle. He opened his umbrella in an effort to ward off the storm. "I can't understand it," he said. "Summer after summer I've come back to help you. All that I am is bound up in this village. How can you turn against me? How can two days make nonsense of thirty-two years?"

"Sahib," a voice said, "it is as you say: you have been a father to us. When all goes wrong who else is there to blame?"

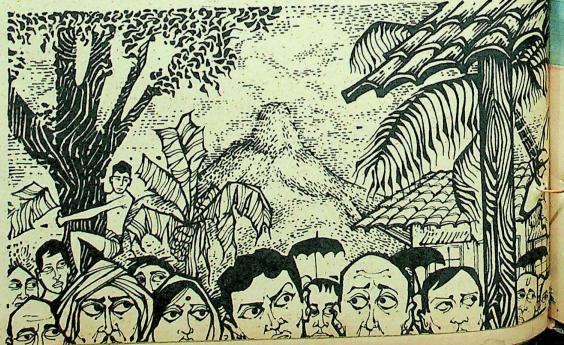
"Will you surrender quietly?" Raman ask-

Nalini pushed her way to the front. "Leave my poor father alone, you wretched people."

"Don't want your fun to be ended, eh?"

"I'm not going to argue," she said. "While the discussion has been going on I've been boiling a large urn of Kubera's cosmic tonic. The first man across the threshold is going to get served in the face."

Raman glared. "I'll hold you responsible for any violence.



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"Once I to at midday," he first lessons in day I read in a not take picture the sky, as odd spoil the shot. I during those ye reigner.
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NAGALAND CALLING

unrest that prompts his mind to experiment boldly and refuse to accept restrictions without questioning their validity.

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eople." eh?"

> "Once I took a photograph of a cock midday," he remarked, talking about his first lessons in photography. "The same day I read in a magazine that one should not take pictures when the sun is high in the sky, as odd and harsh shadows will spoil the shot. It was a practice with me during those years to show all my work

to T. Kasi Nath, under whom I learnt the artistic aspects of photography. Naturally I produced him that particular roll for his comments, but did not have the courage to bring out the picture which had broken the rule. A thorough taskmaster, he however found that one negative was missing, asked for it and, on examining it, pronounced it to be the most successful of the lot. And he was right, too. It has brought me several awards and has

been reproduced extensively."

The success story of any photographer always reveals a dedicated mind. T. Narindra Paul Singh has been hard at work in the field of photography for the past twelve years, achieving within a decade a high degree of success in salon exhibitions and with pictorial magazines, including photographic journals abroad.

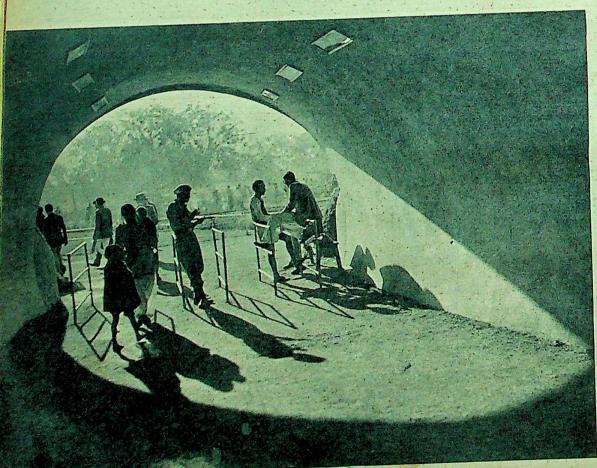
The camera has held him captive to (Please Turn Over)



THE LONE OARSMAN

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Narindra Paul Singh (CONTINUED)



its charms since the age of ten. Lacking a preceptor he experimented on his own but without any remarkable progress, till in 1950, he came in contact with T. Kas Nath (the well-known camera artist, whose work has been discussed in this series). Passing out of college, he joined the Delhi Polytechnic, where he studied sculpture, with photography as a subsidiary subject. In 1953 he claimed a Government of India cultural scholarship, and later embarked on a career as a free-lance photographer.

Narindra Paul Singh's meeting with Kasi Nath introduced him to the worked pictorial photography. Soon he was specialising in against-the-light shots, piece-de-resistance technique appreciate by all pictorialists. Ordinarily, one relief or values on the effect of light and shade on the heavy emphasis on composition, the triangles, the L-shapes and the moods on nature and humanity.

From pictorialism, Narindra pal Singh ventured into portraiture—one of the toughest of individual fields, practic to perfection by such masters as Karshall Halsman. His earlier training in sculptul helps him intuse into his portraits imaginative perspective which invests studies in this direction with the quality of real interpretation of a personality



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Devoted add trust this sophis incapable of ach for they have go to their own set tend to see three they equate soph obscurity or with They are mainly literary status qu is a story. Why straight and bea complex or ambig





SPOTTING THE WINNER. Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret study the card before the start of an event in the Badminton Horse Trials, an annual meet traditionally attended by the Royal Family.

The Royal Sisters



THE ARGUMENT is reasoned and friendly.



THE QUEEN takes up her camera as the race is about to start.

Window on Milling Hindi Writing

NEW TRENDS IN THE SHORT STORY

OR the past several months a whirlwind of articles has been blowing about the question of the "New Hindi Short Story". A large number of Hindi writers, both A large number of hind writers, both old and new, have made excited statements, often fierily barbed, though rarely fortified with dispassionate thought. The excitement has ranged from unrestrained anger to undeserved ridicule, from odious comparisons to malodorous insinuations, from a faithful acceptance of the "new" in Hindi story-writing to faithless dismissal of the same. Some old writers have half-heartedly welcomed the emergence of the new short story and praised its achievements, while some among the new have denied its very existence with a full-throated regret. A widespread suspicion of motives, a readiness to quibble and thus to misrepresent one another, an unnecessary tone of acrimony, an effort to lay down the law, a characteristically Indian reliance on lofty but vague generalisations—these are only some of the features of this interesting debate, at its worst. At its best, however, the sound and fury signify a necessary challenge to the old Establishment of Hindi writers, and as such deserve approba-

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start.

The challenge consists first of all in disputing some of the outworn conceptions with regard to a "good" short story: that it should have a well-knit plot; that it should work relentlessly up to a climax; that it should always and necessarily reflect an explicit social awareness; that it should be "healthy"; that it should "shock" the reader into some recognition; that its theme should be both unambiguous and "significant"; that it should appeal to the "common reader"; and so on. Most of these so-called prerequisites of a good short story have been gradually shedding their rigid connotations and acquiring new meanings, and in any case they appear now in more sophisticated forms and combinations.

Devoted adherents of the old pattern mistrust this sophistication; quite often they are incapable of achieving it in their own writing, for they have grown irredeemably accustomed to their own set views of reality, which they tend to see through outmoded lenses. Hence they equate sophistication with "unnecessary" obscurity or with "unpardonable" eccentricity. They are mainly interested in maintaining the literary status quo. For them a story is a story is a story. Why should it deviate from the straight and beaten track? Why should it be omplex or ambiguous? Why should it demand

any extra effort of the "common reader"? Why must it be new? Why can't it remain content-

These are good old questions that have been raised in opposition to every new literary movement, here and elsewhere. Fortunately they have seldom succeeded in stemming the current of any genuine literary renewal that has been caused by an authentic imaginative grasp of, and response to, the various changes in society, thought and sensibility. Of course, apart from embroiling itself in inevitable polemical bouts, such a movement must also prove itself through impressive creative manifestations. Only then will mistrust and opposition become ineffectual, if not utterly

There are some hopeful signs of the emergence of such a new movement in the field of the Hindi short story. One cannot say that it has yet got into its full swing. There are still reservations and uncertainties, especially in the critical articulateness of the protagonists of the new short story. There is the inhibiting fact of respect for dignified age and established reputations. There is the usual fear of being accused of presumptuousness, even of upstartness, besides the fear of isolation from one's readers, most of whom are "common" with a vengeance. In other words, the new Hindi short story has yet to create the taste by which it hopes to be judged. Most of the professional critics are either silent or quite untrained in the art of critical reading. They still apply old yardsticks and look for the time-worn tricks. So the emergent movement has to depend upon its own energies, which is of course as it should be.

IT is too early as well as indiscreet to seek to freeze the developing characteristics of the new short story in anything resembling a definition. Its variety and vitality would defy such a deadening attempt. Some of the participants in the above-mentioned discussion have tried to silence all "rumours" about the emergence of the new short story by posing several "examinationistic" questions such as this: What are the main characteristics of the so-called new short story? Marks will be given in proportion to the dogmatic clarity of the answers, and all ambiguities will mean discredit to the examinee! It is true that several literary movements have been heralded by "Prefaces" and "Manifestos". Perhaps, the new short story in Hindi has not yet developed to such an urgent stage of articulacy. Or, perhaps, it is not necessary that every new movement should be aware of its chief directions, and even purposes, so as to proclaim itself in unequivocal terms from its very outset. TT is too early as well as indiscreet to seek to

We can at best talk of trends at this stage. We can at best talk of trends at this stage. One major trend in the new short story is a conscious effort to avoid sentimentality. Sentimentality, it must be said, has been an outstanding feature of several celebrated Hindi writers, including Prem Chand. To mention Prem Chand in this way amounts to arousing a nest of Hindi hornets. Several devout followers of Prem Chand have always justified their ers of Prem Chand have always justified their own sentimental stuff by invoking the master. But they have not learnt the real lesson of the

master, exemplified in his best writings, in which he is least sentimental. The volume of this writing is of course small, but that alone will eventually survive.

The new writer mistrusts sentimentality, because of a genuine fear of becoming superficial, of confining himself to a glimpse of only two sides of the medal. The proverbial medal may, in fact, have only two sides, but situations, human beings, human experience, life—these have more sides than two. Sentimentalism always simplifies things, sees only two colours—black and white. The new writer is keenly aware of the complexities of human experience, human problems, of the human psyche. In this awareness he has been aided, directly or through the general atmosphere of modern life, by the advances in fields other than writing. Hence his mistrust of sentimentality is quite well founded, urging him on in his quest for newness in form and style.

The new short story therefore tends to be more complex in its structure. The hackneyed, well-knit plot is not to the new writer's purpose. He has a more intricate system of knitting his incidents and insights into an eventual whole. The casual link between one event and another may not always be unmistakably visible. Superficially, his structure may look chaotic or undisciplined, but actually he has imposed a stricter and subtler discipline on his principles of organisation. Similarly, the old kind of climax is not always his main target. His effects are more cumulative and less obvious. He is not over-fond of springing either a surprise or a shock of recognition upon his reader. Hence there is an absence of melodramatic turns of events. The new writer is not aiming at reducing the reader to tears by the time he reaches his last sentence. He therefore does not rub things in. Nor does he seek to lend the weight of his own "authorial" voice in order to provide a direction to the reader. He relies on his suggestiveness and tries to achieve more and more refinement and indirection. and more refinement and indirection.

In his style there is a conscious effort to break with set diction. He tries to get rid of the jargon calculated to win stock responses. He exercises restraint, preferring specificity to "poetic" vagueness or lyrical ornamentation. By and large, he is more witty in his word combinations and coinages than his predecessors. His style is not always simple, because the experience that he tries to render is not always simple. But the difficulty does not proceed from huge words, it is more due to an effort at greater fidelity to his meaning, which is not always very cut and dried. is not always very cut and dried.

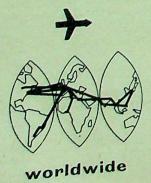
I have been able to indicate only some of the new trends in the Hindi short story. These trends, as I have said, have yet to gather full momentum. When they have done so, the Hindi short story will perhaps really have come of age. These trends, I may add, are "new" only in the context of the development made up till now by the Hindi short story. Virginia Woolf, for instance, discovered long ago that Mr. Bennett's way of dealing with Mrs. Brown was no longer acceptable to herself and her peers. The new Hindi writer made an analogous discovery only a few years ago, hence his excitement and the Messrs. Bennetts' resentment.

Those interested in the details of the controversy may see Nai Kahanian, Rajkamal Prakashan, Delhi, November 1961 to September 1962, and the Hindi Ajkal, Publications Division, Delhi, May 1962. I have avoided detailed allusions to the individual participants in the controversy, in view of the multi-lingual readership of this column.

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READING

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OOKS on the Soviet Union by Western historians, social analysts and political commentators keep pouring out of the publishing houses with such monotonous regularity that one wonders both at the prodigious industry of the scribes and at the avidity of the reading public. For the U.S.S.R. is no longer a dark enigma, a forbidden land waiting to be explored. In fact, over the last few years, "the iron curtain" has practically been rolled up, and though, here and there, Stalinist skeletons keep tumbling out of the old cupboards, Russia on the whole is an open book to read today. But the Soviet reality even now will not easily yield to a person who arrives on the scene with a payload of prejudice. It will confound even the most erudite Marxist pundit if, oblivious of the warm, living, changing patterns of life, he gets bogged down in cold abstractions.

Maurice Hindus, the celebrated author of Humanity Uprooted and Mother Russia is, however, uniquely placed on the East-West gangway and is, perhaps, better equip-ped and qualified to deal with the changing Soviet scene than most Sovietologists. An American citizen of Russian birth, he brings to bear upon the subject a mind that has gone Western and a heart that still retains its native Kulak mother-wit and warmth. No wonder his latest book, House Without A Roof (Gollancz, 30s.), is easily one of the most comprehensive and significant commentaries on the post-Stalin Russian scene. Here the brickbats are seldom gratuitous, and the bouquets rarely unwarranted.

Under Khrushchev, the Russian Revolution seems to have reached the age of reason. In fact, as the author tells us, the youthful extravagances and excesses are nearly gone. The Orwellian nightmare has already become a horrorcomic of the West. Nor is this new spirit of freedom and normalcy has already became this new comic of the West. Nor is this new spirit of freedom and normalcy confined to the creature existence of the Soviet people. The entire social reality appears to have been put on a new keel. Sartorial changes imitating Western modes, and jazz, swing and the twist, Teddy boys and Angry Young Men are but a few straws in the wind which are sweeping the "house with the swing which are sweeping the saft windus." are but a few straws in the wind which are sweeping the "house without a roof". But, as Hindus observes, it should be dangerous to jump to conclusions. There is no political revolution or counter-revolution anywhere near the horizon. The new Soviet man does raise "a voice of indignation against bureaucratic and managerial failings, but not against Kremlin ideology or Kremlin policy". On the other hand, free education up

to the highest level, cultural amenities, "a cradle-to-grave security", medical care and dissemination of scientific knowledge on a wide scale have of themselves "fostered loyalty to Kremlin rule", and basically the Soviet aims remain unphanged. unchanged. D. S. M.

Imperialist Days

MICHAEL Edwardes in Asia in the European Age narrates in Asia from its very beginnings in the late 15th century to the present day and attempts to assess its political consequences in the different countries overrun by it. Considering the vastness of Asia and the number and variety of countries and peoples whose history has to be presented and interpreted, Mr. Edwardes' task is a most difficult one. He has divided the period covered into two: 1492-1914 ("The Long Defeat") and 1914-55 ("The Great Awakening"). The author has had, inevitably, to be selective in the choice of facts to be narrated, and the history presented is not the continuous narrative of any one of the countries in these lands. The narrative thus gives the impression of being sketchy. Even so, Mr. Edwardes has succeeded in presenting a clear picture of the opening up of China and Japan in the nineteenth century, and of the rise of nationalism in India, Indonesia, Malaya, and Indo-China. MICHAEL Edwardes in Asia in

ism in India, Indonesia, Malaya, and Indo-China.

Mr. Edwardes' interpretation of the character and achievements of Western imperialism may be briefly noted. "Western colonialisation was neither a chain of crimes nor a chain of beneficence." European imperialism is "an extension of the spiritual, scientific, and material revolution that began in the West with the Renaissance". The initial stages of Western empires were largely concerned with trade, except in the case of the Portuguese Empire. Once begun, the march of European conquest was irresistible and the conquered land had neither the will nor the strength to resist its progress. The East's contacts with Western ideas was a by-product of empire, and the influence of these in reshaping Asian society and institutions, in spite of the long centuries of association, has been very slight. The dominance of Europe over Asia during the last four centuries and a half has not led to any real synthesis of Western ideas and Eastern traditions. Asia has adopted the external civilisation, but has not imbibed the spirit of Western political institutions. Mr. Edwardes writes: "The sterility of Asia's European age lay in the narrowness of European purpose and in the confusion and coldness of European ideas... Asia has taken to the material things of the Westernfor that is all that the westernfor the sterility of the spirit of the spirit of the propension of the confusion and coldness of European ideas... Asia has taken to the material things of the Westernfor that is all that the Westernfor that is all that the Westernfor that is all that the westernfor the spirit of the spirit of the spirit of the spirit of the propension of the confusion and the cadillac, the radio set and the electric shavenfor the spirit of th

seemed to have to offer after four hundred and fifty years of rule in Asia. It is a sad comment that only in one of the former colonial pos-sessions do the ideals of democracy still have some meaning, and even there the appeal may only be tem-

porary.

"But if imperialism has led as yet to no synthesis, it has initiated a revolution in Asia, the results of which will unfold themselves in the future. The retreat of imperialism in the period after World War I, has been followed by the advance of Communism. There was no legacy left behind by Western imperialism that enables former colonial territories either to face the challenge of Communism, or to solve any of their other problems."

Asia in the European Age (Asia.)

Asia in the European Age (Asia, Rs. 22) will certainly appeal to the general reader, if not to the specialist in history.

Reminiscences

Wan Wyck Brooks, the veteran American literary critic, completes his autobiography in From the Shadow of the Mountain (Dent, 35s.). Mr. Brooks has metalmost every writer of note over the past fifty years and has had intimate friendships with a colourful cross-section of America's most famous authors. There is scarcely a writer of any worth omitted from this rather turgid, diffuse volume, the overall effect of which is one of melancholy, for here is a parade of erstwhile celebrities, many of whom have long since been obliterated by the mists of time. Mr. Brooks, in his contacts with the illustrious, has some justification for name-droping, but his ubiquitous tendency to lavish quotation constantly nullifies the persuasion in his prose. He has been aptly termed "a populariser of other men's discoveries and thoughts". He alludes on one occasion to certain Europeans who "live on their emotional and interest on their emotional and interest on their emotional and interest on their emotional and the dividends are perceptible and the dividends are perceptible and the dividends are perceptible of others, that he has "said everything" (which Voltaire called "the secret of being a bore").

On the credit side there are some enlightening personal giants VAN Wyck Brooks, the veteran

On the credit side there are some enlightening personal glimp-ses of the American literary giants of the 'twenties and 'thirties, and a chapter of impressions of a visit to Ireland in 1951—in essence a literary pilgrimage—makes plaiterary pilgrimage—makes plasant, facile reading. A check of garrulity and formlessness would have made Mr. Brooks' reminiscences easier to absorb.

THE vagaries of a salesman's life have provided a theme for a number of American writers from Dreiser and Miller downwards. A salesman across the for lantic is patently a subject for serious a tain the traveller than an o

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Mr. Eps a marked the latter dazzle fad to overwh minutiae o a climax moved fro could be n instead of operator, he of greater background and his am manship co the best point spite of boredom, reasonably

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THOSE I must have towards a right from of the irres racy of som Men like Sa der and the were natura and difficult in observat the attempt (never min authors!)
greater trib truth and a lives of the have been! during whice was publish cantly it wa cantly it we that a numbooks by we tinctly sens their appear Jim Corbett reading the naturalist, thary, and he than the rev



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serious analysis, whereas in Britain the antics of the commercial traveller amount to little more than an outdated music-hall joke.

In his second novel, The Successor (Heinemann, 18s.), Seymour Epstein treats his salesman-hero, Ray Tolchin, with grim seriousness. This Jewish youth is physically attractive, quick-brained ruthless, a little lacking in integrity and a go-getter. His story—it is claimed for it—adds up to a "dazzling, cautionary tale of modern competitive society".

modern competitive society".

Mr. Epstein writes fluently, with a marked degree of competence. In the latter half of the narrative the dazzle fades a little and he tends to overwhelm the reader with the minutiae of salesmanship, rising to a climax of verbiage not far removed from a whimper. If Ray could be more of a downright cad, instead of being merely a slick operator, he would be a character of greater significance. His family background is adroitly portrayed and his amorous interludes—salesmanship comes first!—are possibly the best portions of a novel which, in spite of occasional pockmarks of boredom, remains readable and reasonably convincing.

On A Shikar

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THOSE really well acquainted with Indian shikar literature must have noticed a healthy trend towards a matter-of-fact style, right from its beginning, in spite of the irresponsible lack of accuracy of some of the earlier writers. Men like Sanderson, Dunbar Brander and the brothers Burton, who were naturalists at heart, set new and difficult standards of accuracy in observation and report, which later writers tried to live up to; the attempt at sensational thrillers (never mind the names of their authors!) fell flat—and what greater tribute to the traditions of truth and a real interest in "the lives of the hunted" could there have been! A rather barren period, during which no undoubted classic was published, followed—significantly it was during this period that a number of African shikar books by white hunters, of a distinctly sensational genre, made their appearance. And then came Jim Corbett. No one has enjoyed reading the books of this excellent naturalist, tiger-slayer extraordinary, and born raconteur, more than the reviewer, but his advent



E. E. CUMMINGS, prominent American poet, died recently at the age of 67.

did serve to revive the taste for suspense and melodrama in the literature. With the reading public of our rather mechanical age avid for man-eater thrillers, and very uncritical of them, publishers have found it lucrative to dress up his successors in the fallen and ill-fitting mantle of Corbett.

successors in the fallen and illfitting mantle of Corbett.

This dissertation is necessary in reviewing Augustus Somerville's
At Midnight Comes The Killer (Thacker Spink & Co., Calcutta, Rs. 8), because of the claim of the publishers, in the blurb on the dust-jacket, that the author (a modest and rather elusive sort of person who gives few clues to his identity, and who is willing to have pictures and accounts of other men's tigers in his book) is the authentic successor to Jim Corbett. Even the title is forced and theatrical, for as the author knows perfectly well, it is rarely that the killer comes at midnight. Ignore the title, remove the conveniently detachable jacket, and here is as enjoyable and varied an account of shikar and adventures in the jungles of north-eastern India as one could wish for, written from long, first-hand knowledge, actual encounters, and hearsay (carefully assayed). Augustus Somerville belongs stylistically to the pre-Corbett days, and even has an autobiographical bit by a man-eating tiger in this book, strongly reminiscent of Eardley Wilmot; he has drawn on a rich store of experience in writing this miscellany of the tigers and panthers (including some man-eaters) that he and others have shot, some quite close calls he has had in his hunting, jungle legends (his interest in mysteries and the supernatural is critical), a nd sound advice on shooting, skinning and the habits of wild animals.

M. K.

M. K.

Looking Ahead

A BUENOS AIRES newspaper, Clarin, recently published a series of articles by its editor, Mr. Roberto Noble, on different aspects of Argentina's future role, which have now been gathered together in this volume—Argentina, A World Power—(Arayu, Buenos Aires). During the next 25 years, provided the plans set out in the various chapters of the book are implemented, Argentina, in the eyes of the author, will definitely emerge as a world power. The present, with all its "darkness of contradiction, confusion and treason", poses a challenge. But the author is confident that Argentina will respond adequately.

"The battle of development," as he puts it, "must be fought on all fronts"; the priorities, in their order of importance for the country's economy, being steel, roads, transportation, coal, power, and petroleum and its by-products.

By 1985, Argentina, with an expected population of 65 million, 60,000 kilometres of paved roads, more than a 100 developed ports and harbours, 90,000 million kilowatts of electric power, 19 million tons of iron and steel as her annual production and an abundance of coal, will have turned Mr. Noble's "dream into a reality".

She will not march alone: the Latin American common market, first thought of in 1955, has already brought into its orbit seven countries in South America, as a prelude to the inclusion of the entire

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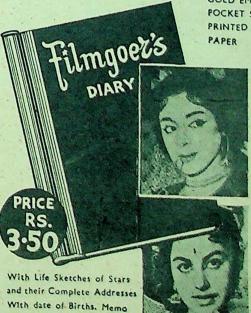
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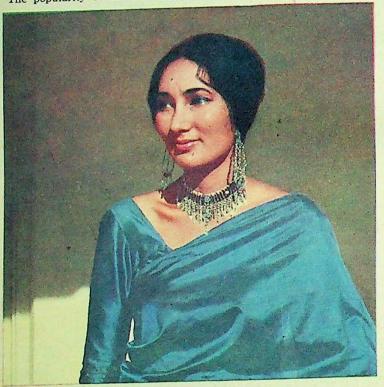
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HERE is perhaps no country in the world which has not been fascinated by the tender, moonlit lustre of silver. It has been termed a "friendly" metal because of its ductility, and its value has been acclaimed both in India and other countries. In its pure, refined form it is known as takya or tapiya-ki-chandi, phuldar chokla. In its alloyed form it is termed rupa and subara. The takya from Lucknow is the purest silver obtained in India.

The popularity of silver jewel-

set with pearls and diamonds, and nerupa and champakali, encrusted with precious stones, owe their origin of motifs to the inspiration of folk jewellery.

The sophisticated Moghul jewellery with its refined embellishments—the serpeah with its enamelled beauty, the karanpool jhu-murka with its stately elegance favoured by Moghul empresses, the guluband and bazuband, a glitter with gems, the phazeb and chaggal having flexible wires and chains interwoven in an intricate



THE SACRED STONE. An oxidised silver necklace set with turquoise which is said to have healing and protective qualities.

lery in India is evident from references made in the Ramayana and Mahabharata. The Manu Smriti also gives in great detail the ancient art of the silversmith describing the various methods of jewellery-making.

The practice of wearing jewellery among the Hindus developed according to the dictates of social custom, the types of ornaments to be worn being prescribed by a social code. While the primitive tribes, being forest folk, clung to ornaments made of leaves, feathers and cowries, the peasant selected silver and the Brahmin and Vaishya, gold. There was, however, no distinction as regard to patterns and motifs employed. We find that the ratnanjali and muktanjali, fashion with gungurus to produce a sweet tinkling noise, and even the pagoonchi reported to be designed by the talented Empress Nurjahan -all trace their shapes and forms to the rustic silver jewellery of the village.

Characteristic of Southern silver jewellery and silver vessels is an indigenous combination of the dragon and yali and the bird of Vishnu, garuda. In the extreme North and in the hills, silver jewellery is profusely studded with stenes such as the turquoise or coral, considered beneficial to the wearer.

Among the silver ornaments used by rustic women, the most widely employed have been the



TRADITIONAL DESIGN. Based on the old jhumurka pattern, this set comprises of matching necklace, earrings and bracelet. The filigree work offsets its heavy look to suit modern trends. (Photographs by T. L. Ramaswamy)

bhandani for the head, hansuli for the neck, pairi for the ankle, kara for the hands, bazuband for the arms, batesi, a type of wristlet worn from the wrist to the elbow, and karu, a broad bracelet and anklets, for the feet.

The one thing peculiar among the entire range of silver jewellery is its ornateness. Each ornament is the result of carving, hammering, etching, or some process involving a sense of design and technical skill. The silver filigree work of Cuttack reached its limits of delicacy and design at a very archaic period and the hands of children were required in order to manipulate the thread-like web or wire.

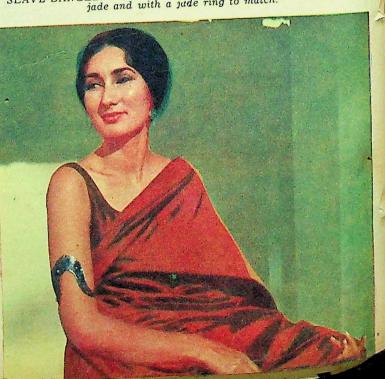
Silver ornaments are worn not only for adornment but for certain religious or superstitious reasons. In the North the bichwa, or

the toe-ring, must be worn by married women whose husband is alive. When a man marries a second time, the second wife has to wear a silver plate with the image of the first wife. A child is given an image of Sitala Devi to be worn round his neck to protect him from attacks of small-pox. Taviz (amulets), tiny boxes of silver containing a piece of paper, on which certain words are written to ward off evil, are worn by the rich and the poor alike.

Though silver was preferred in its pure form, today it is used in its alloyed form. Thus oxidised silver jewellery from the valleys of Kashmir, Kangra and Madanapalle is the latest fashion dictate. Jewellery is no more a measure of wealth, rather it is a reflection of taste.

DEVI KRISHNAN

SLAVE BANGLE. An armlet made of oxidised silver studded with jade and with a jude ring to match.



The Illustrated W

to realise that while a country teach others. The many countries their land-refor road-constructio surveyors and the engineers in can understand.

To get a po under way, new tion facilities ar be staffed, but th nurses' aids, me mechanics, and youth programm fessions.

One of the tries is the devel and effective mi which produces that the most did to the misfit can use and hard work. Wessential among are: are:

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to realise that development cannot stand still while a country trains some of its people to teach others. They also overlook the fact that many countries need specialists to supervise their land-reform programmes and dam- and surveyors and technicians who can read blue prints in order to translate the instructions of the engineers into terms the unskilled labourer can understand.

To get a popular community development inder way, new schools, libraries and sanitation facilities are necessary and will have to be staffed, but there is also an urgent need for nurses' aids, medical and dental technicians, mechanics, and people qualified to organise youth programmes, to name just a few pro-

One of the critical needs in many countries is the development of a thriving, growing and effective middle class. It is this segment which produces the future leaders of a nation, but the most difficult job facing the Peace Corps is that of recruiting the right people. One misfit can undo years of painful planning and hard work. What has been considered most essential among the personnel requirements

- 1. Dedication to the objectives of the programme
- 2. Willingness to serve in relatively primitive areas
 - 3. Adaptability.

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- 4. Physical fitness.
- 5. Emotional and political maturity.

Cne private agency, speaking from years of experience, points out that character comes first in a long line of necessary qualifications, including co-operativeness, respect for other persons, good health, proper training and experience. Another agency emphasised robust health and personal maturity and said that the two keys to success are the ability to "lead from behind", and a genuine interest in helping people "to grow". All these groups agreed that goodwill was not enough and that "eager beavers", after getting their hearts broken, would only return as cynics. The opinionated, argumentative individual, well known for his frequent back-slapping, makes about the worst possible volunteer, although in many parts of the world he happens to be the American stereotype. stereotype.

A training programme is only as good as the people who staff it, said Sargent Shriver, the man who has been put in charge of the Peace Corps by President Kennedy. He compared the new agency to a baseball team with the manager always ready and able to yank out a player before he ruins the game. The fewer misfits there are, the better the chances for the Peace Corps to succeed in its mission. Although the Peace Corps has accepted volunteer



Mrs. FREDERICK SLIGH, whose husband is an assistant programme officer with the U.S. International Cooperation Administration, teaches an English class at a Tehran orphanage, in Iran.

workers from religious organisations, three iron-clad rules have been set down for the participation by religious groups:

- a) No missionary work will be allowed on Peace Corps projects.
- b) No money will be given, if this re-leases church funds for missionary work.
- c) Personnel for Peace Corps projects must be accepted without regard to belief or lack of it.

The ideal volunteer is one who combines maturity with good judgment, has consideration for others, a spirit of co-operation in working as a member of a team, tolerance, tact and humility, and above all unlimited reserves of patience. Needless to say, he cannot have any prejudices of a racial, political, religious, class, or national nature.

Granting that private enterprise frequently comes up with new ideas, innovations and investments, which can bring progress over a wide range of activities, the issue of using voluntees fireaged by ties, the issue of using volunteers, financed by the Government, will demand careful examination and study. However, proper safeguards can be found to avoid exploitation and unfair competition. competition.

Additional objections, stemming from political and national considerations, will also have to be recognised. Some countries, having just ousted their Western colonial governors and administrators, may take a pride in running take a pride in running

their own affairs, and may find it humiliating to receive instructions; while other nations wishing to remain "neutral", may find it difficult to receive one group of volunteers from the West, without inviting an equal number from behind the Iron or the Bamboo Curtain.

But be such complications what they might, reports received indicate that countries which have inwited and accepted members of the Peace Corps are now asking for more. Ghana has requested teachers, electricians and plumbers; Burma, health workers, nurses and sanitation engineers; Tanganyika, geologists, civil engineers and surveyors, who can help local technicians map and construct roads; Nigeria and the Philippines have requested as many as 300 teachers; while India's Prime Minister Nehru has called for agricultural specialists.

Nehru has called for agricultural specialists.

In the first week of April, this year, 49 special students graduated from the Arizona State University. They could not wait for the regular June ceremonies, for by that time they were already to be treading the mountains of Colombia, helping farmers till the land and teaching South Americans to read and write their native Spanish. Other students will graduate from Texas Western College, located in a terrain much like Tanganyika, while still others will finish their courses at the Field Training Centre in Puerto Rico, 1,000 ft. above sea level, in a mountain range, or at the Natural Resources School, set up by the Government of Tanganyika for the study of Swahili, taught by Tanganyikan instructors. Living in tents, these students, exposed to spartan living, will develop an "inner discipline" which will help them to bring credit to themselves and the organisation they represent.

and the organisation they represent.

Though colonialism is rapidly fading from the world scene, the problems facing these new nations are tremendous. Lack of a strong and enlightened middle class has brought some of the emerging nations to the brink of chaos and, if not quickly remedied, threatens that extremists may exploit any further deterioration to advance their own causes. With half the world in poverty, hunger and disease, and over one-third of the people of Africa, Asia and Latin America illiterate, time cannot be wasted. As Mahatma Gandhi once said: "Food is the only way in which God can dare to appear to these millions," and the Peace Corps, with the support of all of those who can help, can greatly contribute to reduce hunger, sickness and illiteracy and to replace superstition with knowledge, leading to a better understanding among all peoples of the world.



AN AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL WORKER discusses the rice crop with a Burmese farmer



PEACOCKS



WOMEN PAINTERS OF INDIA-2

Devayani Krishna

EVAYANI KRISHNA'S early works were either in the impressionistic or expressionistic idiom; the themes were mostly mundane, and the medium was mainly oils. Later, a three-year solution in Sikkim excited her interest in Lamaist religious lore and for some time she specialised in painting masks of Buddhist gods are goddesses. This influence has percolated into her ceramics, batike, graphics and paintings. It is also of some interest to know that in gardening—in which she has an abiding interest—she prefers not to rear rose but has over 200 varieties of wild, weird and fantastically beautiful cach

Coming of a family of art-lovers, Devayani received her initial grounding in art at Indore and her advanced training in Bombay. She held her first individual exhibition in 1941. Since then she has displayed her work on several occasions in India and also in Europe, Afghanistan and Nepal.

Devayani has handled various mediums and shown competitive proficiency in all. Her batiks are noted for their sensitive colour schemes. In ceramics she has been experimenting with new forms and subdued shades. In etchings and graphics she has tried to make subdued shades. In etchings and graphics she has tried to make line throb with the inner meaning of the subject depicted.

At present, she is concentrating on drawings done in black and white Conte crayon and with a felt-point pen. Apart from lending the certain uniqueness to her work, this experiment has helped Devayar.

HOLY PEAKS

Krishna find a of lines. Simult space. In comporting first Shower", t vastness. Throug each other, typi point and elabo.

As she hers with a good deal the veil itself". 'tion. There are s





(8' x 5'), with sharp shooting lines and semicircular curves done with compressed charcoal. "Beethoven Turning Blind" is a strange phantasy in black and silver on a grey sheet. We know that the genius was deaf,

but the situation of his being denied sight is purely imaginary, intended to tackle a hypothetical problem. Devayani and her husband, the noted artist, Kanwal Krishna, have influenced and guided each other. But their artistic vision remains distinct and Daniel and School a tinct and Devayani's contribution is distinguished by her meaningful

NACHIKETA GOTAM

UNIVERSE

Krishna find a way to express the maximum of thought in a minimum of lines. Simultaneously, she also seeks to convey a sense of infinite space. In compositions such as "Two Flowers" and "Fragrance of the First Shower", the concentric circles and curves glide into an unlimited vastness. Through light and shade and centipede patterns running into each other, typical of the felt-point pen, the artist stresses the main point and elaborates subsidiary suggestions through fantastic forms.

As she herself says, her works are "just like a transparent veil with a good deal of visibility through it, provided one does not stop at the veil itself". These drawings are an outcome of intense contemplation. There are some quite large examples, such as "Abuse of Power"



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n the impresmostly munthree-year soious lore and dhist gods ark ramics, batiks, that in gardenot to rear roses beautiful cacti.

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wn competitive sensitive colou new forms and ed to make f ted.

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Y the way, have you heard of 'Kuchipudi'?" I address the question to my numerous visitors in a tone of casualness but in a spirit of challenge. "What does it suggest to you?" The replies I receive from these busybodies, pledged to national integration, make me feel most sceptical about the prospects of their idealism.

"Hold the stick: This is what 'Kuchipudi' means in my language," says a Tamil scholar.

"'Kuchipudi'? Is it the code word for a new scrip?" implores a Gujarati social worker. "Come, come!"

"I don't know what it means," admits a Marathi dramatist modestly. "I hear it mentioned too frequently in the cultural circles of Bombay these days."

"Pardon my ignorance," confesses a Goan musician. "Has the word got anything to do with pudding? It sounds delicious anyway."

"'Kuchipudi'! I seem to be familiar with the word," rattles off a Sindhi pro-

A Visit

fessor. "Is it not the name of a new Japanese transistor?"

"'Kuchipudi' is the Madrasi word for minced meat, isn't it?" asks a Punjabi civil servant.

"Kuchipudi toys are made in Kerala and are in great demand in Europe and America," maintains a Rajasthani promoter of Indian handicrafts.

"Kuchipudi represents the female version of Kathakali." explains a Malayali journalist. "Every village in Mysore still preserves it."

"Kuchipudi is the abode of aboriginal Andhra dances," asserts a Bengali poet. "The performers are more African than Indian in their abandon and impetuosity. I



"The abandon and artistry with which he dances... without spilling a drop of water from the pot on his head..."



Young artistes and their dedicated master, Pasumarti Venugopalakrishna Sarma, at the Siddhendra Yogi Kalakshetram at Kuchipudi. The institution is named after the earliest Siddhendra Yogi Kalakshetram at Kuchipudi Artisht—facing page—pupils attent-known authority on the Kuchipudi dance-drama. At right—facing page—pupils attent-known authority watch a performance. (Photographs by Nandgopal)

To Kuchipudi

by A. S. RAMAN

have seen them in action in Delhi during the folk-dance festival."

"Kuchipudi! Oh, there is nothing in this grossly exaggerated dance," declares an Andhra actor from Rayalaseema, derisively. "It is too crude and loud. The Koya, Banjara and other tribal dances of Andhra Pradesh are comparatively refined."

THE name Kuchipudi derives not, as is popularly but erroneously believed, from Kuchelapuram, but from Kuseelavapuri, which literally means "the village of actors". The Sanskrit word kuseelava gradually assumed the Telugu form koocheelu. Even now in the Andhra villages the expression "Koochigallu vachharu" ("the wandering players have arrived") is in vogue.

Kuchipudi is a village you will not find on any map-not even, perhaps, on the map of the Krishna district of Andhra Pradesh, where this inconspicuous-looking ensemble of huts with a population of 1,500 is located. But the name occurs in the programme of every recital of classical South Indian dances, and it has become almost imperative that exponents of Bharata Natyam include Kuchipudi numbers in their repertoires. Among them can be found even such dancers as do not know a word of Telugu. The indications are that the Kuchipudi dance enjoys a nationwide prestige and popularity and will soon establish itself as a product of tradition and technique as pure and plastic as those of

Pharata Natyam and Kathakali. But who are the custodians of this heritage? How congenial is the atmosphere in which it is being preserved? It was Rukmini Devi who in the early 'thirties resuscitated Bharata Natyam and later enshrined it in her Kalakshetra. Similarly, but for Vallathol's lifelong mission to popularise it, Kathakali would not have been as widely known as it is today. His Kalamandalam is one of the centres of pilgrimage in Kerala. As for the Kuchipudi dance, the task of popularisation has been particularly difficult partly because of the unfamiliar language and partly on account of the naive and unsophisticated isolationism of the artiste themselves—who wish to be left alone. dancer ignorant of Telugu or Sanskri however well-intentioned, can never adop the Kuchipudi medium. For the language is of vital significance in all Kuchipud compositions.

How do I reach the village of Kuchi pudi? I can go there, it appears, either from Vijayavada, a distance of 34 miles, of from Masulipatnam (16 miles). But, since I have no access to Masulipatnam excer from Vijayavada, I had better forget about Masulipatnam for the present. The Vijay vada-Masulipatnam road, with palm tre and paddy fields on either side, is in cellent condition and the drive, particularly larly before sunrise, is one of the fe pleasures that Vijayavada, a town mo neglected by God than by man, affor the motorist. At the 28th mile we we right and follow the Masulipatnam Age lur road. The village is now six me way and ahead lie the familiar vignet Sentemo

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DMIRE are leg viable creation edition of (Constable, 2 in 1918 and between 1919 and new reac nutmeg of pl a special int 1960 by Wale ironical and to show how the refinemen

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WEEK'S





READING

Chinese Poems

DMIRERS of Arthur Waley are legion—he has set enviable standards of "transcreation"—and the latest edition of 170 Chinese Poems (Constable, 21s.), first published in 1918 and reprinted ten times between 1919-47, will delight old and new readers. The volume is a nutmeg of pleasures and contains a special introduction written in 1960 by Waley, whose pure, gently ironical and humorous prose goes to show how far he has accepted the refinements of Chinese culture.

the refinements of Chinese culture.

The whole thing happened as an accident, of course. Young Waley worked in the print room of the British Museum and, "simply to escape from German bookplates", asked to become assistant to Laurence Binyon, head of the Oriental Section (and, incidentally, translator of Shakuntala). Waley then knew no Japanese and less Chinese, but began to learn the languages in order to be able to do the work. An old missionary he consulted regarding Chinese "were very weak in that line", but Waley persevered. The Omega Workshop, run by Roger Fry, did not think Chinese translated poetry would sell, so Waley brought out 40 short poems with his own money bound "in some spare wallpaper". Referring to the couplet,

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The hundred rivers eastward travel to the ocean;

Never shall they turn back again to the West,

Professor Bateson, "a cultivated and benevolent man," remarked: "I don't need a Chinese poet to tell me that rivers don't turn back in their courses"—a snooty reaction typical of many others.

typical of many others.

In 1917, however, on Logan Pearsall Smith's recommendation ("a strange and wonderful experience to read the translations") Constable published the now famous Hundred and Seventy. But the hostility persisted—at a party Edward Shanks, the poet and critic refused to be introduced to Waley, saying, "That man has done more harm to English poetry than anyone else" Waley explains in his, introduction that his "free verse" (a kind of sprung rhythm, he adds, invented by him long before Hopkins's poems were published) and rhymelessness have apparently made him a number of enemies among the "orthodox" poets.

Who cares! The magic and deli-

Who cares! The magic and delicacy and truth of these poems have survived. For instance, the poignancy of the poem by Liu Hsun's wife (3rd century A.D.) because he sent her to her home—he had fallen in love with a girl of the Ssuma family:

Flap, flap, you curtain in front of our bed!

hung you there to screen us from the light of day.

I brought you with me when I left my father's house;

Now I am taking you back with me again.

I will fold you up and lay you flat in your box.

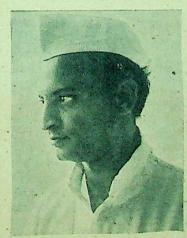
Curtain, shall I ever take you out again?

These exquisite poems, about the going hence of men and their coming hither, expressing the artless wisdom of a great civilisation and enshrining the responses of mature sensibilities, need no recommendation. Not to have read them is to be so much the less human, so much the less wise.

"Absurd" Theatre

THE Theatre of the Absurd—as generated by Ionesco, Beckett and Adamov over the past decade—has produced a crop of lesser practitioners within the last year or two. In England, Harold Pinter alone has imbibed its influence to advantage and has become a major dramatist with a high sense of entertainment and theatrical values. In America, Edward Albee comes close upon his heels. His volume The Zoo Story and other plays (Cape, 18s.) reveals an original and vigorous talent, with strong echoes of Ionescu (to whom he admits his debt). But, as with Pinter, there is something forceful and understandable here. and understandable here.

Of the four plays, The Zoo Story (successfully produced in Germany, England and America) is the most interesting; it has stark terror, pathos and beauty of expression. The American Dream and The Death of Bessie Smith are less impressive, though experimentally intriguing. On the other hand, the shortest play, The Sandbox (14 minutes acting time), is an entirely successful entity, combining poetry, humour and horror in an poetry, humour and horror in an unforgettable manner.



RANGEYA RAGHAV (39) Dr. RANGEYA RAGHAV (39), noted Hindi author, died recently in Bombay. He had translated every play of Shakespeare and had 130 books to his credit, some of them claiming State awards in Uttar Pradesh and Rajasthan. Drama groups in India should find Mr. Albel's The Zoo Story and The Sandbox very well worth while for their schedules. Both plays, with skilled, imaginative direction, should captivate audiences as Harold Pinter's The Caretaker has so effectively done.

Amateurish

WHEN one comes across a play with the extraordinary title Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's hung you in the closet and I'm feelin' so sad, one is naturally somewhat taken aback. The dramatist, a 24-year-old American, Arthur Kopit, describes this worthless piece as a "pseudoclassical tragifarce in a bastard French tradition". Strangely enough Oh Dad, etc. has had two brief productions in New York and London, and Methuen & Co. now publish it in an acting edition (4s. 6d.).

This amateurish work has a Havana setting and includes two nebulous characters named Madam Rosepettle and Commodore Roseabove. Mr. Kopit has obviously wandered deeply but unrewardingly into the mists of Beckett and Ionesco and has endeavoured to go even further into the fog of unintelligibility. The result is a rigmarole—presumably intended to be hilarious—devoid of any theatrical insight. The threadbare dialogue is insipid throughout and the characters grimly debilitating in their absurdity. That such poor fare should receive serious consideration from a producer and a publisher is sadly indicative of the poverty prevalent in the contemporary Western theatre.

S. M.

Period Tales

THE Toys of Princes by Ghis-THE Toys of Princes by Ghislain de Diesbach (Chapman & Hall, 16s.), a collection of short stories, is set in one or another of the tiny courts of the Rhineland at the turn of the 18th century. The twelve delightful and exciting tales recreate vividly an age of leisure and superstition, when the bawdy and the gracious elements of life intermingled effortlessly. Each one of the stories is a good yarn deftly drawn by the author's distinct feeling for "period" and his capacity to tell a story simply, without getting bogged down by the modern preoccupation with "the man within".

All of them retain the flavour of the atmosphere recreated. The characters reveal a sense of high breeding: they are able to smile but not to laugh, to raise the eyenows but never to gasp openinouthed, to fear but to hide the feeling, to be lusty but not lewd. There is wit in the macabre tales; there are moods gruesome yet terribly civilised; there is cruelty in the fun.

This is an extremely readable collection of short stories in the Gothic mood.

F. K. R. M.



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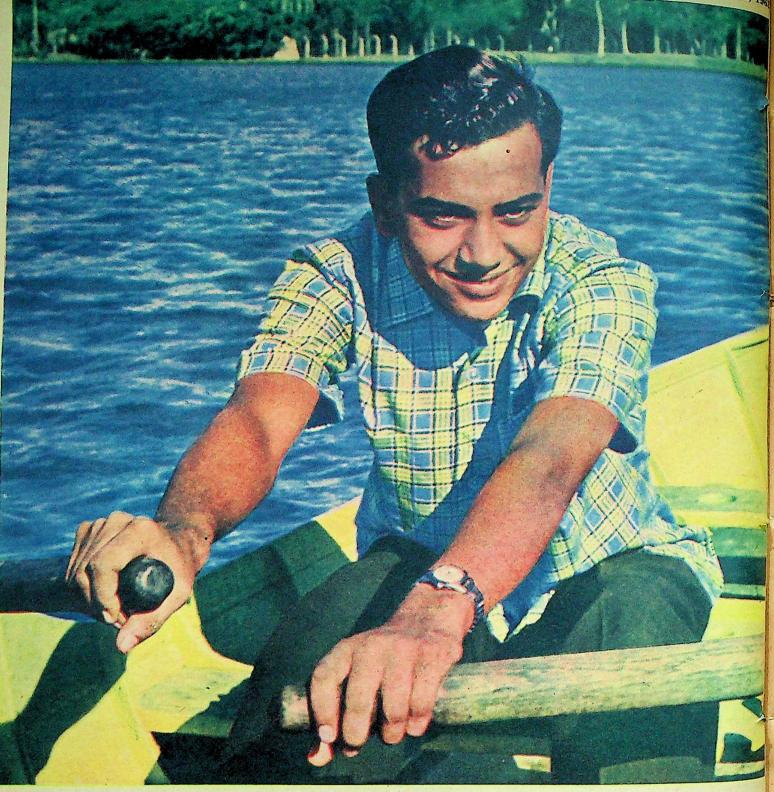
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A Window on Mills Hindi Writing

KAMLESHWAR'S SHORT STORIES

AMLESHWAR enjoys an enviable reputation among Hindi writers, and he richly deserves it. He has been been and he richly deserves it. ly deserves it. He has been consistently good and productive over a number of years; he is alive to the new currents in contemporary fiction and has indeed himself contributed to their emergence in Hindi considerably. He has a mature awareness of the limitations of his own range of observation and has made daring and fairly successful attempts to go beyond those limitations, that is, to extend his range through new creative experiments. The best of his short stories will survive the severest of critical standards. There is nothing provincial about his art, and thereby hangs what may seem a paradox: almost all his stories collected* so far spring from life in a small town. However, these stories are not mere slices of small-town life; they become significant because of the writer's sophisticated awareness of their larger connections-and by that I do not mean to refer to anything so platitudinous as the writer's awareness of "the changing social scene".

In the preface to his first collection of stories, Kamleshwar makes a brief, grateful bow to that small town, Mainpuri, which is mentioned but rarely in his stories. He has obviously drawn constantly upon his memories of this small town, its small inhabitants, its small complexities, its small joys, and its great tragedies. He has successfully recreated those early me-mories into a number of sensitive tales told with brilliance and restraint. Unlike some other fiction writers, he has not sought to establish the geography of that early seed-bed of his experience, nor does he populate his stories with theme-characters straying from one story into another with but thinly disguised faces. He has concentrated most on evoking an atmosphere proper to a small town through details given with selective precision. After reading these stories, therefore, we do not feel like putting this small town on the fictional map and tracing its outlines. Kamleshwar has deliberately denied himself this convenient advantage because, I think, of his desire to avoid freezing his locale into some easily acceptable symbol. Similarly, by not creating any obvious links between one story and another, belonging to the same locale, Kamleshwar sets himself a more difficult task, namely, that of creating a variety of characters and situations. In other words, he has avoided the schematisation inevitable to a rigidly preconceived framework.

Apart from the artistically rendered atmosphere of their background, what impresses us

most in many of these stories is the writer's keen and sympathetic grasp of the small-town mentality in its various manifestations. The keenness prevents his sympathy from congealing into a nostalgic sentimentality; the sympathetic approach is a safeguard against his keenness sharpening into cynicism. Thus we get a balance between detachment and involve-ment, which is admirable. This balance, when translated into language, produces a style that is sophisticated as well as moving, regional as well as complex. We do not feel excluded from the experience dealt with in Kamleshwar's stories because of any barriers raised by an unfamiliar dialect or by an opaque, parochial sensibility. The restrictive effects of an aggressive regionalism are just not there. That is why, I am sure, the best of these stories will survive translation into other languages, which of course does not mean that the task of translation will be easy.

ET us take, for illustrating some of the points, one of Kamleshwar's best-known stories, Raja Nirbansia. I must say at the outset that I do not consider this story to be absolutely flawless; it is slightly marred by an unexpected spurt of sentimentalism towards its end where we have the hero's last testament couched in words wet with tears, as it were: "Chanda, it is my last wish that you should come with the child...My corpse will lie in disgrace for a couple of days to give you enough time to reach here. Chanda, man is killed not by sin but by repentance, I died long ago. Do come, and with the child..." But I regard this as one of Kamleshwar's most ambitious stories so that its illustrative significance transcends its incidental flaws. The manner in which it is told indicates Kamleshwar's refreshing penchant for formal experiments. The main story is dovetailed into a religious folk tale which runs through the story like a musical note. The juxtaposition produces an irony because of the analogies and dissimilarities between the two stories, one part of the collective Hindu consciousness (sic) and the other an outcome of the writer's creative imagination. The childless king of the folk tale throws into poignant relief the tragic fate of the childless hero of the other story. The simple narrative mode of the old mother contrasts with the complex psychological presentation of the other narrator. Jagpati, the hero of the story, is a small-town man, tormented however by inadequacies of discernment and character that are more universal. His gradual loss of hold upon his wife, his painful disgrace before the community, his own private torture, and his final acceptance of his own responsibility for his fate-in the delineation of all these aspects of the story, Kamleshwar succeeds through a remarkably penetrating insight.

The danger of a facile romanticism while dealing with one's childhood memories is very

great, particularly when those memories are peopled by characters who are traditionally considered to be pure, simple, uncomplicated and good. Kamleshwar avoids this danger; his keen intelligence almost always remains the strongest ally of his imagination. This results in a ubiquitous element of wit that saves him alike from dullness and banality. The characters are simple, sentimental, convention-ridden, but the writer is not. This produces the doubleness of vision necessary for an effective portrayal of such characters. Kamleshwar has an eye for the narrow sentimentalities and conventions of a small town but, in his most controlled moments of which there are many, he has no tears in that eye. At the same time it is not the eye of a mere outsider, so that it is not completely unblurred. We see this confident balance at work in a number of his short stories-Atma ki Awaz, Dhool Ud Jati Hai, Bhatke hue Log, Naukripesha, Garmyon ke Din, Paani ki Tasveer and Kasbe ka Aadmi.

In some of his recent stories, yet uncollected, Kamleshwar has been trying to "migrate" from the small town to a big town. viz., Delhi, where he lives now. This transition is a significant proof of his living response to his environments and of his desire to grapple with a new mass of experience. Here again—in stories such a Dilli men ek Maut, Ek Thi Vimla and Khoi hui Dishain—he shows his grasp ow of the metropolitan atmosphere and the ten ions inevitable to this atmosphere. His language is undergoing dimly perceptible mutations in accordance with his new material, and his characters are drawn now from more multifarious areas. There is of course an element of longing in these characters for some lost horne which is still perhaps in some small town, but isn't that largely true of the majority of the people actualy living in Delhi? Kamleshwar is today trying to explore the pain inherent in this longing; later on, perhaps, he will also turn to characters who "belong" here or at least seem to do so.

Hindi writing is often considered to be incorrigibly turgid, inherently incapable of rendering adequately nuances of feeling and sensibility. This is a stock impression, which can be effectively modified by reading Kamleshwar and some other writers like him. Of course, one doesn't mean to suggest that all the imperfections and inadequacies imputed to Hindi are either totally unjustified or have just disappeared within the last few years. But the evidence of much good recent writing goes to prove that it is a developing, and not an underdeveloped, medium.

"SAHITYAKAR"

OUR NEW SERIAL

"Krishnakanta's Will" by Bankimchandra Chatterjee, scheduled for this issue, is unavoidably held over to a future date.

- *1. Raja Nirbansia, (no date, published presumably by the author himself)
- Kasbe ka Aadmi, 1957, Shramjeevi Prakashan, Allahabad.

(Two more collections are expected to appear shortly.)

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WEEK'S





READING

Letters To Lawrence

A S a corrective to his brother's portrayal in books and on the stage, Mr. A. W. Lawrence has published a series of letters to T. E. Lawrence from famous people (Cape, 35s.). These vary in tone from the terse to the skittish ("Pshaw dear"—Siegfried Sassoon), from the dogmatic (E. M. Forster) to the downto-earth (G. B. Shaw). The letters have unfortunately been bowdlerised in places—the phrase "paragraphs omitted" frequently occurs—which is not merely tantalising but, in certain instances, is the reverse of being a corrective. Mr. Lawrence's method of combating the unpleasant, debunking study of his brother by the late Richard Aldington, or Terence Rattigan's play, Ross—a pageant rather than a character study—is to line up his big guns—the idolaters. The result is duly intriguing. Shaw, Conrad, Robert Bridges, Kipling, Wells, Augustus John, Winston Churchill, W. B. Yeats (who admits to "coveting" Aircraftsman Shaw) and an impressive array of the erstwhile great all acknowledge Lawrence's genius as a writer and envy, in their occasional rheumatic passivity, his Bedouinesque exploits.

vity, his Bedouinesque exploits.

The longest and best of the letters are those from Bernard Shaw, who peddles common sense ("as if I were your solicitor") in his admiring, beautifully-phrased epistles. The human touch is here, even down to domesticities ("Charlotte is in bed with a swamping cold in London."). Forster, on the other hand, is verbose and obscure in his worst Bloomsbury manner. His critical suggestions, though not without interest, are offered coyly or assertively in the tone of a girlish giggle. The soundest appraisements perhaps come from old Arabian hands—Gertrude Bell, Charles M. Doughty, Wilfred Scawen Blunt and D. G. Hogarth. There is a pathetic letter from James Elroy Flecker, at death's door in a Swiss sanatorium, and three adoring missives from Noel Coward. Many of the writers regard The Mint as of greater significance than The Seven Pillars and its bawdry is ubiquitously appreciated. Several of the correspondents are frankly hazy about T. E. Lawrence's personality; they are fascinated and want to know him better. Is he of Voltairean stature or a "palpitating amateur in literature"? He is invited repeatedly, and often unavailingly, to meals and country week-ends and could apparently have dined out for ever with its doubtful whether the image

It is doubtful whether the image of this strange genius is any the clearer from these letters. Should he be visualised as the soldier, the eremite, the sublimated homosexual, the masquerader, the paranoiac, or the man with an inferiority complex who could not face life either as Ross, Aircraftsman Shaw, or the honoured buddy of King Feisal? From Damascus to Drigh Road and Dorset he drifts It is doubtful whether the image

in the limelight of obscurity. Had he lived, what would his destiny have been? Aldermaston marcher or Marshal of the Royal Air Force? Colomal Secretary or Caribbean Governor? Privileged soul or pee-vish, impoverished recluse? Night watchman at the Bank of Eng-land (a post he considered)?

"Something extraordinary always happens with that man," said Mrs. Bernard Shaw.

Out of all this correspondence the Lawrentian myth is most adequately conveyed in the pleasant reaction of the American writerindustrialist, Elliott Springs: "I think I should not post this letter to you but burn it up the chimney as I used to do with my message to Santa Claus."

S. M.

Feathered Friends

THE birds of our plains have an extensive, at times even an ubiquitous-seeming, range, but Himalayan and sub-Himalayan ubiquitous-seeming, range, but Himalayan and sub-Himalayan birds are much more restricted in their distribution, particularly in India, though of course there are birds common to the plains and the mountain ranges. The bird life of Sikkim and the surrounding country has long interested onithologists, and some of them (among them Blanford) have written about the avifauna of this rather inaccessible region in technical journals and publications.

rather flacessing region in the mical journals and publications.

Salim Ali's The Birds of Sikkim (Oxford University Press, Rs. 30) is no mere collation of the existing literature, though he has consulted available material and made use of it with due acknowledgement; much close field observation, and study of the flora types of Sikkim, have gone into the work on this book, which is written with the author's characteristic terse objectivity and accent on the identification of the bird in the bush. In his introduction he again mentions the parallelism (discussed in his book on the birds of Travancore and Cochin) that exists between the birds of Sikkim and eastward to Burma on the one hand, and of the rain-forests of the southern reaches of the Western Ghats on the other—this needs, as he himself says, investigation.

The book, which is likely to be the standard reference-book on the birds of Sikkim and surroundings birds of Sikkim and surroundings for a long time to come, is illustrated with a few line drawings in the text, excellent photographic plates to show vegetation types, and 17 coloured plates to help in the identification of birds seen. These coloured plates are by three different artists, and though they are all in the now-familiar style of bird-books, showing a number of are all in the now-familiar style of bird-books, showing a number of birds painted accurately and to scale on one plate, and coloured to display characteristic plumage pattern, they certainly display marked differences in the verve and virtuosity of these artists.

Paul Barruel's paintings have a rather barren, flat abstraction and an accent on areas of colour rather than on typical attitude or details of plumage; Robert Scholz sees birds more in the round and has a livelier apprehension of natural attitudes, and his superiority is specially apparent when Plates 13 and 22, where these two artists have depicted the same kinds of sunbird, are compared. The work of D. M. Henry, strongly reminiscent of the work of G. M. Henry (his father), is outstandingly the best and displays a very real feeling for the quiddity of the birds he has depicted.

A Remarkable Novel

"HUMANITY: compassion: above "HUMANITY: compassion: above all, sheer power," thus C. P. Snow describes James Hanley's fiction. "Great capacity for tenderness and compassion," remarks E. M. Forster. The Times Literary Supplement described Hanley's earlier novel Levine as possessing "a pitiless awareness... brilliantly "a pitiless awareness... brilliantly organised, compassionately and beautifully written". If this sounds like too much of a jacket-blurb for Hanley's Say Nothing (Macdonald, 16s.), the only excuse is that the novel fully deserves it.

Mr. Hanley is concerned, as the real novelist always is, with the complexity of human relationships, and he probes into intricate areas of feeling and thinking with subtlety and compassion.

When Charles Elston decides on the spur of the moment to lodge with the Baines family in Baptist Street, he has no idea of the fury and the mire that lurk even in middle-class human veins. There's Winifred: "Don't say anything will you, Charlie?" She has secrets which are not meant to be revealed by reviewers. There's Charlie himself, a splendid, noble character ("I know practically nothing. I'm learning"). And there are the others, all sketched with stylistic precision and warm sympathy.

In Search Of Love

CAROLINE Wedgewood Benn's novel A Lion in a Den of Daniels (Heinemann, 16s.) might just as easily have borne a subtifle. "The Pursuit of Sex", for it seems to be dedicated to the principle that every wife should have a least one man wanting to run of with her, but that if she really wants to find a place of honour it wants to find a place of honour afford to have less than six lovers at a time. at a time.

Witty and often brilliant in its snipings at British and American social values, it is vaguely like in Francoise Sagan book written Betty Macdonald, striving desperately to be both uproariously furny and shockingly improper.

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The heroine, described as a "well-intentioned" American girl, goes from bed to bed with bared teeth and button-down skirts, seeking a lover, and in the process manages to go through a succession of amazingly unconventional experiences which include "romping on the grass" with a man dressed only in a plastic cocktail mat and being accosted in Piccadilly Circus. But nothing much really happens, with the result that A Lion in a Den of Daniels in neither as hilarious nor as naughty as it sets out to be, and, if anything, one is left with a faint feeling of surprise that so many near-censorable words and situations should have been worked in to say something so innocuous.

have been worked in to say some-thing so innocuous.

M. D. M.

Thrillers

By far the best among the recent BY far the best among the recent lot of a not very inspiring collection of thrillers is The Spycatcher Omnibus by Lt.-Col. Oreste Pinto (Hodder & Stoughton, 18s.), who died recently at the age of seventy-one. He was described by an American President as the greatest living expert on security and both by his books and his appearance on television he became known to millions of people. In this omnibus collection, which runs to 479 pages, are included all his best stories and they make enthralling reading. They bear the mark of authenticity and even Pinto's discussion of methods of interrogation and the traditions of counter-intelligence are quite fascinating.

Oreste Pinto would have been in his element in Dig for a Corpse by Max Mundy (John Long, 12s. 6d.) and Orchids for Biggles by Capt. W. E. Johns (Brockhampton, 8s. 6d.). Mr. Mundy's tale is set in an imaginary country among the wild mountains on the borders of Central Asia. A newsphotothe wild mountains on the borders of Central Asia. A news-photographer has been sent to get background pictures of "Yagistan" where the United Nations have an ambitious aid programme, but he finds himself involved with an archaeological expedition and even more with the Khan of Yagistan who, in spite of having been at the same college at Oxford, does not hesitate to deal ruthlessly with his visitor when occasion demands. Although the book is fantastically improbable with its snake-pits and five-thousand-year-old murders, improbable with its snake-pils and five-thousand-year-old murders, it certainly holds the attention. Perhaps the most improbable thing (which does not come off) is the



JOHN WAIN, prominent British author.

Even more improbable is the new Biggles book which takes us across the world to Peru. The British Government is being blackmailed for a million pounds and Biggles is sent off into the jungle to deal with the matter. There is a lot about orchids, giant anacondas, razor-toothed piranhas and electric eels, though none of these are as dangerous as the inevitable Russian spy, Bogosoff.

Murder has its Points by Francis and Richard Lockridge (Hutchinson, 13s. 6d.) is, of course, on a much higher level than these diverting but unbelievable thrillers. The murder is indeed almost inevitable, for it is that of a middle-aged and very offensive novelist. Among the suspects are two of his ex-wives, his current spouse and many others. Possibly the Lockridges are writing a little too much, for the characterisation is less acute than usual and the constant references to cats are not likely to attract those who do not particularly care for these animals. At the same time, as we would expect, this is a thoroughly good detective mystery and should not be ignored by the fans of the attractive Mrs. North.

Prison Feud by James Preston (John Long, 12s. 6d.) is an unusual work by an official who has served in one of the largest of Australia's prisons and certainly knows what he is talking about. Con Martin has been convicted for his part in a twelve-thousand-pound robbery. Brett, the senior chief warder, has an unequalled record for ensuring the security of the prison walls. Never once has a prisoner got away. Martin, driven almost mad by the frustration and boredom of prison-life, determines to break this record and the story of the conflict between the two men is as moving as it is exciting.

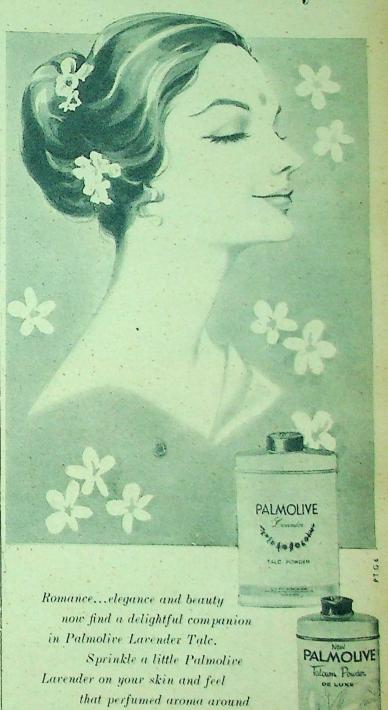
The indefatigable John Creasey, writing now as Anthony Morton (he is also J. J. Marric and even Michael Halliday), has done a new Baron book—Baa for the Baron (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.), which is well up to sample. John Mannering gets himself involved yet again in trouble over jewels, this time even more seriously than usual, for he finds himself in jail charged with murder. But nobody doubts that he will work it out in the end, and so he does, after an excellent and unusual story.

Death by Chalk Face by John Gale (John Long, 12s. 6d.), Come Home and be Killed by Jennie Melville (Michael Joseph, 15s.) and Little Drops of Blood by Bill Knox (John Long, 12s. 6d.) are rather sub-standard. The best of them is John Gale's, which turns on the mining of a mineral called tantalum; Come Home and be Killed is a confused and overwritten puzzle involving a career girl who bumps off her step-mother and sister. It does, however, introduce an attractive woman-policeman and if Jennie Melville can simplify her style and thinking this recruit may one day make a name for herself. Finally, Bill Knox's new thriller is difficult to read and neither dialogue nor style holds the attention. the attention.

Khan's habit of quoting from half a dozen languages on every possible occasion. Mr. Mundy must have put in a good deal of work on his dictionary of quotations. The hero too is a little tiresome, for the most beautiful damsels come to visit him in the middle of the night and he does nothing more than discuss politics with them.

of Elegance...

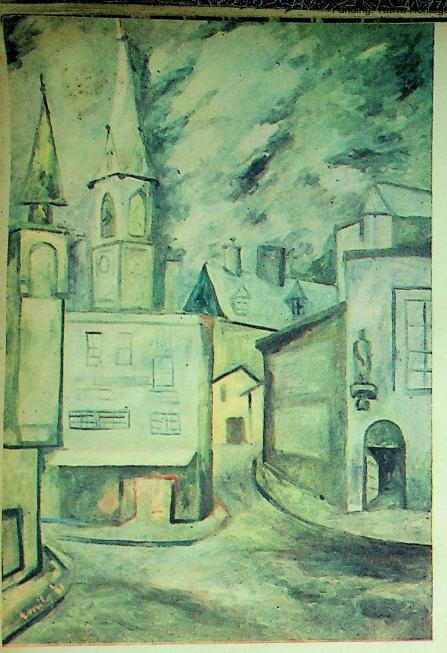
of Beauty!



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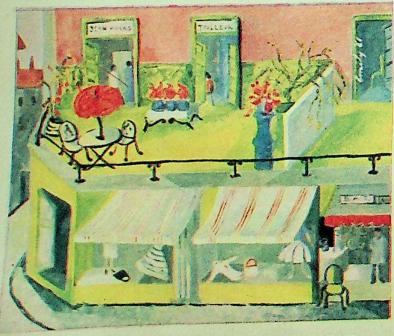
you. Always remain fresh and



HOME SECTION

LIMMAT QUAI, ZURICH

Emily Meeker



CAFE



AYAH (Photographs by J. Ullal)

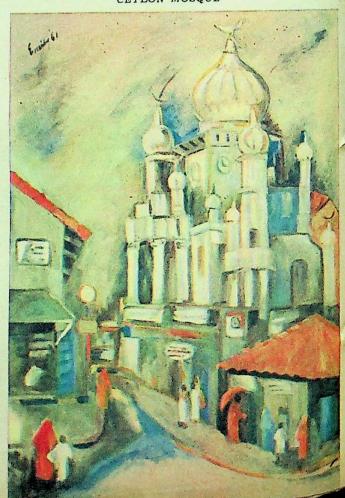
THE skilled eye of one trained in architecture and interior decoration is apparent in the structural forms, the careful patterning and the juxtaposition of colour, in the paintings of Emily Meeker. Yet a spontaneous and happy nature breaks through the confines of blue-prints to produce the gay "Cafe", the vivid Colombo scene in "Ceylon Mosque".

In "Limmat Quai, Zurich" the neutral tones flat planes, capture the washed bleakness, the sombre quietude of a Swiss street. Here, as in the many-patterned "Ayah", her former training is made visual.

Mrs. Meeker, an American long settled in India, now on the eve of her departure from this country, held her second one-man exhibition in Bombay, at the Jehangir Art Gallery, during the first week of October. She has been studying under D. G. Kulkarni. Her next home is likely to be Spain.

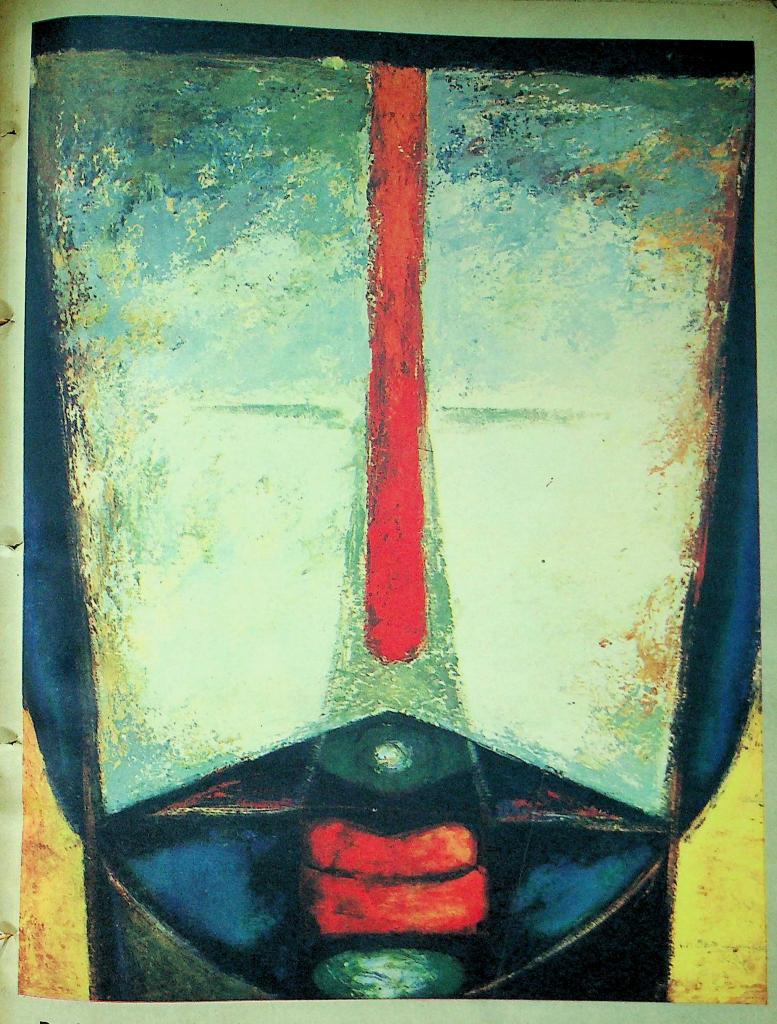
U. A.

CEYLON MOSQUE



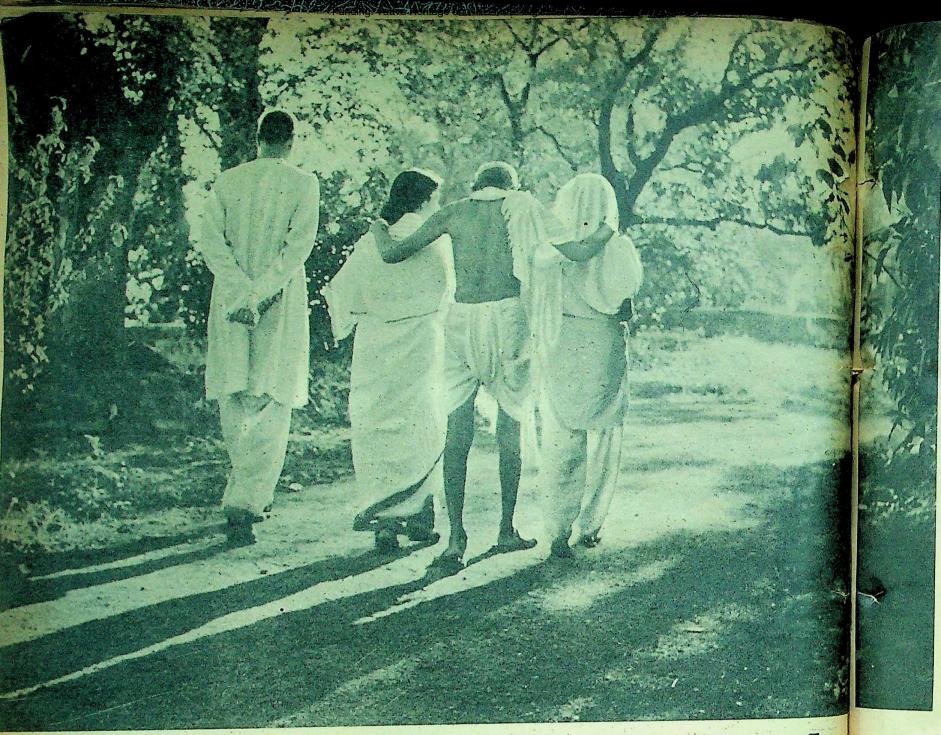
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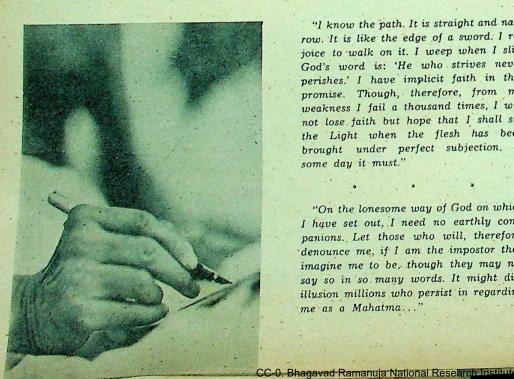


Balaji

by V. MADHUSUDANA RAO



Thus He Walked The Earth



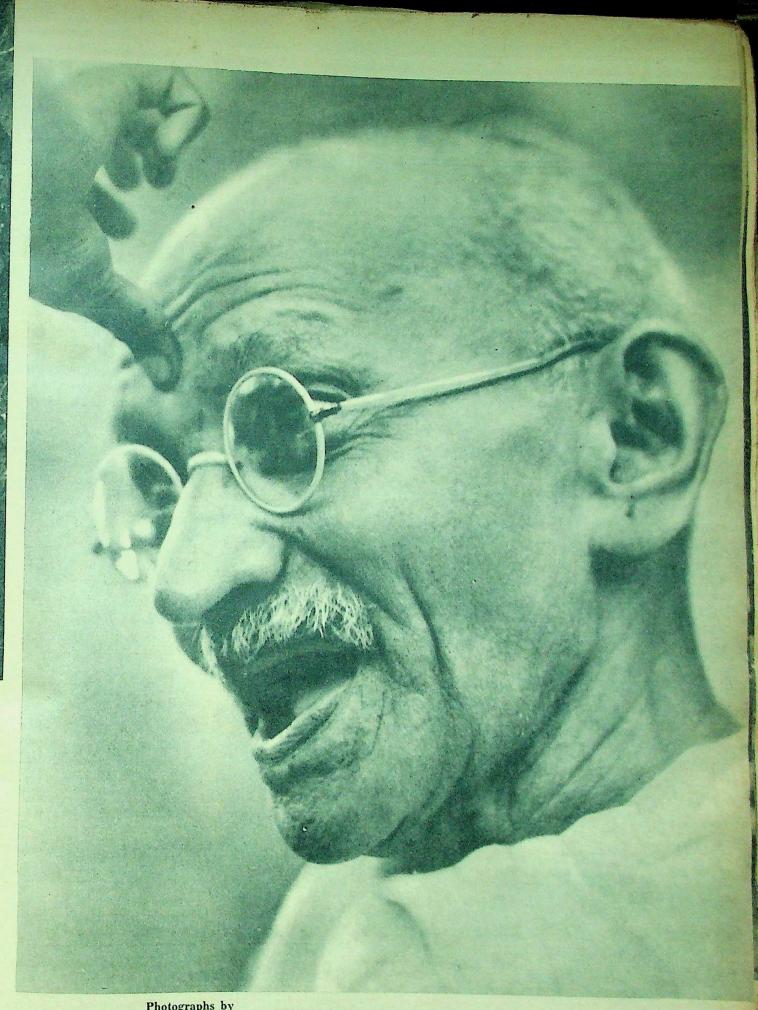
"I know the path. It is straight and narrow. It is like the edge of a sword. I rejoice to walk on it. I weep when I slip. God's word is: 'He who strives never perishes.' I have implicit faith in that promise. Though, therefore, from my weakness I fail a thousand times, I will not lose faith but hope that I shall see the Light when the flesh has been brought under perfect subjection, as some day it must."

"On the lonesome way of God on which I have set out, I need no earthly companions. Let those who will, therefore, denounce me, if I am the impostor they imagine me to be, though they may not say so in so many words. It might disillusion millions who persist in regarding me as a Mahatma...

"I am in the world feeling my way to light 'amid the encircling gloom'. I often err and miscalculate... My trust is solely in God. And I trust men only because I trust God. If I had no God to rely upon, I should be, like Timon, a hater of my species."

"If I had no sense of humour, I should long ago have committed suicide."

"I see neither contradiction nor insanity in my life. It is true that as a man cannot see his back, so can he not see his errors or insanity. But the sages have often likened a man of religion to a lunatic. I therefore hug the belief that I may not be insane and may be truly religious. Which of the two I am in truth can only be decided after my death."



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Photographs by JAGAN V. MEHTA (8) and D. R. D. WADIA (6)

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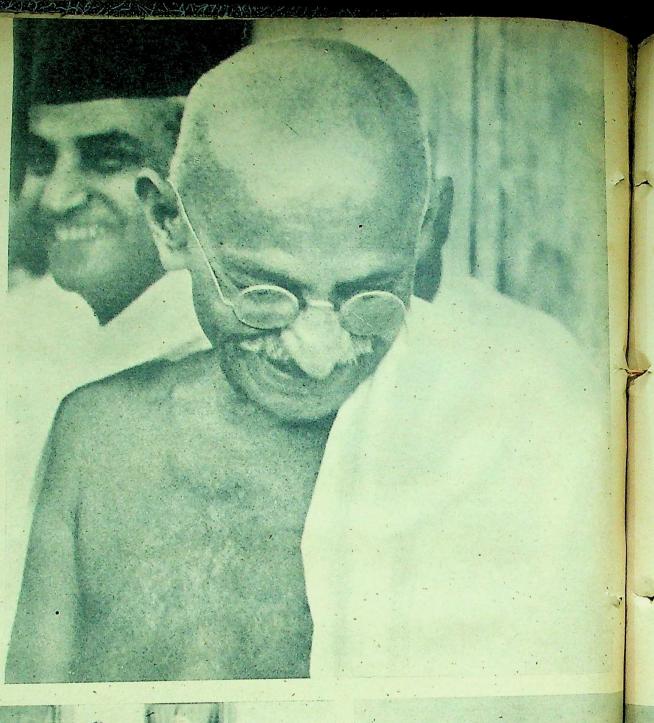
Homage to Bapu

(CONTINUED)

"For me patriotism is the same as humanity. I am patriotic because I am human and humane."

"It is open to the world... to laugh at my dispossessing myself of all property. For me the dispossession has been a positive gain. I would like people to compete with me in my contentment. It is the richest treasure I own. Hence it is perhaps right to say that though I preach poverty, I am a rich man!"

"Meetings and group organisations are all right. They are of some help, but very little. They are like the scaffolding that an architect erects—a temporary and makeshift expedient. The thing that really matters is an invincible faith that cannot be quenched."



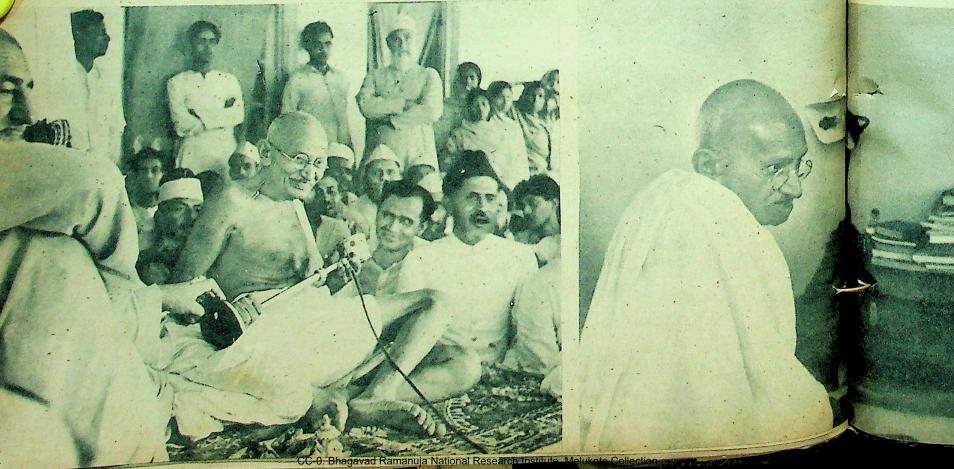
"The only world is the me."

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"The only tyrant I accept in this world is the 'still small voice' within me."

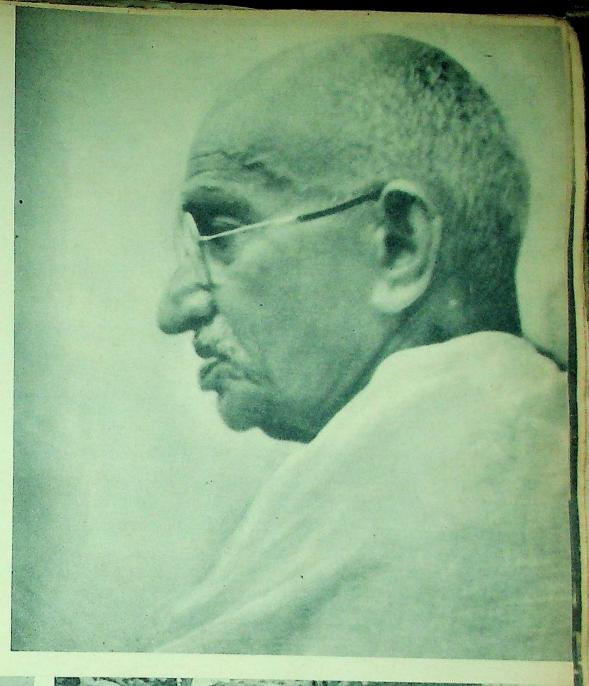
"I deny being a visionary. I do not accept the claim of saintliness. I am of the earth, earthy... I am prone to as many weaknesses as you are. But I have seen the world. I have lived in the world with my eyes open. I have gone through the most fiery ordeals that have fallen to the lot of man. I have gone through this discipline."

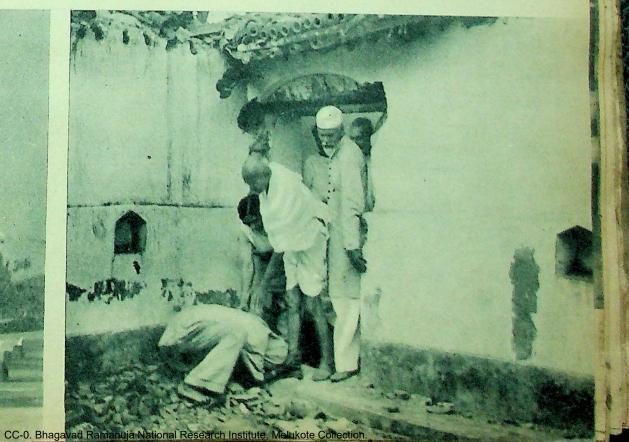
"I have always held that social justice, even unto the least and low-liest, is impossible of attainment by force. I have believed that it is possible by proper training of the lowliest by non-violent means to secure the redress of the wrongs suffered by them. That means is non-violent non-cooperation. At times, non-cooperation becomes as much a duty as co-operation. No one is bound to co-operate in one's own undoing or slavery..."

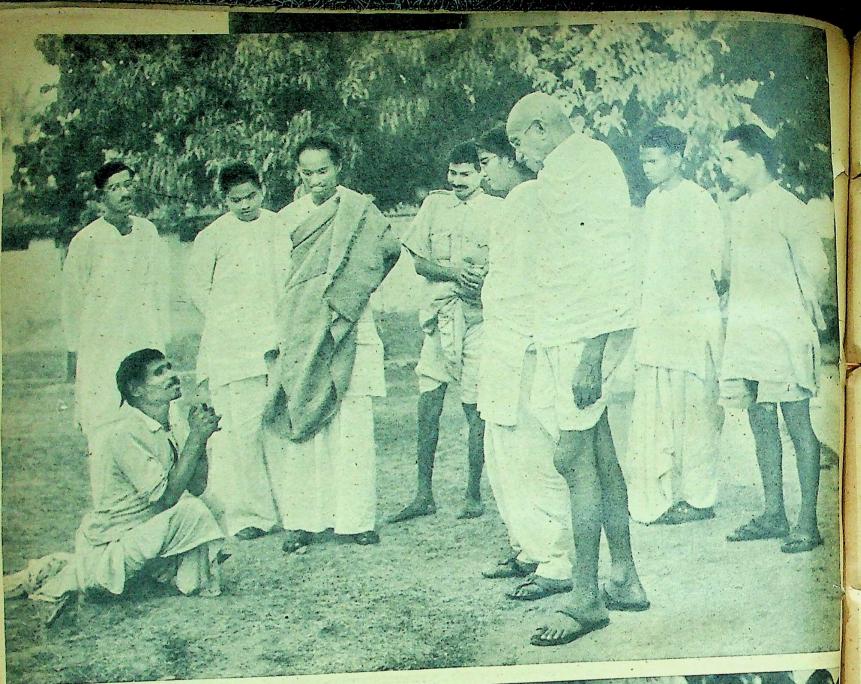
"To a people famishing and idle, the only, acceptable form in which God can dare appear is work and promise of food as wages."

(More Pictures Overleaf)









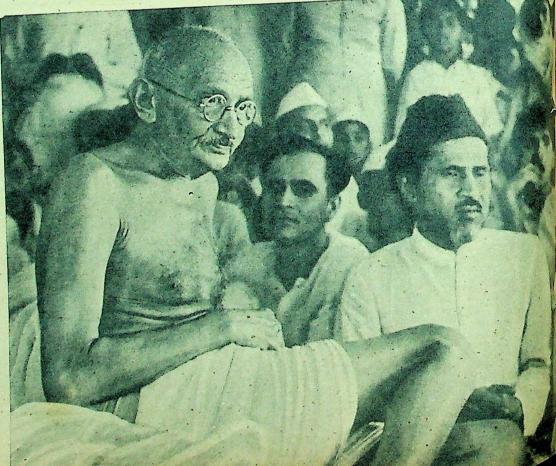
"I! we not conceived my mission to be that of a knight-errant wandering everywhere to deliver people from difficult situations. My humble occupation has been to show people how they can solve their own difficulties."

"Somehow I am able to draw the noblest in mankind, and that is what enables me to maintain my faith in God and human nature."

Homage to Bapu

(CONTINUED)

"I would be less than human if, with all my knowledge of the avoidable misery pervading the land... I did not feel with and for all the suffering of the dumb millions of India."



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"Not until reduced our nothingness conquer the God demand less than self-surrende price for real freedom worth havi when a man himself he ately finds he service out the service of the se

"I could not ing a religiou less I identiself with the mankind, an could not do took part in The whole man's activity constitutes sible whole not divide so nomic, politic purely religitinto watertipartments. I know any apart from hivity..."

"In the humiliation called defectempestuous am able to peace, becau underlying God, trans Truth. We cribe God a of things, b for myself action formula—Trush."

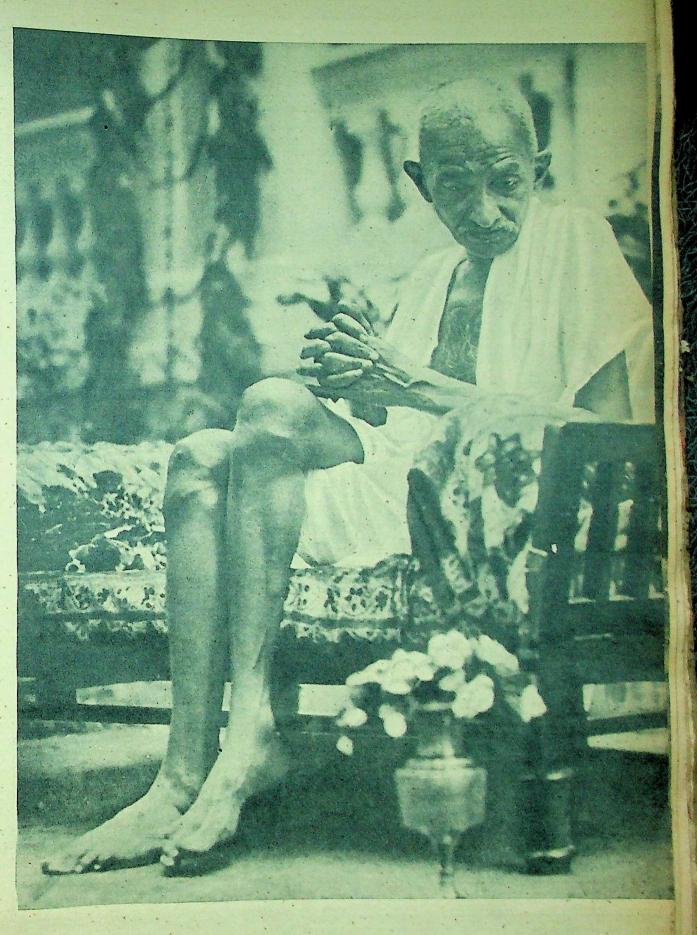
"I may be cable pers when Trut through me vincible."

"Not until we have reduced ourselves to nothingness can we conquer the evil in us. God demands nothing less than complete self-surrender as the price for the only real freedom that is worth having. And when a man thus loses himself he immediately finds himself in the service of all that lives..."

"I could not be leading a religious life unless I identified myself with the whole of mankind, and that I could not do unless I took part in politics. The whole gamut of man's activities today constitutes an invisible whole. You cannot divide social, economic, political and purely religious work into watertight compartments. I do not know any religion apart from human activity..."

"In the midst of humiliation and so-called defeat and a tempestuous life, I am able to retain my peace, because of an underlying faith in God, translated as Truth. We can describe God as millions of things, but I have for myself adopted the formula—Truth is God."

"I may be a despicable person, but when Truth speaks through me I am invincible."



(More Pictures Overleaf)

October 28

OUR NATIO

IVALI or spread fro the officia Dipavali, in the is still spoken the etymology remaining my stands for the moon day. It month of Kart moon day in A in Karttik is brance of the tors. The Amay over Orissa as day for the m Paya Amasya, paternal ancesto son by its secon the corresponding

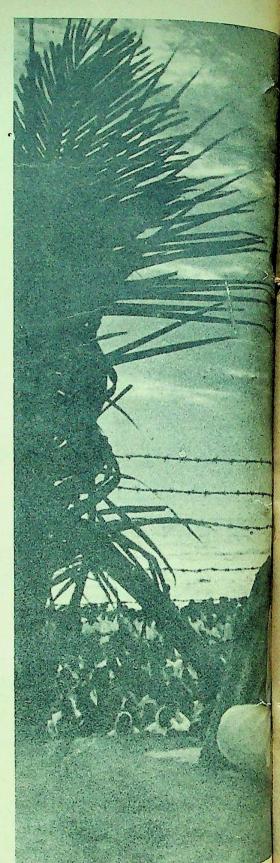
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The long sease vest-time approach day of Aswina, we the maternal sid (the ritual of remendous important to the Mother in comes Dassera. To foreign word in gali immigrants.



"We labour under a sort of superstition that the child has nothing to learn during the first five years of its life. On the contrary the fact is that the child never learns in after life what it does in its first five years. The education of the child begins with conception."



OUR NATIONAL FESTIVAL (Contd.)

In Memory Of The Ancestors

IVALI or Dipavali is a word that has spread from North India. Even though the official calendars of Orissa speak of Dipavali, in the State's 50,000 villages the day is still spoken of as Paya or Pipaya Amasya, the etymology of "Paya" or "Pipaya" still remaining mysterious, though "Amasya" stands for the Sanskrit "Amavasya", the new moon day. It is the new moon day of the month of Karttik. The period from the new moon day in Aswina to the new moon day in Karttik is reserved for the remembrance of the spirits of departed ancestors. The Amavasya of Aswina is known all over Orissa as Moula Amasya, the new moon day for the maternal ancestors, whereas the Paya Amasya, Dipavali, is the day for the paternal ancestors and known also for that reason by its second name of Paya Sraddha, like the corresponding ceremony of Moula Sraddha on the new moon day of Aswina.

The seasonal background for such "spiritual" awareness is significant indeed. The rains are over and the peasants are no longer engaged in the rice fields. They are now in a mood to enjoy themselves and the weather too is cool and fine. The real inspiration for rejoicing comes from the expectant fields where early strains of paddy are already stirring the peasant's heart with their golden dances under the clear, bright, autumnal sky.

It is natural at a time, when the rewards for a full year's hard labour and vexatious uncertainties are just at hand, to remember the ancestors to whom the peasant owes not only the fields, the source of all his earthly happiness, but even his own self.

RUT while the peasant calls to mind and offers prayers for his ancestors in noble gratefulness, he does not forget the gods and animals whom he loves or fears according as they are beneficial or otherwise to his vocation. In Orissa, the season brings in a series of well-thought-out holy days, one after another. These do not make him transcendental as religious days are supposed to, but, arising as they do strictly out of his mundane needs, they go to make his drab existence as divertive, enjoyable and colourful as possible, while providing opportunities for his simple, unlettered, self-centred soul to grow beyond the little family, towards the gods, the ancestors, and the animals in the midst of which he exists in concentric circles of interdependence.

The long season of dedications, with harvest-time approaching, starts on the new moon day of Aswina, when the spirits of ancestors on the maternal side are invoked in a sraddha (the ritual of remembrance), indicating the tremendous importance our ancients attached to the Mother in the family and society. Then comes Dassera. The Puja, like Dipavali, is a foreign word in Orissa, brought by the Bengali immigrants. In the vast, sprawling rural areas, the festival is still known as Dassera,

by MAYADHAR MANSINHA

as in parts of the South, and observed, unlike in Orissa's few towns which deludedly imitate Calcutta, with sword-play and suchlike.

After Dassera, when the able-bodied in the village were supposed to start out in the old days on military expeditions, came Kumaroschhava (the festival of boys and girls) on the full moon day of Aswina, maybe as a diversion to the children separated from their fathers and elder brothers away on military duty. The whole of the next month of Karttik becomes one of continuous religious practices for old men and women. With the older sons away in distant military camps, what else could be more natural to them? And on the new moon day of Karttik (Dipavali day) the spirits of ancestors on the paternal side are invoked and-along with those on the maternal side already invoked on the previous new moon-are given a combined illuminated farewell, after a common sraddha. It is to light the path of these ancestors in the heavens on their homeward journey that torches are lit in the evening of this day all over Orissa.

ON the day following Paya Amasya (Dipavali) Orissa's villagers observe Gobardhan Puja, when Krishna, the Lord of Cattle, is worshipped. On the fourth day of this fortnight is the Nagal Chauthi, the day of propitiation of the cobra, the deadliest enemy of the peasant and his cattle in the fields. On the eighth day is Gosthastami, set apart for the cattle. It was on the full moon day of Karttik that the sailors of ancient Orissa set their sails to the favourable North-East monsoon. Even now the day is celebrated all over Orissa with the floating of lighted toy boats made of the layers of banana stems.

Dipavali in Orissan towns is observed in the same manner as in other parts of India. Like all thoughtless imitations, it is ostentatious, rather than elegant, and wasteful. To the Marwari community it is the day of the worship of Lakshmi and the New Year's Day. The Bengalis observe Kalipuja on this day, as against the Devipuja of Dassera. But with the Oriyas, even in the towns, it still remains the day for ancestors; to the Oriya children however it is a veritable Guy Fawkes Day, with the most exciting display of fireworks and coloured lights.

The ceremony of invocation of, and farewell to, the ancestral spirits in Oriya homes is interesting. It is observed in the evening, though the preparations last the whole day. By this time the women will have finished making the cakes with ghee-soaked wicks fixed on them to be lighted during the ceremony. The priest comes and draws a square with powdered rice. In the centre of the square, facing east, sits the householder and places offerings with lighted wicks to the ten Visvadevas (the cosmic deities). To his left are similar offerings for the Sapta Manushyah or the seven Primordial Humans, the progenitors of the human race. To his right are offerings to his family ancestors, three on the paternal and three on the maternal side, with a common offering in the

centre, an attempt to unite the two seminal lines.

It is only after this sraddha is over that the householder comes out to the street with the offerings as well as long lighted sticks and calls aloud in Oriya, facing heavenwards: "Oh ancestors of mine that came in darkness, now depart, please, in light. Visit Ganga and Gaya (on your way back). And taking the mahaprasad of Lord Jagannath (at Puri) roll in happiness on the twenty-two steps (of his great shrine)."

To the unsophisticated mind of the simple Oriya peasant, enjoyment of the mahaprasad of Jagannath even after death is the summum bonum of spiritual aspiration and he cannot think of any higher happiness for his ancestors even in the land of death. During the sraddha ceremony one of the Sanskrit mantras recited by the priest means: "May those of my ancestors who left the world of Death to visit us, now proceed back on brightly illuminated paths." As a matter of fact, the Paya or Dipavali sraddha is performed just to remind the ancestors invoked through the Moula Sraddha, a month before, that it is time for them to depart, lest they get earth-bound out of attachment for their living relatives.

Generally, the ghee-soaked wicks are burnt inside the house as part of the sraddha rites, but what is burnt outside to provide bright light for the ancestors is the tall hard stems of a kind of hemp (kaunria) that is specially grown in the monsoon for this purpose. That was all the Dipavali illumination in Orissa villages until recently. The illumination with rows of oillamps is a purely imported innovation, brought in by the immigrant communities.

IN the small villages, the festival of lights was often a common affair. The villagers after the worship at home would gather in a central place and, with the lighted hemp-sticks held aloft in their hands, would together recite aloud the Oriya sentences cited above, in a common farewell to their ancestors. And the peasantry rejoices all the more as myriads of irritating insects, born in the wake of the monsoon, are destroyed in the flames of the Dipavali lights. There is an Oriya proverb that says: "The devils of insects end in the Pipaya fires!"

And while this night is specially reserved to remember the ancestors, any visitor to the Orissa villages at night in the month of Karttik may observe an earthen vessel at the top of a tall pole, out of which the light of a lamp will be twinkling through small perforations. That is a part of the Karttik ritual all over Orissa, to guide those unfortunate ancestral spirits which have none to offer them sraddha in the terrestrial region. But there was the common village lamp to guide them to their old habitats, to see familiar places once a year and go back. And such a practice obtains even today in Cambodia and other South-East Asian countries, suggesting the close connection that once existed between the people of those lovely lands and those of Orissa. Upendra Bhanja, the greatest romantic poet of medieval Orissa, describes the "gift of a lamp in Karttik" as one of the rare rites observed in one's previous birth which merit one in this life the easy possession of feminine favours.

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AMU first came to us one hot weather, which we were spending as usual in the hills, in Ootacamund. My father had taken a large house that year, big enough to accommodate all of us as well as my aunt and her family. My aunt had four children and there were four of us, so that when my uncle and father had gone (both were in Government service and could spend only a few weeks with us) my mother was left to cope with this large household with the help, or hindrance, of some half-a-dozen servants none of whom cared for hill-station living.

Truth to tell, we were all plainsmen to the core. We loved the crisp sunny mornings and mild afternoons, but we hated the cold evenings and had not the faintest idea of how to make ourselves comfortable in them. Either that, or else we were imbued with stoic notions of endurance: but this I consider the less likely explanation, because if we could have endured the

heat we would never have left the plains in the first place.

Generations of plains people must have tenanted the house, for although there were innumerable chimneys, none of them would "draw"; my own feeling now is that they were choked from dirt and disuse. So we would sit dismally in the living rooms, swaddled like Eskimoes, for although the cooking fires burned brightly enough, the servants seemed incapable of keeping a fire going in any of the main rooms or bedrooms. At length we would creep into icy beds, for no one seems to have known about hot-water bottles.

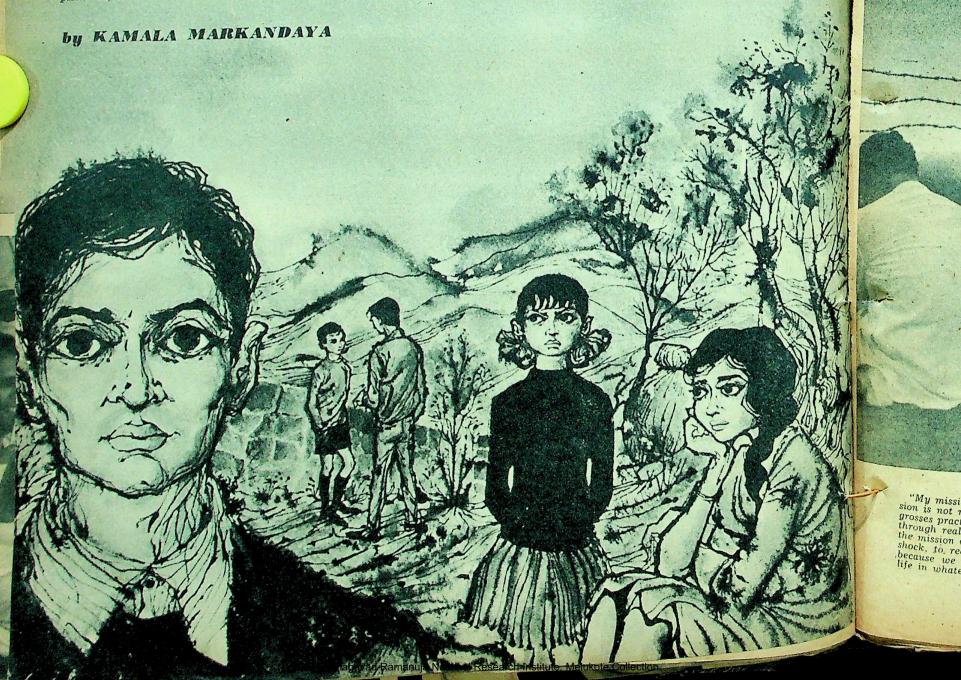
This was where Ramu came into such brilliant use. The chimneys defeated even his resources, but he knew a little about electricity, as indeed he knew a little about almost anything you could name. He bought second-hand, from those cognoscenti, the English, small electric fires, which he repaired and burnished and

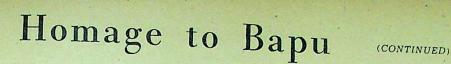
connected, and in no time at all we were sitting in front of the glowing bars, bemused by the warmth.

Hot-water bottles were unknown, or unobtainable. (I am speaking of pre-war days.) Ramu, however, hectored and harried the servants into a nightly ritual of warming bricks and placing them, wrapped in flannel, between the sheets, so that we enjoyed blissful nights.

When the hot weather was ending and it was time to return, it was again Ramu who took over the tedious business of removal. He supervised the packing, paid all the bills, bought the tickets, dealt with the porters, shepherded us into the right seats on the right train, and kept the children amused and occupied until the journey was safely ended.

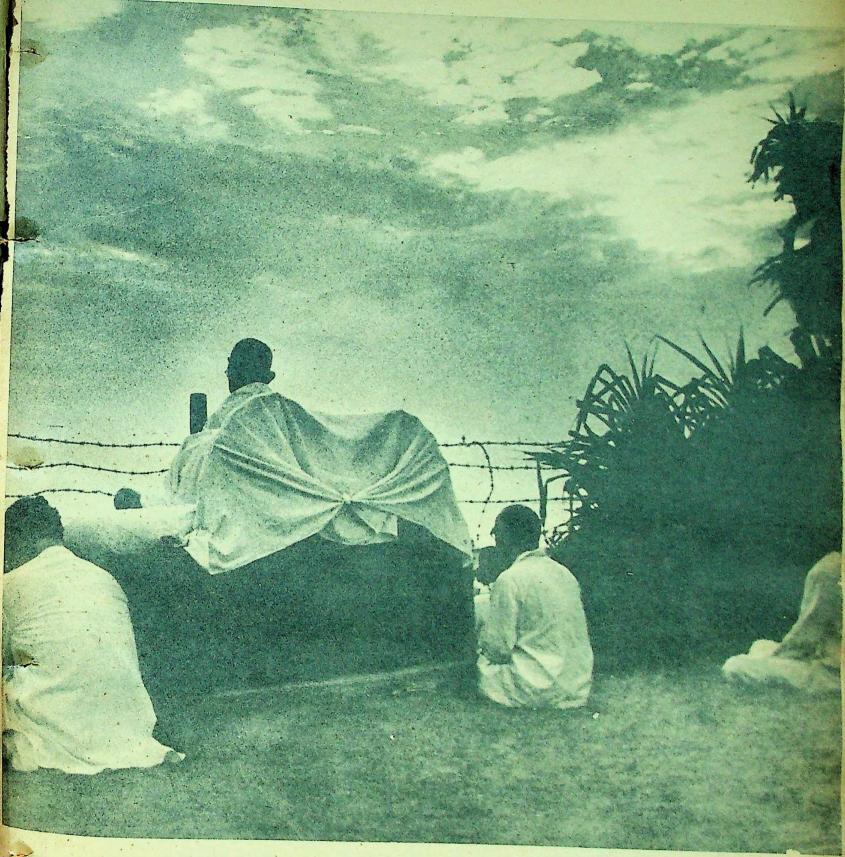
"How lucky you are to have such a clever young man to help you," my aunt sighed. "If only I could persuade my husband to engage someone like him... You are fortunate."





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"My mission is not merely brotherhood of Indian humanity. My mission is not merely freedom of India, though today it undoubtedly engrosses practically the whole of my life and the whole of my time. But through realisation of freedom of India I hope to realise and carry on the mission of the brotherhood of man... I want, if I don't give you a shock, to realise identity with even the crawling things upon earth, because we claim descent from the same God, and that being so, all life in whatever form it appears must be essentially one."

"Often in my progress I have had faint glimpses of the Absolute Truth. God, and daily the conviction is growing upon me that He alone is real and all else is unreal... The further conviction has been growing upon me that whatever is possible for me is possible even for a child, and I have sound reasons for saying so. The instruments for the quest of truth are as simple as they are difficult. They may appear quite impossible to an arrogant person, and quite possible to an innocent child. The seeker after truth should be humbler than the dust."

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Akbar Allahabadi: URDU SATIRICAL POET

Indians began to imitate their new rulers in the matter of food, clothing and social behaviour. Western norms in art and literature found ready acceptance, and the anglicising process went apace as more and more Indians received English education.

Of the two major communities in India, the Muslims were slower in reacting to the new ideas. In the second half of the last century they found themselves divided into two camps. The progressive among them, led by Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, believed in profiting from the scientific progress made by the West and wanted their co-religionists to come out of their shells, read English and adopt Western ways of living.

The other group, led by the orthodox theologians, wanted the Muslims to preserve their camp received the powerful support of the great Urdu poet, Syed Akbar Husain of Allahabadi, popularly known as Akbar Allahabadi. He was the greatest satirist produced by the Urdu language and made full use of his powers to ridicule those who imitated the West. His campier satirist produced by the Urdu language whim the epithet, Lisan-ul-Asr (the Voice of the Period). According to Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, who unsuccessfully tried to got the reaction of the East against the influence of the West, particularly among the Indian Muslims.

Akbar Allahabadi, however, was a satirist with a difference. There was no malice in his criticism either of the West or of the Indians who imitated Western manners. He particularly relished hitting at things that appeared to him unethical and un-Islamic. He had a fertile imagination and his fund of humour was inexhaustible. He had a pungent remark ready for each occasion but all that he aimed at was to raise a laugh and regale his listeners—and not to hurt anyone.

A KBAR laid the foundation of a new school of poetry in the Urdu language by writing humorous verses. To this day he remains unexcelled in this line though many poets, including Sir Mohammad Iqbal, have tried to imitate his style. Despite his dislike of British culture, he did not hesitate to make effective use of the English language himself. At times he used English words in his Urdu verses with great effect. For example:

Kehti hai zerahe kibr mujh se woh girl, Kaya tujh se milun kahin ka tu duke na

Akbar ne kaha dikha ke dagh-e-dil-o-ashk, Hai meri girah men bhi yeh ruby yeh pearl.

(That girl told me with a chuckle, "Why should I meet you? You are neither a duke nor an earl." I showed her the tears in my eyes and the scars on my heart and replied, "I too possess these rubies and pearls.")

Mumkin nahin ai Miss tera notice na liya Gal ayse parizad hon aur kiss na liya jaye.

(How can I fail to notice you, O Miss? Who will not kiss the cheeks of a nymph-like maiden like you?)

Akbar Husain was born on November 16, 1846, in a Syed family of Bara in Allahabad district. He showed signs of unusual intelligence very early in life. He began writing excellent Urdu when he was hardly ten years old. He also gained a fair knowledge of Arabic and Persian. His father, Syed Tafazal Husain, sent him to a Mission school where he learnt English. The Revolt of 1857 interrupted his education but he continued to study at home and in 1867 passed his first examination in law and was made Reader of the High Court. He passed another law examination and set up practice as a vakil in the Allahabad High Court. In 1880 he re-entered Government service as a munsif and was soon promoted to District and Sessions High Court Bench, but his failing eyesight prevented him from continuing in service any

Akbar inherited his strong love of religion from his father who was a Sufi. His mother was also a woman of pious nature. Love of religion is the one theme to which he reverts again and again in his poems. But humour permeates all his verses whatever the subject:

Rakibon ne rapat likhwai hai jaja ke thane

Ke Akbar nam leta hai Khuda ka is za-mane men.

(My rivals have reported to the police that Akbar talks of God in this age!)

He constantly reminded those who were absorbed in their material advancement that they owed a duty to God as well and must remember that they had to render an account of themselves to Him:

Bhoolta jata hai Europe aasmani bap ko, Bas Khuda samjha hai is ne barq ko aur bhap ko.

(Europe is forgetting its heavenly father. It thinks God is just electricity and steam!)

Next to religion, Akbar was most worried about the purdah which the women of some upper-class families were gradually discarding. His famous quatrain on this subject put the blame on men as much as on women for the violation of the age-old custom:

Bepardah kal jo ayeen nazar chand Akbar zamin men ghairat-e-qomi se ghar bibiyan, Poochha jo unse aapka pardah woh kaya

Kehne lagin ke aqal par mardon ki par



(Some ladies were seen yesterday without their veils, and Akbar felt as if he was sinking into the ground by the shock caused to his national susceptibilities. He asked them what had become of their veil and they replied that it had dropped on the intelligence of man.)

The poet especially enjoyed having a dig at people who flaunted their degrees and hankered after Government jobs. Once a visitor sent in his card on which "B.A." had been added in ink after the printed name, probably because he had acquired the degree after the cards had been printed. Akbar, who was in the zenana at that time, sent back the card with the following verse written on its reverse:

Sheikhji ghar se na nikale aur aisa likh diya,

"Aap B.A. pass hain to main bhi bibi pass hun."

(The Sheikh did not come out of the house and wrote: "If you are a Bachelor of Arts, I too have qualified as the Husband of my Wife.")

In his criticism of Western fashions, Akbar did not spare even his son, Ishrat Husain, who received his education in England and returned home dressed as a modern youth:

Ishrati ghar ki muhabbat ka maza bhool

Kha ke London ki hawa ahad-e-wafa bhool gaye,

Mom ki putliyon par aisi tabiyyat pighli. Chaman-e-Hind ki paryon ki ada bhool

(Ishrat has lost the significance of the love of home. His stay in London has made him forget the tradition of faithfulness. He has been so much attracted by the artificial beauty of English girls that he has forgotten the grace of the Indian nymphs.)

NOT that Akbar was opposed to English as such. He very much wanted the Indians to profit by the good points of Western civilisation, but he warned them against being fascinated by its outward attractions and becoming unmindful of the spiritual progress and their national self-respect. Therefore he acted as a sort of a brake on the speed with which educated Indians were slavishly trying to imitate the West. The following quatrain illustrates his love of traditional values:

Aisa shoq na karna, Akbar, Gore ko na banana sala; Bhai rang yahi hai achha, Ham bhi kale yaar bhi kala.

(Do not desire to have a whiteman as your brother-in-law, O Akbar. Black is a good colour and there is nothing wrong in your beloved too being black.)

As a specimen of Akbar's quips on people's excessive desire of publicity, it is difficult to beat the following:

Dekho jise woh Pioneer office men hai

Lillah, mera nam kahin chhaap dijiye.

(These days everybody seems to be visit-ing the Pioneer office and imploring for the publication of his name somewhere.)

Akbar also had a dig at Indians who dis-liked living in their ancestral homes:

Huye is qadar muhazzab kabhi ghar ka munh na dekha,

Kati umar hotelon men mare haspital

(They have become so much civilised that they hate to visit their homes. They spend their life in hotels and die in hospitals.)

Although Akbar served under the British.

Although Akbar served under the British, he was a patriot at heart. He supported Mahatma Gandhi's policy of non-cooperation with the alien Government. During World War I, when he was leading a retired life, he wrote some ghazals which were quite critical of Government policy. He even mocked at the reports of Allied victories in the war which sounded hollow to him:

Press Bureau ke taron se natija yeh nikalta hai

Fateh sarkar ki hoti hai qabza uska hota

(The war messages put out by the Press Bureau give the impression that while the Al-lies win the battle it is the enemy who captures the place!)

Akbar's poems have been published in three volumes under the title Kulliat-e-Akbar. The Sahitya Akademi has recommended to UNESCO the translation of his works into for-

The great master of wit passed away in

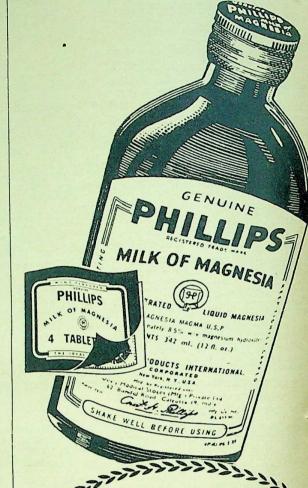
Ajal ayee Akbar gaya waqat-e-behas. Ab "if" keejiye aur na "but" keejiye.

(Death nas arrived, O Akbar, and the time for argument has passed. There is no use now saying "if" and "but".)

KIDAR NATH

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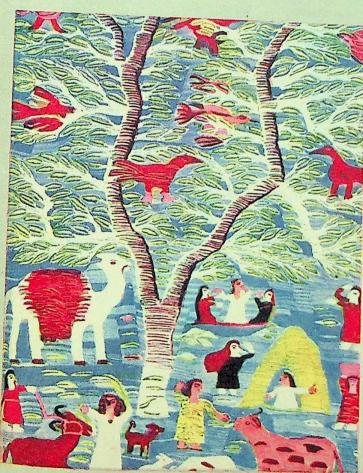
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REMEMBER

ACHILD



PEACOCK AND INDIAN CHILDREN (Roser Agell)



JOY OF LIVING (Garya Mahmoud)



COMPASSION (Max Hunziker)

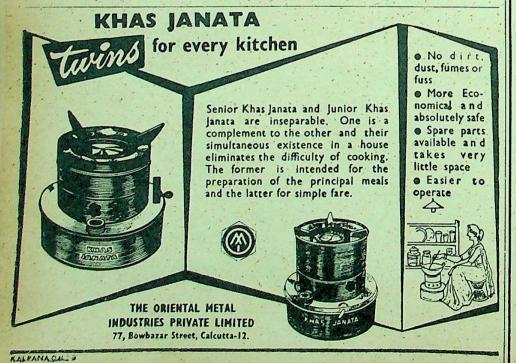
At a time of joy, remember a child. Share your bounty with the hungry, the sick, the dispossessed children of our troubled world. Every greeting you send, each friend remembered, can add to the promise and beauty of days for millions of children already helped; for the many more that wait in hope.

This year UNICEF's official card is "Compassion", contributed by Swiss artist, Max Hunziker. Young Egyptian weaver Garya Mahmoud's design is a detail from one of her weavings, "Joy of Living". The other two cards shown are from a series, "Festival of Birds", by Spanish painter, Roser Agell. These are just four of a set of 10 cards available at Rs. 5 per box. In India they may be purchased from UNICEF, 11 Jorbagh, New Delhi, and from leading stationers.

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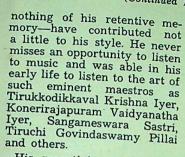
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MERCIAL CEN

(Continued From Page 33)



October 21, 1962

His receptivity to ideas is not limited only to the domain of classical music. It extends far beyond. Whenever the moving, human qualities of anything heard fascinate him, he avidly listens, be it to humming of a child, the lullaby of a mother, the ballad of a minstrel or even to a beg-gar's song. And it may scandalise some of the orthodox, but, Dwaram also listens to film music. In fact, some of the well-known playback singers of the South were his erstwhile students.

IDEAL FIGURE Dwaram generally plays on

the copy of a Stradivarius presented to him at Visakhapatnam about thirty years ago, but he is also known to have given exquisite concert performances on ordinary violins. The words of the late Fritz Kreisler ideally apply to him: "After all it is the player that produces the tone and not the violin. The melody is actually in the heart more than in the strings. A good instrument, then, may be defined as one that puts the least impediments in the way of expression. Bad instruments are like shaky bridges or physical barriers that stand between you and your destination. It is the artiste who does the journeying." Incidentally, Kreisler and his music are Dwaram's great favourites. But he had also an ideal figure to concentrate upon in his for to concentrate upon in his formative period. Like the legendary Ekalavya, Dwaram idolised the late Tiruchi Govindaswamy Pillai and concentrated on his art. Of course, he pro-tests that it was beyond his capacity to emulate the style of that great master. But discerning connoisseurs have none the less found the pronounced impact of the style of Pillai in Dwaram's playing.

In recognition of his distinguished services to music, Dwaram has been honoured wherever he has gone and has collected a bagful of titles, doctorates and other such hon-The most recent was from Sri Venkateswara Univer-

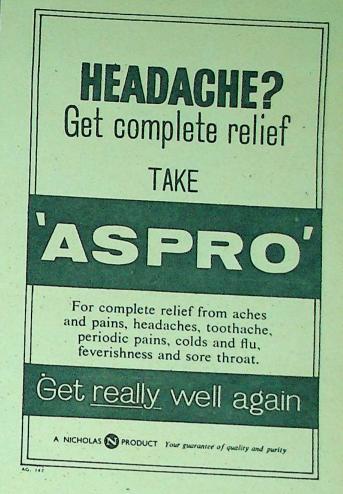
sity. He was one of the musicians to receive the Presidential Award when it was instituted in 1955, and two years later he was invested with the Padma Sri. But one of these tributes was unique. Thirteen years ago, connoisseurs and lovers of music gathered in Madras and presented him with a purse of Rs. 35,000. Messages from the highest State dignitaries poured in and countless were the accommon countless were the encomiums heaped upon the maestro by eminent figures in various walks of life. But what made the celebrations truly significant was the spontaneous en-thusiasm of the ordinary peo-ple who gathered to pay their homage to a master who has spread so universal a message of inspiration and joy.

Now, in the evening of his life, the maestro spends his leisure moments relaxing in a deck-chair on the terrace of his home in Triplicane. Complacently smoking a cheroot and possibly recapitulating epi-sodes from his illustrious career, or contemplating the infinite mysteries of music, he is the picture of serenity and self-satisfaction. During one of these reminiscent moods of his, I asked him a question that had been in my mind for some time. After nearly six decades of association with the violin, was he satisfied that he had acquired a mastery of the instru-

MODEST MASTERY

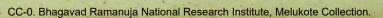
Slowly rolling another tobacco leaf to make a cheroot, Dwaram thoughtfully replied, "No. I cannot say I have fully understood, let alone mastered the instrument. You know, in its present form the violin was developed in the West, centuries ago, and that as the result of many preceding centuries of hard work and experiment. After all, we have adopted it here for not much more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty years, and mainly to support the vocalist. But by then the technique of violin-playing had already reached its splen-dour in the West. To understand the possibilities of the violin we must naturally look in that direction. We have still far to go to appreciate its possibilities and capacities as an instrument. I have taken only few steps on the path." However, we are convinced that Dwaram, at least, has travelled most of the way.

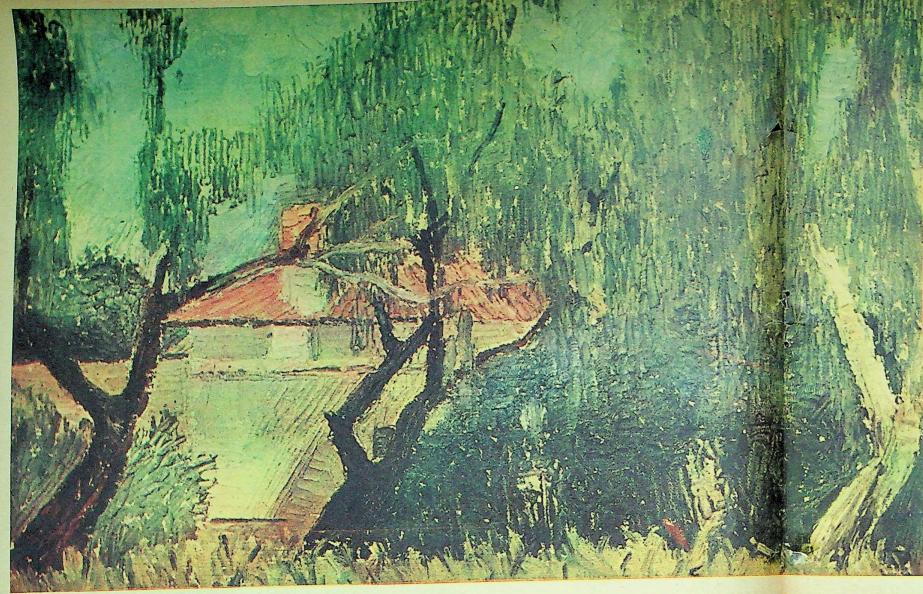
November 4: Madurai Mani Iyer











TO GYMKHANA CLUB (New Delhi)



HE drawing-room of the Tyabjis' New Delhi home is a miniature art gallery, where the work of prominent modern artists finds a place along with the choicest specimens of ancient Indian miniatures. As I moved closer to the walls, a row of books attracted my attention. There were some rare illustrated Persian and Indian manuscripts, such as Iskandar Namah and Khusrau and Shirin, written on paper from Samarkand.

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No painting either by B. F. H. B. Tyabji (whose work has already been discussed in The Illustrated Weekly, August 20, 1961) or his wife, Surayya, who paints with professional competence acquired through long training and practice, was on view. There was however a lovely flower study by their daughter, Laila. The eldest son, Hindal, now 21, preceded the parents in the matter of his art being featured when The Illustrated Weekly reproduced his painting "The Dentist" a few years ago. The younger Adil (18) displays a passion for horses and, naturally, uses them as subjects for his compositions.

A note of subdued lyricism is the outstanding quality of Surayya Tyabji's paintings. Lines do not cry aloud, colours do not shout; her approach to art is nearer to Indian music, where notes blend imperceptibly and melody is the thing. Thus her sense of composition is unified and is orchestrated to an underlying rhythm.

The extreme styles of modern art do not attract her. She is not an experimentalist either; always running

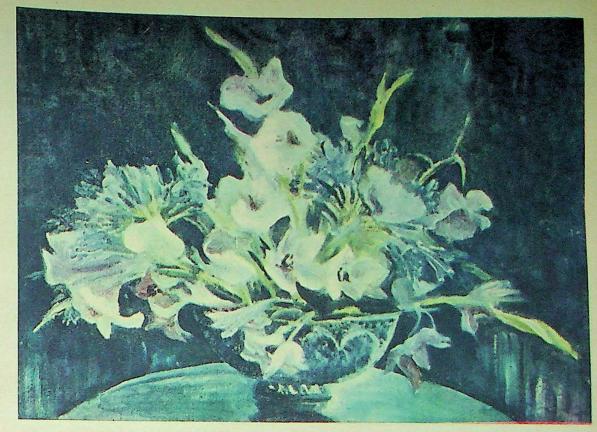
after new forms and mediums. She uses oil and that appears enough to her projects. No nails, no wood, no sand, no wax; not even tempera or gouache. Her aim is to capture what pleases the eye and her art is, therefore, essentially in the impressionist style.

Surayya Tyabji has done a number of flower-studies. "Red Tulips" is in this category and is to be admired for the telling effect in which the texture of the tulip petals is contrasted with the smoothness of the glass table top. "Symphony in Blue and Purple" places the accent on colours. She has also a few portraits to her credit. The one that is most striking is that of her father-in-law, the well-known jurist Faiz Tyabji, internationally recognised as the author of the standard work on Mohammedan Law.

It was at the Mahbubia Girls School, Hyderabad, that Surayya Tyabji first studied art and passed out with honours in each of the six Divisions of Art, conducted under the syllabus of the Royal Drawing Society of London. What gave her breadth and vision were her long sojourns abroad—in Belgium, Indonesia, Iran and Germany where her husband held ambassadorial assignments.

In spite of their direct acquaintance with the best of foreign art, the Tyabjis hold the work of Indian artists in the highest esteem and do not reveal a condescending attitude in acquiring their creations.

BALDEO SAHAI

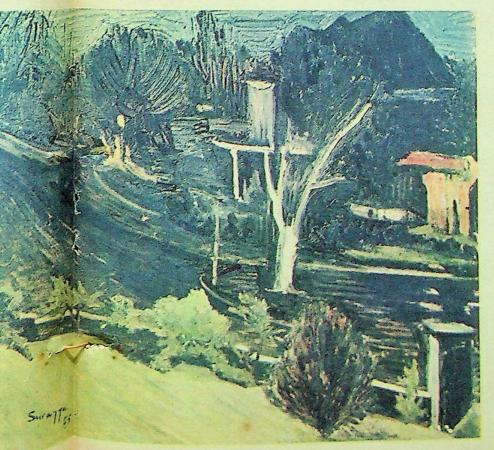


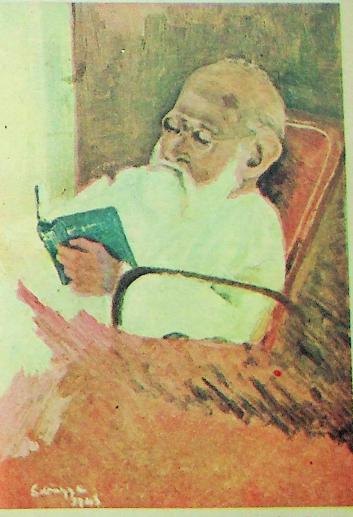
SYMPHONY IN BLUE AND PURPLE

WOMEN ARTISTS

OF INDIA -4

INDONESIAN LANDSCAPE





Mr. FAIZ TYABJI

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ASSISTANCE TECHNICAL U. N.

WAS thumbing through The Attack on World Poverty by Shonfield, Economic Andrew Editor of the London Observer. when I happened upon some disturbing remarks headed "Assault on Traditional Culture". "...the United Nations," it read, "must start by deciding whether it wants to get seriously involved in the work of education for develop-ment. If it does, it is bound to find itself quite frequently cast in a radical role, and siding with one political or social group against another. There is, of course, an alternative view on this whole question, the consciously conservative view put forthrightly by Mr. George Kennan: 'Anyone can see why the underdeveloped countries are terribly interested in this problem of economic growth... I personally think that they are making a great mistake to wish to change their societies with the speed with which they actually seem to wish to do this. It is my own belief that, if you change the lives of people so rapidly that the experience of the father, the wisdom of the father, becomes irrelevant to the needs of the son, you have done something very dangerous-you have broken the organic bond of the family, and you have created emotional trauma in the minds of young people."

The challenging words of Kennan were especially disturbing: they attacked the syndrome of assumptions which has been with me ever since my first years in Asiathat the economic development of the world is the first and most insistent of all the welter of problems beleaguering the post-war generation; besides, I had always thought of the U.N. as a neutral political agent and the task of technical aid as constructive. I decided to spend some time at the Secretariat of the United Nations talking to the men whose lives it is to make some industrial impressions on the poverty-stricken faces of the underdeveloped countries.

When I made known my mission, I was directed to the 29th Floor, to a subaltern of a subaltern of an international civil servant. He was a dreamy youth and, when I entered his cubicle, he was looking out of his window at the East River.

"Come in, come in," he said, standing at attention. "The nice thing about the Secretariat—a very American office-type building which encloses four thousand people and is thirty-eight floors high—is the East River," he said sitting down next to me. "Whenever things get depressing here, we look across to the river. I can't tell you why, but it helps... Now, about technical assistance. Only one man will do. Mr. Paul Hoffman. He's the most written about man we have. Therefore, he has the most to say."

I IGNORED the logical hiatus be-L cause my informer talked nervously and quickly. "Mr. Hoffman has all the facts and figures. He's our greatest salesman, with the most idealism, with the best approach, and the strongest moral purpose." With an exaggerated devotionalism, he told me the "Legend of Hoffman". Energy was the dominant note of the superlative hero's life. Never a studious child, he had rebelled against his education at the university and bolted it to become a salesman in 1909 of the "new-fangled" machine which went under the name of the automobile, and at the age of thirtyfive he had made his first million dollars, which led to higher things -the Vice-Presidency of his company, from where he rose to the "dizzy heights" of its Presidency, which he fruitfully occupied for fifteen years-thence to the head of the Marshall Plan, the Presidency of the Ford Foundation (he did not get on with Mr. Ford), and finally to the Managing Directorship of the U.N. Special Fund, "the greatest experiment ever"investment aid to underdeveloped countries-which he helped to set up in 1959 at the age of 68.

"The point about Mr. Hoffman," the youthful subaltern said, "is that, though the oldest man in our department, he is the youngest in-ternational civil servant." Hoffman had sold more subscriptions than anyone to the rich Governments for the support of the poor. By short-cutting all the bureaucratic circuits, Hoffman had revolutionised the Secretariat. Hoffman was a big bus ness genius. Mr. Hoffman... Mr. Hoffman... Mr. Hoffman. The young idolater suddenly stood up, handed me a bundle of papers, and rushed out to arrange an appointment for me with his great man.

The dossier contained the endless speeches of Paul Hoffman-Realities of International Tensions", "Economic Development Pensions, Economic Bevelopmine Pevelopmine Pevelopminess, and Good Business, "One and One Quarter Billion People", "Operation Breakthrough"—most of them ploughed the same ground over and over again, furrowing and turning up the same words and figures, but any single speech had an horrific tone of a grim, mathematical ho-mily. "Are you aware," the homilist seemed to say through his speeches, "that your world is inhabited by three billion citizens, of whom two billion are povertystricken-since three-quarters of a billion of these live in Communist countries (China, North Korea, North Viet Nam), we cannot bother about them as much as we'd like to; the remaining billion and a quarter poor people who make up part of our free world-22 countries with 800 million citizens have won their independence from the colonial yokes within the last 20 years-are the direct responsibility of those of us who live on the fat of the industrialised nations?

"The life expectancy of these destitute brethren is less than 40 years, more than half of these brethren at or above school age can neither read nor write; the yearly income of 838 million brethren (70%) of our distressed men and women is less than \$100; 208 million of our poor brothers and sisters earn between \$100 and \$200; 73 million between \$200 and \$300. In some countries the income per person is as low as \$60, while an average American takes home \$2,100 a year, and Americans, Canadians, Western Europeans, Australians and New Zealanders, together, pocket on the average \$1,250 a year."

THUS, the decade of the 'fifties, as a book of prophecy, was heavily underscored with gloom and doom. The starved man who earned \$90 in 1950 should have earned \$120 in 1960 because income per person among the poor relatives of the rich countries had risen

roughly by 3% a year. Instead they had added one dollar to their yearly pay-cheque or a total of \$10 over all the 'fifties, because the un-fortunate relatives who should have known better (they lacked self-knowledge, among all their other deficiencies) had overpro-duced children by 200 million, and these extra-accidental, hapless little bits of humanity had eaten into the sluggish gains of \$30 over the decade made by the impoverished people. In contrast to the sad progress in the hundred societies with infant or no industrialism, between 1950 and 1960, income in the Netherlands had increased by \$300, Switzerland, West Germany and Britain by \$400, and the United States and Canada by \$500. And so the rich countries had grown richer, putting more fat on their already healthy bodies, while the gap stretched between their standard of living and, that of the countries with lean bodies, who, in spite of a little filling out, stood like so many scarecrows in the garden of progress.

"It is up to us," the preacher seemed to say, "the more fortunate men and women of the West, to stretch a helping hand to the billion and a quarter people, and we can do it through the U.N. through my Special Fund."

We must stretch out our hands pretty soon, because among these embarrassed peoples a revolution is afoot, a revolution of "rising expectations" or "rising demands". The expectations and demands, after sleeping for centuries, had suddenly sprung awake. Only some of the demands could be met, only a few underdeveloped countries could expect a life-belt because the job was too great for Hoffman or the United Nations or a handful of industrial countries, indeed, for generations. Hoffman had a modest aim for the United Nations for the impoverished countries: merely doubling the paltry per capita income of the 'sixties over the 'fifties by pushing and developing rather than exploiting and exhausting nature's gifts, squeezing out for them a net increase of two rather than one per cent. a year.

While I was still looking through Hoffman's countless galloping speeches, the staggering figures ad they

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Jest A Minute

A WIFE was very worried about her husband. He left on a ten-day business trip, promising to write every day. He wrote as promised, but not one of the letters was stamped.

"He must be ill. Overwork," the wife decided, and as soon as her husband returned, she insisted on taking him to the doctor.

After she had explained the situation, the doctor agreed that overwork was probably the cause of the husband's odd lapse. He took the man's pulse and blood pressure, then instructed him: "Put out your tongue please."

The husband stuck out his tongue—which had ten stamps adhering to it.

THE teacher turned to her class and asked, "Do any of you know why, in the autumn, the wild geese fly south?"

In one sentence, a small boy answered a question that has puzzled scientists for centuries. "Because," he replied "it's too far to walk!"

IT was the day before the Bloggs's tenth wedding anniversary.

"Darling," Mrs. Bloggs said to her husband, "last night I dreamed you gave me a beautiful diamond bracelet. What do you think that means?"

"Wait until tomorrow," Bill Bloggs replied.

The next day he presented his wife with a small parcel. Trembling, she opened it.

Inside was a book: "The Interpretation of Dreams."

WHEN a visitor sentimentally remarked to Dr. George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, that in heaven there would be no partings, the busy Dean replied tartly that what he hoped for was a place with no meetings.



"He got his first intentional walk today!"

BOOKED on an early morning plane, the nava! commander was delayed at a railway crossing, half way to the airfield. Arriving just in time to see his plane taxing down the runway, he grabbed his brief case and started running after the plane, shouting and gesturing, coat-tails flying in the breeze.

Then from the tower loud-speaker came these instructions: "You're cleared for take-off, Commander."

A WOUNDED soldier, encased in a plaster cast from head to waist, was loaded on to a plane, to be flown home from a World War II battlefield. When all the wounded were aboard, an officer explained how to use the life jackets and how to leave the plane if it had to ditch. At the end of the explanation, the officer asked if there were any questions.

From the plaster cast came a voice, "Sir, when you've all left the plane, what do you want me to do with it?"

THE manager of a struggling touring theatrical company was approached by the young leading actor.

"I've got to have an advance," the actor insisted.

"We'll see what the box-office takings are tonight, then perhaps..."

"But I must have an advance. I've got a three days' growth of beard and I need a shave. I can't play Romeo looking like this."

"True enough," the manager admitted. Then a thought suddenly came to him.

"Stage manager!" he shouted. "Change the bill for tonight. We're going to do Bluebeard!"

IT was a very, very thick London fog. A man left his club, determined to find his way home with the aid of his stick, despite the fog.

He progressed fairly successfully for a few hundred yards, but then had to admit to himself that he was lost. Then, he heard water splashing rhythmically and felt the increased chilliness of the air as he approached the Thames.

Suddenly, the man could feel nothing in front of him as he tapped with his stick. He felt to both sides of him... still nothing. Fearfully, he felt behind him. Nothing.

"I don't know how it's happened," the man told himself, "but I seem to have got on to a pillar or something in the middle of the river. There's only one thing to do—wait until daylight."

So, without budging an inch, he waited out the long hours until the sun came up and dispersed the fog.

He found himself perfectly safe on a wide pavement.

But the bottom foot or so of his stick was broken off.



"Of course I remember when we were married. That was the Sunday the Yankees dropped a double-header!"

IT was eleven o'clock at night, and there was a thundering knock on the front door.

"Who's there?" demanded Mrs. Smith.

"We've brought your husband home," came masculine voices from outside.

"I suppose he's drunk again."

"I'm afraid not. He's been run over by a steam-roller."

"Oh, yes? Then slip him under the door."

A NURSE serving with the Red Cross received a surprise package from a special Army friend. It was a small gramophone record. She had no record-player but found one on a shelf in a tiny room at the service club. She closed the door, put the record on and sat back to listen to an enthralling message: "Hello, sweet. It's Bill. Darling, I do miss you. I got your letter and it gave me a thrill..."

Suddenly a woman appeared at the door, looked in doubtfully, but went away. The nurse listened on, enchanted—it was almost like sitting on the sofa at home, holding hands.

The woman reappeared. This time, after a moment's hesitation, she said, "I wonder if you realise that this record is on the public-address system."

A BOUNCER threw a noisy customer out of the saloon four times in a row, and each time the unwanted imbiber would stagger back for more. At last, a customer who had watched with interest tapped the bouncer on the shoulder.

"Know why that lush keeps coming back in?" he asked.

The bouncer shook his head.

"You're putting too much back-spin on him."

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A DANCE POSE (Parsvanatha Temple)



AFTER THE BATH (Visvanatha Temple)

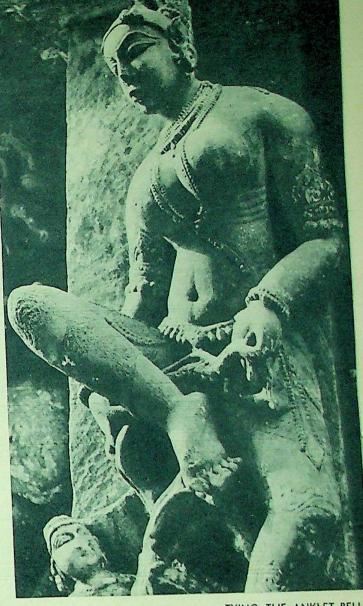
WOMEN of

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PAINTING THE SOLES (Parsvanatha Temple)



LOOKING INTO THE MIRROR (Adinatha Temple)



TYING THE ANKLET BELLS (Parsvanatha Temple)

(Photographs by SHAMA KILANJAR)



(More

Pictures

Overleaf)

DANCER WITH DRUMMERS (Parsvanatha Temple)

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WAITING FOR THE LOVER (Parsvanatha Temple)

KHAJURAHO

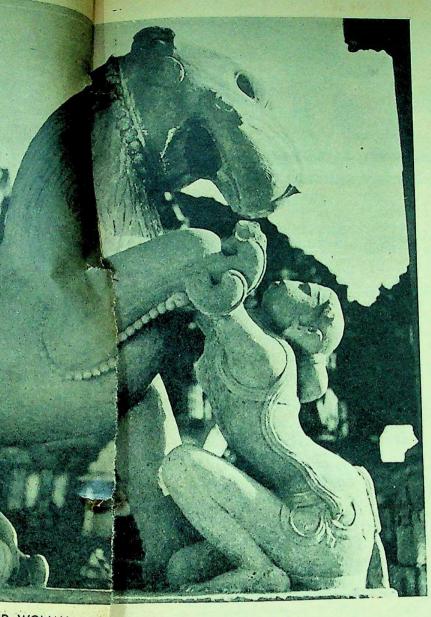
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WRITING A LOVE LETTER
(Visvanatha Temple)



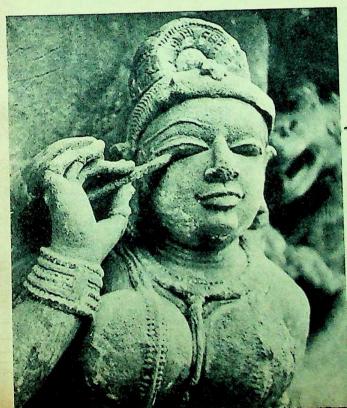
LEOGRIFF AND WOMAN
(at the portico of Mahadeva Temple)

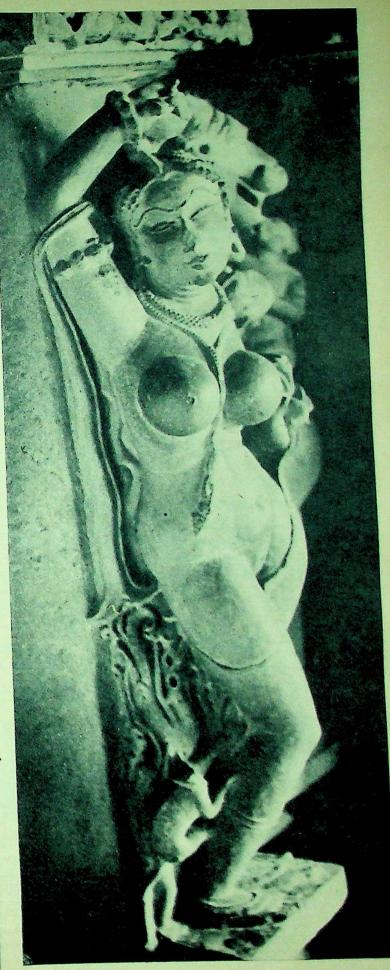




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MAKE this "Festival of Lights" an occasion to remember by winning the bumper First Prize of Rs. 12,000|- offered in "QUOTES" No. 70! In addition there is Rs. 3,000|- reserved for Runners-up (under 3 errors). This popular literary contest is a pleasant pastime and a happy hobby. Only think before you ink! Use your knowledge and skill to SPOT the CORRECT WORD of each QUOTATION CLUE from among the words listed on the right.

OPEN TO ALL READERS CLOSES:

5 P.M., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1962.

CONTEST OF SKILL

CLUES ACROSS

- English poet and romance writer
- Society is a strong solution of .
- "Last year I did some sounding in this ____," said he.
- When we had the laid went ashore on the island. laid in the sea, we
- To call up or awaken in the mind
- Yellow part of egg
- Native of Scotland

- 17 Employs for a purpose
- 19 A pleading
- Then suddenly we rounded a bend and came face to face with the most ghastly-looking —. 20
- Go back to the and look for it, and leave me to seek my people alone!
- Quite apart from what he did to your -
- 23 Where the hell was the -?

CLUES DOWN

- Native of Greece Flows gently
- For a long moment the little staggered.
- What do you think this is, a -
- You want to cut a big circle twice as long across as the length of the
- "No tonight, boys," he said.
- 12 Yes, in a way I would rather not covet my neighbour's —, nor his ox, nor his ass, otherwise it was a most pleasant day.
- 15 I caught a —. It just happened, really.
- I could not possibly say without seeing 16
- 18 Act of selling
- 19 Loud ringing of bell

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF DEC. 9; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF DEC. 16.
Address Envelope: "QUOTES" No. 70, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices,
Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1. NOTE: If you send your Envelope by Registered Post, please omit "Post Bag No. 702" from above address

NTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" No. 70

'QUOTES" No. 70

(ALL ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED) CLOSING DATE (both Local & Final) 5 P.M., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1962.

In entering this Contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Re. II- ENTRY No .----

Order Receipt or Orders Cash Receipts.

NOTE:—If the proper Entry Fees (Vide Bule No. 2) are not attached to your Entry or Entries, and also not indicated in the space above, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation.

Mr.

Mrs.

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FULL NAME in Ink and Block Letters

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0 \mathbf{B} 0 0 DIWALI SPECIAL B MUST BE WON S

RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 67 ENTER REGULARLY AND WIN

OUOTES" No. 70

ALL THE CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE QUOTATION CLUES ARE

AMONG THE BE FOUND

WORDS GIVEN BELOW IN ALPHA

BETICAL ORDER

BAT	LOANS
BAY	LOOK
BOOKS	LOOKS
	LOTS
BOY	MAN
BUG	MAP
BUS	
	PACER
CAFE	PART
CAVE	PATER
COUCH	DIANE
FALL	PLANE
	PLANK
HAT	PORT
HORSE	POTS
HOUSE	
	TOUCH
LOADS	WALL

Here's "QUOTES" No. 70, our Diwali Offer!
This literary pastime is purely one of skill in which every clue permits of only a one-word solution. There are two types of clues:—

(1) The regular type, the solutions of which are to be found in any standard dictionary.

(2) Quotation clues, printed in thicker type, the answers of which when filled in complete the square.

These quotation clues are actual quotations from authors, and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and, therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest, because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in the original work.

EXTRA ENTRY FORMS

For Extra Entry Forms for this Bumper Offer, please see pages 67 & 54.

Important Announcement

The sources of the quotation clues of "QUOTES" NO. 70 will be published along with the Correct Solution in the "WEEKLY" of December 9, 1962.



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ber 28, 1962 000 RRORS No. 70

ANSWERS CLUES ARE

MONG THE IN ALPHA

ER LOANS LOOKS LOTS MAN MAP PACER PART PATER PLANE PLANK PORT POTS POUCH VALL

Diwali Offerl one of skill in a one-word of clues:— utions of which dictionary. in thicker type, ed in complete

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J P. 67

Influenced Books

OR long years a book-worm, a book-learned fool, shut off from life, tens of books, hundreds of them must have made me. Even second-hand, third-hand books, fading fly-leaves, tattered anthologies, notes in the brochures on the masters of the Louvre, tags from dictionaries of quotations, soiled aphorisms of the ages contributed to a life which was predominantly a life of words, not of sensations. But some books more than others. A good book is not only the life blood of a master spirit, as Milton said, but a burning world carrying the hang-over of other world carrying the hang-over of other

Unashamedly, in spite of an interest in Marxology and all other modern fashions, I must think of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, epics and moralities and anthropomorphologies. The Ramayana was not exactly Valmiki's classic but a story told by grandmother, told in bits in text-books, told exceedingly well by Channing Arnold, who also told all about it, and told by Bhaskara, the great Telugu poét, who follows Valmiki. Only in recent years came Rajaji's rambling but gripping version, with comparative references to Kamban and Tulsidas. The Ramayana comes to us in all recensions, even foreign. It impressed on me the values of virtue. With later-day wit, I too could make fun of it all, like Aubrey Menen, and ridicule Rama and make a hero of Ravana, but it seems vain to deny the blood, whatever the intellect's liking for subtleties.

MAGICAL WORLD

The Mahabharata also came in various versions, and Rajaji has again had the last word. It is a story of adventure and courage, with stories within the story, failing to corelate means and ends, but with the Gita embedded in it. The Gita itself has been no influence on me, probably because it has been turned into a classic of ambiguity through the thick commentaries of Tilak, Gandhi, Radhakrishnan, Rajaji and others. The Upanishads, with their poetic diction, elevated thought and pointedness, made a greater appeal, and they with their poetic diction, elevated thought and pointedness, made a greater appeal, and they are translatable. At least the translation of the Kathopanishad by our professor of English made it readable. The Panchatantra, with its wily foxes, stupid owls, crooked crocodiles, wise crows, opened a world more magical than Aladdin's or Ali Baba's.

The young age is the age of epics, because they are long heroic poems, full of incident. The Iliad reeked with blood and sound and fury, treachery and back-stabbing. Neither Hector nor Achilles was free from blood-thirstiness and bragging and Helen was a pale version of a Hollywood actress who could not act. The Odyssey was a fairy tale, a great travel tale, a romance of wandering. The return of the wanderer after many adventures left a great impression of tirelessness. Apart from the adventure, the character of Odysseus attracts; he is strong, brave, wily and wise. The grandeur of Homer's hexameters was reproduced well in the labyrithine prose of Butcher and Lang, though every dawn was rosy-fingered. The impression created by the Odyssey was reinforced into an influence by an associate impression. Tennyson's Ulysses crystallised whatever had been hazy and involved in Homer. Ulysses stood for endless striving.

The Bible, thanks to Christian missions, had an enduring impact. They served it with bread and jam and huge poster reproductions of Adam and his hairy descendants. The school Bible, a great story book, was readable because of the illustrations, and in spite of the confusion between invisible angels and, later, the Invincible Armada, acquaintance with Bible stories was an introduction to the Authorized Version and the rhythms of its great prose. The Book of Job and the Song of Solomon still haunt. The New Testament made its impact first through the pictures of the Crucifixion, the Gospel of St. Luke in Telugu, and the Gospel of St. Luke in Telugu, and the Gospel of St. Mark in Gothic, as a part of the study of the English language. None of the film versions of the Bible has destroyed its authenticity, and The New English Bible has added to the mysteries of style.

This is the first of a series

Renan's Life of Christ presented Christianity as a religion of man. He had only the New Testament and Josephus to guide him, but in presenting Christ as "an incomparable man", he rationalised the story of Christ to me. The sequel was a strange quarrel with a fellow student, a Catholic, now a bishop. In a discussion on the greatest man that had ever lived, I had ventured to suggest Christ firmly, but I roused dreadful anger in my friend. Renan made me put Christ above every other human being and I have been a good Christian, while holding fast to Christmas as an essentially pagan festival.

I had been led on to Renan, whose life of Christ may not be scholarly but is readable, by a reference in some books, and on recollection, it is remarkable how one book leads to another, how a mere extract can lead to a book, or how a text-book can lead to a little library of books. An extract from Plato's Phaedo, in the text-book, giving Crito's story of the last day of Socrates, led me to exhausting foundering among some of the Dialogues. It was too early to understand Platonic or Socratic philosophy, and neither has been an influence. But Socrates has been, Socrates as Plato's creation in the Phaedo, Symposium, Gorgias, Protagoras. Not even scholars know how much of what Socrates is supposed to say is Socrates and how much of it is Plato. While Plato is often as meaningless as mashed potato, Socrates and his noble utterances have remained in the mind. With no shirt and shoes, living a life of hardship but of spiritual independence, he wandered about the streets, seeking truth; he was a most righteous man, not a Pharisee

by M. CHALAPATHI RAU

or a satirist; he was acute of intellect, though he pretended to be dull; he was morally pure, though he pretended to surrender to passion. His ugliness was transformed into sublimity; he was all glorious within. Socrates was possi-ble because of Plato. ble because of Plato.

Marlowe's Doctor Faustus, a text-book, led me on to Goethe and other German giants. Goethe himself paid a tribute to Marlowe, but Goethe's is a far vaster, subterranean world. His Faust is the fullest confession of his life, the poetic epitome of his experience. Where the centenarian Faust finally triumphs over the powers of evil, there lies a philosophy of life—it is possible to fall and to rise.

Goethe's Faust has been called the "Divine Comedy" of eighteenth-century humanism. That was not how I had been led to Dante. In a book of literary criticism, it was said that the modern age was one of metaphysicals without Donne and of scholasticism without Dante. In Cary's translation, Dante looked tamed in spite of his formidable power. I have later read three or more translations, but Cary reproduces the music of the terza rima. The Commedia does not delight directly; it reproves, rebukes and exhorts. In an age of great men, free thought, and free speech, Dante, a deep and original political thinker, wrote uniquely. It is interesting to go in the security of his company, but while much of the Purgatorio and Paradiso looks mythical, the intensity of the Inferno has left a scorching sensation that lasts. It reinforced a humanism which lacked balance with faith and sense of purpose. Goethe's Faust has been called the "Divine

I came upon Lucretius by chance, while browsing in a library, and De Rerum Natura (On the Nature of Things) was a revelation even in translation. It was more the spell of language than of the philosophy, which looked modern, though it is ancient. Nothing is created out of nothing. The universe does not change. The universe is made up of bodies. The soul also is made of material atoms. There is an invocation to Venus; on the progress of the seasons, there is a sublime passage. For

the early years of Christ, it all seems like modern astro-physics. The style and diction, the vivid imagination, the free flowing phrases, invest the philosophy of Lucretius with such stuff as poetry is made of. It is like Einstein and Eddington and Jeans transported centuries back. The negation of immortality does not matter; the materialism is sensuously dissolved into spirituality. The beauty of life is impressed; for the rest, there is dreamless sleep.

Lamb's tales led most of us to Shakespeare. Whoever did "Hamlet", whether Charles or Mary, did it well, but it meant reading Shakespeare's tragedies before his comedies. Every bit of Shakespeare could be relished with growing intimations of maturity, but besides the blood and thunder of Macbeth, the tearful shrieking of King Lear and the poetic murdersomeness of Othello, Hamlet offers drama, poetry and philosophy. "To be or not to be" is an eternal conundrum, and Hamlet, not what Bradley said of him, has remained the picture of life's futility, not of anything especial at Elsinore. Elsinore.

GREAT PERSONALITIES

A different kind of work, but as gripping, was Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, his masterpiece. Prometheus was the human mind and will, ultimately free, indicating the unfettered progression of man. It was a poem of the future, which conveyed much philosophy through the power of a myth.

If it came to poetry, there are few modern works as disturbing as T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. Neither its allusions nor obscurities nor allegorical significance could hide its undertone of grave music.

Gandhi did not affect us much; those who had missed the first rapture of nationalism in the non-cooperation movement came late for complete conversion, but as My Experiments With Truth was appearing in instalments in Young India, in Mahadev Desai's superb rendering, it powerfully affected me. Here were Rousseau, Mazzini, Thoreau and Tolstoy combined. Two or three lessons were plain; attachment to truth and sense of non-possession. Gandhi cured me of my romanticism about words and taught how in moments of truth thought could be stripped bare to the bone.

Lord Charnwood's Abraham Lincoln, later to be reinforced by Carl Sandburg's volumes, told the story of another crucifixion. Lincoln was the expression of the tortured soul of America in its greatest moment of agony. His was not the torture of Gandhi's self-inquest; it was a long-drawn, moment-to-moment inquisition, confronted by crisis after crisis. Yet Lincoln faced it all with faith and courage.

If lives were to be mentioned, Plutarch's Lives was history teaching by vivid examples. It was originally called "Parallel Lives" giving the lives of noble Romans and Greeks side by side, and Plutarch preferred Spartans to Athenians. But his work was like an ancient Westminster Abbey, where even the inscriptions on the tombstones were inspiring. There has never been so much of packed human greatness and frailty. greatness and frailty.

The influence of Johnson's Lives of the Poets for the literary-minded was great, and for those who trace the hold of Lytton Strachey on people like me, Johnson's Lives will be found to be the common source of paradox and enjaram.

Macaulay, as every schoolboy knows, is magic. His swaggering sententiousness, his sense of drama, his metallic music, his dogmatism, were compelling and, though Macaulay has been outgrown, the sweep and precision of his history cannot be shaken off. It was so to a lesser extent with Mommsen, though in translation, and with excerpts from Gibbon. History is a muse, not a mistress. a muse, not a mistress.

Ruskin too could be like opium, even by the side of the Landors and De Quinceys, but what made him valuable for us was Unto This Last. It was a classic of economic humanism. When its elementary economics and the sad music of

(Please Turn To Page 57)



murphy

radio

the perfect gift

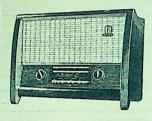
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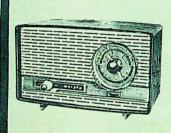
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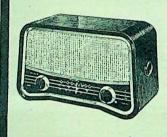
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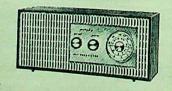
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ON

October

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Dr

BOOKS ON

(Continued)

its humanity had to be studied as a text-book, Gandhi praised it. The dogmas of political economy were shattered; man became the central theme.

Swift was lurking in the back-ground all the years but his savage laugh could not be forgotten. Robinson Crusoe may have been, as Rousseau said, the happiest treatise of natural education, but the "Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World" by Lemuel Gulliver, with its masculine simplicity of diction, made us Gulliver in Lilliput, Gulliver in Brobdingnag, and Gulliver everywhere.

It is not good to forget the prodigy, Mill. He gave us a vision of liberty, an understanding of logic and the first glimpse of socialism. Rationalism was his weapon and his outlook was noble. Accompanying Mill, Maine on "Village Communities" and Maitland on the "History of English Law" gave me a broad sense of law and understanding of institutions.

derstanding of institutions.

Bernard Shaw was not in the background but in the foreground. While everything he wrote and said made some of us atheists, socialists and vegetarians, at least for a time, he carried rattocination to the furthest limit. His sentiveness, which was the alpha and omega of style to him, was a superb instrument. Among his works Saint Joan seemed the most noble, the least preachy, an essay on saintliness and the world. Sibyl Thorndike was still playing the role, when we played it in college. college.

What else? It looks like a catalogue of classics. But classics have been the main influence, though it has been useful to read even the Encyclopaedia Britannica and thas been useful to read even the Encyclopaedia Britannica and Shaw at least has not been a classic. What about Karl Marx or the Marx Brothers? I came to Marx through the Russian Revolution, to Socialism through the Soviet Union. We are talking of books, not of men and events, and we are not including books like Nesfield's Grammar, Fowler's Modern English Usage, or Mencken's American Usage. Such books would be a deluge. I am not including even Saintsbury's History of English Prose Rhythm, hich helped me to understand prose as harmony. There has been a bit of Browning, a bit of Dickens, a bit of Carlyle, a bit of Tolstoy, a bit of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Andre Gide in the mental make-up, but they are not books. Dr. Leavis, C. P. Snow, Anna and the King of Siam are not books. Nor are G. K. Chesternot books. Nor are G. K. Chesternot on chalk, Ezra Pound on algebra, or James Joyce on the Bloom family, or even Cardus on cricket.

family, or even Cardus on cricket.

E. E. Cummings said that a poem was a being with a life of its own. A book too has life, especially a book that makes men. What makes you is what makes your character, whatever you are, the bone and flesh of your inner being. Such books are rare. I have not found books in running brooks. I have rarely read a book more than once, rarely kept a book by the bedside. Every book has been a miracle, a Glastonbury romance. All the books that mattered were the books I read at school and college. No book since then has mattered much; there has been no revelation for over thirty years.

November 11: Dr. C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR

Birth Of Lakshmi

When Hari was born as a dwarf, the son of Aditi, Lakshmi appeared from the lotus (as Padma); when he was born as Parasurama, she was Dharani; when he was Rama, she was Sita; and when he was Krishna, she became Rukmini. In the other descents of Vishnu she is his associate. If he takes a celestial form, she appears as divine; if a mortal, she becomes mortal too, transforming her own person agreeably to whatever character it pleases Vishnu to put on.

Vishnu Purana

ER first birth was as daugh-Ek first birth was as daughter of the sage Bhrigu by Khyati. Later, she was produced from the Ocean of Milk when the gods and the demons churned it to gain the Amrita..

One day the sage Durvasa was wandering over the earth. Suddenly he saw a Vidyadhari, a nymph of the air, carrying a lovely garland. Its flowers had been picked from the trees of heaven. Their sweet smell spread around and delighted all creatures. Durand defighted all creatures. But yours a asked the nymph to give the garland to him, and she offered it respectfully. For she knew that the sage was irascible and, when irritated, came out with potent curses.

Delighted, Durvasa put on the garland and walked on. Soon he came across Indra, the king of the gods, seated on his elephant. Durvasa threw the garland to Indra, who caught it in his hand. However Indra saw in it nothing who caught it in his hand. However, Indra saw in it nothing worthy of him, and placed it on his elephant's head. There "it shone like the river Ganga, glittering on the dark summit of the mountain Kailas". But the elephant plucked off the garland and cast it on the ground. Durvasa was influsived.

"This garland was the dwelling of Lakshmi," he said. "But you did not respect it. Besides, you did not bow before me. You have offended one whose wrath terrifies all created things. Now, hear me. Indra: you shall lose your sovereignty over the three worlds!"

Indra realised his mistake. Immediately, he dismounted from his elephant and begged Durvasa to forgive him.

But the sage frankly said, "For-giveness is not in my nature. I will not forgive you, however humble you may be now." And he went his way.

Indra was dejected. He remounted his elephant and made for Amaravati, his capital.

DURVASA'S curse was not in DURVASA'S curse was not in vain. Indra lost his vigour, and so did the three worlds. The trees and plants began to wilt. Men forgot their moral and religious duties. They ceased from the holy rites and pursued worthless objects in their place. And charity was not their virtue any more. All other beings became unsteady, too. For "where there is energy, there is prosperity; and upon prosperity energy depends. How can those abandoned by prosperity be possessed of energy; and without energy, where is excellence?"

The demons noticed this and re-

The demons noticed this and re-The demons noticed this and rejoiced. Long had they struggled with the gods, but in vain. Now was their chance to overthrow their enemies. They gathered their forces and stormed Amaravati. The enfeebled gods could not resist the attack. They fled to Brahma and pleaded for his aid.

Brahma said that only Vishnu could help them. "He can tame the demons and remove all grief." he added. He led them to the northern shore of the Ocean of Milk.

And Brahma prayed, "We glorify him who is all things; the Lord supreme over all, unborn, imperishable.

"May he who is called the sup-reme God, who is not in need of assistance, Hari, the soul of all embodied creatures, be favourable to

Then the gods said, "Be favourable to us; be present to our sight."

And Vishnu showed himself to them. He was four-armed and bore in his hands a shell, a discus, a mace and a lotus. He was radiant with embodied light.

The gods bowed before Vishnu and said, "Defeated by the demons, we have come to you for protection. Spirit of all, have mercy on us. Protect us with your great power, in union with the goddess who is your strength."

Vishnu promised to restore their energy. They must, together with the demons, churn the Ocean of Milk to obtain the Amrita, the draught of immortality. He assured them that the enemies of the gods would not share the Amrita: they would share in the labour

THE gods entered into a pact with THE gods entered into a pact with the demons and both set about the task. But to churn an ocean was no joke, even for the mighty ones. First of all, they needed a churning-stick, large and heavy enough to agitate the ocean. Only a high mountain could serve that purpose. So they uprooted the mountain Mandara and transported it to the Ocean of Milk. Next they wanted a cord, long and strong enough to twirl the mountain. For this they secured the services of Vasuki, the king of the serpents. Then they gathered various kinds of herbs and cast them into the ocean. into the ocean.

Now they were ready to perform the actual task. The demons, in their arrogance, caught hold of the snake's head, and the gods were content to hold the tail. Vishnu assumed the form of a vast tortoise and plunged to the bottom of the ocean. He supported the mountain on his back, lest it sink into the soft bed.

The churning began. Both groups struggled and heaved. Vasuki, too, felt the strain of their efforts. He hissed and exhaled flames from his mouth. The fire vexed the demons and dimmed their glory. But by the time Vasuki's breath travelled to the end of his tail, it cooled and turned to clouds. Vivifying showers fell upon the gods and refreshed them.

At last, the treasures of the ccean began to rise to the surface. First to emerge was the cow Surabhi, the fountain of milk and curds. Then uprose Varuni, the goddess of wine, her eyes rolling with intoxication. Next appeared Parijata, the tree of paradise, perfuming the world with its flowers.

The sight of these things infused new strength into the gods and the demons. They twirled the huge churning-stick with greater force.

Soon came up Apsarases, the nymphs of heaven, whose beauty was the astonishment of all. They were followed by the cool-rayed moon. After it was produced Halahala, the deadly poison. Then came forth Dhanyantari, wearing white robes. In his hand he bore the vessel of Amrita. The sight of the Amrita thrilled both groups.

However, they did not stop their churning. Another treasure seemed to be coming up. They wondered what it could be.

what it could be.

Then there rose from the waves the goddess Lakshmi. She was seated on a full-blown lotus and in one hand she held a water-lily. She was radiant with beauty. He sight delighted all. The heavenly musicians beat their drums, clashed their cymbals and blew their trumpets. A troupe of nymphs came forth and danced before her.

Thou art Sudha (ambrosia), the purifier of the universe:

Thou art evening, night and damn:

Thou art power, faith, intellect: Thou art the goddess of letters..

Thou, beautiful goddess, art knowledge of devotion, great knowledge, mystic knowledge, and sprittual knowledge; which confers liberation.

The tongues of Brahma are unequal to thy excellence. Be propitious to me, O Goddess, lotus-eyed, and never forsake me more.

Ganga and other holy rivers hurried to attend on Lakshmi. The elephants of the skies brought pure water in pitchers of gold and poured it over the goddess. The Ocean of Milk in personified form offered her a garland of unfading flowers. And Vishwakarma, the artist of the gods, presented her with beautiful ornaments.

When Lakshmi had bathed and decked herself, she looked about. All present stood expectant. But the goddess turned her eyes from them and cast herself upon the breast of Vishnu. The gods were happy, but not so the demons, who felt that Fortune had abandoned them. them.

IN their anger, the demons snatch-In their anger, the demons shated ed the vessel of Amrita from Dhanvantari and ran away. The gods were stupefied. Their only hope was gone. Once the demons had drunk the precious draught, they would never be overcome by them.

overcome by them.

The Lord of Lakshmi, however, came to their rescue. He took the form of a lovely maiden and went where the demons were sitting down to drink the Amrita. Her beauty bewitched the demons and they asked the maiden to distribute the draught of immortality among them. The maiden took the brimming vessel and vanished.

The gods drank the Amrita and ane gods drank the Amrita and gained new vigour. The demons were angry and wanted to avenge themselves. They renewed their war. But now they were no match for the gods. They suffered a defeat and fled to Patala.

Again there was joy in the three worlds. The sun shone splendidly as before, fire blazed on the altars. The trees renewed their leaves and put forth flowers. All beings felt devotion in their hearts. There was happiness everywhere.

Back on his throne, Indra paid homage to Lakshmi.

"Abandoned by you," he said, "the three worlds were on the brink of ruin; but they have been reanimated by you."

O. P. BHAGAT



Everybody's grandpa

THE OLD gentleman came slowly into the bank, took a cheque out of his pocket and presented at the counter.

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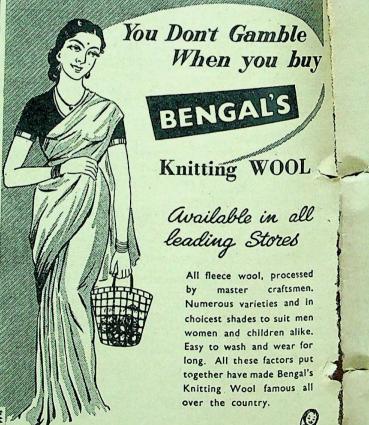
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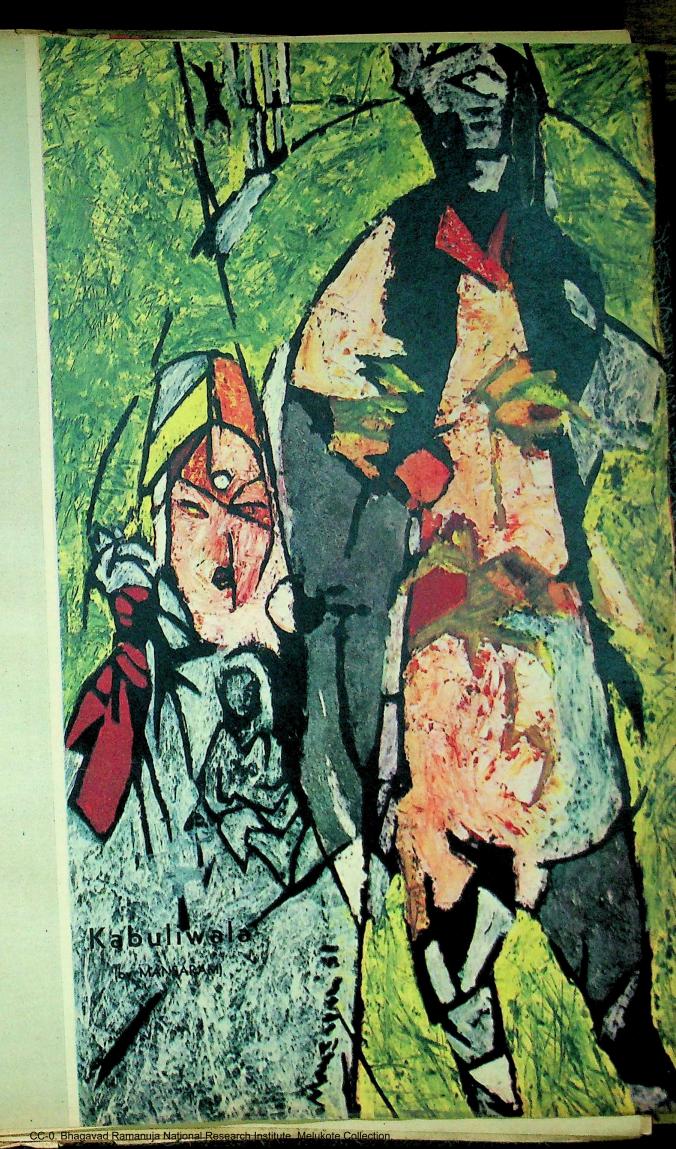
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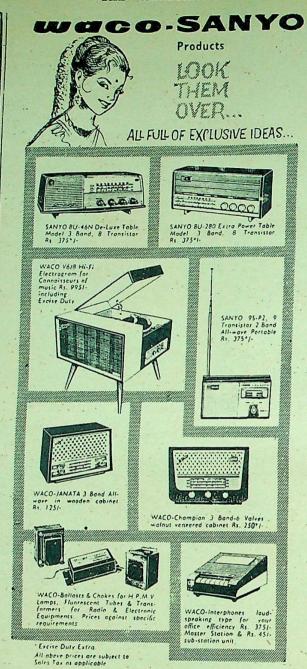
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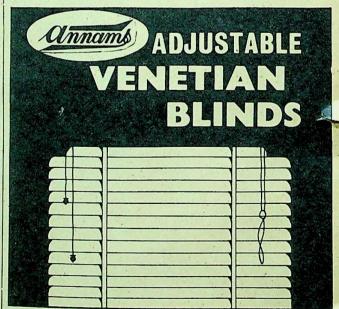
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CONTENTS

ICTURE PAGES:		
	Women Of Khajuraho	62
	ICTION & POETRY:	
100000	The Unfinished Portrait	16.
9	Sparrow	33
	How Are You?	42
	RTICLES:	4.
Ì	Divali: Our National Festival	8
1	The Dark Goddess In Bengal	25
September 1	The Diamond	31
-	A Visit To India	35
A CONTRACTOR	Memories In The Dust	37
3	Mr. Guru Abanindranath	39
	Wanted A Philosophy Of Education	47
V	Books Which Have Influenced Me-1	49
į	Indian Festivals: Some Recollections	51
	A Socialist Dipavali	55
į	Birth Of Lakshmi	57
100	How Shall We Celebrate Divali?	59
Carlotte		
	OLOUR PAGES:	100
	Holy Savage	21
3	Kabuliwala	29
	Reflections	40
-	Decorative Combs	53
	Comics	. 72
	EGULAR FEATURES:	1000
	Chiaroscuro	23
	London Letter	55
	Frivolity	. 61
	THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE	- 1995

OUR COVER, Festive Mood, is by Dhiraj Chawda.

NEXT WEEK

LOOKING BACK

by AUBREY MENEN

(historical reflections based on the well-known author's Nair ancestry)

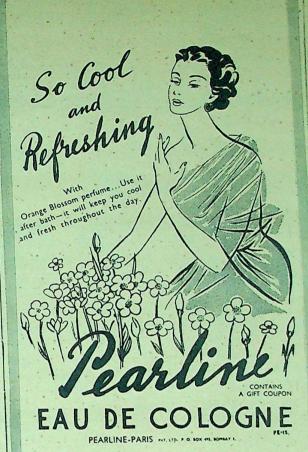
THE KUCHIPUDI DANCE-DRAMA (first of two authoritative articles by Banda Kanakalingeswara Rao, outlining the history and technique of this classical school)

SUNDAY PAINTERS OF INDIA—II (the subject is Maharash-tra's Minister for Social Welfare, Mrs. Nirmala Raje Bhonsle)

NASSER SPEAKS (a sequence of striking photographs)

KARNATAK MUSICIANS—3 (an appreciation of vocalist Madurai Mani lyer by B. V. K. Sastry)

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE (a human-interest story told in pictures)





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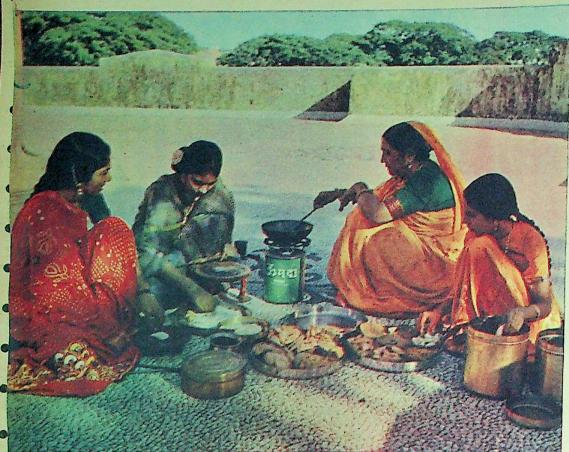
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CCORDING to our ancients, man, A generally speaking, has four chief ambitions. He wants to be honoured by his fellow men and to enjoy a good reputation. He seeks their love and confidence. He also desires power, adequate strength of mind and body, so that he can influence and induce others to do what he wants to be done. Then he also very naturally seeks sufficient competence to meet and satisfy his creature needs from day to day, to enable him to live according to his own stipulated standards of life, and to keep all those for whose care he is responsible in reasonable comfort. When all these objectives are met, he wants above everything some amusement. something that gives him solace and recreation, some engagement in which he can indulge without any restrictions, when he can, so to say, go out of himself and give himself up to unrestrained enjoyment. In other words, he hankers after opportunities to relax from the daily round of duties, the dull routine of domestic and professional life, when he has no need to observe any recognised conventions of social behaviour and can feel that he is just him-

As is well known, in India we have

had through the ages a division of people into castes (or varnas), and have also had an injunction to divide individual life into stages (or asramas). Varna or caste gave a person from his very birth a definite status in society and prescribed for him the work that he should take up in life—and for which he should be properly trained—so that he might have an assured livelihood for himself and also be of service to his fellow men by fulfilling the duties of a necessary profession.

Then there were the asramas, viz., the different stages of life for every person. A man was to prepare in the first stage for his later life in the world, subsequently to take up a profession and rear his family. Later he was to retire to live on his own savings and be available to help others in an honorary capacity, without either competing with anyone for his livelihood, or being a burden even to his family for his own maintenance. If he lived

- by -

SRI PRAKASA

long enough, he was to be exempted even trom such honorary services, and allowed to live in peace till the end.

These two concepts, the varna and the asrama, have given to the ancient religion of our land the name of Varnasrama Dharma. Hinduism is no proper description of this religion. The word "Hindu" really stands for the people who live on the eastern and southern sides of the Sindhu river. The other names for the religion—really the code of life and conduct of the people now called Hindu—were Arya (noble), Vaidika (knowledgeable), Manava (human), Sanatana (eternal) Dharma (religion). The best name, however, is and should be Varnasrama Dharma (the religion or code of life and conduct that divides people into varnas—categories—and individual life into asramas — stages.)

These fundamental views of life have been so embedded in our nature that, despite innumerable aberrations and deplorable corruptions, they have kept us all as a people united under their sway and spell; they have even effectively regulated all departments of our existence as human beings, besides having an effective influence in regulating our feasts and festivals, our recreations and amusements.

The four great festivals that the Hindu of today in almost all parts of the country observes—and I believe these are more marked in the North and the West

"The Illustrated Weekly of India" wishes its readers a

Happy Divali.

HERRETARIES CONTRACTOR AND CONTRACTO

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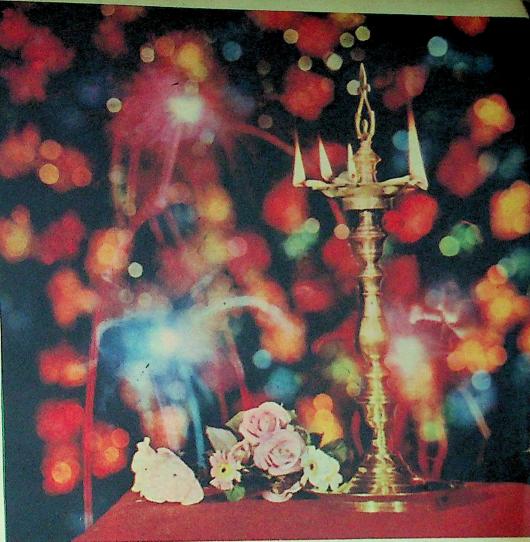
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than in the South, even though ancient India lives more in the South than in other parts of the country-are: Raksha Bandhan or Sravani, the full moon day of the month of Sravan (July-August), which is peculiarly sacred for the Brahmins, the learned folks; Vijaya Dasami, the 10th day of the waxing moon of Aswin (September-October), which marks the triumph of good over evil as typified by the victory of Rama over Ravana, which is particularly meant for the Kshatriyas or the warrior caste. This is followed by Dipavali, the new moon day of the month of Kart-(October-November), the val of lights, which is particularly dear to the Vaisyas or the merchant community; and lastly Holi, on the full moon day of the month of Falgun (February-March), when most people give themselves up to the sheer joy of life. This is believed to be particularly significant for the workers and peasants, the unskilled labourers—known as Sudras, certainly in no derogatory sense-who are the backbone of society, and who,



by their hard manual work, keep things going and make the tasks of everyone else easy.

These festivals have also something to do with the seasons; and this is particularly so in the matter of Dipavali or Divali which comes at the end of the rainy season, and Holi which heralds spring after a severe winter. The Brahmin worships his books on Sravani day; the Kshatriya, his arms on Vijaya Dasami day; the Vaisya, his ledgers on Dipavali or Divali day; and the Sudra gives himself up to unrestrained jollity with powder and paint on Holi. The working classes engaged in their various crafts also worship the implements of their calling—the ploughshare or the hammer, the bellows or the axe—on the different days that they have assigned for them. But Holi to them is the day of common rejoicing; it is to them what the Saturnalia were to the ancient Roman populace or a bank holiday is to the modern British worker. There are indeed



(Photographs: Shama Kilanjar, 2; Dhiraj Chawda, 1; Murlidhar Jalan, 1)

no inhibitions in regard to the celebrations. There is no doubt that the humble peasant or worker enjoys his holiday very much better than the learned or the well-to-do. He gives himself up to fundamental pleasures on such days, which might appear to be vulgar to the prude or the puritan. He certainly deserves more holidays and more leisure than he gets in the industrial setup of today.

MY Divali memories of my boyhood days, 60 to 65 years ago, when, I believe, these festivals were celebrated in their pristine purity, tell me that Divali really stood for a continuous festival of five days. It all began on what is called the Dhan Teras, the day dedicated to wealth -the 13th day of the dark half of the month of Karttik-and ended on the Bhratri Dwitiya, the second day of the bright half of the same month. (It may be noted that in the North, the lunar month ends with the full moon day, and not the new moon day as it does in Maharashtra.)

On the Dhan Teras day, all the shops in my old city of Kashi were illuminated as best possible, for there was no electri-city then and the narrow streets were full of elderly men with youngsters going about to make purchases. It was regarded as absolutely necessary that some new utensils should be purchased on that day. The youngsters however were only interested in toys, of which there was always a good

display. They were days of the purdah. Women observed seclusion, and so they were unfortunately not seen either among the sellers or the buyers. The crowds were always huge, and passage through the congested streets was difficult.

The next day, called Naraka Chaturdasi, was dedicated to the worship of Hanuman, the faithful servitor of Sri Ramachandra, when the children recited wellknown verses in honour of the deity and for the departure of the demon Narak. Then comes the new moon day, Divali day proper. This is a great day for gambling as well. All life, in a way, is a gamble, and the instinct for gambling is strong in the human heart, however much the puritan may deride it. Trade and commerce involve even more gambling than perhaps other professions. Divali being a festival particularly dear to the merchant community, it is no wonder that it is associated with gambling. We childdren used to receive small sums from our mothers to gamble with among ourselves for fun-and for a little gain also, if possible. There was, however, much illigambling in the streets throughout the festive season, sometimes resulting in the arrest of revellers, while sometimes the fun went on with impunity unchecked-more often the latter than the former. On the following Annakoot day, heaps of food, particularly rice in various forms, were cooked and consumed.

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DIVALI: OUR NATIONAL FESTIVAL (Contd.)

Lastly came the great Bhratri Dwitiya—the day of the meeting of brothers and sisters—on the second day of the bright half of the same month of Karttik as we of the North know it. Sisters have some grouse or other all the year round: they feel that that their brothers do not care for them and have forgotten them after their marriage. But this is the day when the brothers have a serious grouse if the sisters do not remember them and come with gifts to greet them. The sisters come to the ancestral home to meet their brothers, to revive memories of old days when they played together as children in the self-same house and to give presents to one another. This is therefore regarded as an important day of family reunion—if sisters happen to be old or ill, and unable to come to the brothers' houses, the brothers themselves go to the sisters'.

THIS reminds me of a little incident when I was High Commissioner in Pakistan. The Foreign Secretary was Mr. Ikramullah; and his wife Sogra was reputed to have been before Partition a much keener and more uncompromising advocate of Pakistan than even her husband. It so happened that at one of the parties—and a diplomat's life is mostly passed in parties—Mrs. Ikramullah came up to me and said that she was anxious to introduce herself to me. I said to her: "Of course I know you. You are Mrs. Ikramullah." She said: "But I am the sister of Suhrawardy, I became Mrs. Ikramullah later." Both the brothers Suhrawardy were my contemporaries in England where I knew them. They studied at Oxford, and I at Cambridge; but we often used to meet. I then told her that since she was the sister of an old friend, she was my sister too.

The bond of brother and sister is very strong in India; and it will be recalled that, when the Rajput princess Padmini sent the rakhi (the thread symbolising the protection that the brother must give to the sister) to the Emperor Humayun, he left his wars in Bihar and rushed back to protect the distressed princess who had acknowledged herself as his sister, in her home in Rajasthan.

When the day of this Bhratri Dwitiya came round after this incident at the party, I went over to Mrs. Ikramullah's house in the evening with gifts of clothes and saris for herself and her children. She received me with great courtesy, but when I told her of my mission—her husband had not till then returned from his office but soon turned up—she said that it was she who had introduced herself to me as a sister; and since she had done so, she must submit to the liabilities of the relationship and accept the gifts that any brother would make to a sister on a day like that in the society from which I came

She was good enough to accept the presents; and really the Ikramullahs and myself became greater friends afterwards. I am happy to recall the years of long ago when they would come up to the High Commission of their own accord, late in the evenings, and say they would like to stay on to enjoy my vegetarian meal. We would then all squat down on the floor, sitting on wooden planks, and have our meal—rather poor by Pakistani standards—on the roof of the house.

They have not forgotten the old days; and if they happen to be in India they do not fail to contact me. I am glad of it. Despite all sorrows and sufferings of the times, my days in Pakistan were not very bad, by any means. These personal courtesies and friendships made life comparatively pleasant.

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Today let us dwell lovingly and lingeringly on this great festival of Dipavali, literally, a line of lights, called for short "Divali". This is a festival of the merchant community. It is now the merchant's New Year's Day. He worships Lakshmi (Wealth), Kali (Prowess), Saraswati (Learning), and, of course, the ubiquitous God Ganesa, the leader of the hosts, the destroyer of evil. He opens new ledgers which he worships with reverence. The great characteristic of the social system that our ancestors evolved was that no one was ashamed of his

calling. In fact, everyone was proud of it, whether regarded as high or humble by modern standards, actually worshipping the implements that helped him to earn his living. Now, unfortunately, professions have got bifurcated into respectable and honourable, on the one hand, and not such, on the other, with the result that some have come to be looked up to and therefore aspired after by all and some have come to be looked down upon and so shunned by those who can afford to do so, endangering the stability of human existence as time goes on.

dangering the stability of human existence as time goes on.

When we come to think of it, we are bound to realise that, for the proper working of human society, all professions that are not antisocial are equally important, and so equally respectable and honourable. In our ancient scheme of life, this fact was definitely and deliberately so recognised. The trader was proud of his calling. He knew that though he was working for a profit—and he made no secret of it, for he definitely declared as much while he worshipped his ledgers—he also realised his duty to society. He knew that on his proper working depended the economic welfare of his fellow men; and that while he worked for his gains, he also gave freely to all good causes—maybe, educational and medical institutions today; maybe, as in olden times, for the purpose of digging wells and tanks, constructing temples and rest-houses for pilgrims. If subscription lists are examined even today, it will be found that the traders and merchants have contributed most to public causes while themselves living comparatively simple lives. Not many names of lawyers or officials appear in such lists, for they spend all that they earn—and not unoften they earn a great deal—on themselves and their immediate relatives, at best.

On Dipavali day, the merchant lights his line of lamps to celebrate the great event—the heralding of the New Year's Day—when the accounts of the last year are closed, and the accounts of the new year are opened. A review is made of the events of the year that has ended, and pledges are taken for the new year. This accounting is not only in terms of money, it is also in terms of conduct. Not only does the merchant represent the financial stability of a country, he is an index of the moral stature of his land. If a merchant—whether he is a pedlar or the head of a great business or-

ganisation—is honest and straightforward in his dealings with his fellow men, is himself a reliable and responsible person, then the whole world will say that the people of his country as a whole are dependable and trustworthy. If, however, he is not so, everyone will think that not only he but all his compatriots are bad.

The merchant, therefore, holds the honour of his race and people in the hollow of his hand. He must, therefore, realise his responsibility to the full in this behalf. The lamps that he lights in a long unending line stand for the brightness of the coming pleasant days of light and sun after the darkness of the clouds that had enveloped the earth in the preceding months, when, in the days that knew no electricity and had few roads and communications, all activities, including weddings, were at a standstill. Dipavali stands for the return of the days when one can once again work hard, and contains the promise of better days both for agriculture and commerce. It is also a time of heart-searching so that any wrongs done in the past year may be righted and everybody can act in accordance with the strict canons of propriety and rectitude. As our observance of Dipavali clearly shows, we never looked down on wealth and plenty as believed by some who wrongly interpret our ancient ideals; but we certainly infused spiritual values into the pursuit of money so that this might be earned in a proper manner and utilised to the full for public well-being.

Our business world unfortunately has for some time past fallen on evil days. Persons who should know better are decrying those who are in charge of the economic life of the land, though themselves taking full advantage both of their resources and their charitable disposition. It is time for those who belong to the great merchant communities and are engaged in trading and industrial enterprises—and who will, with very special enthusiasm, be celebrating Divali—to dwell on the significance of the day in the proper spirit. They must make sure that they will do their best to remove any stigma that may be attached to their name, rightly or wrongly. They must try to be of every possible service to the people who live around them, and who so wholly depend upon them for the very things that make the complicated human life of today possible and worth living.

A Personal Memoir

by NAYANTARA SAHGAL

LAND of cruel wars, ghastly superstitions, wasting plague and famine. "This was an Englishman's dark view of India in 1883, while not long afterwards an Irishwoman wrote in sensitive appreciation, "This is a land where men will naturally spend the utmost that is in them. And yet side by side with the scarlet and gold of the loom, how inimitably delicate is the blending of tints in the tapestry." I grew up aware of an India embodying both these views and more, a tapestry of infinite tragedy and infinite beauty in which a child early learned to accept the strange amalgam. For me there were separate, complete, small worlds within this larger one, and something in me responded to all of them, receiving from each its own inimitable gift.

Not far down the quiet road from Allahabad's shopping area rose the stately steeple of the Protestant church. Cool grey stone and tidy flower-beds suggested repose even on the hottest day. The Christian religion was soothing as friendship, familiar as the ground on which I stood, yet its prayer like the church's spire exhaled a splendour far from earthly: "Our Father who are in heaven, hallowed be Thy name." I was stirred by the solemnity of the Commandments, simple enough for a child to grasp, yet marvellously compelling: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy might." "Thou shalt

love thy neighbour as thyself." The sanctuary this church represented was strong, serene and unambiguous.

Between home and the shops stood the convent with its red-brick schoolhouse, its chapel guarded by an exquisite statue of the Madonna. I felt drawn towards that figure of humility and compassion. "Holy Mary, full of grace..." I had learned in the schoolhouse as soon as I could read, and graceful and gentle she was, her image lovingly enshrined in my imagination. Hers was the chapel where once I attended Midnight Mass. Struggling against sleep, because I had never stayed up so late, I had yet been enchanted by the chapel's ornate, candle-lit interior and the dignity of the Latin service whose language seemed part of the sublime, mysterious, healing essence of religion.

My Muslim world pressed closer. If Christianity, its history, its scripture and its ethics, taught in school, was on the periphery of my consciousness, Islam was something more. It was the radius, fanning outward like an invisible sunrise from deep within the consciousness, flowing into the ordinary events of the day in the simple acts of speaking, eating and playing. The mood of Islam was captured forever in the courtly elegance of the language spoken at home, the mannerisms of my elders, the food on the table, and the visitors who were greeted with an "Adab" instead of a

day in the simple acts of speaking, the simple acts of speaking. The mood of Islam was captured forplaying. The

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"Namaskar". As if to remind us of this many-linked bond, occasionally there rose the salty slogan from the street: "Hindu Muslim ek ho." But it was a redundant cry in my home where Muslim and even childhood fantasy consisted pride in the staunchness of purpose that had thrilled to the mysticism through which he extended that unity to the religions he ruled. I den I played in took on the pageantry of the Moghul court. My friends were courtiers and the fasher princesses.

At the centre of courtier is the salty my favourite of court.

At the centre of consciousness, necessary as the air, involuntary as breathing, was the certain knowledge that I was a Hindu. And this, the certain knowledge, the very heart of identity, was the only really puzzling uncertainty. What was a Hindu? Could the word be contained within a precise definition? I groped intuitively and emotionally towards an understanding of Hinduism. Around me were evidences of its continuing saga, recalling a past that saturated the present. Both past and present met in the Ganga that had for at least 3,000 years flowed through Allahabad. A whole civilisation had come into being under the river's spell. Year after year I saw the devout arrive from the corners of India to salute her, and, at the Kumbha Mela, processions of ash-smeared ascetics congregate on her banks as they must have done since ... when? Was Hinduism older than time? Had it existed before the rocks? Where was the single Book, the supreme authority that would provide the answer?

In my English friend's nursery, dolls and stuffed animals neatly lined a shelf. In mine, toys and old torn books and scraps too precious to part with accumulated riotously. My friend's world was manageable, mine a confusion. "The chaos in this nursery!" lamented my nurse, but chaos in this nursery: lamented my nurse, but the confusion, I was discovering, extended to my heart and mind, and to the chaotic, myriad-sided Hindu life about me. This, then, was my Hindu world, this antique hoard of worth and weakness, energy and ruin, inseparably bound. How would it yield my answer?

was a Hindu, what was I, and what was this of which I saw so many contrary evidences? Mine was a religion to which the temple was incidental, one that laid down no instruction for the young. No comforting "Our Father", no "Hail Mary", no prayers to be repeated meticulously five times a day. It had no organised church, no Commandments, no missionaries. It was boundless enough to encompass a lofty metaphysic, rigid enough to despise the untouchable. Hinduism was the goodness and piety reflected in one as selfless as Bibima, the widowed great-aunt I dearly loved. But it was also the sufferance of filth and clamour near the temple she sometimes visited. It was a torpor that accepted maimed limbs, blind eyes and abject poverty as destiny, letting generations live and die in hopelessness. And it was the majesty of the mind engaged in lifelong combat with the senses. It was the One worshipped through a pantheon as limitless as the stars. Its beginnings were lost in antiquity and questions relating to them baffled even the oldest known of its sacred writings. The Rig Veda itself had puzzled:

Whence, whence this manifold creation WAS not Christian or Muslim, but if I

Whence, whence this manifold creation

The Gods themselves came later into being-

Who knows from whence this great creation sprang?

I could not espouse Hinduism in its entirety without harbouring a glut of superstition, prejudice and meaningless trivia that had no place in a household or a country struggling to be free. I could not reject it without punishing myself, for with all its great and petty manifestations, it was the story of India.

This bewildering design broke down ultimately into a pattern of day-to-day living made harmonious by Bibima. She moved through it softly as a caress, yet it bore her indelible imprint. I never stopped to wonder why, any more than I wondered at the air I breathed. Once a week came the ragged children confident that (Photographs by Shama Kilanjar) week came the ragged children confident that

they would not be turned away, for it was the day Bibima fed them while she herself fasted. Story-time was peculiarly her time, devoted to the magic past, to saints who spent their lives concentrating on God, to God Himself incarnated as man—once as bewitching cowherd, once as prince—to halt the "decay of right-eousness" on earth. Divali, some believed, marked the day of rejoicing when the prince returned to his kingdom after fourteen years of exile. Two, three, four thousand years ago? When was the first Divali celebrated? What was its origin? Nobody knew, said Bibima, but the little oil-lamps had flickered on this day every year for all those countless years and still had meaning today.

Regularity was not possible in a household whose routine was subject to politics. Sometimes the festivals were observed, sometimes neglected, depending on the political temperature of the country at the time. A conventionally celebrated Divali in our home, my mother told me, consisted chiefly of three days: the day to go to the bazar and buy a shining new kitchen utensil, the day to illuminate the house to entice Lakshmi, and the day to pay homage to Saraswati. Divali meant feasting on puffed rice and sugar toys, brightening the night sky with fireworks and gambling with new coins till late into the night. "It meant all this when I was a girl," said my mother, "but

you are growing up in a disturbed atmosphere, cut off in so many ways from your roots... Your Divali isn't what mine used to be." There was regret and worry in her voice for the rootless young plant she was raising. It was true, I was not wholly at home anywhere. I was surprisingly ignorant of even the body of domestic ritual that formed so great a part of Hinduism, because I was growing in an environment where it was not regularly observed.

ment where it was not regularly observed.

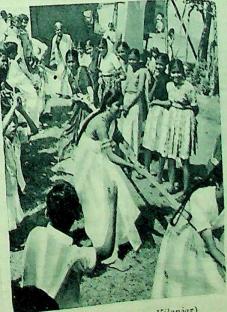
Divali, when we celebrated it fully, was the gayest of festivals, leaving me replete with satisfaction. It ended, as every adventure did for me, with Bibima. Her room was sparsely furnished and chilly when the first breeze of winter had blown out one by one the winking lamps. The trees sighed in darkness and I was called to bed over and over again, but I lingered sleepily in Bibima's room. "She will miss me when I leave this life," Bibima told the servant who came to carry me to bed at last, but long before she left this life she had shown me part of the way to the answer I wanted. "Our Father", the litany to the Virgin, the muezzin's call to prayer, and the Divali lamp, all signified enduring faith, but Bibima was its living example. Her presence was the promise of a universal goodness that must exist because she herself did. The rootless young plant I was gradually took firm root and reached towards faith.

Mellow Lights And Bright

by V. S. NARAVANE

T is said that when Brahma distributed the festivals among the four castes, he gave Divali to the Vaisyas. But the monopoly seems to have lapsed long ago. Divali is now common property. It is celebrated with equal enthusiasm by every section of society. In Uttar Pradesh, which is culturally the heart of India, a number of traditions and legends associated with Divali have fused together. of ceremony have been incorporated within the broad framework of the festivities. The general pattern is the same-cleaning and painting the house, gambling-bouts, illumination, fireworks, gay apparel, new utensils, heaps and heaps of sweetmeats, adoration of Lakshmi, exchange of gifts. But there are local traditions peculiar to different parts of Uttar Pradesh. Some of these have been evolved through history, others show the subtle working of geographical conditions in the plains and

When I recall the Divali celebrations that



I have seen in Allahabad, Lucknow and the hills of Kumaon since my schooldays, many sets of images are evoked. Particularly vivid are the recollections of the warmth and friendliness which the festival brought to us at Lucknow. Since Moghul times it has been customary for Hindus and Muslims to join in each other's festivities. This tradition has been particularly strong in Uttar Pradesh where the cultural fusion of the two communities has been more intimate than elsewhere. The Nawabs of Oudh, for all their faults, made an enduring contribution in preserving and enriching this cultural integration. In Lucknow, two decades ago, all festivals, whether Hindu or Muslim, belonged to the entire city. Everyone, from the betel-seller and the tonga-driver to the aristocrat, took pride in the gaiety and display of his own particular locality. I have seen old men with flowing beards-pious Muslims when it came to religious observance—clambering up precarious ladders to fix the Divali lights.

Those were the days when coloured bulbs had not yet been allowed to leave their scars of ugliness on the face of the city. Candles were sometimes used. But it was generally recognised that the mellow light of the earthen oillamp was, after all, unsurpassed. Illumination with oil-lamps involved a certain amount of messiness, and a good deal of labour. But all this was part of the fun. In the more congested areas of the city, the lights produced all kinds of unexpected patterns. The streets of old Lucknow are exceedingly narrow and they are lined by many-storeyed buildings, each with an endless succession of terraces, balconies and cornices. When these were lighted up it appeared as though the houses themselves were embracing each other. embracing each other.

embracing each other.

As for the sweetmeat shops, there was not one colour of the spectrum in which dainties were not dyed. Moreover, these sweetmeats assumed every conceivable form. There were gods and goddesses, animals, trees and flowers—all made of sugar. Imagine eating a crimson horse, an orange elephant or a deep-green fish! But in those uncritical juvenile days it did not seem incongruous. I am not suggesting, however, that all Divali sweets—or earthen toys for that matter—were crudely wrought. Occasionally one would come across beautiful specimens, modelled with imagination and executed with great skill. Yes, there were

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occasions when we were loath to eat them. But, since sugar toys cannot be kept on the table without attracting flies, they had to be given away or consumed.

For almost twenty-five years, the Swadeshi Exhibition has been an annual feature at Allahabad. It opens a few days before Divali but gradually warms up as the great day approaches. There are frequent displays of fireworks. Very often competitions are staged between different cities. From these contests, Jalaun invariably emerges triumphant. The art of making fireworks has flourished in Jalaun for centuries and has brought much renown to that otherwise insignificant little town between Jhansi and Kanpur. In the palmy days of the kingdom of Oudh, this art reached the pinnacle of perfection. Experts from Jalaun were invited to Lucknow and were given a free hand to develop new techniques.

On Divali day the masters of Jalaun would produce a treat that was not easy to forget. Their showmanship was perfect. They understood the psychology of the spectators and knew how to sustain the element of suspense and expectation. They would begin with humble items in which something unexpected in colour or sound was occasionally thrown in. Then they would gradually pass on to more elaborate and complicated features—shooting stars, rings of fire, the Sudarshan Chakra revolving at a terrific speed. Sometimes a single item would continue for more than fifteen minutes, changes of colour alternating with changes of design. When all the tricks had been displayed, the master-craftsman came out with one or two pieces conceived on a particularly lavish and gorgeous scale. A veritable volcano would erupt, scattering a lava of molten gold on all sides; or a Chinese lamp would sail above our heads and disintegrate into multicoloured bits.

Sometimes cascades of pink and green would culminate in cataracts of gold that would dazzle the eyes as much through their beauty as through their lustre. But the most remarkable part of the display was that it never ended on this note of sheer brilliance. It always concluded with ended on this note of sheer brilliance. It al-ways concluded with a soothing, dreamy item. The intensity of the light would be gradually reduced and tiny stars would gracefully glide into the pool of darkness. We did not realise at that time the subtlety of the arrangement, but now, when I think of those displays, I marvel at the great aesthetic insight of those unlettered craftsmen. Ramzan Khan, who led this band from Jalaun for many years, evi-dently understood that the Santa rasa is the monarch of all the rasas.

AND now my mind goes back to the hills and valleys of Kumaon where Divali means much more than a festival of lights. In Kumaon it is called Bagwal and I still recollect the ditties sung on the pavements of Almora—par-ticularly the one which runs like this:

May Bagwal bring fortune to you, May Bagwal bring happiness. Thrive like the grass, Be clever like the fox, Acquire strength like the tiger, May Bagwal bring success.

In the centuries gone by, the kings of Kumaon waged interminable wars against Garhwal, Nepal and Tibet; and Bagwal used to be celebrated as a kind of military rehearsal. Mock fights were staged on Divali. These fights would become so realistic that a number of people got seriously hurt almost every year. This was particularly true of the mock battles at Debidhura and Dwarahat. Stones were freely pelted, and the Thakurs often came out with shields and swords. There were occasions when the Government had to interfere and curb the the Government had to interfere and curb the enthusiasm of the Bagwal merry-makers. But this was thirty years ago. The Kumaonis now celebrate Divali in a much more restrained

On the day following Divali, the farmers of Kumaon make much of their cattle. Cowsheds are decorated with creepers and flower garlands. The animals are bathed and scrub-

bed, their horns are smeared with oil. Geometrical and floral patterns are painted upon their backs with coloured chalk-dust. They are fed on sweets in addition to fodder, and taken out in gay processions.

in gay processions.

As for the lighting, nature co-operates with man in producing the most wonderful effects. In the bazars of Ranikhet there are terraces superimposed upon each other. When they are lighted up, the entire bazar looks like a luminous staircase specially built to connect the pine forests above with the valley a thousand feet below. On Divali night the hillsides, seen from the valley, look like so many skies dotted with countless stars. Varied effects are produced through the configuration of the ridges. Almora, for instance, seen from a distance of a few miles, appears on the night of Divali to be a vast semicircle of stars.

But the most picturesque effects are to be

But the most picturesque effects are to be seen at Naini Tal. The coloured lights all round the lake illuminate the sombre surface of the water below. The tapering shape of the two mountains which enclose the lake imparts to mountains which enclose the lake imparts to the Divali illumination in Naini Tal a beauty all its own. Some of the houses are situated at great heights. As our boat drifts slowly over the lake, and we turn our gaze skywards, it is sometimes almost impossible to say whether we are looking at a star or a dim light in a cottage perched on some far-away promontory. perched on some far-away promontory.

Divali outings on the Yamuna sands in my home city of Allahabad can be enchanting. Nor do I underestimate the charm and elegance do I underestimate the charm and elegance that pervade the streets of Lucknow decorated for Divali—streets where the conversation is as refined and delicate as the muslin dresses which the people wear. And yet, if the choice were mine, I would rather spend Divali at Naini Tal than anywhere else in Uttar Pradesh. I would hear the echoes of the temple bells slowly dying away among the mountains.

I would tramp the bazars agog with modest commerce. There would be a nip in the air even at midday, and the evenings would be distinctly chilly. But I would stay on, imbibing the perfume of wild honeysuckle. I would watch the shimmering reflections of Divali lights go out one by one in the lake below. And then I would slowly climb up, anticipating at every step the glow and warmth of the pine logs in the fireplace.

Invocation To Lakshmi And Sarada

by UMASHANKAR JOSHI

T began a month ago, the festival of lamps. Divali is the climax. Men and women in Gujarat celebrate the first nine nights (navaratri) of the month of Aswin with song and dance. The harvesting is over and now they can relax and enjoy themselves. Singing songs, they dance round perforated earthen pots (garbas) with lighted lamps inside. Sometimes the women sway the pots in their hands or carry them on their heads while they gracefully clap their hands to keep time.

Some little daughter of our land must have felt, as she looked at the sky after the rains, that it was like a huge garba, poised on somebody's head. The bit of a moon was the lamp inside the pot and the stars appeared to her imagination to be the light emanating from the pot. Next morning she went to a potter, bought a small pot and cut tiny holes in it with a sharpened stone. When it was night, she put a lamp inside the pot and, poising it precariously on her little head, imitated the Great Mother, who dances with the garba of the vast universe on her head.

At the end of the month, when the nights are dark, the lamps are exhibited in the open. One finds lamps on both sides of the door and in every available niche. Never do they shine so brightly as on Divali.

Divali is a composite festival of five days. It begins, actually, two days before Divali. On the first night (Dhan Teras) people wash silver coins in milk. Some use old coins, which are not current, for this ceremony. On the next night (Kali Chaudas) people visit the Hanuman mandir. On Divali day the merchants close the accounts for the year and open new ledgers. The merchant community observe a ceremony on this day called Lakshmi Pujan. The

new page in the account book is marked with kum-kum. This ceremony is also called Sarada Pujan. It is, in fact, in honour of Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth, but Sarada, the Goddess of Learning, helps Lakshmi, as far as the keeping of accounts is concerned, and so it is appropriate that she too should be propitiated on this auspicious day. this auspicious day.

The children enjoy themselves with crackers and, of course, sweetmeats, all these days. In the villages, they put on new clothes and move from house to house, torch (merayun) in hand. They sing as they proceed and their song, while it reminds one not to forget the dull daily round of the year during these days of heady round of the year during these days of heady festivities, also lampoons some village characters, who have earned notoriety for one interesting reason or another:

Divali today Divali tomorrow. The same old routine the day after. Rana beat his wife. Chaman ran from a cat. A Bania lost his turban. Constable Lala barked at the dog. Mer! Merayun!

The householders greet the children and pour oil on the torches.

When the revelry of the children has subsided, the new brides come out for a very happily thought-out ceremony. Each carries a lamp in her hand and puts it on the threshold of the house she visits. After the marriage in winter or summer, she has come to live at her husband's house on Divali. This lamp-giving ceremony is wisely devised to introduce her to



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every family. What a beautiful sight it is to see a newly-wed woman silently and sweetly in-troducing herself, her bashful face lit up by the trembling flame of the lamp she brings as

a gitt:

The illuminations in the towns are a gorgeous sight, but the earthen oil-lamps have a charm of their own. One can never forget the wistful flicker of lamps seen late in the night in a village.

The mind is still full of the intoxication of the Divali festivities, when one awakens into the New Year. In the towns, young boys go running along the streets very early in the morning, singing the song of sabras:

After the Divali night It's New Year's morning. On this auspicious day, Sabras! Sabras!

people leave their beds at the sound of this sabras song, come out of their homes, stop the boys and accept a little salt from them, giving them a silver coin in return. It is not exactly a purchase. But these boys make this best and most auspicious thing available as early as possible on New Year's Day and their services are appreciated.

At home, the women and children are busy applying reddish clay to the horns of the cows, oxen and buffaloes. The thalis are beaten to amuse the cattle as they leave the village for grazing. As they return in the evening, they are made to run fast and people interestedly watch for the cow that enters the village first.

THE whole day is a day of jubilation. It is a THE whole day is a day of jubilation. It is a continuation of the high festive mood of the Divali night. Late in the evening, a gathering of all the village people is held. There is the music of pipes. The children are the first to arrive. They play with crackers. The smell of gunpowder is in the air. The elders arrive and take their seats in the middle. The Brahmin astrologer comes and all are eager to listen to him, as he gives his forecasts for the coming year. He begins from the beginning—the creation of the universe—and in rapid strides describes the fate of man in the different yugas:

In the Satya-yuga, one sowed once and reaped twenty-one times;

In the Treta, one sowed once and reaped seven times;

ali

In the Dvapara, one sowed once and reaped three times;

But in the Kali, one shall verily sow seven times and shall reap but once.

Anxious hearts look forward to hearing about the coming year. The learned man gives out the dates of the important festivals, describes how favourable or otherwise the monsoon will be and gravely announces that the year will turn out to be on the whole, say, "twelve annas in a rupee" or, if you please, "twenty annas".

This ceremony over, the men get up from their seats and greet one another. Then they disperse and visit the houses of relatives and friends to greet them and bow to the women-folk. On this day one also visits the houses of those with whom one has had differences. All ill will and acrimony are forgotten. One be-gins with a clean slate again.

After three days falls Labha Panchami, the day of profits. From now business transactions begin in right earnest. It is interesting to note that the Jains, one of the foremost business communications. communities, call this day Jnana Panchami, the day of knowledge. They have an age-old tradition of worshipping books—not account books but palm-leaf books and other manuscripts, which are well preserved in their extremely rich grantha-bhandars or libraries. This is the day of real Sarada Pujan.

the Divali of the Gods. This is the last opportunity for children to blow off their stock of crackers. The new brides, who could not come out on Divali because of some death in the family, perform the lamp-offering ceremony

The full moon in the sky and the lonely lamps in human abodes together go to make the illumination for the Divali of the Gods.

From Darkness Unto Light

by ABBURI RAMAKRISHNA RAU

OR years and years now I have watched Dipavali come and go, and each in its turn has interested me as if it was my first Dipavali. To town and country it comes alike but to each it comes in a different

To the village folk it brings a sense of wholesome relaxation, cleanliness and rejoicing. Houses are cleaned and whitewashed, men, women and children anoint themselves, have their bath early in the morning and put on new clothes. A new son-in-law is an honoured guest and is treated as a person of importance by the whole village, the school-teacher coming next. Special dainties are prepared and distributed to domestic and farm servants, to the washerman and the barber. As evening approaches, the cottages and homesteads are gaily decorated with lights lit in earthen saucers neatly arranged in rows on the pials and doorsteps. Big branches are cut from trees and planted in the ground before houses and street corners, with lights neatly cushioned on lumps of cowdung padded on the branching twigs. In the village square the wheel of a bullock cart, fixed to a pole planted securely in the ground, with lights arranged along the rim, is turned into a merry-go-round of shimmering light the great amusement of old and young.

This being the season for harvesting certain dry crops such as maize, the dried stalks of these plants are bundled and lighted at one end and brandished in the air by peasants going in procession along the village streets. Such was the picture of the festivities in my native village more than half a century ago. Industrialisation and the lure of the town and the city have obliterated many of the social graces of the village communities. But wherever they still prevail in some measure, Dipavali brings light and happiness, breaking down the barriers created by custom, birth or wealth between man and man.

To the dwellers of towns and cities, where the passage of the seasons is hardly ever noticed except perhaps when there is torrential rain or scorching heat, Dipavali is a festival of gorgeous spectacle, dazzling lights and uproarious merriment. At home the simple ceremonies are quietly observed and there is great the Codders Lighthmia. rejoicing. An image of the Goddess Lakshmi is bathed in milk and installed for worship. But in the deafening racket made by the miniature atom bombs and rockets, the primary significance of the occasion is lost and it becomes more a festival of noises than a festival

MANY stories are told about the significance MANY stories are told about the significance of this day and many weighty arguments are advanced in support of them. I do not specialise in these speculations. Speculation, as someone has said, is "the art of losing the Infinite in search of the finite". But the belief that these lights are intended to serve as guides illumining the path of our ancestors who lived in a long long night of darkness fascinates me. Thousands of years ago, in interglacial times, the regions round the North Pole had a mild and temperate climate. The whole year was the regions round the North Pole had a mild and temperate climate. The whole year was divided into one long day and one long night (preceded by protracted dawns and lingering twilights), each of six months' duration. Our remote forefathers, the Aryans, must have been involved during these seemingly interminable nights in "man's encounter with more than man". With what mingled feelings of dread and foreboding they must have awaited each year the hour when the long-drawn-out twilight faded into night can easily be imagined.

I remember how one Dipavali evening,

walking in darkness, I was beset by a feeling of puzzlement. Years after I had left college I chanced to revisit the place at the invitation of a friend. I went out for a long walk towards the seashore and, as I was returning, I realised it was getting dark, with the town still a mile away from me. The college was situated on the outskirts of the town and, in my eagerness to reach home in time for the festivities, I took the short-cut which ran through the college compound. It was a Christian college and the day was not a festive occasion for them. The path was fairly familiar to me, although I stumbled once or twice. The noise and the movement attracted the attention of the night watchman who was sitting on the verandah a hundred yards away. He shouted in his fiercest voice, "Who goes there?" All that I could do was to shout back the monosyllable "I". For the first time I realised how difficult it was to describe myself to the satisfaction of the questioner. Or could I do it even to my own satisfaction? Here were two persons who wanted to comprehend each other but were utterly baffled in the attempt. Clearly the light was lacking which enables the one to discover the limits of the other's personality. After commanding me to stop, the night watchman quickly advanced towards me and without heeding my words, "I am an old college student," lighted a match. I said in surprise, "Is that you, Samuel?" "Yes, master garu." He was good old Samuel Shantiah, a Harijan converted to the Christian faith during my stay at college. Chatting familiarly about the good old days, to the Christian faith during my stay at college. Chatting familiarly about the good old days, he escorted me to the other gate. Wishing me good-night he remarked, "You have made even a Christian light a lamp tonight, sir. God he with new." with you.

If this was the predicament of two persons caught up for a while in a dark corner of a modern town, what must have been the travail and anguish of the dwellers of the Arctic home, who had to live through a long night of six months. What resourcefulness, what faith, what courage were needed to sustain them in their ordea!! This then is the significance of Dipavali: the desire to see the sun return to the land of the Aryans, with the destruction of the demon of filth and darkness, Narakasura. The ancient invocation, "Tamaso ma jyotir gamaya" (Lead us from darkness unto light), must have emerged from the depths of the Arctic night. It is not merely the physical light but the light of knowledge that can illumine all the dark corners of our existence on this planet.



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mic achievements) but which has lost neither its capacity for deafening noise nor its danger-ous potential for starting fires. Such things must, of course, be banned, and nothing is lost thereby; we have the squibs still.

And what did they do in the dim past, when there was no gunpowder and no fireworks? I do not know, but no doubt they had reliable indigenous substitutes. I know one of reliable indigenous substitutes. I know one of them. Even today, in the countryside, poor boys who cannot afford to buy crackers or sparklers make use of the dried male spikes of the palmyra as a substitute. Well scorched over a fire, and swung round and round at the end of a length of string, these give off a profuse and magnificent shower of sparks for a long time—I have seen few displays of fireworks more beautiful than this home-made sparkler in the hands of some local expert; the smoothly-curved, thick tracks of the red-gold sparks are brilliant against the blackness of the night, as the palmyra spike is swung round in circles and in figures of eight at head level.

But I must not leave you with the impression that in Tamilnad we celebrate Dipavalionly with fireworks and explosives. True, we do not keep wick-lamps, artistically arranged in rows, burning all night in honour of Dhanalakshmi, goddess of wealth, or gamble for her favour as they do in the Deccan, but we have other and honourable traditional celebrations. other and honourable traditional celebrations, and we, too, worship the goddess, in ceremonia style. Nowhere else are new clothes so essential to the festival—even in the poorest homes; they beg, borrow or buy new clothes for the occasion. How well I remember the traditional tradit occasion. How well I remember the traditional Dipavali morning from my boyhood! The hated pre-dawn oil-bath, after which one dressed in a resplendent new dhoti and shirt, and feasted on dishes specially made for the day (many of them delectable sweets, of course)—then the prudent resumption of one's old clothes before making a start on the fireworks! And all day long, and well into the night, it was one glorious, licensed holiday.

If one seeks to analyse the peculiar quality of Dipavali in the South, the way it differs, not from Divali elsewhere, but from other all-India festivals celebrated in Tamilnad, perhaps the difference will be found in its lack of any deep religious significance or symbolism. The quiddity of Dipavali seems to lie in the strongly-felt conviction that it is a day on which a good time should be had by all, to the extent possible—as I said, it is a licensed holiday. Naturally, then, it is a festival that belongs much more to children than to grown men and women, for it is the children that can really enjoy a holiday to the full with no subsequent regrets, having a less easily-satiated appetite for sweets and less dyspeptic digestions.

In fact, it is mainly for the sake of the children that we make such a variety of things to eat, and buy such quantities of fireworks. Then, not to disappoint the little ones and spoil the day for them, we share the fun with them, and manfully strive to outdo them at eating competitions. And, naturally, since there might be risks involved, we do all the hard work, igniting the more combustible squibs and sparklers, while they stand around and watch with apprehensive delight.



"Explosive Heartiness"

NE Dipavali night, long, long ago, I had a most profound realisation. I was eight then, and had, in my share of squibs and sparklers, a large, black, wickless Roman candle. Naturally I reserved this prize possession to the last, for I knew at once, with that infallible, intuitive certainty that is beyond gross reason, that its incendiary potential was terrific—moreover, I did not know which end to light.

Finally I consulted an elder, who had a good long look at the Roman candle and then marked the end I was to light by inserting a match into it, which, he explained, would also help in getting the thing going. The net result of it all was that, ignited at the wrong end, the candle went off like a rocket, missing my body by inches but burning my palm badly. I still remember the pain and shock of the experience, and the realisation that came to me when the shock had passed and the pain remained-mere age and status were not indications of wisdom, or even knowledge. Later, as a young student of biology at college, I had ample proof of the soundness of my thesis, from a furtive but close study of my mentors, and now that I am no longer young, I know its truth from experience-mere age and status are no indications of knowledge, or even intellig-

You may ask what all this has to do with Dipavali in Tamilnad, but of course it is vitally relevant. Why, if I had not been a Tamilian boy in a very Tamilian household, I might never have made this profound discovery so early in life, a thing which has been of inestimable value in saving me from taking the advice of elders and bigwigs. It is only in South India that we celebrate Dipavali with such explosive heartiness, with such incendiary zeal. [The author's claim will be disputed by many other parts of India .- Ed.] In the North, even in

MAYBE it seems strange to others that we should conduct ourselves in this manner, but we do. And though my mythology is dim, I think it is right and proper that we should celebrate Dipavali (which we never call Divali) the way we do. The thing goes farther back than mythology, right back to the primitive, original make-up of man still there in all of us. I know what legend says about the dying wish of Narakasura, but it is human and natural (however outraged sophisticated philosophy might feel over the response) to rejoice when the enemy is dead, when any great power for evil or tyranny is laid low. And is it human and natural to rejoice and be exceeding glad by tamely lighting wicklamps? No wonder we celebrate Dipavali with a bang, with flares and explosives. MAYBE it seems strange to others that we

Lately the Government has felt the need to curb this popular exuberance by prohibiting the use of the more explosive kind of giant squib, a thing that looks and behaves rather like a small hand-grenade and which has known many changes of name over the years (the latest name echoing our so-civilised ato-

by M. KRISHNAN IN the Tamil country, it is the custom to make much of the sons-in-law of the house when Dipavali comes round—till, the formality of the relationship wears thin, at any rate. The Maharashtra and the West, it is the festival of lights, a time for the soft luminosity of wicks steeped in oil in shallow panthis and burning with a golden, naked flame, a time for gladof the relationship wears thin, at any rate. The first Dipavali after a man's marriage is celebrated specially in his honour in his wife's home, and the "new son-in-law", to use a literal translation, is given the finest gold-bordered dhoti and angavastram that his father-in-law can afford, and generally treated like a prince. Much good-natured, but frequently silly, ragging of the son-in-law is also sanctioned by custom at this time—a thing that gives him the opportunity to get to know his wife's people better, if he is a sensible chap, and formulate his reserves towards each of them! I do not mention this peculiarly Tamilian aspect of the festival as something significant or noteworthy—the connection between Dipavali and sons-in-law, even brand-new ones, has always escaped me. ness, no doubt, but not for riotous joy. Every year, in October-November, my wife, who is a Maharashtrian, tells me how strange it is that people in Tamilnad should conduct themselves with such lack of dignity during Divali, even grown-ups indulging in fireworks with undisguised gusto, making it a festival of noise and explosive violence and not of light as it should be, how much stranger that a month or so after Divali these same people should celebrate Karttikai as the fes-tival of lights, and deck their homes at night with the modest radiance, that nothing else can match, of charming little wick-lamps of baked clay.

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Which Books

Have Influenced Me-

by R. PRAWER JHABVALA

LEARNT to read when I was six, and for the next three years my favourite reading (this was in Germany, and in German) was a series of books about a little girl called Annemarie Braun. I could never get enough of Annemarie Braun. She became my alter ego and her family was my family-her father, Herr Doktor Braun, and her mother, Frau Braun (who had friends to afternoon coffee and served chocolate doughnuts), her two elder brothers, Hans and mischievous Klaus. Fortunately the author, a lady by the name of Else Ury, supplied volumes and volumes of Annemarie Braun, starting with her as a little girl playing with her dolls, then going to school, to medical college, getting married, having children and—yes, really-grandchildren. It was all those intimate details of family life that intrigued mewhat they ate for supper and what sort of house they lived

YEARS OF DISCOVERY

fascination for me.

in and by what nicknames they

called each other, the way they

spoke, the way they dressed-

everything was there and

everything was of the highest

Else Ury fixed my taste for After her, it was only books which kept their feet on he ground and soberly concerned themselves with the everyday details of everyday life that could hold my attention. I abhorred everything that was out of nature—fairies, witches, miracles. Anything that couldn't really happen wasn't literature, as far as I was concerned. And so, later, from about the age of thirteen, when my great reading-time began, it was only books that told me exactly how people lived in a certain specified place and at a certain specified time that intorested me. I had only to open a book to know at once whether it was my kind of book or

not. There were plenty of my kind of books and they varied enormously in quality. But I didn't care about quality: I only wanted to read, as I have said, about how people lived, and any author who told me that was all right by me. This was in England, at the time of the bombing. We spent our nights in the air raid shelters, and at dawn, when the all clear sounded, we came home (always pleasurably surprised to find our house still standing) and I went to bed and began to read. I read till it was time to go to school, and then I came home

time to go to the air raid shelter, and there I went on reading till the lights were dimmed. It was my most glorious, fascinated, selfconscious, indiscriminate reading time. I read chunks of Dickens, J. B. Priestley, Tolstoy, A. J. Cronin, Jane Austen,

Dostoevsky, Hugh Walpole, Gone With The Wind; and loved them all equally.

The sorting-out came later. But before that there was a rather unfortunate phase when I read not what I liked but what I thought I ought to like. During my last year at school and my first year at college, I felt romantic stirrings in my soul and thought it was right for me to read lots of romantic poetry. It bored me, though I would never dare admit this. At that period I seem to have spent a great deal of my time commuting to and from college on the underground train, and I remember sitting in that artificial heat in a green upholstered seat, softly wallowing in Keats

and Shelley and pretending to myself that I too was sensuous and pantheistic, liberal and high-thinking. I varied Keats and Shelley with Nietzsche and Marx, for they too, I felt, ought to kindle me into the right kind of fire. But the only flames that ever rose from me were like those of the electric fires which simulate red-hot coals in papier mache.

But then I came to other writers with whom I could feel a more sincere and spontaneous involvement. I intensely admired and rather feared John and read some more till it was Donne, because he was so

clever, complex, manly, fiercely passionate; and loved George Herbert for his gentle soul. Those two-and, perhaps, Gerard Manley Hopkins, who seemed to combine some of the qualities of both of themled me back to look for authors who likewise

struck chords which I had already felt within myself, or which, as soon as struck, set up vibrations which seemed familiar even when they were new. I began to re-read many of the books I had so unquestioningly swallowed five years before. Fundamentally, my taste remained the same: it was still for authors who could show life as it is lived, concretely and in detail. But now I began to test the quality of this life they depicted. It was no longer enough for an author to describe a character cleaning his teeth; if I couldn't smell the toothpaste, feel the feel of the bristles of the brush and the hardness of the teeth, then it was not good enough. I looked for a sensuous

and completely realised feel of life, the physical weight of the world, for smells and warm flesh. Without these qualities, a book remained for me a collection of words; but with them the most unpromising material was transformed. Once I picked up a tattered volume of letters written by a very small, disreputable, eighteenth-century rake called Beau Feilding to his prostitute mistress; the pages were brown-edged and worm-eaten and smelt of the grave, and so it was the more startling suddenly to be confronted by a feeling, still fresh and warm, of a very real and very physical love.

VITAL EXPERIENCE

I am not writing about books which have influenced me at all. I don't know what books have influenced me, or how they have done so. I only know that there are some books-not one, not two, but scores of them -which I have loved so passionately that they have become part of my most vital experience. Just as everyone has in his life certain moments which stand out by their intensity above all other moments, so there are certain scenes in certain books which, once read, enter as it were into the bloodstream. How ever to forget that moment in Antony and Cleopatra, when Antony is dying. and begs Cleopatra to come to him for one last kiss? She answers, "I dare not, deardear my lord, pardon-I dare not," for she is afraid of being captured; so instead she and her waiting-women draw him up to her window, and as they haul the dying lover up to her, he begs, "O, quick, or I am gone," and she, that brave, great, gay, ageing woman, pulls and pulls and says, "Here's sport, indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!" in that hour of their death.

Or the moment in Dostoevsky's The Brothers Karamazov

(Please Turn To Page 45)



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"I am now 55 years of age All my teeth are intact. But in 1943, the central and the lateral incisors—both upper and lower—became shaky and infirm and I really thought they were to go. Some day in 1943, my eyes caught sight of the prescription of Forhan's. I began to use it and now I am extremely glad to say Forhan's has saved my teeth and has kept them strong and firm".

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"I have experienced immense benefit by using Forhan's Toothpaste. I heard before from my father that Forhan's is beneficial for the gums. Consequently, when my gum trouble originated, I remembered my father's advice, and decided to use Forhan's and I have been using Forhan's ever since".



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WEEK'S



READING

Chandra Bose

TEARLY all political movements and revolutions in modern times have thrown up their own variant of the stormy petrel—a h u m an dynamo, possessed of extraordinary powers of mind and will, intent upon realising his dream through fire, sword and steel, oblivious of the historical reality around him, scornful of compromise, adjustment or pragmatic alliances, driving his elders and betters into uncomfortable corners. In his brief hour of glory, he shines like a lonely star, an Olympian god set upon a unique course. He is convinced of his own role as man of destiny, and then seeks to impose his vision upon his people. But nearly always a strange, tragic fate overtakes him; history and personal destiny as if in collusion make him a plaything, a travesty of his earlier self. Gone at one stroke the erstwhile values and visions, gone the revolutionary spirit and dream! Instead a wild, adventurist credo becomes the last refuge in a world gone awry. In this new equation, friends turn into enemies, and the enemies become unwanted partners in a doubtful transaction.

doubtful transaction.

Does Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose fit into this frame of events? Is he indeed an archetypal figure in politics? A lot has been said and written about l'affaire Bose, both panegyrics and denigrations running to partisan inflation. Now that the dust has settled, perhaps a more dispassionate assessment of his role can be attempted. Thus Crossroads (Asia, Rs. 15), a collection of Netaji's works (1938-40), helps fill not only some interstices in a story partially obscured by the confused events of his later life, but also reveals the spiritual graph of a political mind in travail and suffering.

The volume under review opens

The volume under review opens with Subhas Bose's famous address to the Haripura Congress when he was at the peak of his powers and popularity. As newly-elected President of the Congress, he was highly conscious of the need to consolidate forces of freedom in the country, but any talk of compromise with the perfidious Albion is anathema to him. At this time of his stormy career, he was still an avowed Socialist, using at times a strong Marxist accent, and distrustful of the Right Wing headed by Sardar Patel and blessed by Gandhiji.

There is even a glimpse of the

ed by Gandhiji.

There is even a glimpse of the yogi in him when after his pyrrhic victory at the controversial Tripura session, full of "loathing and disgust for politics", he broods over the life divine", and thinks of retiring to the Himalayas. But as he was no "outsider", the momentary impulse disappears, and he is sucked in by the political maelstrom sweeping the world in 1939. In fact, it was an imperative of his being that he be at the centre of things. And when that becomes impossible, he is obliged to take a wild plunge into the dark and the unknown.

Are there any hints of his flight into the arms of the Fascists in Crossroads? Did he have a totalitarian streak in his psychological make-up? Or was he simply a patriot turned sour and spoiling for drama?

The critical reader will have to read between the lines to understand the imponderables of poli-

"Culture Of Poverty"

Social scientist Oscar Lewis—who has written, among other books, a study of village life in Northern India—sub-titles his latest sociological work "The Autobiography of a Mexican Family". This—The Children of Sanchez (Secker & Warburg, 36s.)—runs to 500 pages of exacting data. Mr. Lewis has used a tape recorder for this penetrating probe into "the culture of poverty". The family concerned inhabits one room in a slum tenement in Mexico City and consists of Father Sanchez, his sons Manuel and Roberto, and his daughters Consuelo and Marta. Theirs is not the lowest level of poverty though it is difficult to believe, from this intensive questionnaire, that greater or more tragic squalor could exist than that depicted here. One might term the author, who carefully avoids both over-sentimentalisation and brutalisation, a novelist manque as much as a painstaking anthropologist. There is sufficient material here for a Gogolesque epic and a score of short stories. As it stands, the work is somewhat formless, the self-confessions of the quintet being made up, for the most part, of interminable trivialities, which tend to droone from the pages with a wasp-like persistence. The dictaphone has obviously heightened this flow of detail and the limits of tedium are reached half way through the volume. SOCIAL scientist Oscar Lewis-



RAJA RAO, well-known

The reader is thereafter occasionally shocked back into attention by the uninhibited dialogue, which is liberally sprinkled with swear-

It is claimed that Mr. Lewis has achieved a "major break through in anthropology" with this book. His is certainly a novel approach to his subject. It is as if each instant of a dull, stereotyped day were recorded on a raucous phonograph. It is exasperating that, in the midst of it all, an almost Dickensian touch, warm and human, momentarily lights up the narrative, before fading away once more into the nebula of detail.

Bold Interpretation

TRINITY KEY by H. B. Stephens (Distributors in India: Thacker & Co., Bombay; Rs. 14), offers a comprehensive interpretation of the New and Old Testament in a symbological fashion. The Bible is looked upon as an allegorical scripture of immense metaphysical significance. Concepts, it is urged, are to be treated as symbols. Their value is in their suggestiveness and not in their literal meaning. Enlightenment is experience in seeing things as they are and the Trinity is the Biblical symbol for Truth. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are interpreted to stand for Mind, Thought and Body.

Christianity is interpreted as a

Thought and Body.

Christianity is interpreted as a form of idealism. It is a challenge to scientific materialism. "God is mind, the individual's mind and the individual's mentality is the kingdom of God." Mind, Thought and Body are derived from God. The "jeardinal sin", according to the author, is mankind's mistaken belief in material life and existence. Life and intelligence are spiritual qualities. The individual's mind and thoughts are not material qualities of his body and brain. The intrinsic nature of man is perfect, eternal and purely mental.

fect, eternal and purely mental.

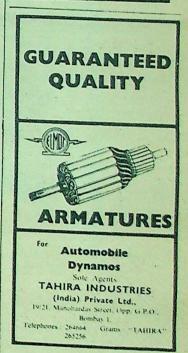
The author elevates human reason to great heights and finds man's salvation in that unique faculty. "Thought is to the mind what food is to the body." He seeks to interpret the Gospel of Jesus, selecting over a hundred important passages, in the light of the importance of thought. Such an interpretation is a bold adventure, and it will be a rude shock to Christian fundamentalists who believe in the grace of Christ, but one cannot say that there is no support for it in the Bible.

The efficacy of human reason alone is not enough for the perplexed man of today. It is not enough for man to know what is good, but he must also will it into action. Insight and will both are necessary for moral action. We know the good, but we are not able to practise it; we know the evil, but we are not always able to desist from it.

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A Window on Mills Hindi Writing

FIVE LONG STORIES

Wishnu's consort but about Lord Vishnu's consort but about an ordinary girl named Lakshmi who wants to get out of her prison." This opening sentence of Rajendra Yadav's Jahan Lakshmi Kaid Hai (Where Lakshmi is Imprisoned)—from a selection entitled Panch Lambi Kahanian*—arouses curiosity as well as a few apprehensions. The apprehensions are that Lakshmi will be a poor beautiful girl married against her wishes, of course, to a wealthy old man, that her "prison" is probably going to be woven into a threadbare symbol of the young Indian woman's helplessness, that the writer is going to do his worst to wrest an extra tear at his heroine's sorry plight, and that he will conclude his tale on a moralistic note. Fortunately, only the last of these apprehensions turns out to be true. The concluding paragraph of this remarkable tale, told with great skill and restraint, betrays the writer's sudden and unnecessary collapse: "A question arose of itself in Govind's mind: Am I the first man to have been agitated by this appeal? Are there others who have heard this appeal but turned a deaf ear to the appeal of a young woman?"

In spite of this blemish it is an excellent story. The nature of Lakshmi's prison is revealed through the gradually developing awareness of the central observer, Govind. The excitement of discovery is maintained throughout the narrative. The writer first involves us successfully in the romantic yearnings of Govind for his employer's daughter whom he has never seen thanks to the prison-like regime and structure of her house. A few necessary details about Govind's own background and personality—his poverty, his sensitivity, his sexual deprivation, his miserable wages for the part-time accountancy he does for Lala Rupa Ram—are not lumped into a paragraph in the old-fashioned manner. These details emerge with a deliberately managed casualness. The writer forgoes his privilege to be omniscient in the interest of dramatising the process by which Govind discovers the strange plight of Lakshmi. Strange, because, unlike the stereo-typed Indian heroine, she is imprisoned not by an old husband but by an old father whose rapacious' lust for money has deformed him into a monster. Obsessed by a superstitious fear that Lakshmi's departure in marriage will mean the end of his prosperity, he has literally imprisoned the goddess of wealth, Lakshmi, his beautiful daughter. This paternal repression finds an occasional reverberation in Lakshmi's hysterical fits. In a more lucid moment, however, she conveys her tormenting desire to flee her prison by underlining a few sentences in a magazine that she borrows from Govind through the secret agency of her little brother: "I hold you dearer than my life... I want to elope with you... I will hang myself," From behind these lines, Lakshmi's starved face peers at Govind and the reader with the mute urgency of a person gagged into virtual death.

A few years back Phanishwar Nath Renu unprecedented thrill among Hindi his sudden emergence into prominence with his novel Maila Anchal. The uncritical enthusiasm was incredible,

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*Selected by Mohan Rakesh; Rajkamal Prakashan, Delhi. and equally incredible has been the degree of popular acclaim as reflected in the sales of this novel. This was naturally taken as a promising symptom of a new responsiveness on the part of Hindi readers. It is unfortunate, however, that we have had no more instances of the same kind of spontaneous response to a few other remarkable books by other writers since then. In retrospect, therefore, the enthusiastic acceptance of Maila Anchal has shrunken into the isolation of a mere accident, welcome though it was.

THERE is not enough space to go into any more details about Maila Anchal or about Renu's other writings. Some of his characteristic virtues, however, are amply reflected in his tale included in this selection—Tisri Kasam Arthat Mare Gaye Gulpham (The Third Yow...). I have failed to render the title of the tale fully into English, which is an indication of the challenge that Renu's language presents to the translator. His language is the result of a highly creative command of a regional Hindi dialect. The creative element is exemplified by the numerous superb coinages, by a refreshing undercurrent of wit and humour, and by his dexterity in expressing fairly complicated matters through an apparently primitive medium. Moreover, unlike several other Hindi writers who resort, often unsuccessfully, to regional dialects in order to explore the regional ethos or to create a rural atmosphere, Renu seems genuinely soaked in the atmosphere he evokes and the dialect he employs. Also, his sophistication as an artist remains unimpaired; he succeeds in illuminating the remote recesses of the Bihari countryside and its simple inhabitants without throwing in the usual fog of an urbanite's romanticism and without reducing himself to the championship of any kind of noble savage.

The substance of this tale concerns the tender feelings of a forty-year-old bullock-cart driver, Hiraman, for a smart young actress of a rural theatrical company (nautanki), Hirabai. The juxtaposition looks both incredible and ultra-romantic. It goes to Renu's credit that he convinces the reader not only of the authenticity of this experience of his hero but also of the unfamiliar agitation that is thus caused in the hero's whole being. The actress, who to Hiraman's eye is a heavenly being, remains a very human character without the stock qualities of a "woman of that class". Their mutual affection does not result in an unbelievable marriage, nor does it end in an irreparable tragedy. They come together briefly in Hiraman's slow moving cart, their talk gradually assumes a tone of intimacy, during the journey, Hiraman watches her performance for a few enraptured nights, his companions envy him and dote on her from a distance, she leaves for another town after a sad, subdued farewell to Hiraman, who perhaps takes a vow not to accept a savari from the theatrical "kompany", and then goes his slow dusty way murmuring her song "Mare Gaye Gulpham..." But this is an inadequate summary of an exquisite tale which, in the absence of a translation, is accessible to us only in the original.

Kosi Ka Ghatwar (The Miller of Kosi) by Shekhar Joshi is the only mediocre tale in this volume and could have been easily replaced by one of its betters, especially when it does not even satisfy the criterion of length implied in the title of the book. It is a romantic account of a village romance that did not mature. It has the unreal charm that some city-dwelling writers try to evoke as an act of pious homage to their old home that may have been in a village once upon a time. The

loneliness of its jilted hero somehow does not ring true, nor does his brief encounter with Lachma after about fifteen years. The rural locale also seems contrived and lifeless.

The locale of Parinde (Birds), Nirmal Verma's extraordinary tale, is provided by a small hill station, which is recognisably Ranikhet for those who have been to that blissful place. The characters of the story, however, are in no state of bliss. They are all wounded and lonely, deprived and sad. The writer wastes no space on describing their physical characteristics or on recreating their past in direct detail. The suggestion of the shadows that haunt them is enough to evoke the gloom that surrounds them. Of course, they are surrounded by exceptional natural beauty which is brought to life by the writer with his masterly pictorial sense. The backdrop, however, never obtrudes on our consciousness with meanings and ironies of an obvious type. The essential element in the composition of this beautiful tale is that deadening touch of sadness that has turned all the main characters—Latika, Hubert, Dr. Mukherji—into doomed souls.

Latika is a virtual prisoner of the place where she found and lost her lover a couple of years ago. Ever since the death of Girish, she has spent her winters in the deserted hossiel of her convent school where she teaches. She carries the burden of her grief with a quiet, almost forbidding, dignity. She "tries to remember what she also wants to forget; but when she actually begins to forget she feels as if she were being deprived for ever of something that she doesn't want to lose... She keeps scratching the wound that is healing in spite of all her efforts..."

spite of all her efforts..."

Then there is Hubert, the dying music inaster of the school, who once wrote a love letter to Latika in ignorance of her sorrow. When he hears of it from Dr. Mukherji, he goes and offers his apology to Latika who has never said anything to him about the letter. That same night, Hubert, who, in spite of his ignorance of his disease, has vague premonitions of death, slips out of his bed and returns to the hostel drunk. He murmurs a song—"In the back lane of the city, there is a girl who loves me"—as Dr. Mukherji and Latika try to take him to his room. Before submitting to their persuasions, he shouts: "Doctor, where are we?" To me, this drunken inquiry of Hubert sums up the essence of this extremely sensitive tale. Even among themselves, despite their mutual affinities, these three characters fail to reach across to one another; their estrangement is complete and overwhelming. We have few stories in Hindi of the order of excellence and mastery represented by Parinde.

THE interest of Mohan Rakesh's tale, Miss Paul, like Rajendra Yadav's discussed above, consists in the process whereby the real problem and character of Miss Paul is revealed to us. The revelation is conveyed through a central consciousness, Ranjit, in whose curiosity about Miss Paul we share vicariously. This story, however, is told in the first person, a mode that always results in a greater ease of manner and style. The narrator's own personality, consequently, recedes into the background. When he is not telling a story exclusively his own, the first-person narrator should not draw too much attention to himself nor should he be made to indulge in unnecessary garrulity. Rakesh's persona, Ranjit, survives these criteria and succeeds in involving the reader deeply into the character of the heroine. She, we find, is maladjusted to her surroundings and colleagues largely because of the petty and somewhat malicious attitude of the people around her. Her obesity complicates her own responses to other people further.

Rakesh succeeds in giving us a measure of her isolation and an idea of her intrinsic innocence without resorting to the tricks of a sentimentalist. The pace of the story, however, remains rather slow. One would not have objected to this slowness if the narrator's response to the main character had been rendered with the sensitiveness and insight that one expects from Mohan Rakesh. I suppose, he could have selected a better short story—for instance, Janvar aur Janvar—to represent himself in this volume.

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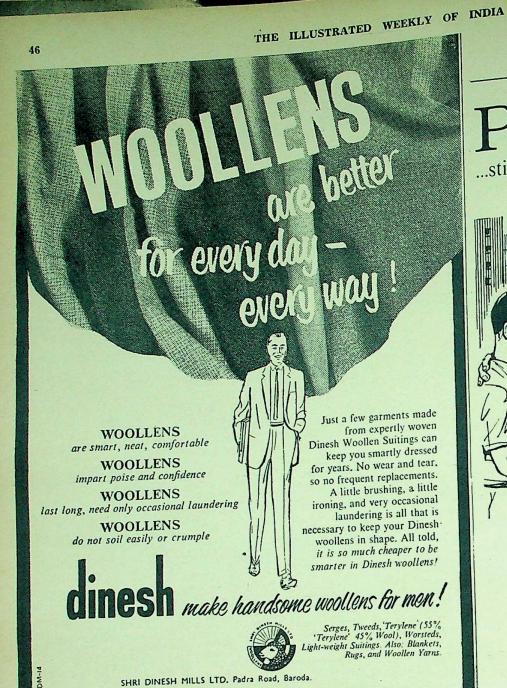
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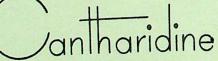
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HAVE been travelling. This letter is therefore something of a travelogue of South-East Asia.

One of the persons I met in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, was Dato V. T. Sambanthan, that country's Minister for Works, posts and Telecommunications, and his wife. (Dato is a title and literally means Chief.)

Dato Sambanthan is a Malayan citizen. But he is of Indian origin. It was his father who migrated to Malaya from South India. Before entering his beautiful house in Kuala Lumpur, I removed my shoes—a good old Indian custom, which we are now discarding because it is old-fashioned. We ate rice with rasam and sambar and several other delectable South Indian dishes from plantain-leaves.

The Dato spoke to me of his last visit to India. That was in 1959, when he attended an international conference in New Delhi as the Malayan Government's representative. But he told me more about his meeting with Acharya Vinoba Bhave—not in New Delhi, but in a remote and quite inaccessible village in Rajasthan. It was a chance encounter, brought about "by God's grace", as Dato Sambanthan put it.

"I had decided to have Vinoba's blessmgs even before I landed in India," the Dato said with becoming humility. "But in New Delhi nobody seemed to know where he was."

THEN, accidentally, he met a Mr. Cherian, who had in fact returned just then to the capital from the Bhoodan leader's temporary camp somewhere in Rajasthan. The problem then was to secure transport to this village, whose only communications link with the rest of India was by bullockcart.

"Providentially," says Dato Sambanthan, "Mr. D. P. Karmarkar rang me up around midnight in my hotel and asked me casually whether I was being well looked after. Indeed, I was. But I mustered up enough courage to ask him whether he could spare a car and a driver to go to this village in Rajasthan."

So the car arrived with a half-somnoment driver who—according to him—had had no sleep the previous night. With this partially-conscious driver at the wheel, Dato Sambanthan, together with Mr. Cherian, started off at 2 a.m. on a pilgrimage to Vinoba's temporary abode in the Rajasthan desert.

Around 4 a.m., the sleepy driver apparently dozed off while still at the wheel, and the car got stuck in the sand. Luckily for the Dato, a camel with a load on its hump was passing by. Mr. Cherian hailed its driver. A suitable payment persuaded him to let the camel pull out the car from the sand.

"At dawn we were at Vinoba's camp. I spent about an hour or so with him, and I am convinced that he gave me his blessings," the Dato said, asking: "Without his blessing, how could our co-operative movement have been such a great success? Haven't you heard of the National Land Finance Co-operative Society of Malaya? It was started about two years ago, and

today it is the biggest co-operative society in Malaya, with a membership of 25 500."

Dato Sambanthan went on to tell me about the Society and the background to its formation. Some five years ago, when the British were preparing to grant independence to Malaya, a number of British rubber plantation owners felt uncertain about the future—a feeling which they had entertained mistakenly, because Malaya has proved to be one of the most stable countries in Asia and one of the best places for investment.

Nevertheless, British plantation owners began selling their holdings. And these were often fragmented and subdivided before being bought and resold by the Chinese residents of Malaya. One of the results of the fragmentation and sale of the rubber estates was the eviction, actual or threatened, of Indian labourers.

Why couldn't the Indians themselves have bought the estates that were up for sale? After all, the Chinese, themselves, like the Indians, had come to Malaya as labourers. One reason was that the Chinese were more thrifty. Having settled in

HONG KONG

AN ASIAN TRAVELOGUE

Malaya in far larger numbers than the Indians, they had spread out and had settled down permanently on the land. With their numerical strength, which is nearly equal to that of the mild Malays themselves, the Chinese did not have to adapt themselves to Malayan ways to any great degree.

Being in this advantageous position, they could buy up the estates owned by the Europeans. And the only way the Indian labourers could acquire the estates was on a co-operative basis.

Dato Sambanthan started the Co-operative Society in June, 1960. Shares could be bought in easy instalments. A year later, the Society had bought an estate of 3,000 acres in Kedah State. Today it owns, in all, about 6,000 acres of rich rubber plantations worth more than Rs. 1 crore. Within a matter of months, rubber production on the Society's estate has gone up by more than 30 per cent., vindicating Dato Sambanthan's faith in co-operative endeavour.

THERE is a great deal of talk nowadays about the alleged failure of India's foreign policy. Let me not be pretentious enough to analyse the foreign policy of India. But I have often wondered to what extent the reputation of a country abroad depends on the behaviour of that country's envoy. During my recent tour of South-East Asia, I had the privilege of being one of the guests at a luncheon given by an Indian Minister of State.

At this luncheon, the Indian envoy arrived about five minutes late, after all the other guests, including ministers, were seated. And no sooner was the luncheon over than our great envoy walked off stiffly without even caring to shake hands with the other guests. This luncheon. let

us remember, was not given in the envoy's honour. His behaviour reminded me of British governors in the good old days of the Raj, a quarter of a century ago.

Behaviour like this can only bring discredit to India. It may pass for greatness in the stifling, snobbish atmosphere of New Delhi, where not only would the wife of a Joint Secretary not speak to the wife of a Deputy Secretary, but even their respective stenographers' wives would not speak to each other.

Not all our envoys are supercilious and stiff, of course. But perhaps those who are not are in a minority. Glancing through some Philippine newspapers, I was pleasantly surprised to find The Manila Chronicle's magazine section devote two entire pages to the retiring Indian ambassador, Mr. Sankar Nath Maitra, and his family. Said the Chronicle: "If his embassy retained its diplomatic privileges, remaining always a piece of India on foreign soil, there was no 'extra-territoriality' in the hearts of the ambassador and his family. The similarities between the Philippines and their native West Bengal far outweighed any minor differences.

"They leave behind scores of friends who never again will think of India as a far-away country, its customs unknown or strange. This is due in large measure to the fact that during their tour of duty here, the Maitras truly became an integral part of their host country."

That is a fine tribute, indeed, and not many of our envoys abroad have earned such a fine write-up. It was not merely The Manila Chronicle; other Philippine journals remarked that Mr. Maitra had helped soften the impact of Goa on the Philippines and in making Tagore and Gandhi better known and understood.

SUDHAKAR BHAT

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these parts show the devadasis in various dance poses. Their gurus were Brahmins. Morning and evening these devadasis had to dance before the deities, offering incense and burning camphor.

burning camphor.

After the shifting of the Satavahana capital from Srikakulam to Dhanyakataka, the Vedic religion went into the background and its place was taken by Buddhism. Ghantasala rose to greater importance till the 4th century Many foreigners used to visit the place for trade, and Roman coins are found here. Naturally, the visiting merchants needed entertainment and the devadasis of Srikakulam shifted to Ghantasala. Corrupt manners crept into the Buddhist viharas, which by a slow process of degradation turned into houses of prostitution. The devadasis were no longer dedicated to the gods but to entertainment. They came to be called an anarttakis. Rajanarttakis are those who dance to please human beings. Royal patronage replaced temple dedication and the object of the dancing altered. The themes, styles and compositions changed to suit the patrons. Lust took the place of devotion. Erotic dances were the delight of the day.

From the 5th century A.D. till the 10th the region was under the sway of the Vengi Empire. Vengi is about 40 miles from Kuchipudi. The Eastern Chalukyas were its rulers their religion being Jainism. Buddhism consequently declined and was replaced by Jainism. To propagate their religion at every level of society, the Jains took advantage of all locally prevailing popular entertainment. Folk dance were invented. The traditions of the tract were exploited. Thus, folk and classical dances were among the most popular forms of religious entertainment till the end of 12th century. The classical forms were called margi, while the folk forms were called desi.

The Kalinga em They renovated the



HIRANYAKASIPU, LILAVATI AND PRAHLADA

The Kuchipudi Dance-Drama

WCHIPUDI is a village in the Krishna district of Andhra Pradesh. It lies on the main Vijayavada-Masulipatnam road, 32 miles from Vijayavada and 15 miles from Masulipatnam. The village originally stood on the banks of the River Krishna, but, the river having changed its course five centuries ago, it is now three miles away from it. The Krishna divides into three branches as it enters the Bay of Bengal, and this results in the formation of islands. These islands are known as divis in Telugu and the Divi taluk area takes its name from them.

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area takes its name from them.

The derivation of the name Kuchipudi is variously explained. The older generation says that it was originally called Kuchelapuri—a village founded by Kuchela. To me, the derivation seems absurd, for Kuchela, the friend of Lord Krishna, has no association with these parts. I am of opinion that Kuchilapuri or Kusilayapuri must have been the original name. Kuchi, thus, would be a dialectal corruption of kusilava, meaning the member of a travelling dramatic troupe. Hence Kuchipudi must have been the abode of travelling dramatic troupes. The name would be justified by the known facts.

This is the first of two articles by Banda Kanakalingeswara Rao

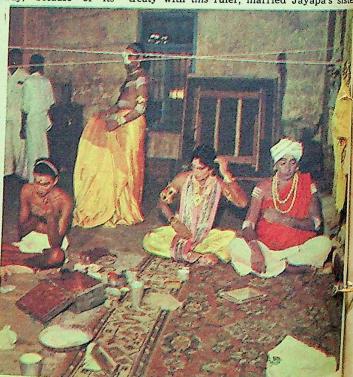
The vicinity of Kuchipudi is of great historical importance. Srikakulam, a village six miles away, was a capital of the early Satavahana Empire, in the 2nd century B.C. The village of Srikakulam was founded by a sovereign named Andhra Vishnu. A temple in his name exists there even today. The Satavahanas finally shifted their capital from this place to Dhanyakataka, 40 miles away, since Srikakulam was liable to constant inundation by the Krishna. The temple of Andhra Vishnu used to be visited by the Kalinga rulers, who patronised it with rich endowments. King Krishna Devaraya of Vijayanagar worshipped the deity of this temple and testified in his Amuktamalyada, that he was inspired to write the book at this place. Nagarjuna, the great Acharya of Mahayana Buddhism, lived here during his early

life and translated the Prajna Paramita at this

Ghantasala is another place five miles away. It was a great Buddhist pilgrim centre from the 2nd century A.D. till the 14th century. The name Ghantasala is said to be derived from Kantaka, the horse of the Lord Buddha and saila (mountain). It was a famous port on the River Krishna and trade used to be carried on from here with Rome, Java, Indo-China and the Far East. But the Krishna now flows four miles away, because of its change of course. Movva, the birthplace of Kshetrajna, the great composer of padams, is about two miles from Kuchipudi. Thus the historical significance of the locality will be appreciated.

In India, all the arts are inspired by religion. We have therefore to trace what religions have prevailed in these parts. During the early Satavahana period—from the 2nd century B.C. till the 1st century A.D.—the Vedic religion predominated. It was the religion of the dynasty and the people consequently followed the precepts of Hinduism strictly. Temple worship was popular. The Andhra Vishnu temple of Srikakulam was a great pilgrim centre. It was patronised by the rulers of the region and several villages were conferred upon it as inams. It is found in inscriptions on the site that three hundred devadasis were dedicaed to this temple. The sculptures excavated in sculptures excavated in

The Vengi Empire lost its sway over the The Vengi Empire lost its sway over the region with the rise of the Kakatiya dynasty of Warangal. The Kakatiyas were originally Jains. They took to the Pasupata Virasaiva cultunder the influence of Basava. Kakati Ganapati Deva was the ruler at Warangal. His forces occupied the major part of the Andhra area in about A.D. 1230. In one of his invasions he met Jayapa of the Ayya dynasty near Srikakulam. Jayapa was a powerful ruler in the Divi taluk. Kakati Ganapati Deva made a peace treaty with this ruler, married Jayapa's sister



GETTING READY FOR THE DRAMA

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Jayapa was ous forms of daid damatya, a Bre theoretical and and desi styles. Jayapa wrote a sisting forms of could be suffered to the suffered forms of could be suffered for the suffered forms. This speaness of the dance pudi. Peculiarly, the village itself couple of miles in that period (i. When the K.

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and appointed Jayapa himself as the commander of the elephant forces of the Kakatiya Em-

der of pire.

Jayapa was deeply interested in the various forms of dances prevalent in his area. Gundantya, a Brahmin scholar, taught him the theoretical and practical aspects of the margi and desi styles. Thus, well equipped in the art, Jayapa wrote an excellent treatise on the existing forms of dance, known as Nritta Ratnavali. He built a temple at Chebrole and installed 300 devadasis, giving them as inam a village, Modukuru, in Guntur district. His book mentions various styles of margi and desi ness of the dance art in the vicinity of Kuchines of the dance art in the vicinity of Kuchipudi. Peculiarly, Jayapa says nothing about the village itself, though the site is only a must be presumed that Kuchipudi did not exist at that period (i.e., A.D. 1260).

When the Kakatiyas embraced the site is only a wind the site is only a control of the control of

at that period (i.e., A.D. 1260).

When the Kakatiyas embraced the Virasiva cult, Jainism was severely set back. Mallikarjuna Pandita, one of the famous exponents of Virasaivism, defeated the Jains in debate at several places. The Virasaivas took over the various folk forms of dances used by the Jains for the propagation of their own cult. These forms were listed in a book called Panatha, a famous poet of the Kakatiya court. There is no mention of Kuchipudi in this book either. Evidently, as a dance centre, it must have been established at a later date.

Ulugh Khan, afterwards known as Muhammad bin Tughlak, invaded Warangal in 1221, and the Kakatiya Empire was dissolved. There was confusion in the country. Before the dissolution of the empire, the Kakatiyas and the Kalingas used to fight among themselves. In 1262 Viranarasimha III, the ruler of Kalinga, annexed the region of Srikakulam, in the Krishna district, to his empire. His step-brother, Anantapala, renovated the temple of Andhra Vishnu at Srikakulam. By that time the institution of devadasis had degenerated. Dancing had fallen into the hands of prostitutes. Virasaivism was predominant.

The Kalinga emperors were Vaishnavites. They renovated the Jagannath temple at Puri.



INVOCATION (Photographs by Dhiraj Chawda)

Viranarasimha had built the Konarka temple and renovated the Simhachala temple near Visakhapatnam. So he took it into his head to propagate Vaishnavism in the Srikakulam region. By that time Jayadeva's Gita Govinda had become popular in Kalinga. The Krishna cult became the prevailing religion of northern Kalinga. Ananda Tirtha was the founder of this cult. He preached the Madhva Siddhanta. He visited the Kalinga court and by his persuasive arguments converted the two great ministers of Kalinga, Sobhana Bhatta and Syama Sastri to his perspectives. They became his disciples. Sobhana Bhatta assumed the name of

assumed the name of Padmanabha Tirtha, while Syama Sastri named himself Nara-hari Tirtha. He later became the Pithatipati of the Udipi Math.

Bhanu Deva I was the ruler of Kalinga from 1263-1277 A.D. After the death of this Ganga ruler, Narahari Tirtha assumed charge as Regent to the minor Prince and in this capacity visited Srikakulam, the southernmost outpost of the Kalinga Empire. Narahari Tirtha stayed in the Kuchipudi region, at Srikakulam, for 11 years, propagating the Krishna cult. He brought dancers from Kalinga to Srikakulam, where the local artistes learnt the Gita Govinda in dance form to please Narahari Tirtha was responsible for propagating the Krishna cult in the Divi area. Narahari Tirtha was responsible for propagating the Krishna cult in the Divi area. Narahari Tirtha was responsible for propagating the Krishna cult in the Divi area. Narahari Tirtha lived till 1293 A.D. After his departure to take charge at Udipi as Madhva leader, his disciples at Srikakulam composed several Sanskrit songs in praise of the Lord Krishna. Dances were set by the Brahmin gurus to these songs. The existing devadasis and rajanarttakis danced.

One of the disciples of Narahari Tirtha was Gopalakrishna Saraswati. He lived at Srikakulam and composed several Sanskrit songs in praise of the Lord Krishna. He wrote a Mahabhagavatam in 128 songs and composed a dance-drama, Sri Krishna Jalakrida, and a treatise on the dance, known as Gopalakrishna Vritti. Lilasuka, composer of the Sri Krishna Karnamrita, was also a resident of this Srikakulam. He was originally a Saivite but took to the Krishna cult under the inflence of Narahari Tirtha. Thus we see that during the 14th century the Krishna cult in this region attained great popularity. All the local folk- and classical dances were set to songs in praise of the Lord Krishna. Devadasis as well as rajanarttakis were dancing the Gita Govinda of Jayadeva and the Bhagavata of Gopalakrishna Saraswati. Every dancing girl thought she was a Gopika and a Radha. Sensuous dances crept in slowly. But the gurus were still orthodox and maintained their purity.

Siddhappa was an orphan boy of one of the neighbouring villages. Nobody knew to which he belonged. Nobody knew his parentage, but the villagers recognised that he must be a Brahmin boy by birth. He was an uncared-for child. He was also a carefree child. He was invested with his sacred thread by a neighbouring land-owner of charitable disposition. It was the custom of those days that when there was a thread ceremony in a well-to-do family the householder would gather together boys from poor families and would celebrate their initiation ceremonies along with those of his own sons.

of his own sons.

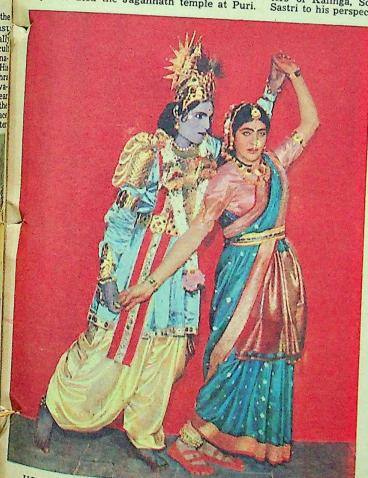
Thus Siddhappa had the good fortune to be initiated almost without his knowledge. The lad would be moving from village to village in the locality. At daybreak he would leave one village for another. At sunset he would take his rest for the night on the payal of any house or in any choultry available. He would take food at whatever dwelling was at hand when the time came, for hospitality was generous in those days and the people of the locality pitied him as an orphan. He would change his clothes whenever he attended any function, since presents would then be forced upon him.

Somebody would remind him that he was

since presents would then be forced upon him.

Somebody would remind him that he was a married man. His bride was six months old. Her parents lived in a village on the other side of the river. How could he remember it when the function had been so unostentatious as hardly to have attracted his attention? It might have happened in one of his childish games with the children of the neighbourhood. He had never cared to look at the bride, since she was at her mother's breast still taking milk. But he liked the dancers and their dances. They were his only attraction. They used to indulge (Please Turn To Page 27)

(Please Turn To Page 27)



USHA AND ANIRUDDHA, with Presidential Award-winner Vedantam Satyam in the role of Usha.

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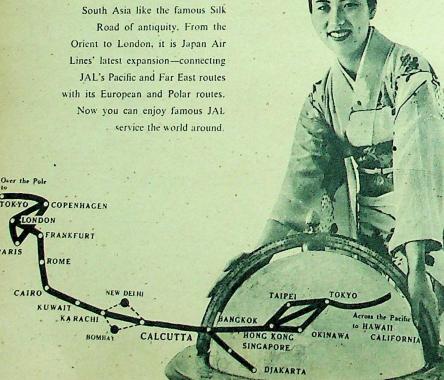


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Narahari T for the lad. He Math. A holy h the Vedas was rigorous disciplichannelled Sidd broad forehead Bharata Natya S culum. Every n mudra. He was He could sing like asked to go back lar and a full-fledicated to him. F of one year.

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Everything in familiar to him quickly made learning stood in by the elders of table to satisfy the. Then they be to join his wife River Krishna. He law that he was a surprise to the fa picious muhurta was now in the lotus. Her beauty

Siddhappa hareach his wife's vi was arranged by the crossing, his heart bliss of the comin he swam. The gening the him. The sky, we seemed to smile and the rising moon felt shy to Siddhappa. He env Siddhappa. He env running clouds to

It was as if a ross the players in to follow. The sky The gentle breeze sarases of the sky They conspired and Siddhappa was put to reach the other t stream. To turn bashes the stream of the s he strove on, to reamighty wave struck lost sight of his su following engulfed river envied the coat him. He knew the was no use strugglin of death. He prayed took to atura sanna strove on, to rea the verge of death.

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Kuchipudi Dance-Drama The

(Continued From Page 25)

in pranks and jokes with him as he was a harmless boy, in their opinion. He would sometimes accompany them to the temple functions. his fallen status.

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The pujari of the temple would scold him for his fallen status.

Narahari Tirtha of Udipi Math had established a branch at Srikakulam, when he took you his residence at Udipi. Towards sunrise when siddhappa could find no repose elsewhere after an all-night dance performance, he had entered the premises of the Math and slept there of the dances he had seen. He was aroused from slumber by a dream that the Lord Krishna was dancing on his belly. He woke up, disturbed, crying out, "Krishna! Krishna!" The knew everything. He pitied the orphan boy, for whom he foresaw a bright future. So, he despatched him to the principal Math at Udipi. The following day the boy was no more seen in the vicinity. His existence was forgotten there.

the vicinity. His existence was forgotten there.

Narahari Tirtha's disciples felt compassion for the lad. He was taken to the Head of the Math. A holy bath followed by initiation into the Vedas was the order of the first day. The rigorous discipline of the Math corrected and channelled Siddhappa's life to its goal. Twenty long years went by. He became a scholar in the Vedas and the Sastras. His bright eyes and broad forehead bespoke the great scholar. The Bharata Natya Sastra formed part of his curriculum. Every movement of his limbs was a mudra. He was blessed and twice blessed by his Guru. He could compose Sanskrit slokas, asked to go back to his place as a great scholar and a full-fledged artist. The road was indicated to him. He arrived on foot after a lapse of one year.

THE SCHOLAR'S RETURN

Everything in his native region seemed unfamiliar to him. He was unrecognised, but he quickly made himself known. However, his learning stood in the way of his identification by the elders of the village. Finally, they were able to satisfy themselves that it was indeed he. Then they blessed him and directed him to join his wife on the further bank of the River Krishna. He sent word to his father-in-law that he was coming. The news came as a surprise to the family. They fixed up an auspicious muhurta for the nuptials. His wife was now in the bloom of youth like a full lotus. Her beauty knew no parallel.

Siddhappa had to cross the Krishna to

Siddhappa had to cross the Krishna to reach his wife's village. The auspicious moment was arranged by the astrologers. He began the crossing, his heart full of joy. Imagining the bliss of the coming night, he felt no strain as he swam. The gentle breeze of the river greeted him. The sky, with sunlight chasing shadow, seemed to smile upon him. The sinking sun and the rising moon saluted one another. The moon felt shy to gaze at the bright face of Siddhappa. He envied him. He called upon the running clouds to hide him.

It was as if a blue curtain was drawn ac-

running clouds to hide him.

It was as if a blue curtain was drawn across the players in a drama. And drama was to follow. The sky became dark with clouds. The gentle breeze turned to violent. The apsarases of the sky envied Siddhappa's partner. They conspired and soon a terrible storm arose. Siddhappa was putting forth all his energies to reach the other bank and had reached midstream. To turn back would not help him, so he strove on, to reach the other side. Then a mighty wave struck him in the face and he lost sight of his surroundings. Another wave following engulfed him completely. Even the river envied the couple's union and clutched at him. He knew that he was about to die. It was no use struggling against the mighty claws of death. was no use struggling against the mighty claws of death. He prayed to the Lord Krishna and took to atura sannayasa, as old people do on the verge of death. the verge of death.

Siddhappa promised the Lord that he would lead the life of a sannyasi if he was the wild music of the storm. The roar served the wild music of the storm. The roar served the rhythm. He threw off his sacred thread as a sign of the severance of family ties. He was a sign of the severance of family ties. He was a true sannyasi. Nothing remained before his

vision except the figure of the Lord Krishna with his Abhaya Mudra.

with his Abhaya Mudra.

He closed his eyes for a moment, and when he opened them again he found himself on the further shore in a bed of soft mud. Some passing boatmen, searching for their shattered craft by the light of the moon which had just come out from behind a cloud, saw his body. The pulse was still beating feebly and there was respiration. They nursed him back to life. When they gently lifted him, he returned to his senses. With their aid he reached the vilage. His father-in-law was awaiting his arrival, chatting with the village patel.

When Siddhappa disclosed his identity, the

When Siddhappa disclosed his identity, the father-in-law embraced him and led him towards the house. All the family came out to greet him. He was given a hot bath, then delicious food was served him. He was asked to be seated in a decorated room and was surprised to find a young and beautiful girl entering. She was his wife—as charming as Rati Devi. He allowed his eyes to feast upon her beauty. The girl was shy, but she lifted her head for a peep at her lord, then shrieked with terror and fell to the ground. Breathing heavily, she exclaimed "Sannyasi." Siddhappa came rudely to himself. He recalled his vow to the Lord Krishna. Suddenly Krishna and his beloved consort, Satyabhama, appeared before his eyes. Tears flowed down his cheeks. The next moment the divine pair had vanished. He began to search for them. His wife was lying on the floor. He stared at her, then found Satyabhama in her.

the floor. He stared at her, then found Satyabhama in her.

He slowly opened the door. The cock crowed as if to declare the dawn of a new day. He walked out and returned to the river, murming. His words were the verses of a new song. He had learnt the Radha cult at the feet of his Guru at Udipi. Radha was Prakriti, while Krishna was Purusha. Prakriti owes her existence to her Lord. There was no place for sensuous love in their relations. Then why did sensuous happiness exist? Why was it so powerful as to have sway over human lives? He came to the conclusion that sensuous love was not a sin, but it should be sublimated and then enjoyed in accordance with the dictates of Dharma. Satyabhama loved her Lord in a passionate manner. Her ambition was to keep Him in her exclusive and eternal embrace. Even passionate love is a form of devotion, when it has a single object in view. Selfishness is not a sin. Its object is to have exclusive possession. Every soul yearns for union with the Paramatma. Is this wrong? Should it give way in favour of other souls? No! The others, too, have their place, but this cannot bar the individual soul from yearning for union with the Lord. This is the Bhama cult, later to be known as Madhura bhakti.

THE BHAMA CULT

THE BHAMA CULT

Every devotee feels that there is only one Purusha—the Lord Krishna. The rest of humanity, including himself, are only women. Krishna is the Lokabharta. All human beings are Gopikas. Siddhappa felt himself to be one of the Gopikas, yearning to unite with the Lord. He wanted the Lord's embrace exclusively for himself. He was selsish, but he felt it his right to seek his Lord's embrace. He felt that Satyabhama was more devoted to Lord Krishna than any other.

Siddhappa was the founder of the Bhama cult. He composed song after song, as if sung by Satyabhama herself, who could not stand separation from her Lord even for a moment. The compilation of his songs was the Bhama Kalapam. He recapitulated what he had composed and depend to the times. It was a perfect Kalapam. He recapitulated what he had composed, and danced to the tunes. It was a perfect dance-drama. The villagers surrounded him. They were surprised at his dances and at the devotion of the themes. In a few days, every boy was singing his songs, while every adult repeated them. Jayadeva's Gita Govinda had been popular up till then. Everyone who sang the Gita Govinda felt that he was himself Radha. As the songs of the Bhama Kalapam became popular, every devotee felt himself to be Bhama.

Till those times the dance had been the monopoly of the devadasis and rajanarttakis. There were more than 300 families of them



YAMINI KRISHNAMURTI as Visva-mohini, in the Kuchipudi ballet, Kshira-sagara Mathana, recently performed in Hyderabad and Vijayavada.

at Ghantasala and an equal number at Srikakulam. These dancing girls now wanted to learn the Bhama Kalapam. They were already expert dancers of the Gita Govinda. They apprached Siddhappa, who had become known as Siddhendra, requesting him to teach them. The Bhama Kalapam songs were full of sensuous love. These dancing girls were already adept in such gestures, so Siddhendra thought that they would demoralise society with the addition of the Bhama Kalapam dances. Instead, therefore, he initiated good-looking, young Brahmin boys into these songs and dances.

Till then the Brahmins had never danced.

Brahmin boys into these songs and dances, Till then the Brahmins had never danced, so the boys and their parents objected. Siddhendra was able to convince them that they would not be treated as outcastes. He reassured them with a letter of patronage from his head Math at Udipi. The boys were taught the dances of the Bhama Kalapam. Males took the female roles, including that of Satyabhama. Siddhendra guaranteed salvation to the artistes. He forbade women to take part in his dancedrama, known at that time as Parijatam. He took a promise from the Brahmin boys that they would devote their lives to the art, as a mark of which a bell is tied to the waist of every new-born child in the community even today. He travelled extensively with the troupe.

Some of the local orthodox Brahmins were jealous. Defying the authority of the Math, they outcaste the artistes. No girl was offered them in marriage and they were not invited for food at functions. Siddhendra took these artistes and their sympathisers to a nearby piece of waste-land, which they occupied. They had already become popular as a band of travelling players and were called kuchilu, a dialectal form of kusilavulu, meaning a travelling troupe of players. The occupied land was named after them, Kuchilapuri, Siddhendra prescribed for them a strict discipline. Every dancer should learn the Vedas and the Sastras. He should be thorough in Sanskrit. He must learn the Panchakavyas. He should know music thoroughly, the theory no less than the practice. He formulated a syllabus for dancing which is still in vogue. Thus Siddhendra, who flourished between A.D. 1350 and 1450, was the founder of the Kuchipudi School.

(To Be Concluded)

"A Phonograph, A Radio,

Second part of VED MEHTA'S series on

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

U. N. TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE

R. OWEN continued: "But technical assistance as a concept was slow to take hold. The poor countries were opposed to economic assistance because to them it stank of imperialism. The rich countries were nervous about assuming responsibility as vast as the economic development of hundreds of millions of people. Eventually the idea was grafted on to the stock of existing international organisations, the International Telegraph Union and the Universal Postal Union, both of which later grew into specialised agencies of the United Nations. In 1948, at the third session of the General Assembly in Paris, the countries resolved to put aside the meagre sum of \$300,000 a year for technical assistance. This empty gesture was given substance next year by the U.S. President's inaugural address, the fourth point of which outlined a United States eco-nomic development and technical assistance programme. This Point Four threw the State Department into a tizzy because only in the previous year, in the United Nations Economic and Social Council, they had opposed any form of assistance, but the State Department and ECOSOC now took their cue from the U.S. President and quickly voted to expand their original technical assistance programme of \$300,000. They were backed by the General Assembly with Resolution 222 (IX).'

"The participating organisations should," Owen read, putting on his spectacles and taking the Resolution out of his breast pocket, "in extending technical assistance for economic development of underdeveloped countries regard it as a primary objective to help those countries to strengthen their national economies through the development of their industries and agriculture, with a view to promoting their economic and political independence in the spirit of the Charter of the United Nations, and to ensure the attainment of higher levels of economic and social welfare for their entire population.' My Expanded Programme of Technical Assistance (EPTA) was contained in these words, and I keep them close to my heart," Owen said, returning the document to his pocket.

THE Resolution, though passed, was not favoured by all. The Agencies, some of which owed their life to the League, were reluctant to tie their fate to the new-born United Nations, an organisation which still needed a talisman of time, and dictators like Peron of Argentina and Jimenez of Venezuela balked at the thought of international experts or snoopers in their countries. Nevertheless, in 1950, under the chairmanship of Owen, the Technical Assistance Board (TAB) was set up with all the Agencies, the U.N. being for this purpose merely one of them, as its members and EPTA directed by TAB became a first-aid economic squad for the world.

"For our first eighteen months," Owen said, "no less than 54 countries contributed 20 million dollars to finance EPTA, giving rise to our proud legend that we were the first U.N. institution to have complete freedom in allocating funds. The money was donated to us in scores of currencies, and so we were able to carry out the directives of the U.N.—to use the technical facilities of all the countries. Our success in this policy allayed the suspicions of my economically backward charges." The death of Stalin, which thawed the Communist regime, and the rise of donations (in 1960, 83 countries contributed 33 million dollars) all helped to strengthen TAB's hold on life."

"The most exciting chapter in our chronicle," Owen continued, "was the General Assembly debate on SUNFED, when for a moment it seemed to us that our pre-investment activities would be accompanied by large gifts of capital. Our narrow activity of pre-investment advice—putting a plate under the cake of economic assistance—would have been revolutionised by SUNFED. We could then have given the cake with the plate, so to speak. But the ideal of making the U.N. a sort of international treasury was very exciting, though for me at least the reality was terrifying. The U.N. did not have the administrative machinery for giving big injections of capital; in any case, as a civil servant, I did not wish to be responsible for dispensing aid from the rich countries.

"As my old master Stafford Cripps used to say: 'It was in the nature of rich countries to play favourites," and I was sure our enlarged programme would become a bouncing political football. But it would be untrue to say that I was paralysed. I knew all the time that the proposal for SUNFED would fall to the ground. "Still, I was relieved when the flutter died down, and, instead of having billions of dollars in the U.N. chest, we got a gift of a few more millions in the shape of the Special Fund with Paul Hoffman."

HOFFMAN and Owen quickly learned to function like Siamese twins. Hoffman managed to produce a little bit more money from his hat than Owen; in 1960 the Special Fund had 48 million dollars and EPTA 42. But they did not let mine-and-thine stand between them.

"Now and again we tossed a million dollars across this board-table," Owen said tapping it, "without the bureaucratic machinery recording the transaction." Hoffman ran his show like an American foundation; Owen had to manage his department like a little Civil Service. If Hoffman supplied the money for surveys, Owen and TAB met the cost of providing the skills. For development, a country required the knowhow and a thorough canvassing of its resources, raw material and capital. The U.N. had no money or staple in its vaults, so it had to be content with giving the underdeveloped countries the opportunity for knowledge and self-knowledge. TAB gingerly concerned itself with the former, Special Fund confidently with the latter.

If the demise of SUNFED deprived the U.N. of a new role in investment, or the installation of new productive physical assets, it had

the piquant prospect of becoming a monopoly of technical assistance, of introducing new procedures to make better use of the existing productive assets. The transmission of skills by the world institution had the advantage of each country having a skill to teach another. This made possible a pooling of skills, a global cooperation, which had been the ideal of the ages, but an actuality of only a decade. This preinvestment hypostasis of skills, however, without raw material and money, always threatened to go up in smoke; the underpinning of skills was practically useless to extremely backward nations and only somewhat useful to countries which were half way towards industrialism. But even to these last countries the transmission of skills was often a plate without the cake, so that most underdeveloped countries came to the U.N. banquet of charity only to go hungry. The budget for any one technical feast was insignificant.

Grand Hoffman may spend from two hundred to eight hundred thousand dollars on one benefaction or project, and conservative Owen from ten thousand to one hundred thousand dollars, but these sums were puny. In a way it was the measure of world poverty that the continents should lie in wait for the empty plates of Owen and Hoffman.

THERE was no rational Cartesian way of distributing aid. Any equitable distribution would mean that countries such as India would run away with the programme, and Saudi Arabias and Dominican Republics would allow bad and corrupt politicians to mop up the largesse. Owen had learned to ignore the clamour of the aided countries for their mathematical share of the U.N. d'argent. Instead he budgeted money according to the merit of each project, and perhaps because the assistance in question was small, there had not been a single deputation from a country challenging his decisions. Between 1950 and 1960, Owen apportioned 32% of his facilities to the Asian countries, slightly less to Latin American and the Middle East, about 9% to Africa, and almost 8% to Europe. If TAB could find enough experts and money to double the technical assistance, he admitted he might be in trouble over his choice of recipients.

It was impossible to gauge the effectiveness of the present programme. There were the usual figures—since 1950: 16,000 U.N. and Agency fellows trained in 110 countries, 8,500 EPTA experts recruited from 77 countries and territories—but these figures revealed nothing of the emotional impact of the programme, either on the countries or on the experts of fellows in the world show.

"I know, for example," he said candidly "that many of our experts are not first-rates. They may be good specialists, but they for communicate, to connect with their apprer tices. As for fellows, in spite of the impressive times wasted. Our post-graduate assistance times wasted. Our post-graduate assistance often given without any relevance to their homeland." In spite of these reservations, was no doubt that the programme was ing the U.N. a great deal of good will.

There were many countries in which the world organisation was represented only by economic activities and was valued not political debates and actions but for its

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ORN as I was, in a border district situated between the present Andhra Pradesh and Tamil Nad and in close proximity to Arcot and Kanchipuram, my earliest memories cluster round the stirring Tamil ballad of Raja Desing (or Jayasimha) who was a heroic and chivalrous warrior and who, befriended by a loyal Muslim comrade, fought against the Nawab's forces in an until and gallant fight. It was part of my control of the control fought against fight. It was part of my early training also to memorise the hymns, both in training also to incline the hymns, both in Sanskrit and Tamil, connected with the Saivite Sanskill and Talini, connected with the Salvite and Vaishnavite divinities of the Kanchipuram and valshing as well as portions of Valmiki's Rama-yana which made an ineffaceable impression on me and have never lost their hold on my memory and imagination from that day to memory and inagination from that day to this. My favourite stanzas were from the kishkinda and Sundara Kandas. Later on, my father and my maternal grandfather made me learn some stotras and portions of the Taittiriya and Katha Upanishads, including the addresses to the students and disciples in the former and the episodes of Nachiketas in the latter. I joined the Wesleyan Mission College when I was 13 and became a diligent student of the Bible. These studies led me on, by a natural process, to a perusal of the Zend Avasta and the Quran.

As was the custom in the days of my youth during the Victorian period when British influence was pervasive, the first important books that I read were in English and included the poems of Byron and the romances of Scott, especially The Talisman, Ivanhoe and Kennilworth (and, later, The Antiquary, which has remained my favourite). I passed on from Scott to the entrancing historical vistas opened to me by Alexandre Dumas in his The Count of Monte Cristo, Three Musketeers, and Twenty Years After, which were re-read by me again and again. They are unforget-table in their great sweep of historical vision and of breathless narrative and adventure.

ANIMAL FABLES

Some years later, I came across Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book and Herman Melville's Moby Dick, both of which reflect loving accuracy in dealing with the lives and characteristics of animals. These two books as well as the Sanskrit Panchatantra and Hitopadesa, which are animal fables that demonstrate a deep and psychologically penetrating study, have continued to be parts of my recurrent reading.

When, in addition to the English language, I made my acquaintance with French literature very early in my life, I was attracted especially to Moliere's witty descriptions of human foibles in his plays and to Voltaire's satirical masterpieces, Candide and Zadig, and his cynical version of the life of Joan of Arc. Along with the admiration for Voltaire, came the appreciation of Goldsmith's stories and Addison's Spectator. As a counterpoise, I was fascinated by Dr. Auster's translation of Goethe's Faust.

It was not till I was about the age of 18 that I began to concentrate on Sanskrit literature and my earliest studies were fortunately directed towards Kalidasa's incomparable Meghaduta which, in my opinion, is the most fascinating lyrical poem of the world, both from the point of view of expressive style and armorvasiyam somehow came closer to me than Sakuntala as also did Bhavabhuti's Uttara Rama Charita, a truly elevating drama of pathos and psychological subtlety.

During my college years, the influence of Darwin and of the then fashionable agnostic of Huxley and particularly his "Methods and Results", "Science and Christian Tradition" and "Lay Sermons," became my constant objects of study along with Darwin's Descent of Man. From Huxley, I was drawn towards Her-

Have Influenced Meby Dr. C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR

bert Spencer and to Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. I can truly say that I must have read Gibbon's History more than half a dozen times and I am still not weary of the fascinating glimpses afforded by this great historian who, notwithstanding his deliberately artificial style and pervasive cynicism, is still perhaps the greatest among British historians and ranking with Tacitus and Mommsen among the world's greatest.



As very often happens, a reaction succeeded the period of agnosticism and the poems of Wordsworth, Tennyson and Yeats contributed to what may be termed a return to faith and optimism. Sir Edwin Arnold's Light of Asia and the Gita in the original and in the translations by Dr. Besant and Dr. Bhagavandas helped in this process. The so-called artificial poets of the later Victorian Era, Sir William Watson, Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang and W. E. Henley, were my favourites during several years. When Alice in Wonderland and Alice Through The Looking-Glass appeared, I was both stimulated and attracted by their quiet and pawky Looking-Glass appeared, I was both stimulated and attracted by their quiet and pawky humour and a supreme art concealing art. Many years later, I became an enthusiastic devotee of Anatole France who, in addition to his mastery of limpid style, displayed lambent wit and humour of a very rare type. Of almost equal importance were the essays of Sainte-Beuve and of R. L. Stevenson, Bernard Shaw's earlier dramas and George Meredith's Richard Feveral and The Egoist.

During the days of my legal studies and in the early years of my practice, I was a devotee of Jane Austen (especially her Mansfield Park, Emma and Pride and Prejudice), of Dickens' Pickwick Papers, Bleak House and David Copperfield, of Thackeray's Esmond and The Newcomes and have been a fan of The Newcomes and have been a fan of Conan Dovle's Sherlock Holmes. Then came the reign of the short story

and the mystery tales and Joseph Conrad's delineations of far-off countries and scenes. Also at this period, Morley's historical essays and his Compromise and the work of Bryce and Laski, the writings of Renan, the essays of Hazlitt and Lamb and the superb Judgments of great British and American judges gave a new outlook on life's problems. It was about this time that I turned again to Wordsworth and those masters of the English poetic forms, Shelley, Keats and Coleridge followed by Tennyson, and the lyrics and narratives of that sturdy optimist, Robert Browning.

It was not until I was 40 that I turned to Tamil literature and became a student of Thirukkural and of Kamba Ramayanam as well as of Bharati. Sir P. Arunachalam's Studies and Translations from Tamil has had a profound influence on me from that time.

But if I were asked to describe which authors and works have been of the most profound significance and consolation to me, I would enumerate the Sundara Kanda of Valmiki, the Meghaduta of Kalidasa and the essays of Lamb, Hazlitt, Emerson and Thoreau whose Walden series wielded a particularly formative influence on my thoughts. Quite recently, I have been a rapt student of the Bashyas or the commentaries of Sankara on the Gita, the Brahmasutra and the Upanishads and also of Buddhist and Jain psychology, of the works of modern scientific pioneers like Eddington and Jeans and of psychologists like Freud, Adler and Jung and latterly of Bertrand Russell. The Perennial Philosophy and the essays of Aldous Huxley and the works of Spinoza have been included among my favourite items of study during the last few years.

November 25: K. M. Munshi

The popples are red which hold the essence Of escape from a world of realities. Red mingles easily with mangled bodies in khaki, And grey helmets, broken hopes and scattered songs. The garish red of the deceptive sky Paints a glory which turns grey And seals the end of a day.

The fleeting joy in the bud of a rose Awakens to redness to die a quick death. The cock flaunts a comb of red Like a signal, beckoning the dull To stop and look. The passion in the heart of the fire Is red and glitters in tongues of flaming desire.

Ladies' nails, also red, glisten
Like stiletto points dipped in blood—
Dangerous, exciting and mysterious,
Preciousness dug from the earth
Is the red of the ruby on a lover's
Ring. The hibiscus red of invitation
On a young girl's hair spells an incantation.

Red patterns take tormented shapes In a demented brain which sees the Horror of red, and forgets the red Encased in flowers and in the caskets Of pomegranates; the red of darting wings And the red of the robin, set Under its breast like a hidden secret.

The blood which spilt from the Cross
Was red, promising a cleansing.
Sin is scarlet and compels
Men to invade the sanctity of another's
Life with violence. The colour of crushed
Grapes is red. It seals a glad covenant
With man, to give joy to his soul in a blessed Sacrament.

LEELA DHARMARAJ

RED

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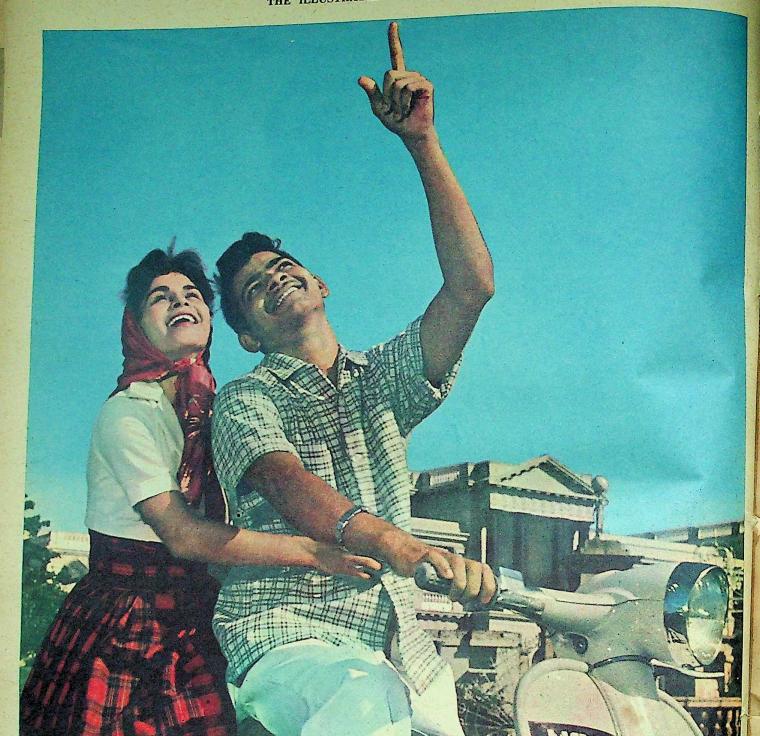
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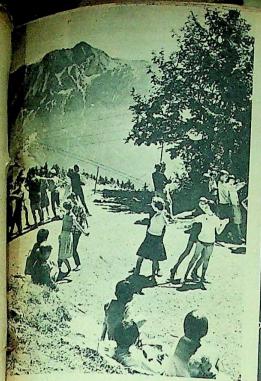


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per 11, 1962





BELIEVE IT OR NOT, this is a Scottish dancing session in the Swiss mountains. The children dance merrily to Highland tunes. Right:

One of the student volunteers gives an indoor concert, while the children sit on the floor and join in the songs.

holiday without the children. For poorer children it gives a month by the sea or up in the mountains, when if it were not for the scheme they would have no holiday at all.

Most of the Colonies use large country houses and in some cases buildings, which have been specially designed and built for the purpose. Some 100,000 volunters, teachers, students and others take on the exhausting work of keeping the children happy and amused for purely nominal pay and subsistence. All the Wardens and

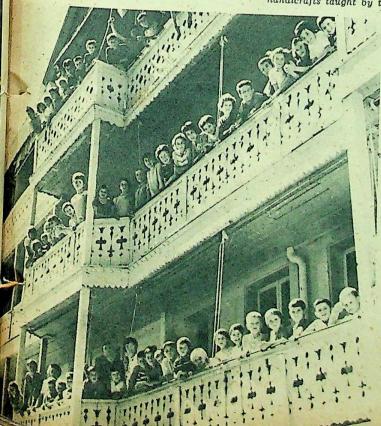
supervisory staffs are compelled to attend a preliminary training course lasting upto 14 days, where they learn how to give children the sort of holiday that they will enjoy. Emphasis is laid on keeping the children happy and contented with the minimum of obvious discipline. Children are expected to make their own beds, clean up after meals and feel responsible for running the *Colony* with the barest of supervision.

State railways carry children to almost every corner of France and parts of

Switzerland, where there are also French Colonies, at 75% reduced fare, paid only by parents who can afford it. Distribution of the children is on a well-defined basis. Children who live in the mountains are sent to the sea. Those who live by the sea are sent to the mountains and children, whose lives are spent amidst the industrial smoke of the towns, are given the choice of either.

The Colonies de Vacances scheme has become unique in its methods of providing holidays for all children—it leads all other Welfare States in this important field.

CHILDREN from Rouen and Paris line the balcony of their holiday chalet at Leysin, Switzerland. Right: A class at work on handicrafts taught by the student volunteers.





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November 1 partition to be milies, and in by Mosalikanti dregula Jogi Pa of Hyderabad. tion Deed with ing families: Y Bhagavatula; P kali; and Yeles still living in th the lands and d dance art. Siddhendra dramas: Parijan Parijatam later Kalapam. The C sophic song-disco tween a milkma milkmaid declar are equal and th that one can atta gious yajnas and

The Kuchipu added dance-dra Prahlada, Rukma Usha Parinayam, natakam to their

The accompany pressions, record dhra artist, P. T. "Kshirasagara M recently at Hyder by the Venkatara

Every Kuchipue sical exercises to f pose. The physical ebaskis, dandems wisamu, niluvu moggadandem, movement ments of the hands, a mande koppu, katte

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The Kuchipudi Dance-Drama—2

by BANDA KANAKALINGESWARA RAO

HE Kuchipudi art soon became popular all over South India. The Vijayanagar Emperor Vira Narasimha Devaraya invited the troupe to his Court in A.D. 1507. They travelled on foot. On the way they were taking rest for a day at a village, Siddhavatam, in Cuddapah district. The local ruler, Sambeta Guravarayu, was a savage man. His practice was to collect taxes by torture. The women of a house would be dragged out and cruelly maltreated. This enraged the Kuchipudi artistes. They reached Vijayanagar and, as an interlude in their play before the Emperor, presented a dramatised version of Sambeta Gurava's methods of torture. In response to royal enquiries, they represented the facts and Sambeta Guruvarayu was beheaded by the Emperor. The troupe were presented with gifts.

After the downfall of the Vijayanagar Empire many of its artists, poets, dancers and musicians shifted to the Court of Tanjore, where they received princely patronage. Some of the Kuchipudi artistes received the patronage of Achyuta of Tanjore in A.D. 1600. They presented a play before him. He made over to them an agraharam in his name, known as Achyutapuram, today called Melattur. Even to this day Bhagavata Melas are held here, staging Telugu Yakshaganas. Balu Bhagavatar currently leads the Melas.

Some of the Kuchipudi artistes still clung to their ancestral village. They lacked patronage. They took to agriculture, which provided them with a meagre living. The Circar districts were later taken by the Golconda Nawabs, and Kuchipudi

too fell under their rule. The last of Nawabs, Abdul Hasan Tanisha, had sion to visit Masulipatnam in 1678. With his Commander, Pingali Madan had to pass through Kuchipudi of where he rested the night. Some village boys were at that time press Bhama Kalapam before the tem Rajagopala.

The Nawab heard the songs and ed them to his camp. A patron of the and letters, he was extremely please the performance and, on the advice Commander, issued a firman grantivillage of Kuchipudi as inam to the istes. The Kuchipudi players were by gratified, but soon quarrels are tween them regarding their rest share in the lands. They

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On the Kumaon ds are de lands. Th partition to be effected between their families, and in 1763 the deed was drafted by Mosalikanti Kamoji Pantulu and Kandregula Jogi Pantulu, agents of the Nizam of Hyderabad. I have a copy of the Partition Deed with me, as between the following families: Vedantam; Vempati; Hari; Bhagavatula; Pasumarti; Jyosula; Mahankali; and Yeleswarapu. These families are still living in the village today, enjoying the lands and devoting themselves to the dance art.

Siddhendra composed two dancedramas: Parijatam and Golla Kalapam. Parijatam later became known as Bhama Kalapam. The Golla Kalapam is a philosophic song-discourse. The discourse is between a milkmaid and a Brahmin. The milkmaid declares that all human beings are equal and that it is by devotion only that one can attain salvation. All the religious yajnas and japas are futile.

The Kuchipudi choreographers later added dance-dramas on the themes of Prahlada, Rukmangada, Harischandra, the Usha Parinayam, Gayanatakam and Ramanatakam to their repertoire.

The accompanying paintings are impressions, recorded by the noted Andhra artist, P. T. Reddy, of the ballet "Kshirasagara Mathanam", presented recently at Hyderabad and Vijayavada by the Venkatarama Natyamandali of Kuchipudi.

Every Kuchipudi artist has to do physical exercises to form his body to any pose. The physical exercises are dandems, baskis, dandems with one leg only, kali samu, niluvu mogga, ali, pratyali, chakra dandem, movements of the legs, movements of the hands, adavu samu, chowkam, mande koppu, kattera vatu, jaru adavu, thoya mangalam, chuttu adavu, and others.

All the samyukta and asamyukta hastas, with the 108 karnas—movements of head, neck, eyes and eyebrows, as mentioned in the Abhinayadarpana—are laught.

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Classical music is learnt side by side with the dance. At a later stage, Alankara Sastra (rhetoric) is taught. The student has to learn the Nayaka-Nayika styles completely. He must master the Navarasa theory and practise the satvikabhinaya. Thus, there is a long syllabus for a student the Kuchipudi art. It takes at least 10 also learn how to prepare the costumes.

The ornaments of the Kuchipudi dancer are fashioned from wood—punugu light and soft and can be chiselled easily.

Glass pieces reflecting different colours are

set in the ornaments, and lacquer is used to paint the remainder. For the female roles, 32 distinct ornaments are enumerated; for the male roles, 10, including sword, mace and mask.

One of the important adornments of Satyabhama, according to the Kuchipudi tradition, is the braid-ornament. This is tied to the hair. It is of great significance. It is said to have been worn by the Lord Vishnu when he assumed the role of Mohini to distribute the amrita to the Devas and Asuras. After Mohini had resumed the role of Vishnu, the latter had no further use for the ornament. The Lord Vishnu, therefore, when he incarnated as Krishna, gave it to Satyabhama. It consists of several parts, linked together with black thread.

SYMBOL OF THE UNIVERSE

To the left of the braid, at the top of head is a plate, 12" in diameter, in the likeness of the Sun. To the right is another plate, in the likeness of the crescent Moon. In the centre of the head is a thread of pearls, connecting the ornament to the forehead. Over this is mounted a small parrot representing Nature. The back portion begins with the hood of a serpent, denoting supreme Knowledge, followed by 27 pieces representing the 27 asterisms of Indian astronomy. At the end are attached three bunches, representing the Three Worlds (tribhuvanas). From each of the bunches three smaller bunches hang, making a total of nine, representing the nine planets. The Kuchipudi braid-ornament is made of wooden pieces, lacquered a gold colour. It is said to represent the universe. The underlying meaning is that Satyabhama is the jiva (the soul), to which the universe itself is an appendage.

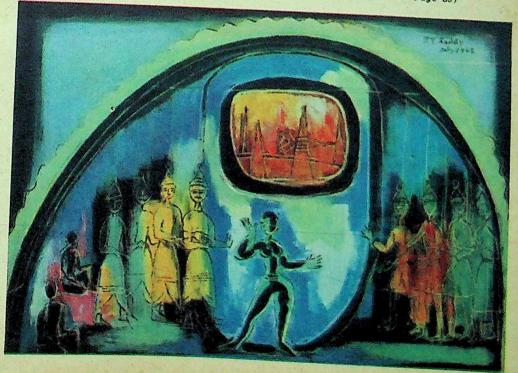
The people of Kuchipudi are fond of

this braid-ornament and say that it represents the Kuchipudi art itself. When the Bhama Kalapam is enacted, Satyabhama will be behind a curtain, while the braid with its ornament, thrown across this, will be visible to the audience. It is a challenge to any artiste in the audience to compete with the individual taking the role of Satyabhama. If anyone accepts the challenge and is acclaimed the winner, he is entitled to cut off the braid-ornament and retain it as a trophy. This is a peculiar feature of the Kuchipudi tradition.

It is often asked what constitutes the speciality of the Kuchipudi art. I have mentioned earlier that before Siddhendra Yogi founded this school, there were thousands of devadasis and rajanarttakis at Srikakulam, Ghantasala and other nearby places. The sculptures recently excavated there show that the dance was a very popular art in the locality and had been perfectly mastered by its performers. Bharata's Natyasastra and the Abhinayadarpana of Nandikeswara were the texts followed. There were also several folk-dance forms prevalent. The Yadavas, Yanadis, Dasaris and Jakkulas, who belonged to the lower strata of society, would stage Yakshaganas and Kuravanjis. The name Jakkula is, indeed, a corrupt form of "yaksha".

The Yakshagana was originally a performance with only one participant, the theme being taken from the Puranas. Lattr, instead of a single person, several characters took the stage. A part would be narrative, recounted by the Sutradhara, who might from time to time depict a role. Each character would introduce himself with a song. The Yakshagana style was popular with the masses. Its language was simple and sometimes a crude wit was displayed.

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The Dasavate ten incarnations posed by Siddhah Pulivarru. The

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The Kuchipudi Dance-Drama

(Continued From Page 37)

It was a dance-drama form, in the sense It was the artistes acted the roles, sang the daruvus, and performed rhythmic steps with the feet, which developed into wellcharacterised dances sometimes. But, these dances were not classical. They were not based on the Natyasastra. They were only rhythmic movements. And the music, too. was only folk music, embellished with classical touches here and there. It was a drama, in the sense that various characters appeared on the stage and depicted different roles. The dialogue was sung.

November 11, 1962

The Yakshagana thus formed a link between the pure dance and drama in a loose sense. In every village it was performed at night and large audiences would gather to witness it. Thus, while the classical dance was very popular with the cultivated classes, Yakshagana was more popular with the masses. Siddhendra blended the two forms into a harmonious whole and called it the Bhagavata Mela. It was a folk form, with a classical content. There were pure dance modes based on the Abhinayadarpana. The language was reformed. The music was changed to the classical style. Better acting was introduced. Thus, the original Kuchipudi drama was Yakshagana in form, while the treatment was classical. The form pleased the masses, while the treatment pleased the educated classes. The Bhama Kalapam is a typical example. Solo dances were introduced here and there into a play with a dramatic background.

PURANIK THEMES

The veterans of the Kuchipudi art have subsequently added items to their repertoire. These are known as sabdams. They are compositions of a rhythmic character. Some are in praise of patrons and some are recitals of a story or of a particular incident from the Puranas. Some are compositions playing upon words. The following are typical examples:

The Dasavatara Sabdam, depicting the ten incarnations of the Lord Vishnu, composed by Siddhabattula Rangadoss of Peda Pulivarru. The text is intermixed with

The Manduka Sabdam (frog dance), a composition by Melattur Kasinathayya. It is a piece of word-jugglery, the text representing the sounds made by frogs in a pool on a rainy day. At the close it enacts the incident of the Gajendra Moksham from the Mahabhagavatam. The artist sits like a frog and dances.

The Prahlada Sabdam, composed by Melattur Venkatarama Sastry. This relates the story of Prahlada from the Mahabhagavatam.

The Sri Rama Pattabhishekam, recounting the coronation of Sri Rama, on his return from Lanka.

The Tulajaji Sabdam, composed by an unknown Kuchipudi scholar on Tulajaji, alias, Tukoji, the 18th-century Tanjore

The Sarabhoji Sabdam, treating of Raja Sarabhoji of Tanjore.

The Sivaji Sabdam, on the Mahratta

The Thaddhi Sabdam, composed in praise of one of the Rajas of Kalahasti.

There are some 20 such sabdams in the Kuchipudi repertoire. Add to these the fact that the Kuchipudi artistes are experts in jatis, which are introduced into a dancedrama whenever the play is felt to be dull. They have about 100 such in their repertoire and compose new examples whenever the need arises.

INTRODUCTORY LINKS

Daruvus are songs of discourse, narration and introduction. Each character, as he enters the stage introduces himself with a daruvu. The links in the story are narrated by the Sutradhara.

In addition to the dance-dramas and sabdams mentioned above, the Kuchipudi artistes dance to the songs of Jayadeva's Gita Govinda, to the tarangams of Narayana Tirtha and to the padams of Kshetrajna. They also perform abhinaya to the slokas of Lilasuka's Sri Krishna Karnamrita. There are dances, too, involving high virtuosity. When a dancer performs the Balagopala Tarangam from the Krishnalila Tarangini, he executes his steps with a pail of water on his head, on the sharp edges of a brass tray. He also dances on the spherical surface of an earthen pot. And while he performs, he is able to draw pictures on the floor with the toes of his dancing feet. These are but a few examples of the virtuoso's skill.

Another popular diversion offered by the Kuchipudi artistes is the impersonation of stock characters to the accompaniment of humorous discourses. In the offseason some of the artistes visit the villages by day with impersonations of this kind and entertain the villagers with their humour. In this role they are known as Pagativeshalus.

The Kuchipudi art requires no formal stage. A platform roofed with coconut or palmyra fronds serves the purpose. It is generally set up at a crossroads, or in front of a temple, or before the house of a village patron. No stage setting is employed.

Any wall will serve as a background. A character is introduced from behind a portable curtain. Flaming brands are held up on either side and incense is thrown into these as the character comes out. In former days asurik characters would enter the stage to the beating of drums, in order to create awe in the mind of the audience.

The make-up of a Kuchipudi actor is simple. Chrome yellow, zinc white and vermilion are mixed with coconut oil and applied to the face. Of late, some actors have taken to modern make-up paints.

THE "FIFTH VEDA"

The play begins with the recital of extracts from the four Vedas. According to tradition, the Natyasastra is the fifth Veda, composed by Brahma, taking vadya from the Rig Veda, abhinaya from the Yajur Veda, vocal music from the Sama Veda, and sentiment, or rasa, from the Atharva Veda. Thus, the four opening extracts from the Vedas symbolise the composition of the Natya Veda. Subsequently the stage is consecrated by the sprinkling of holy water. This, known as punyavachana, is performed by a dancer and is followed by rangalankarana, the decoration of the stage with coloured powders. Incense is offered by another artiste. A bunch of 58 lights is offered to the Ranga Adidevata-the Deity of the Stage. Flowers are offered to the audience by way of invoking their bless-

Afterwards the flagstaff of Indra is set up on the stage. There is an episode in the Natyasastra in this connection: The sage, Bharata, was asked to produce a play, Amrita Manthana, by Indra. This is, perhaps, to be regarded as the first dancedrama. During the course of the play the Asuras felt humiliated and attacked the Devas with black magic. Bharata could not speak a word. But Indra scented the evil doings of the Asuras and destroyed them with his flagstaff. Hence Indra's flagstaff was known as Jarjara. He gave it to Bharata asking him to plant it on the stage before every play. It was a terror to the Asuras. Ever since, it has been the practice to plant Indra's flagstaff on the stage at the beginning of every drama. After this, the Lord Ganesa appears and blesses the artistes, so that there may be no obstruction to the performance. The traditional Amba Prarthana and Guru Prarthana are then sung by the Sutradhara with two or three colleagues.

The Sutradhara stands up with his Scurved stick. This stick was presented to Bharata by the Lord Brahma, as mentioned in the Natyasastra. It is known by the name of Kutilaka. He offers prayers to his Guru and welcomes the audience. He narrates the story to the audience and explains its implications. Thus the drama

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Some of the veterans of this art form deserve mention. Outstanding during the

Kuchipudi The Dance-Drama (Continued From Page 39)

starts. He also plays the part of Vidushaka in the play. The Sutradhara is an adept in humour. By gestures and by dialogue, he gives relief to the audience.

During the last century black magic was much practised. Wherever a Kuchipudi party went, some local black magician would use his devices against the party. To counteract this, the Sutradhara would also make use of black magic and charms. Let me relate an incident. The Kuchipudi party used to travel extensively, giving performances. Once they wanted to give a show in a Mysore village. Here there was a famous black magician. Any visiting artist had to take his permission before giving a performance, but the Kuchipudi people did not do so.

MAGICIANS' BATTLE

Bhagavatula Dasaratharamayya was the leader of the Kuchipudi party. On his way, he happened by chance to enter the house of the local black magician and asked for a light for his cigar. The magician called his wife to give it. She brought glowing charcoal in her bare hands for Dasaratharamayya, who at once realised that this must be the black magician's house. He immediately held out his upper cloth to receive it. The magician realised the greatness of Dasaratharamayya and wished to cause him some harm. He murmured a few charms and the artiste who was to take the role of Satyabhama became afflicted with a terrible stomach-ache. Dasaratharamayya, in turn, fought back with his charms, the effect of which was that the black magician at once lost all his teeth, and without teeth no charms can be effective.

The music of the Kuchipudi art is in pure, classical Karnatak style. The ragas are not mixed. Ahiri raga is frequently used. It is indeed the favourite. A character will sing his song supported by the choral group. As mentioned in the Natyasastra, the artiste should sing with his voice; indicate the meaning of the song with his hands (hastamudras); express the idea behind the song with the movements of his eyes; and react to the rhythm with his feet. The singing of the song while dancing is a special feature of the Kuchipudi style. The accompanying instruments are: (1) the drone, now replaced by the tambora; (2) the violin; (3) the vina; (4) the flute; and (5) the mridangam. Percussion instruments have a predominant importance. Cymbals are used by the Sutradhara. No woman was allowed to take part.

preceding century were: (1) Vedantam Sambayya; (2) Hari Chalapati; (3) Bhagavatula Dasaratharamayya; (4) Bhagavatula Ramadoss; (5) Bhagavatula Ramayya, who recast the Golla Kalapam with ingenious interpretations and compositions; (6) Nagalingayya; (7) Subrahmanyam; (8) Vissayya; (9) Bokka Parvateesam, and several others. During the early part of the present century, Vempati Venkatanarayana was famous and the elders still hold his talent in high esteem.

Vedantam Lakshminarayana Sastry, one of the great exponents of the art, lived till recently and formed more than a score of students. It was he who initiated Yamini Krishnamurti and others into the art. Distinguished representatives of North Indian schools, among them Uday Shankar, Ragini Devi and others, were stunned to see his performance even in his seventies. The late Chinta Venkataramayya, founder of the present Venkatarama Natya Mandali, was a typical Guru and Sutradhara. I witnessed several of his plays. He was a very great scholar and trained as many as 50 or 60 students, who are still maintaining the torch of Kuchipudi. Among them, Vedantam Raghavayya, Vempati Satyam and Pasumarti Venugopalakrishna Sarma deserve particular mention. Chinta Krishnamurti, the present director of the Venkatarama Natya Mandali, is his son. He can be said to have been alone responsible for the propagation of the art today against considerable odds. It was he who trained Presidential Award-winner Vedantam Satyanarayana Sarma for heroine's roles.

THE ART REVIVES

Through lack of patronage and the setbacks caused by the cinema, the Kuchipudi art has suffered during the last two decades. But the tide turned when the Andhra Pradesh Sangeet Natak Akademi conducted a seminar on the Kuchipudi art, in 1959, to counteract the pronouncements of some who said that this was not a classical art. Now, the Kuchipudi torch has been taken to other continents by Korada Narasimha Rao and Indrani Rehman. The name of Kuchipudi, indeed, has attained popularity through their efforts and an institution, the Sri Siddhendra Kalakshetram, has been founded in the village to impart training in the genuine Kuchipudi art. Facilities have been created there for the stay of students, wherever they may come from, and the tuition is free.

There is a marked resemblance between the costumes of Kuchipudi and Kathakali. But in Kathakali these and the make-up are more eleborate than in Kuchi-

pudi. The authority for both styles is the Abhinayadarpana of Nandikeswara, except for a few divergences here and there. The themes of the dramas are the same. Wherein, then, does the difference lie? The dance of Kathakali is more virile, while the Kuchipudi style maintains its grace throughout. Satvikabhinaya is more predominant in Kuchipudi than in Kathakali. The facial make-up and costume of Kathakali do not permit the detail of satvikabhinaya. Further, it is said in the Natyasastra that there are two types of acting: (1) natyadharmi and (2) lokadharmi. Natyadharmi is conventional acting, with mudras and so forth. It can only be understood by those who know the implications and significance of the mudras. The layman enjoys the poses and action, but not the significance, in the natyadharmi style. The lokadharmi style is realistic acting, reflecting the manners of society. Acting is a reflection of the natural moods of human beings as they react to particular situations. It can easily be understood by all. The layman and the learned enjoy it equally.

CURRENT SCHOOLS CONTRASTED

Kathakali employs only the natyadharmi style. The mudras are vitally important. In Kuchipudi, natyadharmi and the lokadharmi are mixed in good proportion. Thus, Kuchipudi can be enjoyed by all, whereas Kathakali can be enjoyed only by those who understand the significance.

Bharata Natyam is a display of solo items. It employs the undiluted natyadharmi style, whereas Kuchipudi has also a dramatic element. Rasa, sentiment, abounds in Kuchipudi. Bharata Natyam is adapted in a Kuchipudi play. In fact, it is nrityam that we see in Bharata Natyam, while in Kuchipudi it is natyam. The word natyam is misused in the designation Bharata Natyam. We should rather say Bharata Nrityam, wheras in Kuchipudi, nritta (the pure dance), nritya and natya are employed. In the jatis it is nritta. There is neither text, nor theme, nor sentiment in

The jatis of Kuchipudi are pure nritta. The sabdams are nritya. They have idea (bhava) and sentiment, but no dramatic element, nor continuous theme. The conventional and realistic acting of the Kuchipudi dance-drama is, properly-speaking, natya. There is a theme, a dramatic situation, bhava, and sentiment, or rasa, in the Kuchipudi dance-drama. Thus, the Kuchipudi style is a complete, self-contained combination of nritta, nritya and natya. It can be enjoyed equally by the learned and the layman. It is in strict conformity with the principles laid down in the Natyasastra. It is a happy blend of dance and drama and a feast to the ear, eye and mind.

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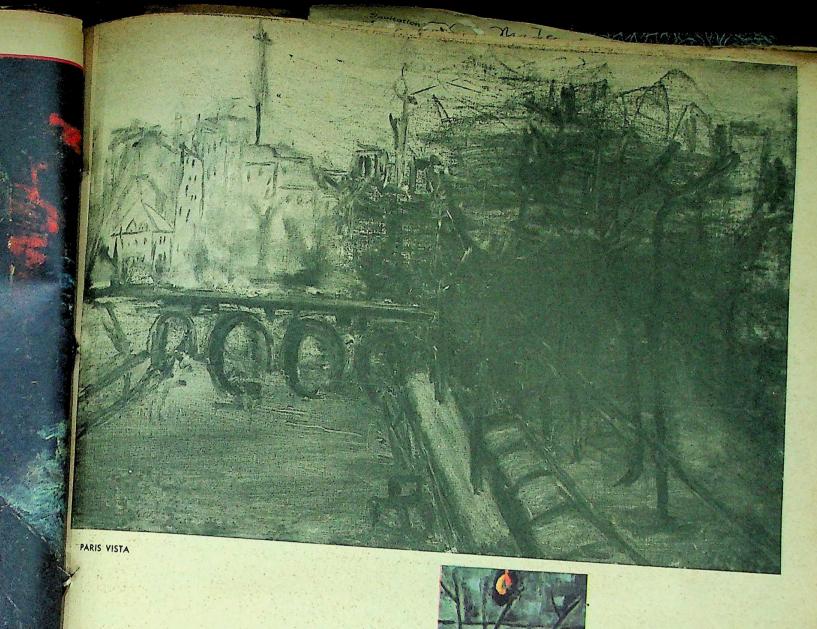


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Extraordinary Adventure

OHN Howard Griffin, author of Black Like Me (Collins, 18s.). is a very remarkable man.
Beginning as a student of psychiatry, he became interested in the treatment of the insane with music. During the War he spent a year on a small island in the South Pacific. Later he went totally blind but, happily, partially recovered later. He has made a special study of the conditions of the Negroes, especially in South America. This he began as a piece of scientific research but after some time he put away the data he had collected, for he had come to the conclusion that unless he could, quite literally, get inside the skin of the Negro he would never understand the real meaning of discrimination based on colour.

The story of the Negro in the South is the universal one of men who "destroy the souls and bodies of other men (and in the process destroy themselves) for reasons neither really understands". It is the story of "the persecuted, the defrauded, the feared and detest-

Mr. Griffin, therefore, decided that he would become a Negro. He visited dermatologists and found that there was a medication which was used on victims of vitiligo, a disease that causes white spots to appear on the face and body. This involves the taking of pills, the effect of which is strengthened by effect of which is strengthened by ultra-violet ray treatment. In a few weeks Mr. Griffin had turned black. He shaved off his hair and went out in the world as an elderly bald Negro. In this book he gives an account of the extraordinary and tragic adventure that followed. In time, when the effect of the skin-treatment was off, he returned to his normal life but enriched by unique experiences. by unique experiences.

Readers will be able to imagine the sort of things he discovers about the White's attitude to the coloured people. But a very important point made by Mr. Griffin is about the resultant attitude of the Negroes towards the Whites. The most distressing repercussion of the lack of communication bet-The most distressing repercussion of the lack of communication between the two kinds of people has been the rise in racism among the Negroes, justified to some extent, but a grave symptom nevertheless. Says the author: "It only widens the gap that men of good will are trying desperately to bridge with understanding and compassion. It only strengthens the white racist's cause."

Across The U.S.S.R. RUSSIAN PANORAMA by K. P. S. Menon (Oxford University corous Rs. 15) is a gentle and decorous account of the author's

travels inside Russia during the ten years or so he spent as India's Ambassador to Moscow. Mr. Menon takes his readers to remote and exotic places—a visit to the Bolshoi Ballet, a few weeks in the Sochi sanatorium, across Siberia and the "infinite inhospitality of the Steppe", even a quite golden journey to Samarkand. He is bothan excellent tourist's guide, well primed in the local background, and an agreeable travelling companion, with an apt quotation for almost any given situation, a wry, somewhat spinsterish wit, and rare sensitivity.

"I am far more interested in human beings than in facts and figures," he admits, and the occasional glimpses he offers into life in Russia are often far more revealing than a sheaf of statistics. There is, for instance, a well-bred snigger that the nation which leads the space race should not have devised more efficient lavatory fittings, and a slight raising of the eyebrows at his nurse in the Soviet hosiptal, herself used to thermometers which take ten minutes to register fever, being astonished at seeing one which worked in thirty seconds.

Almost towards the end, in the chapters dealing with Hungary, Mr. Menon has perhaps allowed himself a little lattitude from ambassadorial primness, and his impressions of the revolt and its aftermath set one's teeth on edge. The atmosphere in Budapest reminded him of the civil disobe-"But the dience days in India.



noted JOHN BRAINE. author, whose latest novel, Life At The Top, has won praise from the critics.

Hungarians had to face tanks instead of lathis," Mr. Menon com-

M. D. M.

Delightful Comedy

ALL Roads Lead to Rome by Adalbert Seipolt (Barrie & Rockliff, 12s. 6d.) is a delightful little comedy conceived in a classical vein. Slender in dimensions, but quick of limb, this spirited German novelette treads with impish mischief on many a Christian corn. Which is not to say, the impulse at bottom is satirical, for satire is always a weapon of aggrieved social morality. Here, on the contrary, the purpose is only to raise a quiet ripple of mirth, to etch briefly the high comedy of life. And since the ecclesiastical world is the backdrop of the story, much good fun is directed against the gentlemen of the collar. The illustrations, bordering on the burlesque, make a delectable addition to this packet of innocent mischief.

It's all about a group of German Catholics, travelling in a special train to Rome and back. Like Chaucer's pilgrims, they are more concerned with the mundane pleasures of life-food and drink, mild scandal and flirtation, sight-seeing and curio-collection-than with their spiritual salvation. They are no Luther's children of sorrow and travail or Bunyan's pilgrims of eternity. They are out on an annual spree, and know too well with their characteristic German level-headedness that beer and chicken-soup are as important a part of the spiritual diet as the rosary and Ave Marias. No wonder, they are more often enmeshed in yards of spaghetti than in the coils of Christian thought. For they would rather purchase a prolonged mortality on this side of the grave than an uncertain immortality in the next world!

Particularly endearing in that crowd is the figure of Sister Annaberta—middle-aged, plump and short-sighted—voyaging almost in a void. An innocent abroad, she has a rare genius for getting into wrong places and awkward situations as for instance when chestings as for instance when the tions, as for instance when she gets mixed up in a Communist demonstration, or when during her return journey, she has to turn "mother" for the nonce to help smuggle the cat-catcher's baby across the Italian border.

All roads may lead to Rome, but quite a few turn into by-lanes and blind alleys!

D. S. M.



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INTERNATIONAL COOKERY demonstrations (above and right) sponsored by the Y.W.C.A., Bombay, attract several housewives. (Photographs by J. Ullal)

HOME SECTION

Recipes from Iran

NE of the major interests of the modern Indian housewife is her desire to widen her repertoire in the culinary art.

To help the young housewife to acquire an accurate idea of foreign dishes the Y.W.C.A., in Bombay, sponsors demonstration classes in international cookery. The recipes given here were prepared for such a class by Mrs. S. Sekehchi, wife of the Iran Consul. They constitute some of the main items of an Iranian meal.

CHELLO (FLUFFY RICE)

Ingredients: (for three persons) 24 cups of rice, 2 cup butter, ½ cup hot water, 3 lumps of rock salt, water.

Method: Clean and wash the rice thoroughly, then cover with lukewarm water and place salt (in a small bag) in it and let stand overnight, or for at least two hours.

Bring 7 quarts of water to boil in a large pot and add one cup of the water in which the rice has been soaked. Remove the foam. Drain the rice and sprinkle it gradually into the boiling water.

Add one cup of cold water to the boiling rice. Remove the froth occasionally. When the rice grains are tender, but not too soft, remove from the fire; drain and rinse with lukewarm water. If too salty rinse again.

Melt the butter and add ½ cup of hot water to it. Divide this mixture in half and add rice to one-half the butter mixture; cover and place over low heat. After ten minutes remove the lid and insert a knife into the rice. If vapour comes out, pour the remaining half of the butter mixture on the rice and cover with the damkoni-a lid made of raffia and encased in a washable, removable cover. Cook over very low heat until all the water has been absorb-

Remove from the heat and, after two or three minutes, remove damkoni and serve. A layer of rice will remain at the bottom of the pot. Scrape it off

with a spatula and garnish rice with this toasted rice which is called tah dig and is considered a delicacy.

MUTTON & BRINJAL CURRY

Ingredients: Half kilo boneless mutton, 6 brinjals, ½ kilo tomatoes, salt, pepper, turmeric to taste, 3 tablespoons ghee, 2 medium-sized onions.

Method: Peel brinjals, add salt and place in a strainer to remove bitterness.

Cut onions into small bits and fry in three spoons of ghee, till golden brown. Cut mutton into medium-size pieces and add to the onions; simmer

on a low fire. Add the turmeric, salt and pepper.

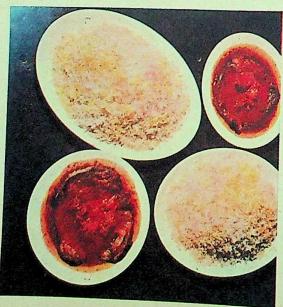
Dry brinjals with a clean cloth, and fry well in ghee. Arrange on top of the meat. Add the juice of the tomatoes. Allow to cook for half an hour on a low fire. Remove when done and serve hot with the Chello.

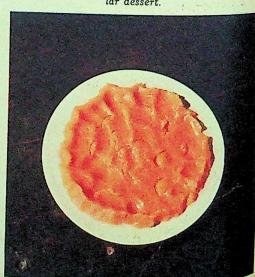
THAR-HALWA

Ingredients: Two-and-a-half cups sugar, 2½ cups rice flour, 75 grams ghee, 1 coffee-spoon

Method: Heat the ghee and fry the rice flour till it becomes a creamy colour. Dissolve the sugar in 3 cups of water, add the saffron. Mix this syrup into the fried rice flour. Allow to cook for 2 to 3 minutes, or till mixture thickens. When ready turn on to a flat plate or dish. Flatten and mould with a spoon. Cut to serve.

MAIN DISH (left) is a rich curry and light rice. Below: Thar halwa is a popular dessert.





Krist

November 1

FIRST MAID: heard? The w shouting it."

SECOND MAID tiger's den!"

THIRD MAID: venom out of broom."

FOURTH MAI reaching for the

FIFTH MAID: doesn't show its rope round her round her neck

"A rope round Bhramar exclain the maids cried "How are we to have we done? get the blame v one does any w helpless women bread by the brow." Some eyes and cried. wail for her lo Bhramar was could not forbea said you deserved your necks becaus yet told me what What has happen

MANY voices ra many direction difficulty Bhram from that endle essential matter t had been committ mindar's bedroom One of the maids was not a theft by another called it while a third said five thieves had taken away Govern worth a lakh of ru men?" Bhramar s the woman whos wanted to cut off?

FIRST MAID: "Mi ni's. Whose else?"

SECOND MAID: " is the root of all th

THIRD MAID: "Th she who brought tobbers."

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Krishnakanta's Will

(Continued From Page 33)

FIRST MAID: "Haven't you heard? The whole village is shouting it."

SECOND MAID: "A wolf in a tiger's den!"

THIRD MAID: "I will beat the venom out of her with a broom."

FOURTH MAID: "A dwarf reaching for the moon!"

FIFTH MAID: "A wet cat doesn't show its real nature. A rope round her neck! A rope round her neck!"

"A rope round your necks!"
Bhramar exclaimed; on which the maids cried with one voice, "How are we to blame? What have we done? Why must we get the blame whenever anyone does any wrong? We are helpless women earning our bread by the sweat of our brow." Some covered their eyes and cried. One set up a wail for her long-dead son. Bhramar was touched, but could not forbear laughing. "I said you deserved a rope round your necks because you haven't yet told me what it's all about. What has happened?"

MANY voices ran again from many directions. With great difficulty Bhramar gathered from that endless talk the essential matter that a theft had been committed in the zamindar's bedroom last night. One of the maids said that it was not a theft but a robbery, another called it a burglary, while a third said that four or five thieves had come and taken away Government paper worth a lakh of rupees. "What hen?" Bhramar said. "Who is the woman whose nose you wanted to cut off?"

FIRST MAID: "Mistress Rohini's. Whose else?"

SECOND MAID: "That wretch is the root of all this trouble."

Third Maid: "They say it is she who brought the gang of robbers."

FOURTH MAID: "Now she will reap what she has sown."

FIFTH MAID: "And rot in

"How do you know that mar asked." Bhra-

"Why, she was caught and is locked up in the cutcherry,"

Bhramar went to Govindalal and told him what she had heard. Govindalal shook his head thoughtfully.

BHRAMAR: "Why do you shake your head?"

Govinda: "I don't believe Rohini came to steal. Do you?"

BHRAMAR: "No, I don't."

Govinda: "Tell me why you don't. They are saying she did."

BHRAMAR: "You tell me why you don't."

Govinda: "I will some other time. You tell me first."

BHRAMAR: "You first"

GOVINDA (with a smile):

BHRAMAR: "Why should I?" Govinda: "Because I wish to

BHRAMAR: "Must I?"

GOVINDA: "You must."

Bhramar tried, but could not speak, and she shyly bent her head. Govindalal understood. He had done so from the first. He was so importunate because he had understood. Bhramar believed in Rohini's innocence as firmly as she believed in her own existence, but for that there was no reason except that Govindalal believed in Rohini's innocence. Govindalal's belief was Bhramar's belief. Govindalal knew that, knowing Bhramar. That was why he loved this dark girl so much.

LAUGHING, Govindalal said, "Shall I tell you why you are on Rohini's side?"

BHRAMAR: "Yes, tell me."

GOVINDA: "Because she calls you brown rather than black."

"Go away," Bhramar said with a frown. "I am going," Govindalal said, and was about to go when Bhramar pulled his garment and asked, "Where are you going?"

GOVINDA: "Tell me where I am going."

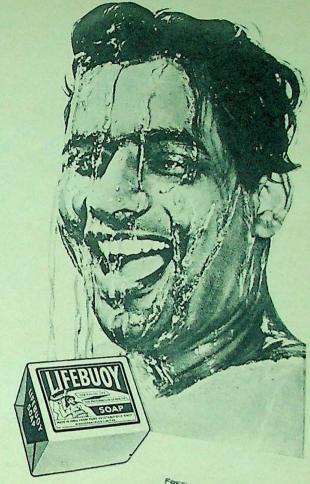
BHRAMAR: "Can I now?"

GOVINDA: "Yes, tell me."

BHRAMAR: "To save Rohini."

"Quite right," Govindalal said, and kissed her. Kind heart understood kind heart, therefore Govindalal kissed Bhramar.

(To be continued)



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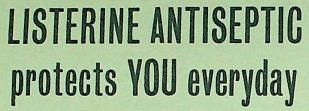
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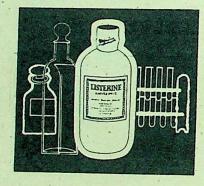
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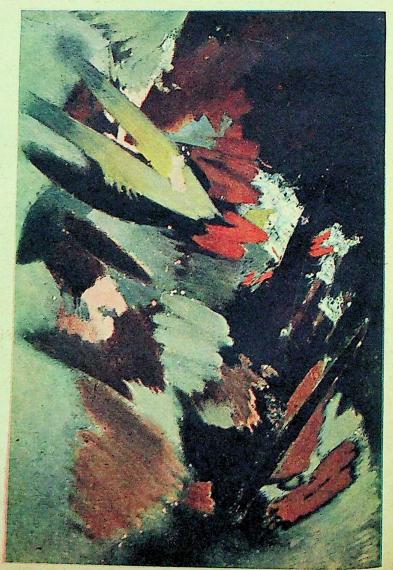
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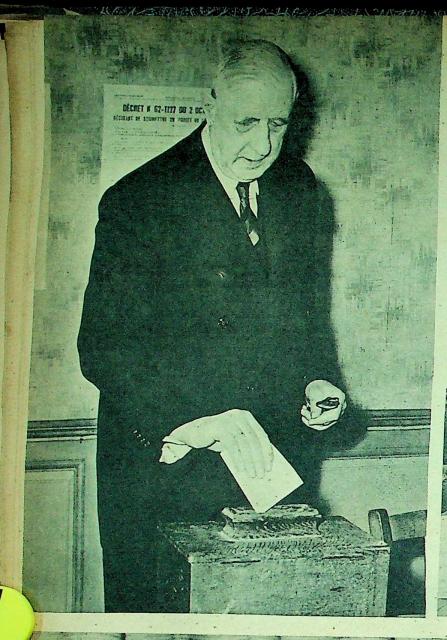
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n the maon are c ls. T THE FRENCH PEOPLE have given a clear "yes" to President de Gaulle to the proposal put before them: that the Chief of State must henceforth be elected by universal suffrage. He is seen here casting his vote in the Town Hall Polling Station in Colombey-les-deux-Eglises during the referendum.

QUEEN ELIZABETH drives in the Irish State Coach to the Palace of Westminster for the state opening of Parliament. In her Speech from the Throne, Her Majesty reaffirmed the British Government's full support to India in its struggle against Chinese aggression.





FRANKFURT UNIVERSITY students stage a sit-down protest in the city's busy Hauptwache Square against the arrest of the publisher and two editors of West Germany's Die Spiegel magazine.



From
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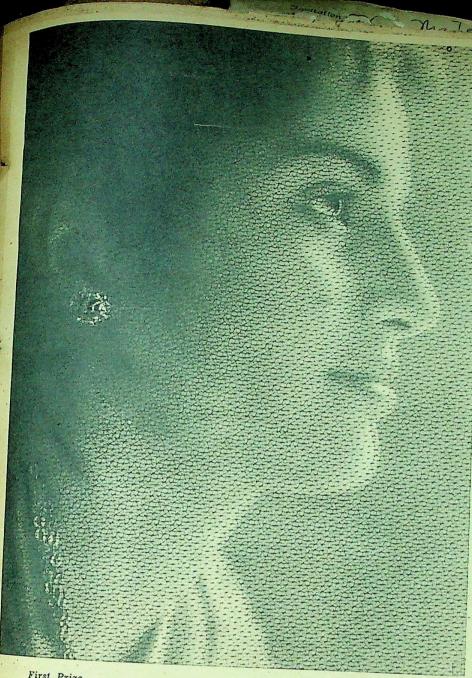
A SOMBRE MR. NEHRU listens to Law Minister A. K. Sen at the National Development Council meeting at Vigyan Bhavan in New Delhi First Prize

Octo

The Illustrated Monthly Snapshots Camateurs only. Pictitaken by the compett number of prints mont those which have prizes. The minimum photographs is 6" x 8

The first prize is cond prize, Rs. 50. It two or more consolate each. No competitor this contest more to months. No entry fee graphs must be accompeture postage.

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First Prize

TY stu-est in the Square oublisher ermany's

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PROFILE

October Snapshots Competition Prize-Winners

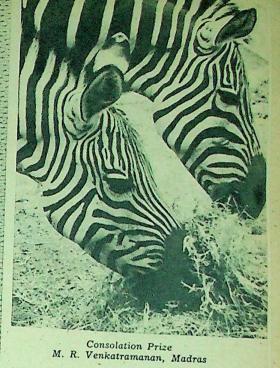
The Illustrated Weekly of India Monthly Snapshots Competition is open to amateurs only. Pictures must have been taken by the competitors themselves. Any number of prints may be submitted, but not those which have previously secured prizes. The minimum acceptable size for photographs is 6" x 8".

The first prize is Rs. 100 and the second prize, Rs. 50. In addition there are two or more consolation prizes of Rs. 25 each. No competitor may win a prize in three this contest more than once in three months. months. No entry fee is charged. Photographs must be accompanied by sufficient return postage.

> Consolation Prize P. N. Mehra, New Delhi







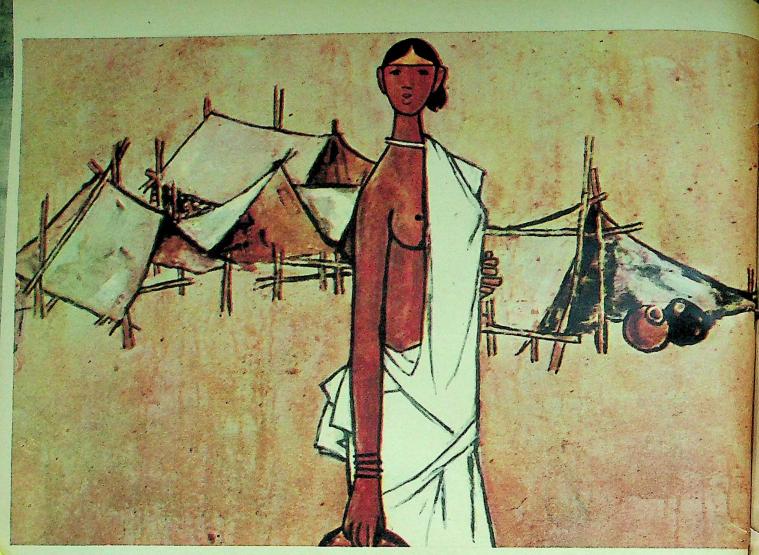
FURTHER SUBJECTS

Black and White IN ACTION December 15

THE SECOND LINE OF DEFENCE January 15

Colour AT WORK January 10, 1963

TOYS



SLUM-DWELLER

WOMEN ARTISTS OF INDIA-5

B. Prabha

T N the short span of six years, B. Prabha has emerged a significant painter among the few women artists of India. It looks as if it was only the other day that she made her artistic debut, the same year she married B. Vithal, a fellow student at Bombay's J. J. School of Art and promising sculptor, and acquired a new signature. (She was earlier known as Prabha Agge.) Patrons and critics alike were moved by the feminine world she presented: women of all ages, thin, skinny and half-clad, staring into nothingness, with nothing to remember or anything to hope for. The compositions were simple statements of fact, without any sophisticated outlook or undertones of social realism. Pictorially, the paintings were variations on the theme of the lone, poor woman.

During the six jears that have passed, Prabha has held 13 more shows—in Bombay, Delhi and Bangkok. Her output has been steady, as

has been the development of her technique. She has been successful in mural painting, too. Air-India commissioned her to decorate the wall of the waiting room in their Bangkok office and the Indian Embassy, Tokyo, gave her a similar assignment.

Even though Prabha has done a large number of flower and still-life studies as well as Kashmiri landscapes, she is best known for her studies of women. Fisherwomen, Lambadis, female servants—these are archetypal subjects with her. She has done innumerable studies of them to the point of monotony-but the apparent sameness only strikes the eye. If one would only study the evolution of her style carefully, Prabha's achievement in transforming evident repetition into a subtle original creation be comes clear. It is not merely the discarding of accentuated angularity of features, the suggestion of clothing on the once semi-naked figures, of the colourful saris—orange, yellow

At present a setting for h greatest of econ huts, a couple of indicating enclo bit of property claim a place in

In her most shown a new de Using her pale creates textural solves the probl canvas, where the on the figure. So introduced elements

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and green—that make the difference. There is now no awkwardness about them or their pose and these women have acquired a sense or poise and purpose in life. Today, these women have occupations to give meaning to their existence—sorting fish and selling them, or making pots and so on. They even seem to find time for a little gossip. The impact they each carry in their stance and in their studied portrayal gives a separate identity to every painting in a lot.

At present Prabha also provides a setting for her women. With the greatest of economy she sketches in huts, a couple of trees, or a fencing indicating enclosed land and a little bit of property, so that they may claim a place in the sun.

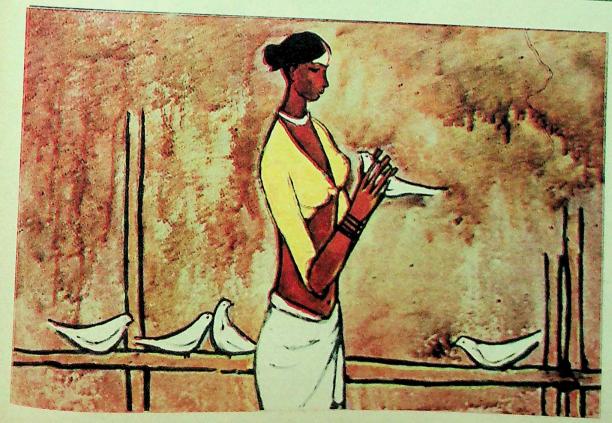
In her most recent work, she has shown a new development in her art.
Using her palette-knife deftly, she creates textural designs. Thus she solves the problem of filling up the canvas, where the emphasis is solely on the figure. She has also cleverly introduced elements of abstract art in her work.

After her return from a tour of East Asia, she has been tackling the problem of reconciling figurative painting and abstract art by putting her women in abstract settings, using her women at the best settings. colours and strokes to the best advantage. Remaining loyal to her femi-nine sympathies and feelings, her compositions have slowly gained in painterly qualities and thematic content, thus assuring Prabha a distinct rank among the women artists of India.

JAG MOHAN



TREES



WOMAN WITH PIGEONS

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IEW VIGOR WOMEN PAST 35

pur feel old, fred, devitalized and to enjoy the delity activities of life your prime? If so just go to your troday and sak for VI-Tabs. This are medical formula works fast to be your system so that you feel r, stronger and realous for daily at all times. Don't give up and be one your time. Get VI-Tabs at your today. Feel younger. Complete on assured.

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This ensures quick attention.

when Dmitri is arrested for the

murder of his father. He has

been drinking and playing

cards with a group of scruffy

Poles, followed by dancing and

more drinking and love-making

with Grushenka, his mistress,

till he is wildly drunk and out

of his senses. At that moment

comes the arrest, and then the

long cross-questioning, which

brings up all the tiniest and

most sordid details of his life.

so that, utterly worn out with

despair and self-disgust, he is

unable to bear more and lies

down on a hard chest and goes

to sleep. He has a strange

dream, about a starving baby in

the snow, which fills him with

terrible pity not only for that

baby but for all mankind; and

when he wakes up, he finds

someone, some stranger, has put

a pillow under his head while

he was sleeping, and he cries

out with tears in his voice:

"Who put that pillow under my

head? Who was so kind?" Sud-

denly he feels revived and,

more, full of joy and certainty

and ready to accept everything

that may be in store for him.

He faces his tormentors ra-

diantly: "'I've had a good

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MARCEL PROUST

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GES EVE

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great friends, the Duke and Duchess, can think only of the party to which they are going, and while the Duchess suddeny discovers she is wearing black shoes with a red dress and goes up to change them, the Duke says, "Five minutes to eight! Oh women, women! She'll give us both indigestion before tomorrow!" Proust adds

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

Books Which Have Influenced Me

(Continued From Page 43)

that the Duke had no compunction about speaking of his own indigestion before a dying man, but that he did have a certain good breeding and good fellowship which made him call after Swann: "You, now, don't let yourself be taken in by the doctors' nonsense, damn them. They're donkeys. You're as strong as the Pont Neuf. You'll live to bury us all!"

one, and so still I go on searching. Sometimes there is an answer which I admire but at the same time reject with all my heart: such an answer is Camus', explicitly stated in his The Myth of Sisyphus, where he says that man pushes and pushes his stone of fate uphill, and there is no end to it, and no aim, and the stone slips down, and again down, and still

Thise . MANTED

THE BORSTAL BOYS

(Suggested by a visit to the Borstal School, Dharwar)

Ajanta eyes pop out to touch the freedom of grasspenned in by wills other than their own, they brood in a silence of surrendering stone, or like cattle, chew the hours as they drip from glassas seasons flaunt their cheap hopes to draw in and cage the sun, the unripe boys unknowingly run to their undoing acts, tugged by invisible ropesas a monsoon of mosquitoes smoked their sight they felt unsettled and sought to establish a natural right in a court intent on driving them to the edge of nightas a summer putrid with mangoes and diarrhoea hit their noses, they felt giddy with vision, and searched for a pre-natal mansion

in a mirage of flaming rain, failing light and ailing

as a spring of fecund birds and fetid flowers strummed the air

they felt uneasy in their growing limb, took to the nearest jungle to climb the treacherous tree, and taste a brother's bloodeach of us, in flesh or wish, is witness to a savage flood, each sees his self in the flash of the other's knife and each creeps darkly into the other in grief or strife!

K. RAGHAVENDRA RAO

There came a time for me, as I suppose it comes for everyone, when the pleasure of reading was no longer enough. It became a sort of quest, too. I was no longer interested only in how people lived, but in why and to what purpose they did so. From that time onwards my reading has become even more haphazard. I pick up whatever I can, always searching for some answer, and finding it often. But it is never a final

he goes on pushing: and in that obstinacy lies his greatness. But that is too hard and too hopeless, and I turn for a softer answer elsewhere-to M.'s Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, perhaps, where the answer seems so simple, if only one were pure enough to be able to submit to it.

The longer one lives, the less pleasant life and people appear to be. It is impossible to escape a feeling of disgust at all the

faking that goes on, the pretending to sentiments on e doesn't feel and which don't seem worth feeling in the first place; and the pettiness on the one hand, the brutal selfishness on the other, and everything so run down and cynical and a matter either of policy or of stale habit. So let me express here my admiration for those contemporary authors who state their scorn for these aspects of contemporary life as forcefully as all of us would like to: Evelyn Waugh, who hates the England England has become; J. D. Salinger (when he is not being too sentimental) and Kingsley Amis (when he is not being too facetious), both of them with a sure nose for the phoney and the pretentious; Mary McCarthy, often prim and priggish, but always rigorous in honesty. There is a lot of "no-saying" in these authors, and this is right because what else is there to do except say no to almost everything?

A HYMN OF PRAISE

Though the greatest books don't in the end say no. When they have dragged us through the most fearsome scenes of horror, and there seems nothing left except despair and a heap of ashes, then still what they stand for is not a denial but, on the contrary, an affirmation of life. And they do more than affirm, they actually praise-praise not because of but rather (and I think the phrase is Rilke's: "dennoch preisen") in spite of. What is one to make of Joyce's Ulysses, which is a monument to everything that is small and mean and wretched in man, and which exposes more than any other book I can think of the sheer humiliation of being alive; and which nevertheless ends on a note of affirmation so clear and unambiguous that it becomes a hymn of praise:

...and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes

> December 23: B. F. H. B. Tyabji

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thread her chignon with moghra blossoms. The European doctor, affrighted, took her for an illusion of evil and ran for his home. The yellow doctor, awed, fell at her red young feet.

The Himalayas shook in white and blue gladsomeness.

Then the ants in assembly asked: "Who wrought this miracle?"

And Jawaharlal to this answer made: "Who, who but the Mahatma. He fasted and he span. Soon, too soon, my brethren, he will leave us all... But he will girdle a thread round the Universe that men may love men."

I ask you, brother, When will that day come? When?

Fables For The Feeble

THE DOCTORS

BHARATA MATA had typhoid. The European doctor came and shaved her hair off, bewidowing her, and removed her ornaments, and, lest she shake in convulsions, tied her hands and feet in string and steel, and gave her many medicines. Then came Europeanised doctors and gave her long-Latined remedies, and yet the fever seemed virulent. The vaids came and swayed in murmur and meditation, and gave her starred herbs and family-borne mantras, but these did not soothe the victim.

Finally twenty-one days were over and the fever would not subside. The throne of Indra got heated. Indra said to Siva: "There she is, ailing and all too worn, and what has Parvati been doing?"

Siva went to Parvati, and Parvati said: "I've had two children and not one beautiful. Give me a beautiful child and we'll send him to Bharata."

Siva answered: "You will have a third, but he will not be more beautiful though of fine compassion made."

And in a quarter of Indra's day—that is, fifty years—there was the Mahatma, seated by Bharata Mata and giving her his cure. He said: "Go on a diet,"—and fasted her and bathed her and gave her fruit juices. Medicines were forbidden. He said they were all himsa and unholy. The Mother was better and getting golden in colour. He called Ba and said: "Ba, give her an enema and take away all that European stuff."

Ba, bent-headed, obeyed.

But the whole town was astir. Astir not because the Mother was getting better but because, with beat of drum and shot of gun, a yellow doctor was announcing himself. He said the Holy Hosts of Buddhaland had sent him to cure the Mother, and he would come in, come what may.

The Mahatma woke quick from his spinning. He was perturbed. The European doctor, the Europeanised doctors, the vaids, all were jealous and perturbed. The Mahatma said: "We'll bathe her again and give her fresh air—and free her, and she will then be able to sit up in her bed and tell the yellow doctor: "Oh, dear sir, I'm quite well now, thank you."

The vaids said 'Yes', the Europeanised doctors said 'Well', but the European doctor said 'No'. "You will take his medicine, and he is my rival. He is cutting under my feet. I know him only too well."

The Mahatma argued this way and that. But the European doctor had his peons behind him and they bound the Mahatma and took him away. Smiling, the Mahatma went to the mountain prison and started spinning. And then happened that miracle which all know but none can tell well.

by RAJA RAO

From this ant-hill and that grove, from this field and that house, little red ants and white-yellow ants and pale-saffron ants came running up the Mother's arms and ankles and waist, and such acid they had in their bite that they burnt the iron and the copper and the jute of her bindings. Up they went and down they rolled, slipped up the waistcoat of the doctor and bit the toes of the peons. Then came Gandharvas and Apsaras, repentant and sorrowing, bearing white apparel and hot water in seven silver pots, hot-andcold water in seven more, and cold water in seven — and bathed her and healed her and gave her such dark dulcet hair that not all the gardens of the world could

THE MIRACULOUS CABBAGE

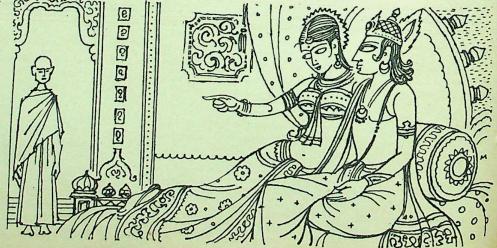
IN the garden of the Aga Khan* there is a cabbage. It is like all cabbages buxom and green, but, since the ninth* of August, actually since the early morning of the tenth, it does not grow a mosquitomite. All the peas and beetroot and aubergines grow—but this cabbage does not grow. Slowly, inwardly, as it were, she is turning yellow—and when you come near it you hear a ting-ting, as though somebody were beating an anvil invisible.

The gardener, good man that he is, cannot sleep. He says since the Mahatma is come in, all his sleep is gone, and he sees visions and fairies and such things—but when he wakes he is fresh as he had never been. And never since that day has his autumn asthma coughed him out of bed. But he dare not go too near the cabbage—for ting-ting the anvil rings inside. Muslim though he is, he gives it flowers in puja, cuts the herbs and pods around it, and channels in a lot of water. And on Thursday evenings he carries the incense in circumambulation, and covers the cabbage with a shawl of yellow silk.

Now, I was much intrigued. So I went into meditation and asked the gods what may this be. And they this answer made: Formerly there was a Princess of the Moon

1 Mahatma Gandhi was interned in the Aga Khan's Palace, Poona.

2 9th August, 1942



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HE kapu of is conspict which, in through the me of this clan tak duce something who have contrin India. One is his sculptures a other is P. T. R. many years of sidiate success. It prolific in his o

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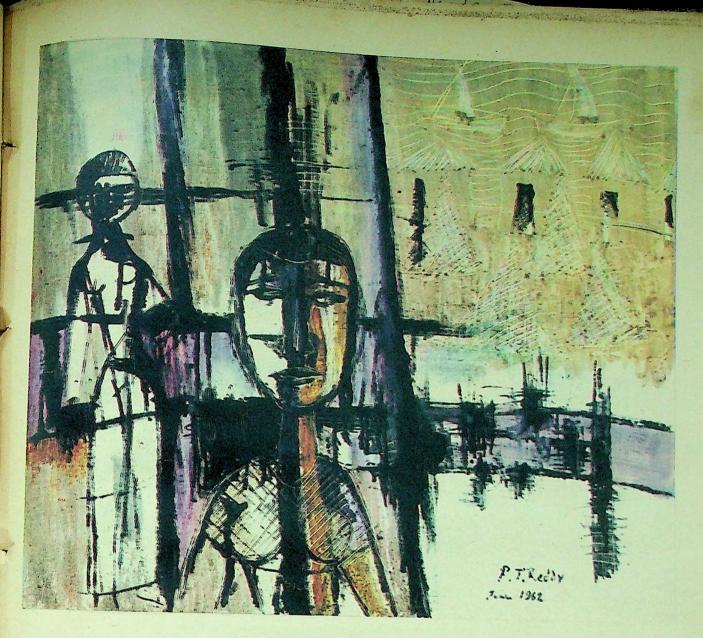
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MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

The Art Of P. T. Reddy by A. S. R.

HE kapu community of Andhra Pradesh, known as Reddis, is conspicuous for its sensitivity and impetuosity, qualities which, in the present context, seldom express themselves through the media of art and letters. Naturally, when members of this clan take to painting or writing, they are bound to produce something significant. There are at least two Reddy artists who have contributed much to the development of modern art in India. One is Krishna Reddy, long resident in Europe, where his sculptures and graphics are held in very high esteem. The other is P. T. Reddy, whose recent resumption of painting after many years of silence and sullenness was attended with immediate success. It is heartening to note that he is once again as prolific in his output as he is discerning in his taste.

P. T. Reddy, unlike the charlatans who dominate the scene of contemporary Indian painting, is a classicist turned modernist. He has the necessary discipline and equipment which invest his work with the triple qualities of good art—clarity, cohesiveness and consistency, however unorthodox the idiom may be. Indeed, there is a method in his madness. He is no doubt conservative, judged by the avant-garde standards accepted in the West. The reason is simple. He has no interest in fads, fashions and formulas. He paints primarily for his own pleasure and not to startle others. Painting, or, for that matter, any

creative endeavour defeats itself when it ceases to be a source of joy.

Reddy's problems are the same as those confronting any other Indian artist who seeks to evolve an individual idiom rooted as firmly in tradition as in contemporary sensibility. That is why one finds a number of modern masters such as Rouault, Chagall, Utrillo and Dufy demanding his allegiance. But he remains unruffled. His technical competence and artistic integrity do not allow him to follow any short-cuts to success. He is patient and painstaking and, with his sureness of touch and uncanny sense of the unknown, creates a highly evocative world of fancies and fantasies, a territory in which he is a law unto himself, being under nobody's obligation.

Naturally, an artist who chooses to discard convenient cliches and facile formulas in pursuit of his personal vision has his limitations. He has to draw on his own unspectacular equipment and experience for the images he evokes. Now they are sharp, now hazy, now intense, now superficial, now well-composed, now incongruous, depending on the artist's grasp of the reality. Living in the uncongenial climate of banality and philistinism that prevails in India today, Reddy has all the handicaps imposed by his modest intellectual and emotional reserves which sometimes make his canvases seem cold and commonplace. His colour tends to be particularly drab. But he shows an awareness of his basic problem and seeks a solution in his own way.

Etruscan vases and other objects, valued at \$48,000. Interpol is now helping in a Europewide investigation.

In the light of these facts, one can understand Lerici's claim that saving Italy's underground archaeological remains is one of the na-tion's most urgent problems, "because the robbers are increasing their skill and intensifying their activities every week". He makes the intriguing point that land reclamation plays into the robbers' hands. Deep ploughing by bull-dozers, spread over millions of acres, makes their job easier. They happily follow in the wake of the bulldozers, rifling any pieces of pottery or ancient metal that these conveniently throw up for them.

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Lerici goes so far as to contend that saving Italy's antiques from grave-robbers and smugglers is more important than the preservation of the Abu-Simbel temples in Egypt's High Nile zone. UNESCO is spending vast sums to save these and other famous antiquities from being submerged when the great Aswan Dam, which the Russians are building for President Nasser, is completed. Incidentally, two of the experts working on the Abu-Simbel project are Lerici's own men—Dr. Enzo Carabelli, an engineer and Director of Laboratories, and Dr. Franco Brancaleoni, an architect and head of Archaeological Studies in the Lerici Founda-

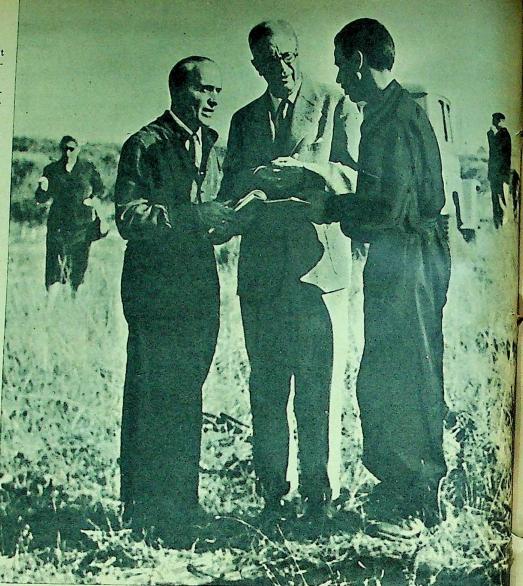
TIME-SAVING METHODS

With science on his side. Lerici can at least get ahead of the robbers, even if he cannot eradicate them. His method of underground exploration, he says, is 25 times as fast as the traditional archaeological methods. One of its greatest advantages is that it saves a tremendous amount of time that would otherwise be wasted; his drilling ("just like for oil") instruments accurately record whether there is anything in a given spot worth excavating before actual digging operations commence. This averts the weeks of useless digging on barren spots which plagued, and often broke the hearts of, earlier explorers with little more than optimism to guide them. Yet the expenses of Lerici's modern methods are one-third of those of classical archaeology. He thinks that with his methods, which he improves constantly, he could get at all Italy's "buried archaeological patrimony" within 20 years.

What are the Lerici methods for archaeological prospecting? They consist, first, of a series of electrical, electromagnetic and seismic devices which, when applied to the ground, reveal buried metal objects or "cavities"—tombs and the like. Three of his most important pieces of equipment are a portable electric drill for boring two-inch holes at points indicated by previous "soundings", a periscope and a "photographic drill". If an observation made with the sunken periscope shows objects or decorations (like wall paintings) worthy of detailed examination, the photographic drill is lowered. This takes pictures in sequence with astonishing clarity. "It is really just a tiny camera of the type spies use during wars," Lerici says.

Thus equipped, Lerici Foundation teams have explored Etruscan and other areas in various parts of Italy, with remarkable—and extremely rapid—results. One of the most rewarding areas has been Cerveteri. Here, 750 Etruscan tombs (3rd to 7th century) have yielded 6,000 pieces of Etruscan, Italian and Greek pottery. At Vulci, an archaeological zone in Viterbo, the foundations of an ancient inhabited centre were discovered and, in the cemetery area, the explorers came upon a tomb containing a series of chambers in which were a large sculptured sarcophagus and an unusually rich collection of Etruscan and Latin inscriptions.

In an Etruscan cemetery, the Monterozzi, at Tarquinia, also in Viterbo, Lerici teams have discovered no less than 2,700 tombs, including several painted ones of outstanding scientific interest. The list makes fascinating reading—Tombs of the Olympiad, the Ship, the Skull, the Jade Lions, the Red Lions, the



KING GUSTAV ADOLF of Sweden (centre), keen amateur archaeologist who visits Italy often, with Dr. Lerici.

Mouse, the Banquet . . . Before excavations began, 320 tombs were examined by periscope and 40 were photographed, yielding in all 1,200 photographs, in black and white and colour. Some tombs, once painted, were found destroyed beyond hope of repair, owing, to a great extent, to the ravages of vandals. Lerici estimates that damage to the extent of three million dollars is done yearly by heavy-handed grave-robbers.

Lerici frequently makes aerial inspections of possible archaeological areas before he gets to work with his equipment. He never relies on old—or even modern—historians to pinpoint zones for him. "Some of the old-timers write of a place being a 'gunshot' away from a certain point," he says. "All I can say is that they must have been rotten shots."

HUNT FOR CANDLESTICK

With considerable reservations, Lerici has embarked on a scientific treasure hunt for a seven-branched candlestick stolen from King Solomon's Temple and other priceless relics plundered from Rome more than 1,500 years ago. What he has to find first is the tomb of Alaric, King of the Goths, who was the first invader ever to defeat the Romans. In the 4th century A.D. he sacked Rome, took many leading citizens prisoner and looted the city of its treasures, including the great candlestick. German and Central European legends hold that Alaric took his plunder to Southern Italy and died in Cogenza in A.D. 410, soon after his victory. So as to bury both Alaric and his looted treasures where the Romans would never find them, his followers diverted the River Busento and built a tomb in the middle of its course. In this, they placed Alaric on horseback,

surrounded by his hoard. The river was then swung back on to its original course and the slaves who dug the tomb were killed to preserve secrecy.

Lerici has taken aerial pictures of the river's course to try and determine just where it might have been diverted. "There is a slim hope that a vertical air photograph might reveal the outline of the diversion dam," he says. He hopes to search each of the possible areas with his electrical sounding equipment and if the tests indicate there may be something hidden under the river bed, he will move in with his celebrated periscope and photographic drill. He can work on this intriguing project only at limited periods, when the river is low. "We are not hurrying over this one," he says. "Our chances of success are about one in 1,000." Mr. Orville Bullitt, of Philadelphia, is backing the venture.

Not long ago, after only four weeks' research with his sensitive gadgets, Lerici discovered a 500-yard-long wall of the ancient Greek city of Sybaris in Southern Italy. The town was founded by Greek colonists in 720 B.C. Almost 200 years later, Sybaris fought with its neighbouring town, Crotona, where Pythagoras was born. Here again, the old river technique was applied. The people of Crotona diverted the course of the River Chathis so that Sybaris was flooded and destroyed. Lerici now has Sybaris on his list of "follow-ups".

It costs Lerici an average of about \$3,000 a month to maintain his teams in the field. And, whereas ordinary archaeological research is confined to three to five months of the year. Lerici works the year round. So, unfortunately, do those grave-robbers.

A. R. McELWAIN



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You Need Spectacles?

ORE people, young and old, are nowadays seen wearing spectacles. How far can one attribute this to the poor eyesight of the present generation? While discussing this point one has to remember that a quite large number of youngsters consider it a fashion to wear spectacles. But, undoubtedly, in the vast majority of cases white or coloured numbered glasses are a necessity, not a fashion. Tinted or coloured protective glasses, flat or curved (coquille) are essential to protect eyes that are extremely sensitive to light (photophobia), due to conjunctivitis, ulcers of the cornea, iritis and such complaints. Incidentally, highly smoked glasses should always be worn when looking at strong electric light or the sun during an eclipse; otherwise permanent harm to the eye may

In former times, wearing of spectacles was a stigma, a sign of poor health. Therefore, even when one suffered from the inconvenience and discomfort of poor eyesight, one avoided the optician.

The position today is different. The advance of education and the consequent increased habit of reading, particularly in artificial light, and frequent visits to cinemas not only tax the eye but also force people not to ignore the slightest visual discomfort. Another equally important reason for the increase in spectacle-users is the compulsory eye examination of school and college students. Poor vision is thus detected early in life and glasses are prescribed at a young age. The changes in approach and attitudes explain why more people are seen donning spectacles today than, say, twenty or thirty years ago.

COMPLICATED STRUCTURE

The eye has a very delicate and complicated structure. It is near-spherical in shape and consists of an outer protective envelope which is made up of two portions; the smaller, transparent anterior or front portion is the cornea and the larger, opaque, posterior portion is the sclera or the sclerotic. The cornea fits into the sclera as a watch glass fits into a

The eye can be compared to a photographic camera. The retina (the delicate, sensitive membrane of the eye) is placed behind the vitreous body and is the terminal expansion of the optic nerve. Images formed on the retina are carried by the optic nerve to the back part of the brain (the occipital lobe), where the centre for vision is located, corresponding to the sensitive plate or film and the various refractive media, the lens of the camera. The eye has four refractive media, the concavo-convex cornea in front, then the water-filled anterior or aqueous chamber, behind which is the biconvex and adjustable lens and, finally, the vitreous humour. Visual acuity or sharpness of vision depends upon the transparency of all the refractive media, perfect optical adjustment (refraction of the eye), sensitivity of the retina and the conductivity of the optic nerve. (Refraction is the deviation

of a ray of light from a straight line when passing obliquely from one transparent medium to another of different density. In opthalmology, to take refraction means to measure the error of refraction of the eyes.)

The commonest symptom arising from errors of refraction is asthenopia, a feeling of acute strain in the eyes. While reading, the letters become blurred, indistinct and run into one another. It may be associated with redness, burning and watering of the eyes (asthenopia irritans), or pain in the eyes (asthenopia dolens). These symptoms are relieved by resting the eyes for a while but recur when the eyes are used again. Eye strain is also a frequent cause of headache (asthenopia cephalalgica). It is more opt to occur in those having hypermetropia (short eye ball; long sightedness) and astigmatism (that condition of the eye in which rays of light from a point do not converge to a point on the retina). Persons with errors of refraction have to screw up their eyes to see clearly and screwing up the eyes causes increased tension in the muscles of the eyes and the head. It usually occurs after a period of prolonged close work reading, writing, sewing, knitting - particularly in very dim or very bright light. Headache may also occur in those who have to

by Dr. H. M. DESAI

strain their eyes in looking at moving objects, for example, watching a cinema. Those who strain their eyes in the afternoon get evening headache and those who do so in the evening or at night get morning headache. Headaches due to eye strain is usually located in the front of the head, though it may be located in the temples or at the back of the head. Other symptoms ascribed to eye strain are ill temper, peevishness, giddiness and dizziness, fits and even indigestion. Some authorities attribute the symptoms of eye strain to emotion, but it is difficult to subscribe to this view.

How does an eye-specialist determine your complaint? He first makes an objective examination of your eyes, proceeding from the bulbar conjunctiva (the membrane covering the anterior portion of the eye-ball) for inflammation or any other disturbing factor; then the palpabral conjunctiva (the conjunctiva reflected on the under surface of the lids), first of the lower lid by pulling it down a bit and then of the upper lid after everting it. He thus makes sure that you are not suffering from trachoma, spring catarrh or the like. Then he looks at the cornea for opacities, ulcers, etc.; then the iris (coloured circular membrane between the cornea and the lens with a central hole—the pupil) for signs of previous inflammation (muddiness, synaechia adhesion of the iris either to the lens or to the cornea). Later he tests the reaction of the pupil, examines the lens and finally the lachrymal sac and the lachrymal gland. Then he feels the tension of the eyes, especially if one

of chronic or simple glaucoma. If he is doubt he will measure the tension with a topo meter. For viewing finer details of the corne iris and the lens, the eyes will have to be ex amined with oblique or focal illumination pro jected on the cornea. A pair of convex lense help to magnify the abnormality.

Now comes the question of testing the vision—first each eye separately and then the simultaneous sight. For this purpose Snellen test types are generally used. The test types consist of black letters printed on a white board and arranged in rows. Each row ha letters of the same size and is numbered. The first row usually has one large letter and in numbered 60; the second 36; the third 24; the fourth 18; the fifth 12; the sixth 9; and th last 6. Some boards have two more rows mark ed 5 and 4. The type board is fixed at a distance of about 20 feet.

THE READING TEST

Where the examination room is, say, only 10 feet in length and it is not possible to fi the chart at the proper distance, the type boar is placed behind the patient, a little above the head and a plane mirror is used to double the distance in reflection.

If the patient can read only the letter of the first line numbered 60, then the vision termed 6|60 (one-tenth of the normal). If & letters on the row numbered 24 can be real then vision is 6|24 (one-fourth of the normal Vision is however always mentioned as 66 6|36, 6|24. If all the letters of the row num bered 6 are clear, then vision is consider ed normal or standard and noted as 6|6.

The test for near vision is done with it print. The smallest print one can read and the maximum and minimum distances at which the letters can be discerned are noted. To print is at first held at a distance of 0.5 metre or 20 inches. If the particular type is clear this distance the near vision will be noted a 0.5|0.5. If you have to bring the print closer read the same letters, say to 0.4 metres, yovision will be 0.4|0.5. With normal sight of should be able to read clearly and without comfort a book held in the hand at a distant of 18 to 20 inches.

The eye specialist, after these tests, has fairly good guess whether your eyes are n mal (emmetropic) or not (ametropic). Et metropia denotes a condition of the eye which, when the accommodation is suspend rays coming from a distant object (paral rays) are sharply focussed on the retina to 8 a clear inverted image. The clearness of image depends upon the curvature, den and transparency of the different refract media of the eye and healthiness of the retin The average anterio-posterior diameter of adult eye is approximately an inch, less hypermetropic and more in myopic est (Accommodation is adaptation or adjustments of the eyes to different distances.)

Ametropia is the condition of the eff which the rays coming from a distant of January 13, 1

are not accurately imperfect image this is due either of the media or to of the eye.

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Hypermetropia sightedness)—in w modation, paralle focus behind the r mally short anteri eye or to a subnor media. This is corn convex lens in fro parallel rays passin gent, so as to come

Myopia (long e ness)-in which ra object come to a f retina. It is due ei the anterio-posterio too great power of is corrected by a si in front of the eye, passing through it o focus on the retina.

CATEGORIES

Astigmatism-in ing upon it are not one point. It is usual curvature of the d cornea (corneal astig imperfections in the (lenticular astigmatis simple hypermetropic Vieridian is emmetro angles to it is either compound hypermetr ism, in which both m metropic or myopic, other; in mixed astign be hypermetropic and to it myopic; when dians are at right ar known as regular astig ent parts of the men fractive powers, it is o matism. This latter gularity in the surface lens. When the horizo inctive than the vert astignatism with the this is against the ru or chief meridians ar horizontal, the astigma Astigmatism causes m tortion of vision than or myopia and hence from errors of refi may be able to sight t down to the bottom, be incorrectly. For correc drical lenses with or necessary.

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In such circumstances, one encounters:

Hypermetropia (small or short eye: longsightedness) -in which, with suspended accommodation, parallel rays of light come to a focus behind the retina. It is due to an abnormally short anterio-posterior diameter of the eye or to a subnormal refractive power of the media. This is corrected by placing a suitable convex lens in front of the eye to make the parallel rays passing through it more convergent, so as to come to a focus on the retina.

Myopia (long eye: near- or short-sightedness)—in which rays coming from a distant object come to a focus before they reach the retina. It is due either to too great length of the anterio-posterior diameter of the eye or to too great power of its refractive media. This is corrected by a suitable concave lens placed in front of the eye, to make the parallel rays passing through it divergent, thus coming to a focus on the retina.

CATEGORIES OF ASTIGMATISM

Astigmatism-in which parallel rays falling upon it are not brought to a focus at any one point. It is usually due to inequality in the curvature of the different meridians of the cornea (corneal astigmatism), or sometimes to imperfections in the curvature of the lens (lenticular astigmatism). Astigmatism may be simple hypermetropic or myopic, in which one reridian is emmetropic and the other at right angles to it is either hypermetropic or myopic; compound hypermetropic or myopic astigmatism, in which both meridians are either hypermetropic or myopic, but one more so than the other; in mixed astigmatism one meridian may be hypermetropic and the other at right angles to it myopic; when the two principal meridians are at right angles to each other it is known as regular astigmatism; when the different parts of the meridian have different refractive powers, it is defined as irregular astigmatism. This latter condition is due to irregularity in the surfaces of the cornea and or lens. When the horizontal meridian is less retractive than the verticle meridian, then it is astignatism with the rule; the converse of this is against the rule. When the principal or chief meridians are neither vertical nor horizontal, the astigmatism is termed oblique. Astigmatism causes more disturbance and distortion of vision than simple hypermetropia or myopia and hence more severe symptoms from errors of refraction. An astigmatic may be able to sight the whole test type card down to the bottom, but will read every letter incorrectly. For correcting astigmatism, cylindrical lenses with or without sphericals are necessary.

THE SPELL OF NAGARJUNAKONDA

The above feature, scheduled for this week, is held over.

Anisometropia-in which the refraction in the two eyes is dissimilar. One eye may be normal (emmetropic) and the other either hypermetropic, myopic or astigmatic; or both eyes may be ametropic, but in different ways.

Presbyopia is a physiological condition of the eye in advanced age and is due to decreased elasticity of the lens and consequent diminished power of accommodation. In our country, presbyopia begins at about the age of forty and persons even with normal eyes need reading glasses for near vision. Those who wear spectacles for distant vision will have to acquire a different pair for near vision.

(Glasses are numbered according to their strength, by which is meant their refractive power. The greater the refractive power, the shorter is the focal distance. A lens with one metre focal distance-metre lens-is taken as the standard and is termed diopter-1 D. A 2 D lens will have half the focal distance.)

Aphakia, or absence of lens from the eye, occurs after operation for cataract in which the opaque lens is removed from the eye. Since the aphakic eye is devoid of accommodation, glasses with different strengths for distant and near vision are necssary. A similar refractive condition also occurs when the lens is intentionally dislocated into the vitreous chamber as is done in the unscientific method of couching of cataract still unfortunately practised in our country which yields immediate results but finally proves a disastrous treatment.

Squint (strabismus) is that abnormality of the eyes in which the visual axes of the two eyes do not meet at the desired objective points, in consequence of incoordinate action of the external ocular muscles. The squint can either be a result of paralysis of an ocular muscle or a non-paralytic case. Non-paralytic squint occurs when the vision in one eye is much worse than the other either from a higher error of refraction or from disease.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SQUINT

The images from the two eyes in such cases are thus confused and to overcome this the eye that has worse vision squints. Persons with squint lack binocular vision, that is they lack the faculty of using both eyes simultane ously without diplopia or double vision. Squint acquired in later years presupposes the complaint from early childhood, and if the parents had not been neglectful and had consulted an eye-specialist the defect could have been corrected by taking the refraction and specifying correct glasses and having the straight-looking eye bandaged for a couple of hours every day. In a non-paralytic squint the squinting eye gains full range of movement when the straightlooking eye is covered. Another method of correction of the squint is orthoptic exercises, either with a stereoscope or an amblyoscope.

The varieties of squint are: monocular (when both eyes are open, the same eye always squints); alternating (in which either eye can fix the object alternatingly); concomitant (as opposed to paralytic), in which the squinting eye has a full range of movement so that when the straight-looking eye is covered the squinting eye will look straight and the eye behind the cover will squint; convergent (in which the squinting eye is turned in); and divergen; in which the squinting eye is turned out. In paralytic squint the range of movement of the affected eye is restricted.

When the pupils are fully dilated for examination, the doctor takes the patient to the dark room for final investigations. He first examines the interior of your eyes-the fundiwith an ophthalmoscope, either by the indirect

or direct method or both, and gets a clear picture of the lens (for early cataract), the vitreous body (for cloudiness and floating opacities), the optic nerve, the retina and the changes visible in the retina from inflammation or degeneration of the choroid (the vascular layer behind the retina). He then proceeds to judge the refraction with or without the help of a trial frame. Refraction is determined by what is called the shadow test (skiascopy, retinoscopy) and for this purpose either a plane or a concave mirror is used. In case of corneal astigmatism the doctor may use an instrument called ophthalmometer but this is not necessary, for the shadow test properly done can detect even the minutest abnormalities. On a later visit, convex glasses, called plus or positive, will be prescribed in case the patient is a hypermetropic. Concave glasses, called minus or negative, are for myopics. If one is an astigmatic, the prescription will carry plus or minus cylinders with their axes marked, along with the plus or minus spheres that may be necessary.

Properly prescribed spectacles give one confidence, apart from setting right an error

LENSES FOR ALL

Bifocal lenses for those who have to wear glasses of different strengths for distant and near vision can be fixed in one frame and one need not bother with two pairs of spectacles. In a bifocal lens the upper portion of the glass is for distance while upon the lower is cemented a small semilunar convex lens. Instead of cementing, the lower segment may be fused or ground into the upper (fused bifocal or kryp-

There are a variety of lenses to choose from-the biconvex or biconcave-convex or concave on both sides; plano-convex and planoconcave-plane on one side and convex or concave on the other; concavo-convex (meniscus) or convexo-concave—concave or convex on one side and the opposite on the other. The advantage with these last type of lenses is that one can see as clearly through the marginal portion of the lens as through the centre. They can also be had with a toric surface, that is with a different refractive power in different meridian. For those with irritable eyes slightly tinted glasses can also be obtained.

Contact glasses-thin glasses, having the curvature of the cornea-are placed directly on the cornea and held there by air pressure. They can be worn for several hours and are of great value for those working on the stage or the screen.

It is the general belief that it is dangerous for persons wearing spectacles to take part in games, such as cricket and hockey, for an accidental direct hit on the glass may cast splinters in the eye. However, today, one can obtain non-splintering eye-glasses and this solves the problem.

There are also glasses in the market that can allow you to read in a recumbent position without the necessity of holding the book in front of the eyes. (The reading material can be on a book-rest on your abdomen and you can look straight in front of you. The incorporation of a prism in the reading glass helps to bring the text in view.) Such glasses are comfortable for recumbent invalids and also if one is in the habit of reading in bed and too lazy to hold the book in hand in front of the eyes.

So, if you need spectacles, do not hesitate to wear them but be careful to consult a specialist, obtain a correct prescription and choose the right shape and size of glasses that will make you look respectable, dignified and important.

In Melbourne, Australia, in August 1956, a woman believed to be dead woke up in a mortuary. A few seconds later she would have been put in a freezing chamber. Throughout history many people have feared being buried alive in a coffin. Proposals are often made that a breathing hole should be made, in case a "dead" person survived. But it would also be necessary to let the coffin stand for some days in a convenient place, as is the custom in parts of Germany.

The burial above ground which is given to a chief in the Solomon Islands would not help at all. His body is first cremated and the ashes placed with his skull and a supply of food in a large decorated coffin erected on posts carved roughly to represent human figures. The natives believe that the chief's ghost will have great power, and woe betide anyone who passes near one of these strange shrines.

Coffins are believed to have been invented by the Egyptians thousands of years before Christ. Then they were made of stone, earthenware, glass or wood. Believing that stone consumed the flesh of the corpse, the Egyptians called such a coffin a "sarcophagus", which means flesh-consuming. Among early Romans, as in India even today, cremation made coffins unnecessary.

IN England there is at least one house shaped like a coffin—at Brixham, in Devon. The local legend is that a Brixham girl fell in love with the black sheep of the town. Her father was furious and said he would rather see her in her coffin than agree to such a marriage. But the young man was undeterred and promptly built the coffin-shaped house. This ingenuity so impressed the girl's father that he finally consented to the marriage.

But the strangest of all stories concerning coffins is that of the mysterious vault in Barbados. Since 1820, no one has dared to deposit bodies in the vault because the coffins never keep still. The vault is in a churchyard near the sea. The first person to be buried there was a Mrs. Goddard in 1807. A Miss A. M. Chase followed in 1808, and in 1812 the coffins were joined by another containing the body of Miss D. Chase. At the end of 1812, the vault was opened for the body of the Hon. Thomas Chase, and it was found that the first three coffins were in a confused state. They had apparently been tossed from their positions. The same disorder was

Grim Stories

found when a child's body was later taken to the vault and again in 1816 when a Mr. Brewster's body was taken there.

Each time the vault was opened, the coffins were replaced in their proper situations. Three were on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The only door was then closed, and a massive stone, which six or seven men were needed to move, was cemented in place by masons. Though the floor

was of sand, there were no footprints.

Lord Combermere, Governor of Barbados, was present the last time the vault was opened, and he saw how some of the coffins had turned completely around. All this gave rise to superstitious fear and years of speculation in the island. Many theories were put forward to account for the moved coffins, but none has been very satisfactory. No earthquake tremors had been felt in Barbados and there was

no sign of water having been in the vault, so it seemed in possible that flooding might have moved the coffins. Secret visits by natives were ruled out, as the vault had double walls of masonry as well as a huge marble slab at the entrance. No signs of interference were seen.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle firmly believed in the psychic nature of the moved coffins, but his theories were not very convincing and brought the mystery no nearer to a solution. There is no doubt that the coffins did move time and again. But the cause will probably remain a mystery for ever.

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Almora's Three-Headed Vishnu



- by author

HE Lord Vishnu, as sustainer of the universe, is believed to have assumed nine avataras (incarnations) so far, and the tenth one, Kalki, for the completion of the present kalpa (cycle of creation), is yet to come. He is believed to take different incarnations for the maintenance of the universe by destroying demons or evil forces. Varaha (Boar) and Narasimha (Man-Lion) are the third and the fourth avataras in the series of ten. The illustration presented here is of a standing Vishnu combining aspects of two avataras—lion-face to the right and boar-face to the left. This image is from Almora district, Kumaon Division, Uttar Pradesh. It was removed from the neighbourhood of Almora town, about 70 years ago, to a cave temple situated some 25 miles away in the interior of the district.

The right upper hand of Vishnu holds the padma (lotus), and the right lower hand rests on the thinner end of the gada (mace), the head of the mace resting on the ground. The left upper hand, which must have originally held the sankha (conch-shell), is missing from the elbow; and the lower left hand carries the chakra (discus). The image has an unusual, highly artistic crown. The deity

is adorned with ear-rings and varieties of necklaces, besides the usual vanamala (garland hanging down below the knees), armlets, bracelets, girdles, anklets and hair orna-ments. The lower garment is elaborately decorated with intricate jewellery.

On the back of the crown is the usual prabhamandal (halo) and, on the top of the image, on either side, are miniature figures of Brahma and Siva with their traditional decorations, and emblems in their hands. Below them are Vidyadharas holding garlands. At the level of Vishnu's shoulder, to his right, is a rishi with folded hands and wearing a kaupin; and to the left is a samnyasin with a dandam. By the side of the right hand and below it are ayudha-purushas (weapons personified), two on each side —sankha- and gada-purushas to Vishnu's right and chakraand padma-purushas to the left. At the foot are two left. At the foot are two devotees, one male and the other female, sitting with folded hands. The side-piece, on the right side, contains some of the avataras such as Varaha and Rama, with other customary male and female attendant figures and devotees. Unfortunately the arch-piece containing the Navagrahas is missing. The whole is an exquisitely and elaborately sculptured work of art executed by Kumaoni artists during the 10th and 11th centuries A.D.

SWAMI PRANAVANANDA

ANNOUNCING

OUR SPECIAL REPUBLIC ISSUE

January 27

Among the outstanding features of this important number will be:

The Chinese Aggression And You: A Symposium

(Participants: J. B. Kripalani, Asoka Mehta, Mira Behn, B. Shiva Rao, Durgabai Deshmukh, Raja Rao, G. D. Sondhi, F. N. Souza, N. S. Bendre, Dr. Jayachamaraja Wadiyar and Dr. T. R. Seshadri)

> A Marathi Story (by Aravind Gokhale)



M. S. Kannamwar (Colour caricature by R. K. Laxman,

> Literary Life in America . (by Buddhadeva Bose)

Artists at Work: Ramkinkar (Colour)

India in Maps - 3: Bihar (Colour)



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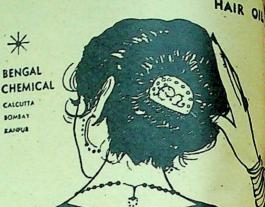
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Yesterday They Spelled Death - 4

OLIOMYELITIS — the contact with the poliomyelitis tance employed by science mastion of the grey matteris a relatively new disease. An English doctor described it in 1800 and the first epidemic did not occur until 50 years later. Since then, while the other great infections have gradually waned, the toll of paralysed lives resulting from poliomyelitis has increased year by

First smallpox, then diphtheria were subdued, but to polio there seemed to be no answer. During the epidemic of 1930 it claimed 500 victims. By 1938 that figure had increased threefold and in 1950 nearly 8,000 casualties were recorded, of whom half were left permanently paralysed.

Unlike most infections, polio hits hardest at countries with a high standard of living (as hygiene becomes better, so does polio become worse). The Scandinavian countries, New Zealand, the United States and Great Britain head the list. Thus, Denmark, with a tiny population and a superb public-health service, had 6,000 casualties in four months during the great 1952 epidemic. Yet in sunny unhygienic Spain only 100 cases were reported.

VICTIMS

Poliomyelitis used to be a disease of children—hence its old name, infantile paralysisbut this is no longer so. In Western countries it is the young, active adult who is usually affected.

Although much had been learnt about the disease there was precious little the doctor could do about it-until 1953. It was known that poliomyelitis was caused by swallowing a virus, an organism 1,000 times smaller than the smallest microbe. The polio virus, having been swallowed, was known to attack nerve cells, particularly those which control muscles, causing wasting of the cells.

Studies of blood showed that nearly 80 out of every 100 people in Britain had been in virus without realising it. It may have caused a trifling illness lasting a few days, long since forgotten. Even in epidemics only one out of every 100 who swallowed the virus showed any sign of the dread dis-

What picked out the unlucky ones? Was it the large number of virus swallowed? Or, the low resistance of a tired person? No one knows.

Doctors knew that one attack of poliomyelitis gave almost complete lifelong protection. By comparing it with other diseases they guessed that to produce this immunity artificially they could either inject some dead virus (as is done with a T.A.B. injection against typhoid) or inject some live virus, weakened in such a way as to destroy its power to paralyse while retaining the ability to protect (as with a smallpox vaccination).

EXPERIMENTS

But there were enormous difficulties. The fussy polio virus could not be grown on eggs and it took a while to discover that it demanded the living cells of monkeys' kidneys before obliging. Furthermore, poliomyelitis attacks only man and monkey. It was not until it had been "taught" to attack a certain type of rat that largescale experiments became pos-

In 1953 Jonas E. Salk, 46vear-old American doctor, announced that he had discovered a vaccine which gave a large measure of protection from poliomyelitis. It became headline news overnight-as did the disaster which followed it.

Salk favoured the use of a mixture of dead virus. It was better than live weakened virus, he reasoned, because one could use really vicious ones and, provided one killed them properly, they should give most protection against the very worst type of poliomyelitis.

Killing the virus was a delicate business. Salk used formaldehyde, time-honoured subs-

ters for pickling dogfish. He always used more than necessary and then neutralised the excess with other substances. The danger that some of the virus might still be alive was avoided by a system of tests.

By 1954, having carried out a highly successful preliminary trial, Salk placed the largescale manufacture of his vaccine in the hands of several reputable American drug firms. Reporters had besieged him. Lives, they said, were lost every month that he delayed in cautiously testing and re-testing his method of producing the

DISASTER

Widespread inoculations began in March 1954. The disaster which followed is now history. Within two weeks cases of paralytic polio were reported. There were 60 in all. They developed paralysis soon after the injection and, more damningly, the paralysis began at the site of the injection. The vaccine was immediately recalled.

Investigation showed that all those paralysed had been injected with vaccine produced by one particular laboratory and live virus was present in some of the samples on analysis. The tests had been inade-

It is now four years since this sad event. Wisdom prevailed and inoculations proceeded. Seventy million people in the U.S. alone have been inoculated without mishap.

Judgment can now be passed on the Salk vaccine. It is not 100 per cent. effective but it is 100 per cent. safe-even during an epidemic. It provides a 70 per cent. guarantee against paralysis and a 90 per cent. one against the lethal bulbar polio. Had it been in full use by 1950. 3,000 paralysed people in England and Wales would have been saved.

We had no answer to polio before Salk. There was no means of preventing it, no drug capable of treating it and, with the price of an iron lung

between £800 and £ 1.500, the salvaging of life was often impossible except at special cen-

The recent invention of the more or less portable "Barnet ventilator" costing less than half the price of the iron lung is of course a great step forward, but it is still merely a means of keeping a patient alive after he or she has been hit by the disease.

It will take a few years before the full effect of the Salk vaccine on poliomyelitis is evident. No doubt the vaccine will be perfected to give a 100 per cent. guarantee. But one thing is certain. A great blow has been struck at a terrible disease. Poliomyelitis as a disease of civilised man is on the way

P. A.

(To Be Continued)

RHEUMATIC PAINS



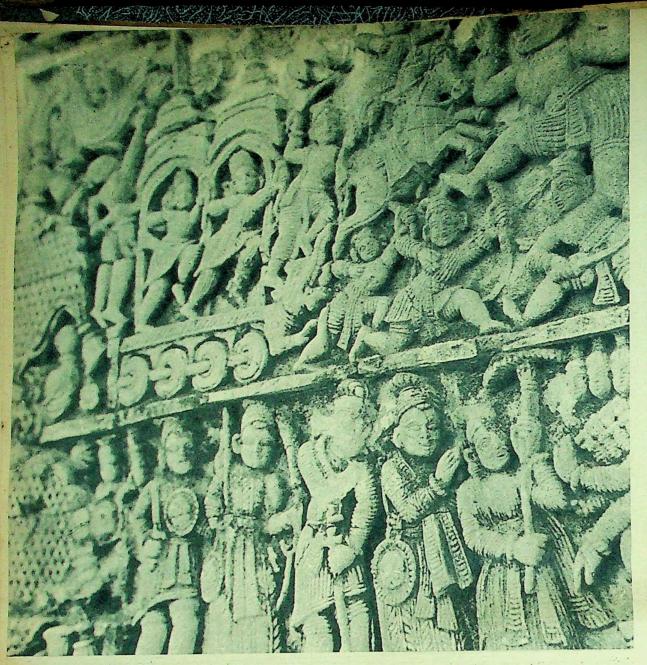
Rub in ELLIMAN'S Rub out PAIN

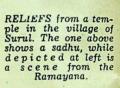
Elliman's Embrocation gives immediate relief from the torturing

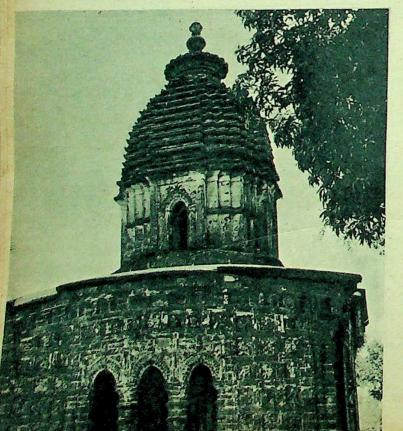
pains of lumbago, fibrositis, backache, ELLIMANS stiffness and sore muscles. Just rub in wascarios Elliman's Embrocation: it penetrates right down to the root of the trouble, bringing fast and lasting relief!



RUBBING RELIEVES PAIN

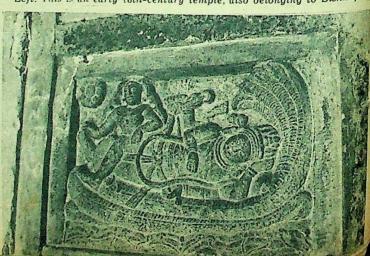






Terracotta Temples Of West Bengal

VISHNU REPOSING ON ANANTA—from a Bishnupur shrine. Left: This is an early 18th-century temple, also belonging to Bishnupur.

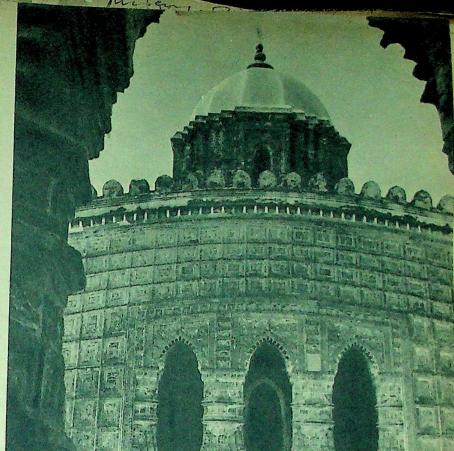


Bishnupur was a great co for nearly a tiples here were eighteenth cen lars and archae of West Bengi Indian art and lim and early l



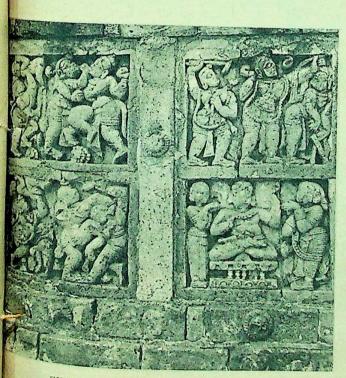
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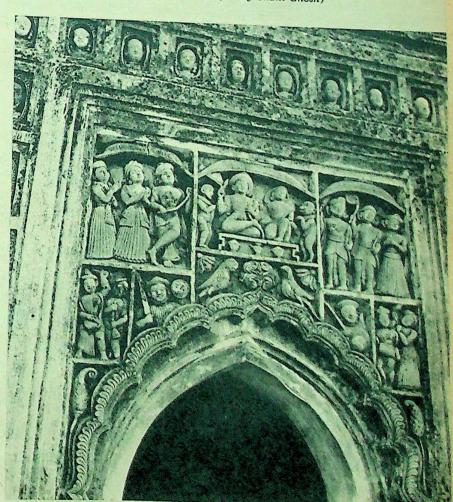




THE MADANMOHAN TEMPLE, built by King Durjan Sinha of Bishnupur in 1694. (Photographs by Shalil Ghosh)

Bishnupur, under the rule of the Malla kings, was a great centre of art and culture in Bengal for nearly a thousand years. The terracotta temples here were built between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. Although neglected by scholars and archaeologists, these and similar shrines of West Bengal are interesting as examples of Indian art and architecture during the later Muslim and early British periods.





FINELY CARVED FIGURES from the Jod Bangla shrine, built by King Raghunath Sinha in 1655 and (right) from a Surul temple.

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B. The Nem Jawaharlal (A tion on the interpla sonalities of father influences which wor jointly, and the impa ii on them both. It i stronger persona submitting time and weaker one, Jawaha constant effort put f father to live up to pectations of him. The emerges out of these lonely person—lonely which at no period of be said of Jawaharlal

Jawaharlal in his at writes that he was spo and as a young man. offers the explanation Hindu has a special fe only son, on whom exc the duty of bringing s restless souls of ancest performance of the last parents. Motilal, who mancipated from trad iment, perhaps though more concrete than spin or funeral rites. In ma self-made man, he sou vide for his son the bes and training that were to equip him for a career. To this end, he harlal to Harrow at the and, for fear that he his chance at the I.C. him thence to Trinit mm thence to Trinit Cambridge. Strangely, I not very much bother son's idea of abandonin in the civil service which because it would have longer separation from because it would have longer separation from the bath he did utter a word when the son wished to nomics, politics and so equip himself to be a byer, and he had his wa

Motilal looked upon and politicians with the eye of a lawyer engage pursuit of his career au atters that he wrote to Harrow and Cambridge not identify himself vimoderates" and had eve for the "extremists". To seepticism about the wonderate policies, the you harlal opposed a rather nationalism; curiously, he was able to point to development of the Britism, and the point of the Britism, and the Britism, was able to point to devet was able to point to devet to support this return to support this distrust tween the two, Motilal, Manda, "shuddered to the impulsive youth not a gang of reaching and end his career a tather, the advent of the political scene prea on the political scene prea

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WEEK'S

THIS READING



ather And

R. NANDA in his study, The Nehrus—Motilal and Jawaharlal (Allen & Unwin, 30s.), has focused attention on the interplay of the per-sonalities of father and son, the influences which worked on them jointly, and the impact of Gandhi-ji on them both. It is a record of a stronger personality, Motilal, submitting time and again to a weaker one, Jawaharlal; of the constant effort put forth by the father to live up to the son's expectations of him. The Motilal that emerges out of these pages is a longly person—longly in the son's expectations. lonely person—lonely in a sense which at no period of his life could be said of Jawaharlal.

Jawaharlal in his autobiography writes that he was spoilt as a child and as a young man. Mr. Nanda offers the explanation that the Hindu has a special feeling for an only son, on whom exclusively falls the duty of bringing solace to the restless souls of ancestors and the performance of the last rites of his parents. Motifal, who was quite parents. Motifal, who was quite enancipated from traditional sendent, perhaps thought in terms more concrete than spiritual solace or funeral rites. In many ways a self-made man, he sought to pro-vide for his son the best education vide for his son the best education and training that were available to equip him for a successful career. To this end, he sent Jawaharlal to Harrow at the age of 16 and, for fear that he might miss his chance at the I.C.S., hustled him thence to Trinity College, Cambridge. Strangely, Motilal was not very much bothered at his son's idea of abandoning a career in the civil service which was done because it would have meant a longer separation from the family. But he did utter a word of protest when the son wished to study economics, politics and sociology to equip himself to be a better lawyer, and he had his way.

Motilal looked upon politics

Motilal looked upon politics and politicians with the detached eye of a lawyer engaged in the pursuit of his career and, in the letters that he wrote to his son at Harrow and Cambridge, he did "moderates" and had even less use for the "extremists". To Motilal's scepticism about the wisdom of moderate policies, the young Jawaharlal opposed a rather juvenile ed a composed a rather juvenile ed a structurate of the British and he was able to point to developments to support this distrust. As the two support this distrust. As the twen the two, Motilal, says Mr. the impulsive youth might be aries and end his career in jail, if a father, the advent of Gandhiji he political scene preaching his

gospel of non-violence was some-thing of a blessing. The programme of courting imprisonment was one to which Motilal adjusted himself, though to his legal mind the po-licy of not defending oneself had little appeal.

licy of not defending oneself had little appeal.

In the Nabha incident where he moved the powers that be in order to present himself as Jawaharlal's lawyer, a clash between father and son in prison drew the sharp rebuke from the justly hurt and angered Motilal: "After much anxious thinking," he wrote to Jawaharlal, "I have come to the conclusion that I can do no good either to you or to myself by repeating my visits. I am as happy outside the jail as you are in it." Events, however, drew Motilal into the freedom movement and to its leadership. His continued advocacy of Jawaharlal's elevation to the Congress Presidentship—for three years from 1927-29—explains a later incident, not referred to in the book but covered in the letters released by Jawaharlal himself. When the "Old Guard" resigned from the Working Committee, Gandhiji, having persuaded them to withdraw their resignations but holding strongly to their viewpoint, sharply warned Jawaharlal that his election as President was less a mark of his preeminence than a test of his qualities of leadership.

The biographer deals fairly with Jawaharlal's lasting interest in So-

ties of leadership.

The biographer deals fairly with Jawaharlal's lasting interest in Socialism. But it is strange that the earliest reference to the subject hardly indicates the strength of his later devotion to the cause. "I have just come back," he wrote to his father from Cambridge (1907), "from a lecture on Socialism and the University Man by George Bernard Shaw... I was more interested in the man than in the subject of the lecture."

The backdrop against which Mr. Nanda presents his portrayal has been drawn boldly—it is the story



MOHAN RAKESH, noted Hindi short-story writer and novelist.

of Indian national resurgence. Here he throws new light, though, with the access he had to private papers, it might well have been brighter.

Charmed Circle

JEAN Jardine, the sweet, angelic, high-souled heroine in Penny Plain by O. Douglas (Brockhampton, 15s.)—"a beautiful gift edition of a twentieth-century classic"—talking of the much-maligned tribe of critics and book-reviewers wonders how they could bear to ruin storeyed visions of gold and marble. "I couldn't," observes she, "sleep at nights for thinking of my victims." But critics, alas, are not heroines of romance, for whom the daffodils dance by day and the elves by night; they are often gnarled and soured individuals who needs must do the job of the undertaker as well.

Notwithstanding her views on criticism Jean is altogether a delightful creation. At 23, when other girls are having the best of times, this suffering, sacrificing, text-book sister is not only looking after two orphaned brothers, but also the Mhor—a 7-year-old impish outsider, mystically attuned to the whistles of every passing locomotive and train. Priorsford, a sleepy, little Scottish town of quiet charm and idyllic loveliness, provides the backdrop for this tale of exquisite lyrical sensibility. The opening chapters recreate a world of myth and fantasy. Jean is the presiding fairy, whilst David, Jock and the Mhor are pilgrims of eternity, making between themselves a complete plush-lined universe where none who is not touched by song and star may be admitted.

Into this charmed circle walks Pamela Reston—a 40-year-old girl, who, tired of the glittering aristocratic ways of the smart set, is in search of a sanctuary for her lacerated soul. No wonder, at the very first meeting, she is bowled over by the naivete, insouciance and innocence of this divine fraternity.

But girls must marry if only to fill the pipe-dreams of the kitchenmaid, and it's here that both "the Honourable" Pamela and the "penny-plain" heroine trip up rather badly.

rather badly.

The "literary" atmosphere of the-story, which weaves enchantment to begin with, starts wearing thin the moment Jean is saddled with a windfall legacy. Jean as the fabulous heiress intent on dispensing largesse is not half so alive as the struggling sister keeping her end up on nothing more than her splendid courage. Thus a sort of academic stuffiness creeps into the story. Perhaps no novel which is essentially a poem can be kept going in a wistful vein for too long. The treacle at times begins to cloy the palate, and one waits ruefully for a dash of ginger or vinegar.

D. S. M.

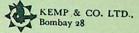
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I asked myself: that? Let me say a examination has not duct but simply to things and setting of in other words, to n my character.

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I must confess, not tried consciously any of the charact the Mahabharata or think I shall divorce to placate public opi clothes of the milkr and watch them bat or fall in love with Dushyanta did, and logical conclusion ar lapse of memory and But the heroes and books and, even mo ers, belonging to the visit me in my drea am lonely, console n comfort me when I

Which Books Have Influenced Me-7

W HICH are the books that have in-fluenced me most? This is a question which I had not asked myself until recently. I must confess I am not an intil recently. I must confess I am not an introvert; I am not given to excessive introspection. I take things as they come and leave things as they go. I do not ask myself leave than I am the better or the leave things and the better or the worse whether things or leaving them. That for taking them. That has been my attitude towards books, too.

Latterly, however, two things have caused me to do a little exercise in selfanalysis. One was the editor's request to me to write this article. Another was Dr. Monica Felton's review of my book, Russian Panorama, in The Hindu. She said that the book was "unique not merely because the author saw so much, but because he is so completely and so utterly uncon-sciously an Indian". In saying so, however, she has made me quite self-conscious.

I asked myself: Am I so Indian as all that? Let me say at once that my selfexamination has not extended to my conduct but simply to my way of looking at things and setting down my impressions: in other words, to my style rather than to my character.

THE INDIAN EPICS

In this respect, Dr. Monica Felton has found me out before I could find myself out. The books that have influenced me post are undoubtedly Indian, rather than Inglish, French or Russian. True, I started learning English, like most children of my generation, at the age of six; I cannot write Hindi correctly or Malayalam elegantly, though, in my teens, I used to address sheaves of poetry to my admiring sisters-in-law; and I have read an infinitely larger number of books in English than in any Indian language. Yet, the characters which remain with me as my permanent companions are not those in Shakespeare or Tolstoy or Pushkin or Anatole France, all of which I took in my stride, but those in the Ramayana, the Mahabharata, Shakuntala and in the Malayalam poems written by the gracious Vallathol and the naughty venmanies, father and son. Day after day, for the first 15 years of my life, my mother used to read out to me the Ramayana and the Mahablarata. After 50 years, that Voice rings in my ears still.

I must confess, however, that I have not tried consciously to model myself on any of the characters in the Ramayana, the Mahabharata or Shakuntala. I do not think I shall divorce my wife, as Rama did, to placate public opinion; or carry off the clothes of the milkmaids, as Krishna did, and watch them bathe as God made them; or fall in love with an adolescent girl, as Dushyanta did, and carry his love to its logical conclusion and then have a sudden lapse of memory and forget her tor years. But the heroes and the heroines in those books and, even more, the lesser characters, belonging to the animal world, still visit me in my dreams, amuse me when I am lonely, console me when I am sad and comfort me when I am dejected.

by K. P. S. MENON

From what I have said, the reader will have guessed that I am fonder of poetry than of prose. That is so even in respect of English literature. The longest poem which I know by heart and which I am never tired of reciting to myself is Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven". Standing on the shore of the Black Sea, flying over the Heavenly Mountains separating Russia from China, watching the midnight sun from Murmansk on the Arctic Ocean, riding over "the Roof of the World" in the Pamir region, driving along the Taklamakan desert in Central Asia, I have recited this poem; and then both the poem and nature receive an additional beauty and majesty from each other. Other favourite poems which I know by heart and often recite are Shakespeare's "To be or not to be", Robert Burn's "A man's a man for a' that", Kipling's "1914", Tennyson's "Sunset and Evening Star",



Pushkin's "I Love You" and Browning's "The Bishop of St. Praxed Orders His Tomb". If all these poems, so different in theme and tone, had had an equal influence on me, I would be a very complex character indeed!

To revert to Dr. Monica Felton, what does she mean by my Indianness? She does not accuse me of using Indian English. The style of Russian Panorama, she says, is "as easy and colloquial as if English were his mother-tongue". But she adds that the author "does not use a single metaphor or simile which is not as Indian as himself". I had not thought about this, but now that I think, some of my figures of speech are indeed too Indian to be English. Now I know why my very English friend, Mr. R. E. Hawkins, said that here and there I was overstraining my similes, specially those comparing rivers and seas to "ladies".

But seas and rivers are not ladies; they are full-blooded women. My Black Sea has "as many moods as a variable wo-

man". Sometimes she lies gently "like a bride, rippling into happy smiles by the side of the Caucuses. Sometimes she is a virago, pitting her strength against the coast, lashing it with a thousand tongues and making inroads into its whole composition". Once when I saw her in a temper and the full moon was shining, I felt that she was "baring her bosom to the moon she was "baring her bosom to the moon like an evil woman giving herself defiantly to her lover". The river, Samara, on the contrary, "enters the Volga, quietly and proudly like a peasant girl who is summoned to the bed of her feudal lord". And the river Volkhova, is "a goddess who, unable to be united with her mortal lover, Sadko, turned herself into a river and lies Sadko, turned herself into a river and lies eternally athwart his hometown, Novgorod, the very picture of a love which is unfulfilled, yet unforgotten".

Not always, however, are my seas and rivers women. Once my Volga becomes a man. While sailing in a river boat on the Volga, I noticed that the right bank was very different from, and far more interesting than, the left: "To the left was a vast level plain, monotonous and liable to inundation. The right bank was high and hilly, covered with pine and fir, lime and oak. The Volga seemed like a man who had to steer his course between two wo-men: one, meek and mild, flat-chested and flat-tempered, allowing herself to be overrun by her lord and master at his sweet will and pleasure; and the other, haughty and high-spirited, now smilingly approaching him, now sullenly receding from him, sometimes dominating him and always protecting him. But a Russian would not appreciate this simile. To him the Volga is never masculine. She is always a woman, Matushka Volga, Little Mother Volga." No wonder Hawkins could not appreciate this simile, because he is a bachelor!

LOVE AND "LADIES"

Why this preoccupation with love and "ladies", I ask myself. I hope no reader will give a Freudian interpretation to it. Perhaps the explanation lies in my fondness for Indian classical literature. In that literature, even the bliss of the union with God is compared to the ecstasy of the union of man and woman, and the search for God is compared to a man pursuing his beloved. The Gitanjali, for instance, is at once a mystic poem and a poem of love. No Indian would write a mystic poem called "The Hound of Heaven". In India, God does not pursue man like a hound, but like

I hope I have said enough to say that the books that have influenced me most as a writer and also perhaps as a manfor the style is the man-are the books which used to be read out to me in my childhood, from which I learnt many passages by heart in my youth, which I have been reciting to myself in my middle age, and which I shall continue to treasure in my old age, so that they might act as golden links between my first and my second childhood.

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ITERARY life is essentially the same in all countries. Writers meet from time to time, talk, make friends and enemies, seek or are sought by publishers. It is only in externals that differences are perceived. These are so striking in the United States that no visitor can fail to notice them.

ceived. These are so striking in the United states that no visitor can fail to notice them.

Firstly, America has no single centre of cultural life, no one metropolis where writers and artists congregate. London is the heart of what is now depressingly known as the United Kingdom; a native of those North Atlantic islands, be he Scotch, Irish or Anglo-Indian, must come to London if he is troubled by the creative itch. It is scarcely necessary to speak of Parls, which draws not only Frenchmen from the provinces and colonies, but talents from several neighbouring nations. Likewise, this much-loved and much-maligned city of Calcutta is the natural home of the artistically disposed Bengali, whether he is poet or painter, actor or musician. These cities provide the milieu necessary for the artist, and his means of livelihood as well; no other place, within their respective language areas, can compete with them in the opportunities and advantages offered. But in America there is nothing corresponding to these centres; not one of its great cultural capital.

A MASSIVE SPECTACLE

A MASSIVE SPECTACLE

Spread between Vermont and Oregon, American literary life presents a spectacle which is both massive and variegated. In a land where cities have assumed vast proportions, one comes upon cultural pockets in remote and unexpected places, far from fascinating Broadways. There is, for example, Taos in New Mexico, where the Hon'ble Dorothy Brett (or Brett, as she likes to be called now) lives in an end-of-the-world log-cabin amidst her paintings and her memories of D. H. Lawrence. Wild and beautiful Big Sur, an artists' colony celebrated by Henry Miller, had no telephones when I visited it in 1954. Boston and Chicago Ampete for the position of the "cradle of feas", while San Francisco—the birthplace of the beatniks—claims to be more avant-garde than any other place west of the Atlantic. "In California," a friend warned me, "there are more poets than Texans in Texas." Yet there seemed to be no lack of that specimen of humanity in any one of the fifteen States I visited. And in America, much more than anywhere else, the business of writing (meaning thereby contemporary literature) is involved in colleges and universities, of which, taking only the more reputed ones, there are an amazing number scattered from coast to coast. On the whole the picture is one of diffuseness and numerous rival claims, which is no doubt justified by the size of the country and the variety of the population, but which is confusing to people used to a clearer demarcation between the provinces and the metropolis. It is not easy to the foreign observer to see his way in this

I am not forgetting New York, that fabulous city where a babel of languages are spoken, and which displays all the features of a civilisation whose population almost entirely consists of relatively recent immigrants. New York is certainly the most important place in America, and this importance is also literary. The big commercial publishers are mostly there; too, are the magazines that have national circulations and pay most lavishly. A playwight must hit Broadway, if he is going to this tail, no matter whether he is an O'Neill or Eliot or the composer of My Fair Lady. Generations of writers have lived in New York, if not permanently (nothing in America is permanently, at least for a considerable stretch of and yet somehow gaudy, Greenwich Village to attract the worshippers of the open till midnight, and publishers' offices on its lual cuphoria. The attractions of New York are usual for an American writer of distinction not longer than the stream of the solutions. so immense and so varied that it would be un-lo have lived there at any time. Unusual, but by the lesswhere; there is almost nothing of which

by BUDDHADEVA BOSE

New York has a monopoly, though everything there is on a larger scale. In large and affluent America, where means of communication and transport are extraordinarily rapid and numerous, and the same language and way of life prevail everywhere, a writer with steady royalties can feel free to choose his climate and scenery, regardless of other considerations. He can also make a great many moves without crossing the frontier of his homeland. This prevents concentration in one town, even if the town is New York. Moreover, the cosmopolitan "big town" rouses a certain antipathy to the west of Michigan and the south of Washington, D.C.; I have often been told that New York is not America, though I have never been able to understand why. This probably explains why, in course of one's wanderings through the States, one hears of the still extant Boston Brahmins, and the no-longer-new critics of Chicago, and a southern school of fiction, and even of a Hollywood school of Vedantists, but never of a New York school in literature.

A remarkable aspect of American literary life is the role played in it by the universities; I do not think there is anything like it in any other country. American universities are much more than centres of learning; they are powerful patrons of the literati and, occasionally, culture-clubs of tremendous size. Many of them are publishers, too, wielding extensive influence in that capacity, putting out books not only for the scholar but for the common reader. The poet-on-the-campus is an institution which is both popular and respected; it confers security and distinction on those who seek and deserve them, and makes the Very Famous visible and audible to sophomores. Frost, Eliot and Auden have lived on campuses now and then; numerous poets and writers are actively engaged in teaching or have taught at some time or other.

teaching or have taught at some time or other.

If the poet-on-the-campus bears a tenuous resemblance to the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, the creative writing classes are uniquely and specifically American. I have never had a chance of visiting one and, although at one time I pleaded for a "school of writing" in Bengal, I do not really see how it is possible to learn to write except privately, by the haphazard plod-plod method and from the examples of the masters. Discussions with one's contemporaries are useful too, and it may be argued that these discussions had better be formalised. Yet, belonging as I do to an older part of the world, I cannot rid myself of the notion that the classroom is not the place where creative forces are engendered.

Outside the campuses, but not unrelated to

Outside the campuses, but not unrelated to them, are a variety of institutions and associations, willing and able to subsidise the literary profession. It is an easy guess that their number is very great, for they range from smalltown women's clubs to the gigantic foundations, from jazz bars and coffee-shops to sumptuously endowed institutes. Front-rankers, irrespective of nationality, have lecture-tours tions, from jazz bars and coffee-shops to sumptuously endowed institutes. Front-rankers, irrespective of nationality, have lecture-tours arranged for them on a commercial scale; grants for literary projects are regularly dispensed by the Foundations; the annual prizes for various forms of literature are so numerous that any writer who has talent and has produced for a reasonable number of years is almost bound to receive an award. All this is fairly widely known, but what gave me a real surly widely known, but what gave me a real sur-prise was being told of newly established "homes" where a writer who was working on a book might have room and board and all the book might have room and board and all the quiet he wanted without a cent to pay. There was maid service, I learnt, and meals were served in the room, so that the writer did not have to quit his post for a minute unless he wanted a whiff of fresh air. How did it feel, I wondered, to live in a place where everyone was presuambly thinking of the next line or paragraph all the time, scarcely noticing the food they ate, or the cigarette ash on the desk, or one another's existence? Did they, or did they not, feel guilty if they were unable to produce or stultified by the obligation to do so?

All these facts point to one simple conclusions.

All these facts point to one simple conclusion. If it is necessary to live well in order to write well, then America offers the ideal condi-

tion for the writer. For Indian writers, few of whom can live on their incomes from books, the news notes in American literary periodicals should make bizarre reading. Every quarter and every month prizes, fellowships, travelgrants, study-grants, stay-at-home grants and the like are announced, not to mention academic and semi-official honours. One cannot but sympathise with the pen-pusher in Calcutta or Bombay who gapes at such happenings, but he might perhaps console himself with the thought that these advantages have not been gained for nothing. A probable loss for the American is what a Bengali calls adda—an untranslatable word which means all sorts of informal, unpunctual and spontaneous gathering of friends, and of which the nearest Occidental counterpart is cafe-life in Paris. In a country where a dinner engagement may have to be made weeks in advance and leisure is the rarest of commodities, there is no room for the casual and the happy-go-lucky; everything must be organised and carefully prearranged. But excess of organisation can be as wearisome as lack of it can be wasteful. What is important for literary life is the existence of coteries, and coteries can function creatively only when their members can and do meet frequently, on human and personal terms, and not rarely as collaborators in conferences and summer schools. And of conferences and summer schools. America has perhaps too many, and not enough meeting places for writers where their eccentricities are allowed full play. I suspect this is a reason why the American writer in our century has become the proverbial emigre, and why, despite the examples of James and Eliot, his favourite haunt is not English-speaking frigid London, but Paris.

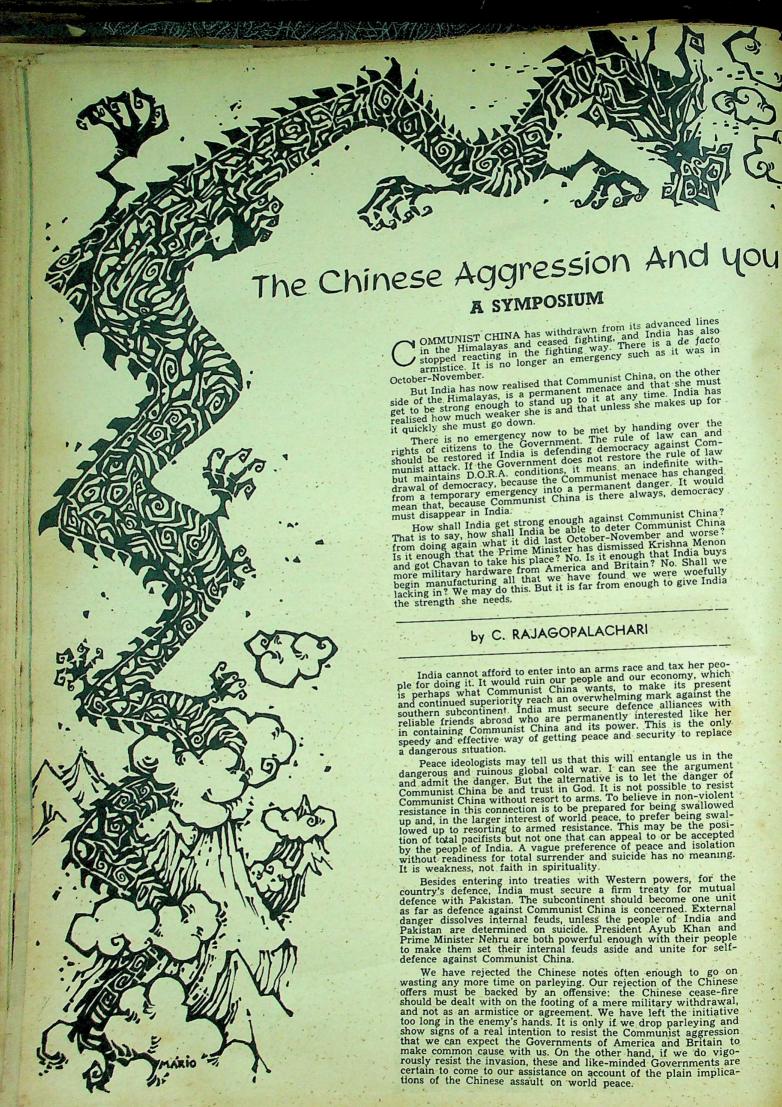
CULTURE AND FREEDOM

CULTURE AND FREEDOM

There is another aspect of the situation which I think is usually overlooked. In America, today, there is no fun in being a literary rebel, for the opposition is weak and ready to capitulate. In a way it was good that Joyce and Lawrence had a bitter fight with Philistia; it strengthened them morally and intellectually and brought a certain cohesion to the culture of the time. How easy, in comparison, was the recent court-room triumph of Howl in San Francisco! How facile is the admiration for Lolita! Instead of an artist writing at the sight of Stupidity, we now see the Establishment browbeaten. As for the parading beatniks, the fact that they are so hugely advertised proves the hollowness of their fury. What have they to rage against, really, when the best drawing-rooms in Manhattan are open to their unwashed members and university professors annotate their anthologies? The unavailability of ganja and marijuana? But that is a trifle. These followers of Blake and Lawrence have succeeded so much that their revolt has failed. The Beats have been beaten by a compliant society.

What chance, then, has the poor poet to be ignored or punished for his genius, to suffer in the manner of Baudelaire and Rimbaud, of Poe and Wilde? None at all, and that is rather sad. But this is true not only of America, but of modern Welfare States including India. Perhaps the time has come when, thanks to Arts Councils and Academies and such-like, the famous "alienation" of the artist is becoming more theoretical than real.

But there is another side to this. In America and other democracies all writers have freedom of thought and expression. And this freedom is an absolute value, like truth, and not a mere advantage. Thomas Mann's Dr. Faustus, written while Germany was still under Nazi heels, was first published, in English translation, in the United States. While Pasternak was throttled and slandered in the Soviet Union, Ezra Pound was honoured with the Bollingen Prize, in spite of his truancy from the Allies during the war. "Anti-American" writers flourish in America, but their counterparts on the other side of the Iron Curtain are gagged or liquidated. The lesson is clear: it is only in free, democratic and secular States that literature as a whole can be vital and dynamic, and the phrase "literary life" can have meaning at all. But there is another side to this. In Amer-



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His two visits followed at a lat by the same triu dramatic overton English soil with red in his heart". A feeling towards th inevitable. But the with which he w away. His respons that of another gr had visited Englar tury earlier—Ran

kananda.

The British P the Buddha and

OMMUNIST CHINA has withdrawn from its advanced lines in the Himalayas and ceased fighting, and India has also stopped reacting in the fighting way. There is a de facto armistice. It is no longer an emergency such as it was in apper-November.

A SYMPOSIUM

But India has now realised that Communist China, on the other side of the Himalayas, is a permanent menace and that she must get to be strong enough to stand up to it at any time. India has get to be strong enough to stand up to it at any time. India has realised how much weaker she is and that unless she makes up for it quickly she must go down.

There is no emergency now to be met by handing over the rights of citizens to the Government. The rule of law can and should be restored if India is defending democracy against Communist attack. If the Government does not restore the rule of law munist attack. If the Government does not restore the rule of law maintains D.O.R.A. conditions, it means an indefinite without maintains D.O.R.A. conditions, it means an indefinite withdrawal of democracy, because the Communist menace has changed from a temporary emergency into a permanent danger. It would mean that, because Communist China is there always, democracy must disappear in India.

How shall India get strong pounds a restored of the contraction of the co

must disappear in India.

How shall India get strong enough against Communist China?

That is to say, how shall India be able to deter Communist China from doing again what it did last October-November and worse? Is it enough that the Prime Minister has dismissed Krishna Menon and got Chavan to take his place? No. Is it enough that India buys and got Chavan to take his place? No. Is it enough that India buys and got manufacturing all that we have found we were woefully lacking in? We may do this. But it is far from enough to give India the strength she needs.

by C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

India cannot afford to enter into an arms race and tax her people for doing it. It would ruin our people and our economy, which is perhaps what Communist China wants, to make its present and continued superiority reach an overwhelming mark against the southern subcontinent. India must secure defence alliances with reliable friends abroad who are permanently interested like her in containing Communist China and its power. This is the only speedy and effective way of getting peace and security to replace a dangerous situation.

Peace idealogists may tall us that this

a dangerous situation.

Peace ideologists may tell us that this will entangle us in the dangerous and ruinous global cold war. I can see the argument and admit the danger. But the alternative is to let the danger of Communist China be and trust in God. It is not possible to resist Communist China without resort to arms. To believe in non-violent resistance in this connection is to be prepared for being swallowed up and, in the larger interest of world peace, to prefer being swallowed up to resorting to armed resistance. This may be the position of total pacifists but not one that can appeal to or be accepted by the people of India. A vague preference of peace and isolation without readiness for total surrender and suicide has no meaning. It is weakness, not faith in spirituality.

Besides entering into treaties with Western powers, for the

Besides entering into treaties with Western powers, for the country's defence, India must secure a firm treaty for mutual defence with Pakistan. The subcontinent should become one unit as far as defence against Communist China is concerned. External danger dissolves internal feuds, unless the people of India and Pakistan are determined on suicide. President Ayub Khan and Prime Minister Nehru are both powerful enough with their people to make them set their internal feuds aside and unite for self-defence against Communist China.

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defence against Communist China.

We have rejected the Chinese notes often enough to go on wasting any more time on parleying. Our rejection of the Chinese offers must be backed by an offensive: the Chinese cease-fire should be dealt with on the footing of a mere military withdrawal, and not as an armistice or agreement. We have left the initiative too long in the enemy's hands. It is only if we drop parleying and show signs of a real intention to resist the Communist aggression that we can expect the Governments of America and Britain to make common cause with us. On the other hand, if we do vigorously resist the invasion, these and like-minded Governments are certain to come to our assistance on account of the plain implications of the Chinese assault on world peace.

no recovery for Vivekananda himself; the terrific expenditure of energy, the hard overstrain, permanently damaged his health. There was satisfaction in his work, but not undiluted pleasure. He felt suffocated on the scene of material splendour. If long, oh, I long for my rags, my shaven head, my sleep under the trees, and my food from begging," he cried, nostalgic for the days he had known as a lone, homeless mendicant.

The next significant step was the founding of the Vedanta Society in New York. In course of time it was to be followed by Vedanta centres in many American cities. A speech at Harvard created so strong an impression that the University offered Vivekananda a professorship in Eastern philosophy—this he declined politely.

STRONG OPPOSITION

It was not all plain sailing, though. Strong opposition tainted by calumny came from Christian missions whose collection of funds had begun to suffer since the advent of Vivekananda. He took all such opposition in his stride and went calmly on his way. His one disillusion was that the economic aid for his people which he had envisaged before his arrival in America remained a mere fantasy. (He had even used the platform of the Parliament of Religions to make a speech on "Bread, not Religion, is the Crying Need of India"—an impassioned appeal for help.) That was understandable. In those remote days America, still isolationist, had no foreign aid programmes. Anyhow, India was yet only a big red spot on the world's map. British rule was a further barrier. Many bricks had to be laid in subsequent decades to build the roadway along which foreign assistance to India-of course, it had to be Free India-could move. The earliest of such bricks were laid by Vivekananda.

His two visits to Europe (a third visit followed at a later stage) were marked by the same triumph, though it had no dramatic overtones. He first landed on English soil with (to use his words) "hatred in his heart". A patriot to the core, that feeling towards the alien ruling power was inevitable. But the warmth and respect with which he was received carried him away. His response to the British was like that of another great patriotic Indian who had visited England more than half a century earlier—Rammohun Roy.

The British Press compared him with the Buddha and with Christ. While his first visit to England prepared the ground, it was during his second visit that he started regular classes of instruction. He met Max Muller at Oxford and a deep friendship was the result. But the greatest gift that England held out to him and to India was Margaret Noble.

Margaret Noble, at twenty-eight, was the headmistress of a school in London. Having attended the Swami's lectures, moved in the depths of her spirit, she still plied him with questions, counter-arguments. It was only after strong resistance and struggle that she finally decided to give herself to the cause that the Swami stood for. ("I knew that I had heard a call which would change my life.") From that point there was no turning back. Her selfdedication was complete. Later, she followed her guru to India, accepted Hinduism and the vow of celibacy, and became the first Western woman to join the monastic Order. Sister Nivedita (the Consecrated One) wrote a most remarkable study of Vivekananda, entitled The Master as I Saw Him. The work was published in 1910.

Then there were Mr. Sevier, a retired Captain, and his wife. They also dedicated themselves to the Swami and followed him to India. They helped him to build the Mayavati ashram in the Himalayas, well beyond Almora, and took charge of it. Mr. Sevier died six years later, but Mrs. Sevier lived on for fifteen years more, seldom leaving the ashram (almost inaccessible in winter), accepting all its lone-liness.

TRIUMPHANT RETURN

After four years abroad Vivekananda returned to his homeland. India gave him an overwhelming welcome; with immeasurable joy and pride the people had watched his progress as he made himself a world personality. The prophecy of Ramakrishna had been vindicated: "Naren will shake the world to the foundations." Disembarking at Colombo he went via Pamban, Rameswaram, Madurai. Everywhere people in their hundreds lined the rail track along which Vivekananda was to pass. At a small wayside station near Madras the people waiting for a glimpse of him requested the station master to stop the Mail for a minute. Since he could not do that, hundreds laid themselves on the track and the train had to come to a stop. At Madras there were triumphal arches on the streets. Among the Addresses presented in that city, there was one sent by pro-Vivekananda's Harvard. fessors at speeches in reply carried all the power and brilliance that had enraptured the West in the past four years. He gave his countrymen no sweet compliments. "Feel, my would-be patriots!" he cried to them. "Do you feel? Do you feel that millions and millions have become next-door neighbours to brutes? Do you feel that millions have been starving for ages? Do you feel that ignorance has come over the land as a dark cloud? Does it make you restless? Does it make you sleepless?... Has it made you almost mad?"

The biggest of all receptions was awaiting him in his home town, Calcutta, which he reached by sea. Students of the city drew his carriage, and as it passed, streams of flowers came down from numerous house windows. But Vivekananda was in no mood to rest on his oars. It was time to gather the fruits of victory.

FIGHT AGAINST TRADITION

He was by this time a sick man, marked out by death. Asthma and diabetes had been sapping his vitality for years. Yet he made himself ready for a herculean task which meant an open struggle with his brother-monks. His fight was, in a way, against age-old tradition. India's sannyasis had always striven to realise their ideals in isolation from society and in meditative inaction. They let themselves be lost to the outer world. But Vivekananda had different ideas for the monks in his ashram. He would make service the keystone of religious quest. "Your bhakti is sentimental nonsense," he roughly told the monks. "Who cares what your scriptures say? I will go into a thousand hells cheerfully if I can rouse my countrymen to stand on their feet and be men inspired with the spirit of Karma Yoga."

The men in the ashram had too much love and respect for Vivekananda to offer resistance to ideas that struck them as all too revolutionary and perhaps West-inspired. With murmurs of dissent and mental reservations they accepted the new ideas. But, in face of the Master's persuasive power, the murmurs ceased; under the onslaught of his powerful words the mental reservations crumbled. In May, 1897, four months after his return to India, he summoned to a conference all disciples of Ramakrishna, both lay and monastic, and placed before them a set of resolutions. They were accepted. And that meant the fulfilment of a dream which had possessed Vivekananda during the past years—the founding of the Ramakrishna Mission.

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Lawyers in India law-breaking during was a precocious reb tionary movement in most people are conc like football, gilli-dan 14. Between the year actually under police lectual development volutionary ardour. H nomics (first class) and later studied at th nomics, an institution brilliant leftists. He w Gray's Inn in 1941, an same year set up pract take him long to beco Bar; but he was not c er, extremely success took a scholarly inter-The Calcutta Law Jor on commercial law.

His legal acumen a make Sen one of the Ministers in the Centr time he has a deep so at India's problems f perhaps being less end the dead-weight of the committee man, besi negotiator. His diplom used to the Governm dvantage. Recently h foreign countries to ex dispute with China, ar result of his mission sympathy for our cou Sen is fitted for a role ing a pleader for his Advocate of India's caus ASP/HAM-P-ZA

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S Union Law Minister, Asoke Kumar Sen must have advised the Government on hundreds of legal matters, and there can hardly be any doubt about his ability to expert advice. He is not like First Lord of the Admiralty Lord Goschen, who, it is said, had no notion of the ocean. Sen is a brilliant had no hotton of the ocean. Sen is a brilliant lawyer, though it is not constitutionally obligatory for him either to be a lawyer or to be brilliant. There is, however, one important issue on which his views seem to be at variance with those of the legal profession in India. This is something in which his own office, or more accurately its enlargement, is involved. Prime Minister Nehru, in defending the proposal to combine the offices of the Law Minister and the Attorney-General, said that the Government had consulted expert legal opinion. But expert legal opinion in India, at least in so far as reflected in the Press, is against such a move.
So by a process of elimination, some people have arrived at the Law Minister himself as constituting this expert legal opinion. Few are convinced by Nehru's argument that the present system is a relic of British imperialism. For if this were the real reason, he would have to dispense with the legal institutions in force in India, for are they not, by and large, relics of a system imposed by the same hated imperialists? The Government has now proposed to amend the Constitution to bring about the change, a step it thought unnecessary at one time. Its persistence, in the face of public op-position, lends point to the contention of its critics that the real motive behind the move is that the authorities sometimes find it inconvenient to have an independent Attorney-General.

Lawyers in India had a proud record of law-breaking during the freedom struggle. Sen was a precocious rebel. He joined the revolutionary movement in Bengal at an age when most people are concerned chiefly with things like football, gilli-danda and hu-tu-tu: he was 14. Between the years 1931 and 1935 he was actually under police surveillance. Sen's intellectual development kept pace with his re-volutionary ardour. He passed his M.A. in Economics (first class) from Calcutta University and later studied at the London School of Economics, an institution which has produced many brilliant leftists. He was called to the Bar from Gray's Inn in 1941, and returning to India the same year set up practice in Calcutta. It did not take him long to become a leader of the local Bar; but he was not content to be a practitioner, extremely successful though he was, and took a scholarly interest in his subject, editing The Calcutta Law Journal and writing a book on commercial law.

His legal acumen and training in economics make Sen one of the more knowledgeable of Ministers in the Central Cabinet. At the same time he has a deep social awareness. He looks at India's problems from a modern context, perhaps being less encumbered than others by the dead-weight of the past. He is an excellent committee man, besides being a sagacious negotiator. His diplomatic skill has often been used to the Government's and the country's divantage. Recently he visited a number of foreign countries to explain India's case in her dispute with China, and reports say that as a result of his mission there has been greater sympathy for our country. Which shows that Sen is fitted for a role greater than that of being a pleader for his Government—that of an Advocate of India's cause.

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THE STORY OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA - 3

Celeb

by BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

As the different streams having their sources in different places all mingle their water in the sea, so, O Lord, the different paths which men take through different tendencies, varied though they appear, crooked or straight, all lead to Thee.

HAT 3,000-year-old Vedic hymn cited in the hall of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago was an astonishing revelation to the vast audience. All the other distinguished speakers who had preceded Vivekananda had been eloquent on the glories of their own respective sects. He alone, representing "the Mother of Religions, a religion which has taught the world both tolerance and universal acceptance", spoke of the synthesis of faiths. As Vincent Sheean has commented: "Essentially what constituted his amazing victory over all the religious nabobs of the hour was the calm universalism of what he had to say."

Men of one religion must absorb the spirit of other religions and yet preserve their own individuality. Holiness, purity and charity were not the exclusive possession of any one religious order. Every system had its own greatness. "Assimilation, not destruction; harmony and peace, not dissension"-that was the ultimate need. Speaking from the platform of the international assembly in Chicago, Vivekananda had addressed those vital, unconventional words to the whole world.

AMERICAN OVATION

The impression created by his first speech was summed up by Harriet Monroe, a well-known American poet of the time. She wrote: "His personality, dominant, magnetic; his voice, rich as a bronze bell; the controlled fervour of his feeling: the beauty of his message to the Western world he was facing for the first timethese combined to give us a rare and perfect moment of supreme emotion."

He spoke twelve times during the seventeen-day session. The American Press gave him a tremendous ovation. To cite just one instance, the New York Herald

said: "Undoubtedly the greatest figure in the Parliament of Religions. After hearing him we feel how foolish it is to send missionaries to this learned nation." The world Press echoed the praise.

Pictures of Vivekananda were sold on the streets of Chicago, and life-size posters of him appeared in the World Fair. His days of crisis in the alien land had become overnight a far-off memory. Henceforth the menace was to be riches, not poverty and starvation; overmuch recognition in place of total obscurity and neglect. In the luxurious apartment of a wealthy American admirer, he lay sleepless at night, his eyes filled with the vision of the starved, half-naked masses of India. Slipping off to the floor, he passed the night in cold discomfort. "What shall I do with all this fame?" he groaned. "Will it help me to wipe the tears from the eyes of my people?"

BITTER WORDS

But there was to be no escape from fame. It came heaping upon him as he started a lecture tour of the United States. He did not spare his listeners, though. He did not even spare the false trappings of Christianity. "All this prosperity, all this from Christ! Those who call upon Christ care for nothing but to amass riches! Christ would not find a stone on which to lay his head among you... You are not Christians. Return to Christ!"

Nor did he spare his ashram brethren at home who wrote to him in horror about reports that he ate forbidden meat. His angry words lashed out: "Do you think I am born to live and die one of those casteridden, superstitious hypocritical cowards that you find among the educated Hindus?... I belong to the world just as much as to India, no humbug about that." The same feeling inspired the bitter words he spoke on a later occasion: "India's doom was sealed the very day they invented the word Mlechcha (non-Hindu) and stopped from communion with others."

His meetings all over the United States drew huge crowds. While he moved in a blaze of publicity and his personal magnetism overwhelmed his listeners, the

majority of them could hardly have followed his exposition of philosophic themes However, he was attracting serious-minded devotees who were anxious to be close to him, to grasp the essentials of his message. When he tired of his tour, terminated it abruptly and returned to New York several of these men and women urged him to open regular classes of instruction. So, for the first time, Vedanta came to the United States as a living force.

After a time Vivekananda set up an ashram in the Thousand Island Park, on the river St. Lawrence, where a large estate with lovely woodlands had been placed at his disposal. Here the Swami initiated his first American disciples. Not all of them gave a good account of themselves. But several of these disciples remained steadfast to the ideal of self-dedication. The foremost in the motley group included Sister Christine, Sister Haridasi, Josephine MacLeod, Mrs. Ole Bull, Professor John Henry Wright of Harvard, and J. J. Goodwin. Sister Christine (Miss Greenstidel) has left a valuable record of this period in her unpublished Memoirs. Sister Haridasi (Miss S. E. Waldo) took notes from the Swami on dictation, in particular the powerful treatise on Raja Yoga, which was to attract attention from many great thinkers in the Western world, including Tolstoy. She also recorded the teachings given by Vivekananda at Thousand Island Park, and these were published as Inspired Talks. Mrs. Ole Bull came to India and lived in the Ramakrishna Ashram. Goodwin remained the lifelong companion and secretary of the Master, and took shorthand notes of most of his speeches.

RELENTLESS ACTIVITY

His three-and-a-half-year stay in the United States-broken by two visits to Europe-was one long whirlwind of relentless activity. The "Lightning Orator", as he was called, sometimes gave seventeen lectures a week in addition to holding private classes. ("Every thought was passion, every word was faith. Every lecture was a torrential inprovisation.") Sister Christine bears testimony to the overwhelming power he exerted over his listeners; many of them returned from the meetings in 3 state of nervous shock and needed several days' rest to recover. But there was to be

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by SRI PRAKASA

Books FORTUNATE in having been born to a great scholar and philosopher, Dr. Bhagavan Das, and to a pious and deeply religious-minded mother, Shrimati Chameli Devi, I suppose I must have been introduced to the world of books fairly early in life. I could not have been more than three or four years of age when my education began. I remember affectionate pandits making me commit to memory declensions of nouns and conjugations of words in Samskrit; and sympathetic mentors who taught me English and arithmetic. They were all truly good teachers, in the real sense of the word, for they loved their work and their pupils, and I recall them today, as always, with much gratitude and

admiration. My father, noted for his wide range of intellectual interests had, of course, a large private library. And my mother had her own collection of religious and spiritual works, as also novels in Hindi dealing with social themes.

PATTERN OF EDUCATION

The 'nineties of the last century-l was born in 1890—were the period of my early schooling, and in those days many parents were anxious that their children should learn English fast. My uncle, my father's elder brother, Shri Govind Das, in whose custody I was left in Varanasi since my father as a magistrate was being transferred from place to place, was also particular about this point. My younger uncle, Shrí Sita Ram Sah, would talk to us youngsters in no other language than English and expect us to do the same. It is curious how, while a knowledge of Samskrit and English was sedulously sought to be given us, no effort was made to teach us our own mother tongue. We knew it only because we spoke it at home. It may surprise my readers that it was only at the age of thirty, when I started editing the nationalist Hindi daily Aj, founded by the patriot-philanthropist Shri Shivaprasad Gupta in Varanasi, that I really learnt my own language-not only its nuances but also its grammar, syntax and even the correct spellings of words, in all of which I used to make horrible mistakes until that time. It was then that I realised the truth of Bacon's dictum; "Reading maketh a full man; conference a read man and writing an exact man."

The earliest book that I can recollect being introduced to was, as it was for innumerable other Hindi-speaking Hindus

of the North, the Ramayana of Tulsi Das. My dear mother used to recite to us various portions of this great work, especially those ecstatic soul-stirring, devotional verses addressed to the Lord Rama. I myself committed a great number of these to memory, and to this day I have found comfort in the lines during moments of sorrow. Then came the Mahabharata with its vast array of heroic characters, numerous legends of valour and inexhaustible wealth of noble teachings, justifying its claim that whatever there is in it may be elsewhere also, but what is not there cannot be found anywhere else. How, I wonder, can anyone forget the stories of Nala and Damayanti or Savitri and Satyavan even today?



Dealing with the period of childhood, I needs must also mention the English nursery rhymes that still cling to my mind. They carry their own lessons to a child besides amusing him at school. The fairy tales of Grimm and Andersen told me in their own inimitable manner how the blessings of the beneficent fairies will in the end override the curses of the wicked ones, and how Cinderella will ultimately come out victorious despite all the machinations of her vicious sisters. Here I must not forget to mention Aesop's Fables and the Hitopadesa. I was introduced to them very early. They are among the greatest books of the world for children and have certainly left their imprint on my mind.

Among the earliest English books of a serious nature that were given to me were Five Weeks in a Balloon by Jules Verne, which my father asked me to read,

and In Freedom Cause by G. A. Henty, which Mrs. Annie Besant, one of the valued friends of the family and a close associate of my father and my uncle in educational and theosophical work, presented to me. I liked Jules Verne; and, after the first initiation, read almost all his many books that were in our library. My knowledge of science began—and almost ended there. One can scarcely think of any subject of scientific imagination which he has not referred to in one or the other of his

It is said that Jules Verne never left his village home, yet he was able to see unerringly the past, present and future in the wide sweep of his brilliant imagination. So far as Henty's In Freedom Cause was concerned, it has left a lifelong impression on me. It taught me to cherish liberty and to admire the Scots for their courageous outlook. It made me feel angry with the English for having so badly treated the patriotic heroes of Scotland of that time, and instilled in me the wish, in my boyish enthusiasm, to take part in a fight for freedom for my own country against the self-same masters. That Scotland and England soon became one as Britain, and then as the United Kingdom, became known to me much later. (Mrs. Besant also taught me much, herself, by her able orations, which it was a treat to hear and from which the boys and young men of those days learnt to love their country, to honour their past, to understand the present, and to look forward to a bright future of freedom and of joy that they themselves expected to create by their own devoted endeavours. I certainly can never hope to be able to pay back the debt of gratitude I owe her personally for the encouragement she always gave me in my studies, and the inspiration I received from her for my own future work in life.)

A PRICELESS POEM

Edwin Arnold's Light of Asia came to my hands not long afterwards. I personally regard Sir Edwin as one of the foremost poets of the English language. It is indeed a pity that the English themselves do not do so; and I am always much pain ed not to find him in the major anthologies. The Light of Asia is to me a priceless piece of literature. I have read it over and over again, and always with increasing care and attention.

The exploits of the Buddha as a bot and young man; his encounter with a ho tile cousin, and his wooing of his future bride; his deep and earnest questioning regarding the problems of life and death of joy and sorrow, as he grew up into may hood; his trials and sufferings when

(Please Turn To Page 47)

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DHARMAYUG WHIPS UP NATIONAL SENTIMENTS AGAINST THE CHINESE AGGRESSION

Here are glimpses of what's in store in the January 1963 issues of your favourite magazine

New Stories On Chinese Cunning & Indian Bravery by Thakur Prasad Singh, Krishan Chander, Kamleshwar, & Khwaja Ahmed Abbas.

New Poems Emotionally Challenging The Chinese Aggression by Dinkar, Sumitra Kumari Sinha, Ajit Kumar, Girdhar Gopal, Nepali, Deepak Gangopadhyay, Jan Nissar Akhtar, Mazruh Sultanpuri & Aizaz Siddiqui.

What Do They Say On The Chinese Aggression?:
Contributors include Dr. Prabhakar Machwe, Prabodh Sanyal,
Mohanlal Mehta Sopan, Raja Hatheesingh & Yashpal.

True Stories (Satya Katha) explaining the background of the Chin-ese aggression by Mukta Raje.

Other Lively Features: Indians In Malaya Who Helped Us In This Crucial Hour by

Dhikshu Chamanlal,
Our Army Schools by Govind Tekale,
Will The Next World War Be Fought In Outer Space?
Military Hardships on Snowcovered Peaks.
The Saints Who Fought For Freedom by Avanindrakumar Vidvalankar.

A Symposium:

Women Can Help The Defence Effort: Participants include Salma Siddiqui, Sumati Morarji & Alice Khan.

Old Sage Chanakya On Fundamental Principles of National Security by Dr. Harihar Prasad Gupta.

Students-The Second Line Of Defence by Indu Prakash

Film Stars & National Defence by Balraj Sahni.

And a breathless new colour feature in every issue depicting the beauty, the grandeur, the thrills and perils of the Himalayas. You will also see the beginning of our new series of stories 'In The Shadow Of The Himalayas' this month, Krishan Chander writes it. Each story will be based on strategic events of war and efforts for national defence.

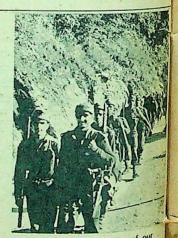
All Dharmayug issues in January 1963 carry enriched reading fare including the newest and best contemporary writings of all the noted Indian writers, e.g. Nirmal Varma, Amrita Pritam (Punjabi). Dr. Ramvilas Sharma, Shivram Karant (Kennarese), Kunwar Narain. Girijakumar Mathur, Anchal, Srikant Verma, Dr. Ravindra Bhramar, Prayag Shukla, Dushyant Kumar, Hari Shankar Parsai, Neeraj, Anant Gopal Shevre, Chandrakiran Sonrexa, Onkarnath Srivastava, Shrihari, Dr. Laxminarain Lal, Sharad Joshi, Amritlal Nagar, Chandragupta Vidyalankar, etc.

And, here, by way of a bonus:

A new, racy, readable column beginning with January '63 entitled 'Avismaraniya'' (Unforgettable Moments) dealing with true, heart-throbbing reminiscences by leading authors. All Dharmayug issues in January 1963 carry enriched reading fare

A new serial novel—'12 HOURS' by Yashpal set in the Kumaon ranges of Naini Tal.

All these, plus regular features, current articles, reviews, stories, travelogues, reminiscences.



Remember, the climax of our January issues is naturally out Special Republic Number.

Available from Your Local Agent signed to be di as the Swami ultimate goal.

February 24

Ramakrishna v Belur; but Ma

After three nanda heard ag The work he h dated, expande or three of h United States, sence. He reach 1899, and stayed strengthening tl establishing nev a 160-acre wood set up an ashra nastic life-this of a man of prof accompanied hi The ashram star tion with twelve

VISIT

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Ramakrishna was an ever-living reality at Belur; but Mayavati and Belur were designed to be different; and both the paths, as the Swami believed, led to the same ultimate goal.

After three years were gone, Vivekananda heard again the call from the West. The work he had started must be consolidated, expanded; he had already sent two or three of his brother-monks to the United States, but they needed his presence. He reached the U.S.A. in August. 1899, and stayed in the country for a year, strengthening the old Vedanta centres and establishing new ones. At Santa Clara, on a 160-acre woodland presented to him, he set up an ashram for the teaching of monastic life-this he left under the charge of a man of profound scholarship who had accompanied him, Swami Turiyananda. The ashram started its course of instruction with twelve American disciples.

VISIT TO EUROPE

An invitation from Paris to participate in a Congress of Religions terminated his last American visit. After three months in the French capital he set out eastwards, travelling through Austria to Constantinople and the Bosphorus, on the shores of which he met Sufi monks. Then to Athens, do Cairo. Suddenly in Egypt he heard a new but imperious call, the call of death, and hurried back to India. He took care to travel incognito, lest the ovation that had marked his previous home-coming be repeated. Disembarking at Bombay, he rushed off to Calcutta, his identity concealed in European clothes. It was late in the evening when he arrived at Belur. The ashram door stood locked. The gong was ringing for the evening meal. Impatient, Vivekananda toppled in over the house wall. As he stepped up, the monks seated at their meal stared in amazement at the stranger. "I am hungry," said the man in Western clothes. "Let me have something to eat."

Broken down in health, a victim of diabetes as well as asthma, he undertook one more journey to Mayavati. It was already winter. In those days transport beyond Almora was a problem. A dundee could have been procured on adequate notice, but Vivekananda would not waste a single hour; he pushed off on foot. The trek lasted for four days along a snow-covered mountain track. His asthma grew worse in the heights and each breath was a painful gasp, but he willed himself to go forward. A party of disciples from Mayavati met him half way.

As he reached the beautiful monastery set on the shoulder of a peak, amid the snows, he felt a surge of happiness; but almost instantly it receded into sorrow. His English disciple, Sevier, who had been in charge of Mayavati since its inception, had died two months before. Mrs. Sevier, waiting for the Master, was a lone pathetic figure. But her faith and her purpose were unfaltering as ever.

SERVICE TO THE POOR

The Swami stayed at Mayavati only for a fortnight. Seized again by restlessness, he left abruptly and began the return journey down difficult slopes. Back at Belur after a month's absence, he ignored medical advice and kept on drawing heavily on his balance of physical energy. He was like a candle burning at both ends. Willing his body to relentless toil so that he could accomplish as much as possible before the end came, he gave all of himself to the country. His plans included a college for Vedantic learning ("It will kill superstition," he said) and a monastery for the women disciples. In the ashram at Belur his preoccupation was to leave a group of men who would be well equipped, intellectually and spiritually, to build on the foundations he had laid. But through all his activities the pervasive idea retained its domination: service to the poor. Tirelessly he kept speaking on that theme:

Let us throw away all this paraphernalia of worship—all pride of learning and study of the Shastras and all sadhana for the attainment of personal mukti—and going from village to village devote our lives to the service of the poor... Have you ever seen a country in the whole history of the world rise unless there was a uniform circulation of the national blood all over its body? Know this for certain, that no great work can be done by that body one limb of which is paralysed.

In that same speech he summed up his inmost faith in the words:

He alone is worshipping God who serves all beings.

His warm-heartedness was not limited to man. He loved animals. At Belur he collected animals around him. These included the dog Bagha, the she-goat Hansi, the little kid Matru, a huge stork, an antelope, cows, sheep, ducks, geese. He milked Hansi with his hands. He took Bagha with him for a bath in the Gange. He hung brass

bells round Matru's neck and let it sleep in his room. ("Matru was a relative of mine in a pre-birth.")

Several times in those days he gave hints of his approaching end. Yet his health seemed to have improved; he was in a cheerful mood. One day, a fast-day of his, he insisted that he himself serve the noon meal to the monks. Along with rice there were dishes of boiled jack-fruit seeds and boiled potatoes. He made playful comments on the food he served. The meal over, he poured water on the hands of the monks, answering their embarrassed protest with, "Jesus washed the feet of his disciples". The monk who has portrayed this scene was about to say, "But that was the last time!" The words froze on his tongue.

Two days later, the Swami meditated in the morning for three hours, and spent two more hours in giving a Sanskrit lesson to the novices. Then he went for a long walk on the high road. The bell was ringing for evensong at the time he returned to the ashram. He went to his room, sat down on the floor, with his face towards the river, and closed his eyes in meditation. Sister Nivedita has described the end: "On the wings of that meditation, his spirit soared whence there could be no return, and the body was left like a folded vesture."

The day was July 4, 1902. Swami Vivekananda was in his thirty-ninth year.

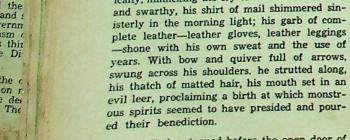
FULFILMENT

An intense, completely fulfilled life. Packed into its months and even days, there was the material of experience that would well have been known over the course of long years. Outwardly, there was little in common between the Swami and a great Indian of the modern age who had preceded him, Rammohun Roy, founder of the Brahmo Samaj-in their temperament and spirit, in their ways of life, they were altogether apart. Yet, in perspective, several points of likeness emerge. Both were far in advance of the times, and yet they set the imprint of their forceful personality on the mould of the times. Both were uncompromisingly patriotic, but there was no conflict between the national urge they tried to create and the internationalism (a vague concept even in the Europe of the time) in which they firmly believed. Both strained themselves to the utmost in trying to stir to life the people's social consciousness which had been crusted over with apathy. Both had a vivid sense of history and it was in the clear light of history that they saw the shape and the meaning of world events.

(Concluded)

onarch





Siva! Siva!

Lubdhaka stopped before the open door of

EAUTIFUL was the sunrise over Jambu-

dvipa. Winking through the pale hues of

yellow and blue and rose, the holy city

The morning was peculiarly ethereal. The

of Varanasi awoke to its full silver splen-

dour. It was the month of Phalgun when, for

all the warmth of the sun, the days bore the

air blew delicate. If Earth could be a lower

floor of Heaven it showed here; but the very

heavenliness was subdued to a solemn mys-

tery. No exuberance, no gay abandon, it looked

as though the gods had descended to this fav-

oured spot to assist men in the celebration of

streets and roads. Men and women moved alone

or in clusters, fresh after an early dip in the

river. The bells in the shrines near and far off

rang loud and low, unconscious of their own

subtle cadences, and added their melodious

But Lubdhaka, the huntsman, laughed iron-

ically, mimicking the cry of the devotees. Short

devotion to the devotion of the people.

There were cries of Siva! Siva! filling the

memory of frosty nights.

some eventful festival.

by MANJERI S. ISVARAN a temple. He peeped in, heard the crowd of worshippers chanting Siva! Siva!

Everywhere in the city, in the meanest nooks and corners, the same chant took shape and wandered as a divinity, communing ecstatically with itself.

Siva! Siva! mocked the huntsman, cutting a caper or two.

THE day advanced. Beyond the frontiers the woods were dense. Here in a perpetual dusk, Night wove her sable clothes till the day was done.

Lubdhaka entered the forest with long, heavy strides. His blood was up, his eyes beat around with a deadly glitter. Noises of gentle disquiet from the branches above fell on his pricked-up ears, at the same time his gaze followed the smallest twist and turn in the track of wild animals.

Whizz flew an arrow from his bow, and a little brilliance fluttered down, blood-staining its downy breast. He picked up the bird, and, holding it by the neck, cried Siva! Siva! and laughed uproariously.

Hardly had he time to finish his laughter when he espied, within measurable distance, a doe walking towards the entrance to a glade. It was a lovely creature and its loveliness was in full bloom, being big with young. It walked slowly, its sleek flanks swaying in their unwrinkled rotundity.

The hunter was quick with his bow, but the shaft stood arrested, and the string gave no twang, for he heard as he had never heard before the tenderest of human voices speaking.

It was the doe, fixing its large, liquid eyes on him:

O hunter, killer of all creatures! Why do you want to take my life?

What a question to ask, laughed Lubdhaka, when you know the answer yourself and have saluted me with it? To kill is my job, the flesh of animals is the food for me and my family. But before I make meat of you, tell me how you came to have this human voice? I have killed countless animals but never seen one that could speak like a human.

Said the doe sadly:

Listen, O kind hunter, to a tale that human ears have not heard yet, and yours the first and the last to hear. I was an apsaras in the court of Indra, young and of surpassing beauty. There was none to compare with me in grace and perfection of form, and this thought filled my sleeping and wakeful hours with an intense conceit. And conceit, alas, proved my undoing I fell in love with a daitya, I could not bear to be away from his sight and touch even for a moment—we were so drunk with each other. And day after day, I neglected my duty of dancing before Siva at the appointed hours. My guilt was soon out and mightily wroth Mahesvara thundered: Celestial nymph, have you be come so shameless as to forget your own high lineage and be infatuated with a mere daity, ignoring the many gods and demigods? I curse you to be born as a doe and walk the wild thorny forests of the earth for a period d twelve years, and your demon lover to change into a black buck and pursue you night and day. At the end of this period, a hunter will mark you for his prey; that fateful instant you will suddenly remember the cause of your grace and downfall, and will obtain liberation from the low hand from the low birth to which you are condended

Lubdhaka's eyes narrowed in discounted any moment, his mind raced with the though

January 6, 19 Books

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Which Have Books Influenced Me-6

(Continued From Page 45)

eft his happy and royal home, and vandered through the forests in search of gight and truth; his experience with perons of all sorts—shepherds, housewives, hereaved mothers, kings, ascetics, robbers, merchants—as told by Edwin Arnold are all arresting and enlightening. The Light of Asia that brought the ennobling figure of the Buddha into my life will always remain for me the greatest of all the great works I have been privileged to read. The Buddha's courageous doubting of the very lexistence of a personal God; his fight against the cruelties of caste; his own conclusions regarding the four truths and the eightfold path which leads to self-realisation are matters that lie imprinted on my heart and mind and have always been a source of strength to me in moments of bewilderment and dismay.

BOYHOOD READING

Among the books that became dear to me in my early teens should be mentioned the life of Charles Bradlaugh written by his daughter, Hypatia Bradlaugh-Bonner. I cannot forget his maxim: "The world is my country; to do good is my religion." This I copied below a portrait of him that I hung in my room at home. There were also Mrs. Praed's Uncle Tom's Cabin that made me cry at the cruelties inflicted on the Negro slaves on American plantations. I was also extremely fascinated by the story of Abraham Lincoln. I am forgetting the name of the author and also the exact title of the book: it was either The Pioneer Boy or From Log Cabin to White House.

In my later teens, curiously enough, I read through the fat volumes of Herbert Spencer neatly arranged in my father's library. His First Principles and Principles of Sociology have influenced my thoughts, and have helped me to understand the beginnings and later evolution of many matters which I feel I would otherwise never have comprehended.

From the reading of my boyhood days, I particularly recall, lovingly and gratefully, Charlotte M. Yonge's-if I am not making a mistake in the author's name -A Book of Golden Deeds, with its vivid depiction of heroism at its best in the most difficult of circumstances and in many climes and many ages. These true stories of valour and patriotism kindled the truest and noblest spirit of self-sacrifice in the cause of the country or in the service of fellow men. The book, I feel, is one that should be in the hands of every young man and woman in the land to each them the many and necessary virtues that the citizens of any country must possess, if they are to prove worthy of their freedom and their heritage.

Then came the Bhagavad Gita, with its supreme stress on Duty-one's true Dharma, as prescribed. I have always been very deeply impressed with Krishna's insistence, again and again, in the course of the dialogues, on everyone's performing his duty, however humble it might be, and regarding it, and it alone, as of paramount importance. This gives solace to those who may be engaged in so-called humble pursuits. It gives contentment to those who may feel they are not so well off as others or as they themselves should be. It gives encouragement to those who devotedly perform their daily tasks, and offers strength and courage to such as may feel inclined to run away when they face a stupendous task.

Above all, it is Krishna's exhortation that we should do everything in a spirit of utter detachment and perform all our tasks, because they should be so performed, regardless of results, that has most appealed to me, for He prescribes the proper approach that we should have towards all that we do in this world. We should cultivate equilibrium of mind, the Lord enjoins, so that we may be unaffected by joy or sorrow, gain or loss. These teachings have helped me to keep myself steady amidst the difficulties and dangers which no one can escape. During the days of the freedom struggle, in committees and conferences, in jail and in the family circle, I, like thousands of others, had to face various unhappy situations; but the Bhagavad Gita helped me, as nothing else could perhaps have done, to do my duty as best I could, without looking for any recognition or reward, without even desiring that my work should be acknowledged, and always trying-if I may venture to say so with due modesty-to maintain a balance, whether my well-meant efforts led to success or ended in failure.

A ROMAN "KARMAYOGI"

Curiously enough, I have regarded as the best representative of the teachings of the Bhagavad Gita, not anyone among the heroes of the Mahabharata in which the Gita lies embedded, but the Roman, Cincinnatus, who, when his State was in danger, took up arms and drove out the invading hordes of the Huns and then quietly went back to his plough in his village home. He was to be a farmer and he remained a farmer and no offer of high office could tempt him to desert his fields. At the same time he was ever ready to answer the call of duty-to defend his country (really, his city, as it then was) as a soldier, when it was threatened with danger and he alone was regarded as capable of repelling the enemies. This historical character has always immensely appealed to me, and I wish many would look him for

as a model to understand the real significance of duty. The Sermon on the Mount in the New Testament's "Gospel According to St. Matthew" is another piece of great literature that has been a source of comfort and solace to me in moments of darkness and distress such as come to any man born on this sad planet of ours, and it is but right that I should mention it here.

Among the other books that I have been privileged to read, I must not forget the great novels of Scott and Lytton, Thackeray and Dickens, Dumas and Victor Hugo, Tolstoy and Turgenev. My father himself was an avid reader of novels and stories of all genres and his library was always fully stocked. Scott and Dumas succeeded ably in lending their characters an authentic setting and in the social life of the period they offer a vivid peep into real history, which finds little place in the text-books.

I fear I am not at all familiar with modern novels, and feel fairly lost when friends talk about them in terms of praise.

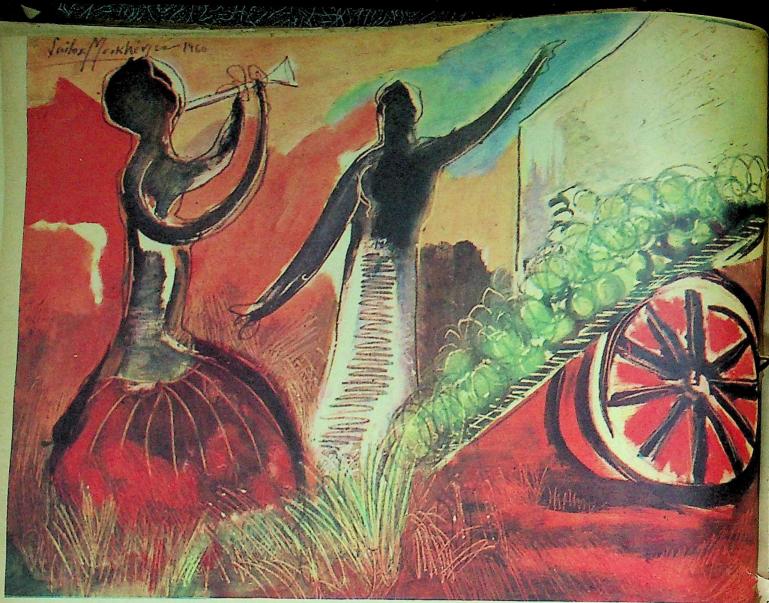
TOWARDS ENLIGHTENMENT

Hugo's Les Miserables is one of the few novels that I have read more than once, and should like to read again if I get the necessary leisure and energy to do so. Its hero, Jean Valjean, is one of the noblest characters one can imagine in history, romance or fiction. Then there is also the police officer, Jaubert, who, sick and tired of doing his dirty duty of pursuing this good man, at last seeks relief in voluntary death. It is a moving story; and the point that appeals to me is that the hero, though troubled, persecuted, suspected, misunderstood on all sides all the time, never gives up his mission. He persists in his good work for the well-being or others, at considerable sacrifice and suffering to himself and unknown to those he was helping and befriending.

To cut the story short, if asked to name the three authors I hold in the highest esteem, I would unhesitatingly answer: the one who wrote the Mahabharata; Shakespeare; and Jules Verne. The works, however, that I would like to mention as having gripped my heart and influenced my life-if I may venture to say so in all humility—are: The Light of Asia, the Bhagavad Gita (by whomsoever it may have been written-Vyasa or someone else); and Les Miserables.

The extent of my reading is very limited. I am far from being a learned man. The books that I have just mentioned, however, stand for me as the noblest results of man's creative mind. They should enjoy immortal fame, and can be a source of inspiration to man to think rightly, speak rightly, act rightly—as enjoined by the great Zoroastrian faith-for all time to come.

January 27: K. P. S. Menon



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Paintings by SAILOZ MOOKHERJEA

(Courtesy: Dhoomimal's Gallery, New Delhi)

Facing Page

February 24,

Perplexed, C. something even if

Chemban Kur ing Karuthamma

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Then Chembar against Chakki.

"The fact is, the from you," he said

When mother Chakki turned on

"Why did you your father? If his do you think will h neighbouring gossip es your father's ears

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Karuthamma said "He is a fine bo Chakki continued.

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Chakki's relief won, Karuthamma felt

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Angrily, Karutham ther will settle it. Then these days?" "Now I shall insis

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Chakki swore by the that that was not so. Ka other decision.

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"And why not?" After continued, "Think what he wedding. A leave, suppose Pareekutti won't let us go unless you what will you do then?"

That possibility had Chakki. The prospect fri should he stop you?" she

Katalamma—goddess

Milgu.

Funding: Tattva deritage and IKS-IV

perplexed, Chakki said, "Can't she say something even if he hasn't asked her?"

Chemban Kunju ended the matter by giving Karuthamma a serious piece of advice.

"Let me tell you something," he said. "All these transactions are made by men. You have no business in them. You will go to spend your life with a man one day yourself."

Then Chemban Kunju's anger was turned against Chakki.

The fact is, the girl is learning these things from you," he said.

When mother and daughter were alone, Chakki turned on Karuthamma.

"Why did you forget yourself and address your father? If his suspicions are roused, what do you think will hapen? You heard what our neighbouring gossips are saying? If that reaches your father's ears, let Katalamma* help us!"

chakki had been trying to sound out Karuthamma about marrying Palani, but Karuthamma refused to say anything one way or the
other. Her reluctance worried Chakki. Was it
due to her shyness? She was, after all. a young
girl. Or was Karuthamma's relationship with
Pareekutti the reason behind it? Finally Karuthamma half promised to marry Palani after
the debt was paid to Pareekutti. That was some
comfort to Chakki.

Chakki's face beamed with a cheerful smile. "Then, my dear, you are in favour of the marriage," she said.

Karuthamma said nothing.

"He is a fine boy, my child, a fine boy," Chakki continued.

Listening to Chakki as she praised Palani, Karuthamma, hardly realising it, stiffened. She would oppose the marriage. She had reason to oppose it. How old was Palani? Hadn't she a right to know? What relatives had he? After all, had Palani entered her heart?

Chakki's relief was great. As she talked on, Karuthamma felt suffocated.

"Stop, Mother," she burst out. Then she muttered something between her teeth that takki could not make out.

"Before the marriage, your mother will settle that matter," Chakki said.

Angrily, Karuthamma said, "Oh, yes, Mother will settle it. Then what has happened all these days?"

"Now I shall insist."

"No, it will mean nothing," Karuthamma said in despair. "And the marriage will take place. That is how it will be."

"You wait and see," Chakki said with determination.

In her confused and desperate state Karu-thamma came to an irrevocable decision.

"I won't consent unless that money is returned. Otherwise I shall kill myself. That is certain," she said.

"Don't say such things, my child." Chakki was worried.

KARUTHAMMA burst into tears. "What is this? He is ruined. I could understand it if we didn't have the money. But we have it and refuse to honour the debt." Then she blamed Chakki. "You, too, Mother, have no intention of returning his money," she said.

Chakki swore by the goddess of the sea that that was not so. Karuthamma made another decision.

"I am going to talk to Father myself."

"No, no. Don't do it, child."

"And why not?" After a little while she continued, "Think what might happen if we rebrate the wedding. As we are about to leave, suppose Pareekutti stops us and says he won't let us go unless you pay the money back? What will you do then?"

That possibility had never occurred Chakki. The prospect frightened her. "Whould he stop you?" she asked.

* Katalamma-goddess of the sea.

"He gave the money because I asked for

"But that-you just asked in fun." "Who said so?"

This picture of Pareekutti obstructing her path was fixed in Chakki's mind. Pareekutti was a desperate man. He was down and out. He might well adopt a desperate measure.

"I am determined to tell Father," Karu-thamma continued. "I will tell him today. What is there that I cannot tell?"

"Don't say anything, my child." "I will tell him."

Chakki promised that she would settle the matter somehow or other before the marriage.

But the day when Chakki informed her husband that Karuthamma was not against the marriage, she could find no way to tell him about the condition Karuthamma had made. To Chemban Kunju, Karuthamma's consent to the marriage was no problem at all. Chakki had no means to force her husband's hand in repaying Pareekutti's debt.

THE fish were not fetching any price. Not only Chemban Kunju, but no one on the sea front had any peace of mind. When the stocks at Alleppey and Cochin were shipped, the Rangoon prices had fallen to half of what was expected.

Pareekutti lost a thousand rupees.

A great change came over Karuthamma's character. She had grown up. She had courage. With new determination she waited for a chance to talk to Pareekutti.

And one day they met. He was on one side of the fence, she on the other. That day it was Karuthamma who started the conversation, and it did not take the form of irresponsible chitchet

"Your business is running at a loss, Kochumuthalali, isn't it?" she said.

It was not the opening Pareekutti had expected. He said nothing.

"I shall return your money," she continued. "But you haven't borrowed any money from me, Karuthamma," Pareekutti said.

"Even so, it is I who should return it."

"How is that?"

"That is how it is, Muthalali. Only after your debt had been repaid can—"

Karuthamma could not finish the sentence. It was as if something choked her voice. She was powerless. Tears filled her eyes. Pareekutti expressed what she was trying to say. "You want to repay the debt before you get married. Isn't that it?" he said.

The tears flowed out of Karuthamma's eyes.

Pareekutti did not cry. "And that way you want to break our re-lationship. Isn't it?" he asked.

That question went straight to her heart. When he asked it, had he also accepted the situation? Pareekutti realised that she was helpless. But he expected an answer.

"No. No. I want you to do well!" she said.

Pareekutti also was no longer the light-hearted lover. He smiled. It was an ironic

"You want me to do well, Karuthamma?"

Karuthamma understood that he meant he could never be well and happy. She could not stand there any longer. Pareekutti stood motionless for a while and then she walked away.

That night Chemban Kunju had a particularly interesting piece of news for Chakki. He was in a hapov trame of mind. Palani says he does not want any dowry," he said softly.

Chakki couldn't believe it. "Then?" she

"Then, what? He will marry her without

Chakki fixed her eyes on Chemban Kunju. Chemban Kunju crossed his heart.

"I swear by the goddess of the sea. It was he who said it," he said.

"Because he said he didn't want it, are you proposing not to give him any dowry?" Chakki

Chemban Kunju made excuses. If a man didn't want something, why should you force it on him, particularly when it was a matter of money? He was surprised to hear Chakki talk like that.

"That poor boy knows nothing. You must have talked him into this," Chakki said sharply.

"I talked him into nothing," Chemban Kunju answered.

"Why does a man want all this money?"

"Have I any money?"

"What we call this dowry is what we give our own child."

"But what if he won't have it?"

"Then for whom are you putting by all this money? That is what I ask. You may have fun in your old age," Chakki continued. "You may make yourself soft beds and pillows. You may even bring in a pretty girl. But there are some things you must do in life. All this you made with my help."

To cool her down, Chemban Kunju laughed and said, "All right. We shall both enjoy ourselves. The bed is for you too."

Chakki got really angry. She raised her voice. Chemban Kunju was terrified that the neighbours would know why they were having a row. Before the quarrel could go any further, he went out of the house.

Karuthamma came from her room to pacify her mother.

"I don't want any dowry, Mother," she said. "Why not? Any girl without a dowry is a disgrace. You must have a few rupees of your own."

"There isn't going to be a mother-in-law where I am going," Karuthamma said after a moment. "It is to such a place that you are sending me, isn't it?"

That question went straight home to Chak-ki. Yes, she was being sent to just such a home. "But listen, my child. You will have your neighbours to think of."

"Oh— the neighbours!" Karuthamma continued. "Send me away somehow or other and give the money to our Kochumuthalali."

A little later Karuthamma said, "He is ruined. I can't go seeing him ruined. And, if I go—he will die."

"You must repay the debt even if you have to steal the money from where Father has hid-den it," Karuthamma told her mother.

If Chemban Kunju found out, there would be murder. Chakki wasn't bold enough for that. She had never done anything of the sort.

"Are you afraid of doing it, Mother?" Karuthamma asked.

Yes, she was afraid. That was why she could not manage what she had promised ear-

AT the beginning of the Chakara season they had made a lot of money. If they had taken a little from it every day, it would have passed unnoticed. Karuthamma encouraged Chakki, impressed upon her the gravity of the situation. So when Chemban Kunju went to sea in the early hours of the morning, mother and daughter together opened the safe and took out a little money. They spent the day in fear of being found out. Chemban Kunju placed the day's takings in the box and locked it in the evening. Chakki asked him how much he made evening. Chakki asked him how much he made that day. It was not at all unusual for her to ask such a question.

"Nobody wants shrimps." he said.

"Nobody wants shrimps," he said. "But what did you make?"

"Why do you want to know?"

Every day mother and daughter together took out a little money. One day Chemban Kunju counted the cash and calculated his takings. Chakki and Karuthamma were on tenterhooks. When he had locked his safe again, they breathed. He had not detected their fraud.

After several days they had collected only Rs. 70. They also had dried fish worth some Rs. 20. Although it was a small sum, they decided to give it to Pareekutti.

(To Be Continued)

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THE STORY OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA - 4

History Footprints

THE reorientation that Swami Vivekananda now imposed on the religious feelings of his people may well be described as historic. The Ramakrishna Mission was to be the instrument of his far-reaching design. Form was involved as much as content. Perhaps never, since the Buddhist age, was form to play such a compulsive role in India's religious life. Vivekananda believed in organisation, systematic work, discipline. He would give no truck to a free-and-easy monastic routine, the heritage of ancient times, with its accent on individualism.

His concept has vindicated itself under the severe test of time through a period of more than half a century. No contrary forces have blunted its edge; there has been no throw-back to earlier traditions. The Ramakrishna Mission has progressively widened its field of action, produced men with the capacity for leadership, and stands today as one of the best organised institutions in the country. (Apart from its sixtysix centres in India, it has twelve in the United States and a good number in European and Asian countries.)

REVOLUTIONARY CHANGES

As for content, the changes set afoot were even more revolutionary. The exclusively spiritual life, the flight from realities into a shell created by meditation and prayer, was declared out of date. Renunciation was to be allied with service to the people. Action had to be accepted as all-important even for the man of religion. Here was the gospel of Shakti Yoga (Energism). The keynote of that gospel was strength, of which the Upanishads had spoken. In a speech entitled "Vedanta and Indian Life", the Swami said:

Strength, strength is what the Upanishads speak to me from every page ... It is the only literature in the world where you find the word abhih, fearless, used again and again. The Upanishads call with trumpet voice upon the weak, the miserable, and the downtrodden to stand on their feet and be free ... This is the one scripture in the world that does not talk of salvation but of freedom. Be free from weakness.

The Ramakrishna Mission had to make this their testament of faith: "Be fearless,

be strong." "Weakness is sin, weakness is death." There could be no soporific, no easy compromise. The Swami intended his men to be the militia of a new order, nothing less.

by BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

But what of their lot in the hereafter? the brother-monks asked him dejectedly, facing the collapse of their hope of salvation. Vivekananda was brusque in his answer. They did not have to be obsessed with the thought of their own souls' benefit, he said. Far more important was the well-being of the great masses of the people. Meditation and even scriptural study could be left over to one's future life! The first and foremost duty of a man of religion in India was boundless, relentless service rendered to his fellow men. Under the prevailing social conditions, the dark misery and degradation, no one had the right to seek any kind of escapism.

The inmates of the ashram accepted the stern injunction and prepared themselves to make readjustments, to face the hard facts of life from which they had been insulated for a decade. At this time famine was raging in Bengal. Leaving the shelter of their monastic sanctuary, the monks went to the hunger-hit districts to provide relief. They even set up an orphanage for children rescued from starvation; within its walls no distinctions of religion and caste were permitted-a truly revolutionary practice in 1897.

FEARLESSNESS

Hardly had the tide of famine receded when plague broke out in Calcutta. Vivekananda went to live in a plague-stricken area from which people were in panicky flight. Having set this example of fearlessness he called upon the students of the city to come to his aid—the human resources of the Ramakrishna Mission were far from adequate in the emergency. The response from the youths of Calcutta was magni-

A programme of education went on side by side—the idea was to impart free instruction to the poor. A girls' school was started under Sister Nivedita's guidance. This programme has grown steadily through the years; and today in the

centennial year it is proposed that a Vive. kananda University be established with the numerous schools of the Mission, scattered over the country, affiliated to it

Then the Swami set out on a whirlwind tour of India. With all his accustomed fire he preached inter-caste marriage a better life for Hindu widows, the abolition of untouchability. He hit hard at the evils of Hindu society, in particular the "don't touchisms" (Don't touch me_I am holy). A sannyasi in saffron garb, dedi. cated not to God but to drastic social reform, and bludgeoning at the very core of time-honoured, orthodox thought-here was indeed an amazing phenomenon. The sannyasi never wearied of repeating what he had proclaimed years before: "Religion is not for empty bellies."

VEDANTIC CONCEPT

The story goes that a scholar from Kashmir came to him one day with the intent of discussing the message of Vedanta. The Swami answered the man with coldness: "Do you not hear the people's groan of agony? They are dying of hunger. Put all your energy into the task of saving the doomed ones. That is Vedanta in the present context. That is the ultimate word of Vedanta. It has no higher message."

Not that the intellectual side of the Swami ever suffered a lapse! His writing (he made as powerful use of Bengali as of English) mark him out as one of India's greatest exponents of Vedanta philosophy While Belur became the centre of the Ramakrishna Mission, the Advaita Ashram set up on Himalayan heights, at Mayavatt was mainly concerned with matters of the intellect and the spirit. While dualism pre vailed at Belur, Mayavati admitted only monism, Advaita-vada. "The universe has not been created by any extra-cosmic God nor is it the work of any outside genius It is self-creating, self-dissolving, selfmanifesting, one Infinite Existence, the Brahma"—Mayavati pinned all its belie on that Vedantic concept. There was n place here for ritualism or image-worshift and even the adulation of a human pel sonality was forbidden. When Vivekanan da caught a disciple offering puja to a po trait of Ramakrishna set up on a pedesia he cried in half-amused protest, That Brahmin has invaded Mayavati. 100

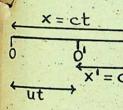
January 6, 1963

Relativi

10 UNDERSTAN our common-sen reckoning, consid by the two obser in the previous article denote their observa them as follows:

At any time t, A has proceeded a distan rections. For the sake sider its progress onl along which the second velocity u relative to at a point M, so that second observer B coul is, look for the ray in t though at time t (acco he will be at O' where finds that the ray is him at time t' synchron oning t. If his observat light travels with respe velocity c, then clearly ing to our common-sen time, the relations bety x, t of observer A and ously be (see figure be

x'=0'M=0M-00'



Unfortunately, this leads if x = ct, x' = ct' and which is inconsistent x' = x - ut.

Einstein showed that the dilemma was abando notions of space and time pect equations (1) conn measurements of the two found analysis of the ba time reckonings, he show move with the same velo the observers despite th tion, as the new experi mands, the system of equa placed by a new one, viz

$$x' = \frac{x - u}{1 - u}$$

$$t' = \frac{t - u}{1 - u}$$

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Relativity And

O UNDERSTAND Einstein's revision of our common-sense notions of space-time reckoning, consider the observations made by the two observers, A and B, introduced in the previous article. If they use numbers to denote their observations, they will record them as follows:

At any time t, A will find that the ray has proceeded a distance ct from O in all directions. For the sake of simplicity, let us coneder its progress only in the direction OX. along which the second observer B moves with velocity u relative to A. It will naturally be at a point M, so that OM = x = ct. But the second observer B could also do likewise—that is, look for the ray in the direction of OX, even though at time t (according to A's reckoning) he will be at O' where O O' = ut. Suppose he finds that the ray is distance x' away from him at time t' synchronous with A's time reckoning t. If his observation is also to show that light travels with respect to him with the same velocity c, then clearly x' = ct'. But, according to our common-sense notions of space and time, the relations between the measurements x, t of observer A and x', t' of B would obviously be (see figure below):

$$x'=0'M=0M-00'=x-ut$$
(1)

$$\begin{array}{cccc}
 & \times = ct \\
\hline
0 & 0 & M \\
\hline
ut & & \times^{i} = ct^{i}
\end{array}$$

Unfortunately, this leads to a contradiction. For if x = ct, x' = ct' and t = t', then x = x', which is inconsistent with the relation

Einstein showed that the only way out of the dilemma was abandonment of our ordinary notions of space and time which lead us to expect equations (1) connecting the space-time measurements of the two observers. By a profound analysis of the basis of our space and time reckonings, he showed that, if light is to move with the same velocity c relative to both the observers despite their own relative motion, as the new experimental evidence demands, the system of equations (1) must be replaced by a new one, viz.:

$$x' = \frac{x - ut}{1 - \frac{u^2}{c^2}}$$

$$t' = \frac{t - ux/c^2}{1 - \frac{u^2}{c^2}}$$
(2)

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

The Cosmological Revolution - 2

by JAGJIT SINGH

These equations embody Einstein's new philosophy of space and time, which differs from the old in many ways. We may mention here only three. First, according to our ordinary notions, a rod retains the same invariable length whether it is stationary or moving with respect to us. But, on the basis of equations (2), it can be proved that the length of a rod placed along OX and moving with B would appear to A different from that measured by B, who would naturally consider it stationary with respect to himself. If l is its length as measured by A, and l' that by B, then it can be shown that

$$\ell = \ell' \quad (1 - \frac{U^2}{C^2})^{\frac{1}{2}} \quad \dots \quad (3)$$

It follows that the length l adjudged by an observer (A) with respect to which it is in motion is always less than that (l') measured by another (B) with respect to which it is stationary. In other words, if a rod begins to move with respect to an observer, it appears to him to contract in the direction of its motion because it changes from l' to l.

Secondly, according to our usual notions, a time interval recorded by any clock remains the same whether it is stationary or in motion. But, again, it can be proved from equations (2) that, if a clock moving with B along OX' records an interval of time T' between two events, it will appear to A as recording between the same two events an interval T where

$$T = T' \left(1 - \frac{u^2}{c^2}\right)^{\frac{1}{2}} \dots (4)$$

Consequently, T is always less than T', so that a moving clock always goes slower. For instance, B's clock moving with himself may indicate an interval of, say, one year, which may be reckoned by A as only half as much. As a result, B would appear to A to have been in motion for a much shorter duration than he himself would think.

It is this retardation effect which explains the favourite paradox of science fiction writers-viz., that a space traveller after high-speed voyaging in interstellar space would return to earth younger than his stay-at-home contemporaries. Lest this consequence appear too strange to be credible, it may be mentioned that there is fairly direct evidence of the slowing of clocks in moving systems.

During the last few years, physicists have been experimenting with elementary particles -mesons-which move very fast with velocities comparable with that of light, and act as their own clocks by marking off the instants of their birth and their extinction, thus indicating their span of life. In one of the earliest experiments, Rossi and Hall found that the mean life of fast and slow A-mesons differed by a factor of three. The difference is natural-

ly to be expected if the retardation of the "meson's clock" is taken into account in accordance with equation (4). For by doing so all / -mesons can be shown to have the same life-span, regardless of their speeds. Even though the retardation effect is genuine enough, it did inspire Arthur Buller's famous limerick in Punch, some forty years ago, when the relativity theory began, for the first time, to grip the public imagination in a big way:

There was a young lady named Bright Whose speed was far faster than light. She set out one day, In a relative way, And returned home the previous night.

Thirdly, equations (2) also show that the relative velocity of two bodies moving in the same straight line is not obtained in the normal high-school fashion, namely, by adding or subtracting their speeds, but in a somewhat more complicated manner. Thus, if a rocket moves along OX in A's frame of reference with speed v, its velocity as observed by B will not be v-u, but larger. In particular, a light ray moving with speed c relative to A will not appear to B to move with speed (c -- u) but c, as indeed we actually find to be the case.

In fact, as we saw before, equations (2) were expressly designed to secure just this constancy of the speed of light with respect to all moving systems. It is a consequence of the revised law of compounding the velocity of light with respect to another moving body that two events, like the emergence of a nova and a lunar eclipse, may appear simultaneous to one moving with respect to the first. This lack of synchrony between the temporal reckonings of moving observers has necessitated the abandonment of the common-sense idea of time adopted by Newton-that there is a unique universally valid temporal order in which all observers can place the events they observe.

Having thus established equations (2) which abolished the notion of an absolute evenly flowing time universally valid for all observers in relative motion, as also that of an absolute container-type space, Einstein suggested that every such observer has to have his own system of locating events in space and dating them in time. While the different systems of measuring the spatial and temporal aspects of events varied from one moving observer to another in accordance with equations (2), there was a way of merging both the aspects to evolve a higher complex or "unity" which remained the same for all observers.

The fusion of space and time to evolve an invariant "unity" did not mean that Einstein contemplated the construction of some new equivalent of a philosopher's stone for turning a footrule into a clock, or vice versa. What he had in mind was something quite different. Since both locations and dates of physical events can be denoted by numbers*, he envisaged the possibility of a formal procedure whereby these numbers could be combined to form a new number which remained the same for all moving observers, no matter what their system of spatial and temporal reckoning. Such a higher "unity" is the famous spacetime continuum of Einstein.

(To Be Continued)

* For instance, the Great Lisbon Earthquake of the 18th century may be denoted by three numbers (4° West Longitude, 45° North Latitude in A.D.



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BENOIT DE BOIGNE

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Y past appears a dream!" exclaimed General De Boigne towards the end of his life, when he lived far, far from the India he had known so well. And to us it does seem like a dream, but De Boigne's achievements were so very real that the course of Indian history might well have been altered but for the premature death of his master, Madhavrao Scindia, and De Boigne's withdrawal from the country.

Aligarh today is a town of many contrasts. There is the old quarter of Koil, with its narrow, insanitary lanes, infested with flies by day and mosquitoes by night. There is the Cantonment area, with its old mansions and spacious grounds, many of them built over a hundred years ago by the Scindia's French officers; and outside the town are hundreds of villages scattered throughout the district, where wheat, sugar-cane, maize and gram have been cultivated ever since Moghul, Maratha, Jat, Afghan and Rohilla each swept over the fertile plains of this important district of northern India.

Eventually Aligarh became the headquarters of the Maratha chieftain Madhavrao Scindia's army, organised, trained and maintained by a French soldier of fortune, Benoit de Boigne. It was during the association between the Scindia and De Boigne that the Marathas held complete sway over Hindustan (then the name for northern India). De Boigne was perhaps the only European officer in the service of an Indian chief who left the country in a blaze of honour and glory. One of the most able and at the same time most benevolent generals of his time, he introduced into Hindustan the first germs of civil administration.

De Boigne was born on March 8, 1751, at Chambery in Savoy, a principality then owing allegiance to the King of Sardinia. It is difficult to say whether Benoit—his real name was Le Borgne—was Italian or French. Though a subject of the King of Sardinia, his parents were French, owners of a fur shop in Chambery; in later life he was to become a British subject; but he never fought for the French or the British, and his standard, when he went into battle with the Maratha army, was always the standard of Savoy.

In Chambery there were no openings for the son of a shopkeeper. The Government was bureaucratic, and all important posts were re-served for the Italian nobility. Young De Boigne's only amusement was fencing. He gave a great deal of time to the sport and became a

skilled fencer. At 17 he fought a duel with a Sardinian nobleman and ran him through the body. Benoit had to leave Savoy, changing his name to De Boigne. His father, however, was well off and bought for Benoit an ensign's commission in the Clare Regiment of the Irish Brigade. Although mainly composed of Irish, the Brigade was open, as the Foreign Legion is today, to adventurers of all nations. But to get promotion one had to be Irish. Five years later De Boigne was still an ensign. In disgust he resigned his commission and, obtaining a letter of introduction to Count Orloff, made his way to Russia. way to Russia.

Count Orloff was then dictator of Russia. He was the lover of the Empress Catherine II, whom he had placed on the throne after murdering her husband, the Emperor Peter. But preoccupied with the cares of state, he could no longer satisfy the desires of the amorous Catherine; so he conceived the ingenious idea of substituting for himself a series of handsome and virile young men. De Boigne had youth, vigour and charm, and it did not take him long to find favour with the Empress; but if Catherine was fond of good-looking young men, she was still fonder of change. (The Begum Samru was of a similar disposition.) When she had had enough of De Boigne she gave him a captain's commission and sent him to fight the Turks in the Aegean. The young adventurer was taken prisoner at Tenedos and sold as a slave, and spent the next seven months drawing water from a well in Constantinople. Ransomed by his father—who, it seems, never neglected his duty towards his son—De Boigne again presented himself to the bored Empress;

by RUSKIN BOND and to get rid of him again she promoted him to the rank of major and sent him to explore Central Asia—a polite form of dismissal.

Central Asia—a polite form of dismissal.

To Central Asia went De Boigne. Meeting some English merchants at Smyrna, full of travellers' tales of Hindustan, he resigned the Russian service and decided to try his luck in India. Arriving in Madras, he obtained an appointment as a sub-lieutenant in the Madras army; but he was a Frenchman, and his attentions to the wife of a fellow officer were misunderstood and he had to resign. From Madras he went to Calcutta, with a letter of introduction to Warren Hastings, who, taking a liking to De Boigne, sent him to the Nawab of Oudh, who had already done so much for Claude Martine. The two Frenchmen met and became lifelong friends. The Nawab gave De Boigne a letter of credit for Rs. 12,000 and a khilat, a richly embroidered dress of honour, which De Boigne sold for Rs. 4,000; but soon afterwards a gang of robbers, instigated by Madhavrao Scindia, who was curious to know about this adventurer, stole his money and papers. De Boigne was once again a pauper; but this, none the less, was the turning-point in his fortunes.

Madhavrao Scindia, who studied the papers stolen from De Boigne's baggage, had been carefully watching the Sayoyard's movements. He had learnt from fighting against the British and his loss of Gwalior the immense value of European discipline and tactics. When the Marathas had been routed by the Afghans at Panipat, and the Scindia had escaped with his life and a lame leg, the best fight had been put up by a corps of infantry trained on the European model. Unfortunately, there had not been enough of these troops; and the Marathas' hit-and-run tactics, useful in skirmishes, were of no help in a pitched battle. But the Scindia, a shrewd man, learnt from experience. Now he offered De Boigne Rs. 15,000 a month to raise two battalions of regular infantry, modelled as closely as possible on the East India Company's troops. pany's troops.

De Boigne's opportunity—and test—had come. It was no easy job with which he was faced. First he had to select officers, and he gathered around him a number of other adventurers, French, Dutch and English: chief among them Perron, who was to be his less glorious successor, Robert Sutherland and James Skinner. Then he had to raise recruits. The Maratha

army, except for cavalry, was to consist of very few Marathas; most of the soldiers were Rajputs, and Jats and Rohillas from the northern provinces, areas where even today much of the Indian Army's best fighting material is recruited. De Boigne created an arsenal, a cannon foundry and a small arms factory; and in five months he had under his command two excellent infantry battalions. He never went to bed before midnight and he rose before dawn. His working days were seven a week, his working hours 18 a day.

working hours 18 a day.

The first time Madhavrao Scindia inspected his new battalions, he was struck by their discipline. The Deccan soldiery had been till then an army of "irregular ruffians". Every trooper owned his own horse and arms. Unlike the Rajput who fought for his honour, these soldiers fought for money and plunder; naturally, they had no wish to imperil their property. Their horse and spear were their only capital, and rather than lose these a man would often prefer flight in a dangerous situation.

In 1785 the fugitive Emperor Shah Alam had called in the help of the Scindia, who, by reseating the Emperor on the throne and using him as a figurehead, actually made himself master of the Moghul Empire.

Shortly after the recapture of Delhi, De Boigne resigned from the Scindia's service. He had asked for an increase of 10 battalions under his command, but the Maratha officers were jealous of his success and persuaded the Scindia to refuse this request. At Lucknow, De Boigne joined Claude Martine in the cloth and indigo business; but the Scindia, finding himself. business; but the Scindia, finding himself in

difficulties with an army whose morale had been affected by De Boigne's resignation, and worried by the growing power of his Maratha rival, Tukoji Holkar, was soon asking De Boigne to return and raise 10 battalions on his own terms. De Boigne, a soldier at heart, could not resist the offer. Away flew ledgers and day-books, receipts and bills of lading. Handing back the business to Claude Martine, he dashed to sacred Mathura, the Scindia's head-quarters. There he took over his own mutinous battalions as well as Lestineaux'. The other seven battalions he recruited in Rohll-khand, Oudh and the valleys of the Jamuna and Ganga. He was assigned for the cost of his division the whole Doab—the Jamuna-Ganga region—with Aligarh as his headquarters. This region's revenue was about £200,000 a year, but through good management De Boigne soon increased it to £300,000.

At that period there was no real administration in India, as it is understood today. The remains of Akbar's system had broken down. In the vast northern region known as Hindustan, stretching from Allahabad to Karnal and from the Vindhyas to the southern slopes of the Himalayas, society was completely paralysed and normal occupations were at a standstill. The tramplings of the Moghul and Marathapowers were not the only cause of this. Roads had ceased to exist. Towns were deserted. Intercourse between neighbouring villages was made difficult by tigers and wild elephants. The demoralised farmers, not knowing who would reap their crops, reduced their labour to the lowest level necessary for the cultivation of food for themselves. And, when the rains failed, production ceased altogether and thousands died of starvation.

In the heart of this region De Boigne, back-

In the heart of this region De Boigne, backed by an appreciative Scindia, attempted the first restoration of law and order. The civil administration had two departments: the persian side, conducted by Indian writers and accountants, and the "French" office, under his own supervision. Public dues were fixed by rough assessment of landed estates and were collected punctually, thanks to the presence of the military. There were no courts and officials were sent to the general, who gave his final decision, awarding punishments at own discretion. De Boigne was generally a safe own discretion. De Boigne was generally a safe other.

He rose, we are told by a young English officer who visited him, at crack of

Institute Melukote Collection.

surveyed his stores troops; transacted the sion; gave audience his criminal and fisc sion; saint and fisch his correspondence, excess of vitality is and if to vitality we sult is legendary her corded to the Empe time, to Jawaharlal is not remembered, of English historian selves with epics of he was a legend in Madhavrao Scindia returned to Europe, British would never foothold in northern

Fifty-years after men spoke with genu of his administration. tish rule, with its sur had the effect of inte had the effect of inte had known and produce became a security for were brought under t Government dues, it w if people sighed for Scindia and De Boign

Scindia and De Boign
On June 20, 1790, their "baptism of fire' the Rajas of Jaipur again in arms against Boigne's division, flan came out to meet the De Boigne was able "Thank God, I have rexpectations of the Sc Moghul cavalry were cannon taken, and the by storm. The Scindia Boigne for this successing that the general higuished the plunder taken.

The Raja of Jodhp defeat as final. The Rat and his nobles with hav and his nobles with hat that a Rajput cherishes shoes, their turbans, the "Sword of Marwar". The Bathor capable of bearing 16 to 60, and in Sepat Merta, sworn to reperish.

The rugged Aravall rays of the morning surcided to take the offensi put camp. The Rathor I in saffron, which meant ther give nor take quart they cried and, drunk vharged the squares of I shot down in hundreds charge again. At last or left. They dismounted ar they too were killed. By De Boigne had taken the grateful Scindia showere



MADHAVRAO SCIND temporary sketch. (Kamal Kis

surveyed his stores and factories; inspected his troops; transacted the civil business of his division; gave audience; received the reports of his criminal and fiscal officers; and got through his correspondence, official and private. Any excess of vitality is always impressive in India; and if to vitality we add imagination, the recorded to the Emperor Akbar, or, in our own time, to Jawaharlal Nehru. If today De Boigne is not remembered, it is because of the neglect of English historians, who have busied themselves with epics of their own countrymen; but Madhavrao Scindia lived and De Boigne not British would never have obtained a permanent

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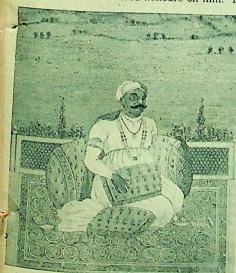
Fifty years after De Boigne had left, old men spoke with genuine regret for the passing of his administration. The introduction of British rule, with its sure but inflexible methods, had the effect of interrupting the welfare they had known and producing a contrast. When land became a security for debt, and ancestral acres were brought under the hammer for default of Government dues, it was not to be wondered at if people sighed for the days of Madhavrao Scindia and De Boigne.

Scindia and De Boigne.

On June 20, 1790, the 10 battalions received their "baptism of fire". The Moghul nobles and the Rajas of Jaipur and Jodhpur were once again in arms against Madhavrao Scindia. De Boigne's division, flanked by Maratha cavalry, De Boigne was able to write to a friend: "Thank God, I have realised all the sanguine expectations of the Scindia." The Rajput and Moghul cavalry were destroyed, a hundred cannon taken, and the town of Patan carried by storm. The Scindia was all gratitude to De Boigne for this success; his only criticism being that the general had returned to the vanquished the plunder taken by the Maratha soldiers.

The Raja of Jodhpur would not accept the defeat as final. The Rathor women taunted him and his nobles with having lost the five things that a Rajput cherishes most—their horses, their shoes, their turbans, their moustaches and the "Sword of Marwar". The Raja called out every Rathor capable of bearing arms, from the ages \$\frac{1}{2}\$ 16 to 60, and in September they assembled at Merta, sworn to restore their honour or perish.

The rugged Aravallis had caught the first rays of the morning sun when De Boigne decided to take the offensive and attack the Rajput camp. The Rathor horsemen were clothed in saffron, which meant that they would neither give nor take quarter. "Remember Patan!" they cried and, drunk with opium, repeatedly charged the squares of De Boigne. They were shot down in hundreds only to re-form and charge again. At last only 15 horsemen were left. They dismounted and fought on foot until they too were killed. By three in the afternoon, De Boigne had taken the town of Merta. The grateful Scindia showered honours on him. He



MADHAVRAO AO SCINDIA—from a sketch. (Photographs Kamal Kishore) temporary

ordered him to raise another 10,000 men at once, and three years later (1793) another 10,000. De Boigne now had under his command a corps of 30,000 men with 120 guns.

Milgo.

It was the ambition of every soldier to serve under De Boigne. Half a century in advance of his time, he had made innovations undreamt of in the armies of the Indian princes. From the beginning, one of his main aims was to minimise the horrors of war. Officers and soldiers who were wounded in his service received financial compensation; disabled men were awarded grants of land, and special provision was made for the relatives of those killed in action. A medical department, attached to which was an ambulance corps, was on hand at every battle. Medical aid to the wounded is taken for granted today, but it was unheard of in India until the end of the 18th century. Conditions under De Boigne were, in fact, better than in the was a horn leader of men. "There was

He was a born leader of men. "There was something in his face and bearing," wrote the Bengal Journal in 1790, "that depicted the hero, and compelled implicit obedience. In deportment he was commanding, and walked with the majestic tread of conscious greatness. The strong cast of his countenance and the piercing expression of his eyes indicated the force and power of his mind. On the grand stage, where he acted so brilliant and important a part for 10 years, he was at once dreaded and idolised, feared and admired, respected and beloved."

De Boigne's successes led Tukoji Holkar to raise another disciplined force, under the command of a Breton called Du Drenec. When the rival Maratha armies met at Laikhari in September 1793, Du Drenec's men were outnumbered; and, although they fought well, they were cut to pieces. This victory made Madhavrao Scindia the greatest ruler in India. But, just when it seemed possible that his scheme for a confederation of Indian States might come to pass, he fell victim to a fever and died near Poona. Power in India had always been the prerogative of individuals, and with the Scindia's passing a whole empire was to pass out of existence.

THE SCINDIA'S DREAM

Colonel Malleson, in his Final French Struggles, wrote: "It must never be lost sight of that the great dream of Madhavrao Scindia's life was to unite all the native powers of India in one great confederacy against the English. In this respect he was the most far-sighted statesman that India has ever produced. It was a grand idea, capable of realisation by Madhavji, but by him alone, and which, but for his death, would have been realised."

A change of masters is rarely welcome; and Daulat Rao did not have the attractive character of his predecessor Madhavrao. De Boigne began to think of returning to his homeland. He had not rested for 18 years and his health was beginning to show signs of the strain. He resigned his service, but Daulat Rao could not be induced to accept his resignation until December 1795.

Four years after De Boigne left India, the Scindia's successor wrote to him: "Since it has pleased the Universal Physician to restore to you the blessing of health, and having regard to our jealous impatience to see you again, it is your bounden duty no more to prolong your stay in Europe, but to appear before the presence with all possible despatch... Without your wisdom the execution of the greatest of projects is entirely suspended." But De Boigne never returned, and his successor Perron, like the great Scindia's successor, was not equal to the challenge of the British.

when De Boigne reached England in 1797, carrying with him a fortune of £400,000, he was 47 years old. With him were his Persian wife, whom we know only by the name of Helene, and his two children, Banoo and Ali Baksh. Little Ali Baksh was baptised Charles Alexander Benet de Boigne in London and was destined to inherit De Boigne's fortune and estates at Chambery. But unfortunately De Boigne went early in 1799 to a charity concert in London. There he heard a girl of 17 sing beautifully, and the song and the fresh charm and beauty of the girl turned his head. The man who had conquered half India became the singer's slave. She was a Mille. Osmond, the daughter of a French nobleman who had fled to England during the French Revolution.



DE BOIGNE FOUNTAIN at Chambery— an artist's impression.

A few days after the concert the general asked for the hand of Mile. Osmond. She was very frank. She did not, could not, love a man so much older than herself; but, as her family was ruined, she would marry the general to assure their comfort. De Boigne accepted her conditions. In 1804 he took his wife to Paris and persuaded Bonaparte to allow her parents to return to France. Then he went home to Savoy and bought close to Chambery the castle of the Buisson Rond. As was to be expected, the couple did not get on well together. Mile. Osmond felt that their union should not descend to the physical level and, leaving her husband at Chambery, went to stay in Paris, where she lived lavishly on her husband's money.

lived lavishly on her husband's money.

De Boigne, alone at Chambery, turned his attention to his native town. He spent £120,000 in building poor houses, schools, hospitals and orphanages, and erected the first properly managed lunatic asylum in Europe. His chief pleasures were visits from Englishmen or Frenchmen he had known in India. Both Colonel Tod, the author of Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan, and Grant Duff, the historian of the Marathas, have written of the cordiality and kindness shown to them when they visited De Boigne at the Buisson Rond. His only companion at that time was an old servant he had brought with him from India, who managed all the household arrangements.

This was De Boigne two years before his

all the household arrangements.

This was De Boigne two years before his death: "His frame and stature were Herculean, and he was full six feet two inches in height. His aspect was mild and unassuming, and he was unostentatious in his habit and demeanour, preserving at his advanced age all the gallantry and politeness of the vieille cour. He disliked, from modesty, to refer to his past deeds, and so seemed to strangers to have lost his memory. But, in the society of those who could partake of the emotions it awakened, the name of Merta always stirred in him associations whose call he could not resist. The blood would mount to his temples, and the old fire come into his eyes, as he recalled with inconceivable rapidity and eloquence the story of that glorious day. But he spoke of himself as if it were another, and always concluded with the words, 'My past appears a dream!'"

pears a dream?"

On June 21, 1830, the old adventurer passed away, to the deep and sincere grief of Chambery. The citizens flocked to his funeral. For three days the shops were closed. The King of Sardinia had a bust of De Boigne placed in the public library; and, from money raised by public subscription, a fountain flanked by elephants and surmounted by the general's statue was placed in the public square. The modern tourist, hurrying through Chambery, must often wonder what this exotic fountain is all about. Few stop to enquire. But the name of De Boigne is still honoured in the Savoy, the De Boigne Fountain still plays in Chambery's main square, and the descendants of the Scindia's French general and his Persian lady still live in the Chateau du Buisson Rond.

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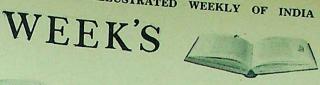
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(Heinemann, 35s.).

One learns more here subject's methods of inspiration than about acter. Letters from a writer friends—Hugh Charles Morgan, Edward C. P. Snow—are quoted by the group forms a kee admiration society. There strong element of snobiss narrative. Francis dedibooks wherever possible bers of the aristocracy. It difficult—his wife write about "the lower class ambiente"; that "avof cooking mixed with smell got him down. It much nicer in his Nepentia in the Capriot sun where the counded by nobilities, pri dukes, and their wives sers", one could be late fand nobody cared! This, ow seller.

It is only in the assessm South African journalist to intimacy is achieved in a post the subject—his "perfec-thm of thought and spee style". Perhaps as a Georgiand a laureate of his Worcestershire landscape Brett Young will best be





THIS READING

An Unassertive Story-Teller

A COLONIAL governor slightly down on his luck" is the likeness which C. P. Snow envisages for his friend and fellow writer, the late Francis Brett Young. For many years—through more than a dozen well-wrought novels—Brett Young was definitely down his literary luck. His royalties Brett Young was definitely down on his literary luck. His royalties were negligible and he and his wife lived in near poverty on the island of Capri, sustained by the goodness of their neighbours, among whom were Axel Munthe, Compton Mackenzie and Norman Douglas. Then, in the early nineteen thirties, he won abundant success with his long saga, Portrait of Clare. Thereafter, in the current pop phrase, he was always "in the lolly".

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rent pop pnrase, he was always "in the lolly".

A gifted, unassertive story-teller, his recipe for readability was simple. He chose healthy themes—the English squirearchy done domestically, love triumphant, with the hounds baying near by in the ancestral meadows, and feudal mansions etched in poetically—there are surely more garden terraces described with loving detail in Brett Young's books than in the works of Henry James, who could be lavish enough in this respect—and many of his right-minded rustics would have done credit to Thomas Hardy. He believed that novels should be long, eisurely and luminiscent. For variety he went to Africa—The Crescent Moon, The City of Gold—or to the Amalfitan coast—Black Roses (a very fine novel) and A Man about the House. On the whole, his was a happy, dedicated life; and a good portion of the felicity stemmed from his wife, Jessica, who has now written his biography—Francis Brett Young (Heinemann, 35s.).

(Heinemann, 35s.).

One learns more here about the subject's methods of work and inspiration than about his character. Letters from a clique of writer friends—Hugh Walpole, Charles Morgan, Edward Marsh, C. P. Snow—are quoted extensively; the group forms a keen mutual-admiration society. There is also a strong element of snobisme in the narrative. Francis dedicated his books wherever possible to members of the aristocracy. He found it difficult—his wife avers—to write about "the lower middle-class ambiente"; that "awful kind of cooking mixed with linoleum" smell got him down. It was so much nicer in his Nepenthean villa in the Capriot sun where, "surrounded by nobilities, princes and dukes, and their wives in trousers", one could be late for meals and nobody cared! This, of course, was Capri after he became a best-

It is only in the assessment of a South African journalist that any intimacy is achieved in a portrayal of the subject—his "perfect rhy-thm of thought and speech and style". Perhaps as a Georgian poet and a laureate of his beloved Worcestershire landscape Francis Brett Young will best be remem-

bered. He gave pleasure to a world-wide public with his human, gentle novels, and he had a Galsworthian appreciation—minus the sociological urge—of the Anglo-Saxon character. It is curious that his favourite reading was—Proust!

Missionaries

THE record of medical missions is one that appeals in India even to those who have little sympathy for evangelistic work in general, and some of the best missionary writing is concerned with it. Lawrence Earl's One Foreign Devil (Hodder and Stoughton, 18s.) is a journalist's account of the late Mary Ball, who spent the whole of her adult life working in a hospital maintained by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in the Chinese town of Tatung, in the far north. The jacket describes this as the incredible but true life-story of a heroic woman "who learned to love a wicked city". Whether or no Tatung was any more wicked than Chicago or London may be doubted, but there is no doubt that Mary Ball was a brave woman. She endured the civil wars of the 'thirties and the Japanese occupation. In the end she had to hand over the hospital to the Communist authorities and return to England, though she did not long survive her departure from China.

Another journalist, Mr. Brian Orbeign in his The Good Physician HE record of medical missions

Another journalist, Mr. Brian O'Brien, in his The Good Physician (Hodder and Stoughton, 25s.), takes us to Africa for a scholarly and well-documented account of the life of Sir Albert Cook, who may be described as the Schweitzer of East Africa. Sir Albert went to Uganda with a party of twelve recruits for the Church Missionary Society as long ago as November, 1896, and he himself was probably the most outstanding of a remarkable band of men. His life-story reads like a piece of romantic fiction. Yet every word of it js factually true.



P. G. Wodehouse, celebrated

Perhaps no group of missionaries has received more—and more expert—publicity than those who went to the country of the Aucas. The first five missionaries were murdered and a series of books has described the adventures and heroism of their successors. Now Mission to the Head-hunters by Frank and Marie Drown (Hodder and Stoughton, 16s.) describes the adventures of a singularly courageous couple among the Jivaro Indians, who have long been notorious as head-shrinking killers. There is very little here of the modern approach to missionary problems. The Drowns are a simple, straightforward couple and their only problem is to spread the gospel as widely and quickly as possible. It would not be difficult to laugh at them, but even the most cynical cannot resist the courage and enterprise with which their work is done.

T. P.

Malayan Setting

Malayan Setting

THE AGENCY HOUSE (Macmillan, 15s.), Susan Yorke's seventh novel—her third with a Malayan setting—is likely to prove a disappointment to her growing circle of readers. It begins in her usual racy style, telling the story of the rapid rise of the Peng twist from squalor to riches. But before long the characters begin to multiply, with big business and politics jostling for position, and the story tends to get bogged down, so that by the time everyone is taken to a somewhat contrived week-end at a rubber plantation, it becomes rather hard to determine who is doing what or why About half way through, the Communists muscle in and help out with their sinister doings, leading up to a cliff-hanging climax that is sheer "Boy's Own Paper" Luckily, everyone remembers the rules just in time and becomes a bit of a hero. The Communists are thwarted, the country is saved, the end is misty-eyed happiness.

Tough Folk

Tough Folk

THE GALLANT by Charity
Blackstock (Hodder & Stoughton, 16s.) begins when Sir Arthur Haley-Whyte, a hard-headed, self-made newspaper magnate, employs an equally hard-headed young man to rescue his only daughter from the clutches of a penniless foreigner, and you don't have to take a peek at the last page to find out exactly how that sort of situation is going to work out. Miss Alice Haley-Whyte is just as tough and self-willed as her father. She has followed her lover to France and is waiting in a charming little place called Arles where most of the action takes place. Miss Blackstock is nothing if not thorough about filling in the local colour, complete with parades and bullfights and other varieties of fun, introduced by some convenient local fete. There is, of course, a slight twist to the plot right at the end.

M. D. M.

M. D. M.

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Readers Forum

What Is Wrong With Our War Publicity?

The Editor, The Illustrated Weekly of India

Sir-There will be general agreement with Mr. Chala-pathi Rau's criticism that the vast power represented by the radio, the cinema and the Press has not fully been pressed into service to explain the Chinese aggression to our people and to canalise all their energies and resources to the war effort.

That our publicity agencies failed, and failed miserably at that, on the question of Goa and over Kashmir is now openly admitted. That they continue to function ineffectively is a matter for regret, for there still are many people in the U.K. and the U.S. who do not mind running to the rescue of a country which itself "has been an aggressor"! And thereby hangs a tale.

Of late, our broadcasting services have shown a welcome awareness of the need to expose the ideology of bellicose Chinese communism in their special programme en-titled, "India and the Dragon"; but I think we should do the whole thing with greater dignity, poise and balance, so that the effect produced is sharp, deep and long-lasting.

The Press in general has so far played a fine role in the present crisis. However, there is need to enlist more intimate co-operation with the fourth estate in order to take the war-cry to the farthest nook and corner of India, and rouse the entire country and help it stand up and face the Chinese challenge as one man.

SITA KAIKINI

Delhi

Sir-"Produce a Goebbels" to fight the unabashed chauvinism of the Chinese and to establish the Panchshila, of the Indian origin, at first in our Motherland, and then in the world. This appears to me to be the burden of the theme so lucidly and forcefully propounded by Mr. Rau.

This is the first instalment of letters from readers, commenting on the views expressed by M. Chalapathi Rau on the above subject in the issue of December 16, 1962.

None in the free world, much less in India, would quarrel with the laudable objectives of war propaganda set forth by him. But the India of Gandhi, Tagore and Nehru has learnt the lesson that the means must justify the end. Our means must be good, if we want to achieve fair and just ends. Truth and non-violence (of course non-violence of the strong, not of the weak) have been the sheet-anchor of our nationalism, built up under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi Can we abandon that path of humanity and brutalise the Indian masses to fight the unjust and treacherous aggressor? Is it not against our very grain to tread the path of totalitarian countries of feeding the nation on half-truths and flamboyant propaganda plans? The totalitarian nations, like China, breed hatred against those who are dubbed arch-imperialists, knowing full well that it will end only in producing blood-thirsty minds. When such a nation indulges in an orgy of bloodshed, "more blood is needed to wash it off", in the words of Mr. Khrushchev.

The war publicity in a democratic set-up has to be fundamentally different from that under a dictatorship or a Czarist regime. The means, the methods and the tenor of mobilising public opinion in support of the "Back the Government" campaign must be different for our countrymen, who are conditioned to a life of peace, amity and goodwill. Instilling into the people's minds a warlike spirit is, indeed, a Hercu-lean task. It is desirable, though difficult, in the present context.

The investing of increased powers in the Minister for Information and Broadcasting, making him the key man in the war propaganda machinery, and giving a well-defined "di-rectional twist" to the publicity about our massive war efforts

will, as suggested by Mr. Rau, help in tiding over the initial difficulties and enlist public sympathy and support inside and outside India. But not much can be achieved by shifting the onus of policy-making from the Secretariat level to the Minister's slender shoulders. In a parliamentary democracy, it is not unlikely that the Ministers have stooges in their Secretaries. But, if Mr. Rau's intention is simply to streamline the administrative machinery so as to suit the present-day war needs, it will be welcomed by all concerned.

C. L. KHANNA

Ambala City

Sir-War publicity is a sort of running commentary in broad outline on the fighting in progress. With the exception of certain details of logistics, all particulars of the war proceedings, of progress and reverses, of advances and withdrawals (including casualties), should be faithfully reported.

Our Government did not avail itself of the services of war correspondents to cover the exact happenings in our recent combat with the invading Chinese. This resulted in vague, doubtful and contradictory reports in the Press. The Ministry of Information and Broadcasting also hopelessly failed to keep the public fully informed of events on the northern border. They did not -and even now do not-carry on the right sort of propaganda and counter-propaganda to give the lie to the enemy broadcasting wild and even false reports from day to day. Even though reports of the happenings in the forward areas appeared in the Press, it was the duty of the Information Ministry to broadcast them in an explicit and lucid manner and in greater detail to the world at

Broadcasting is an art and it must be done intelligently by

the right type of persons. The broadcasts should be crisp and clear-cut if they are to appeal to listeners. While giving over the air all possible information on the home front to our troops in the forward areas, it is absolutely essential to broadcast both martial and light (not classical) music to calm their nerves and make them really feel that we remember them and are with them in spirit.

The Information Ministry should work in close co-ordination with the Home, Defence and External Affairs Ministries, and the first-named should be the Government's mouthpiece. We still know very little about the huge loss of men and material suffered by one whole military division of ten to twelve thousand men, which was put to rout by the enemy at the Se La; or of the extent of territory lost by us in NEFA and Ladakh; or of our tame submission to the enemy's unilateral cease-fire.

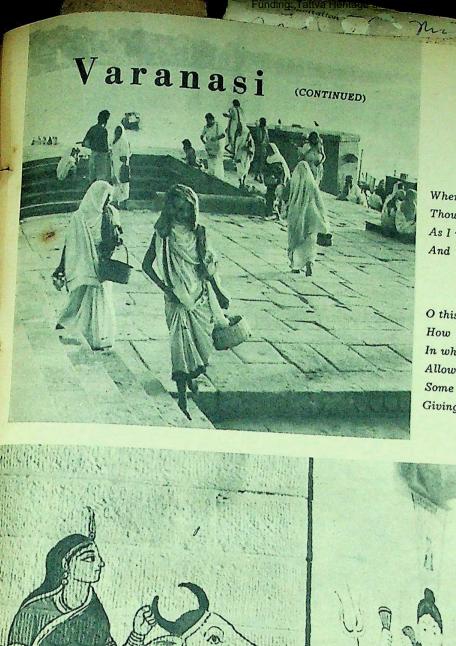
DADY M. CHINIMINI

Dumas

Sir-Our war publicity, carried out with the idea of boosting the morale of the people and making them more mili-tary-minded, has in fact made our country a whispering gal-lery. For the first time, perhaps, the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting and the Ministry of Defence are working in some sort of co-ordination. Our present conflict with the Chinese is no picnic or walk-over, as was Goa, but a modern war in which we are facing a powerful and insidious enemy. The Chinese have demonstrated how powerful they are at war, and we have yet to prove our mettle.

All India Radio is being used by our Government as its main medium of publicity, which is a welcome sign of advancement. However, even this effort is sought to be nullified by the Chinese, who are trying to jam our broadcasts. Hence our present publicity through

Need To Streamline The Whole Machinery



al er on os o- st

Wherever I go, Thou art my companion;
Thou takest me by the hard and guidest me.
As I walk along I lean on Thee,
And thou goest with me carrying my burden.

—Tukaram

O this beauty of the Universe!

How did you, my Lord, come to create it?

In what outburst of ecstasy

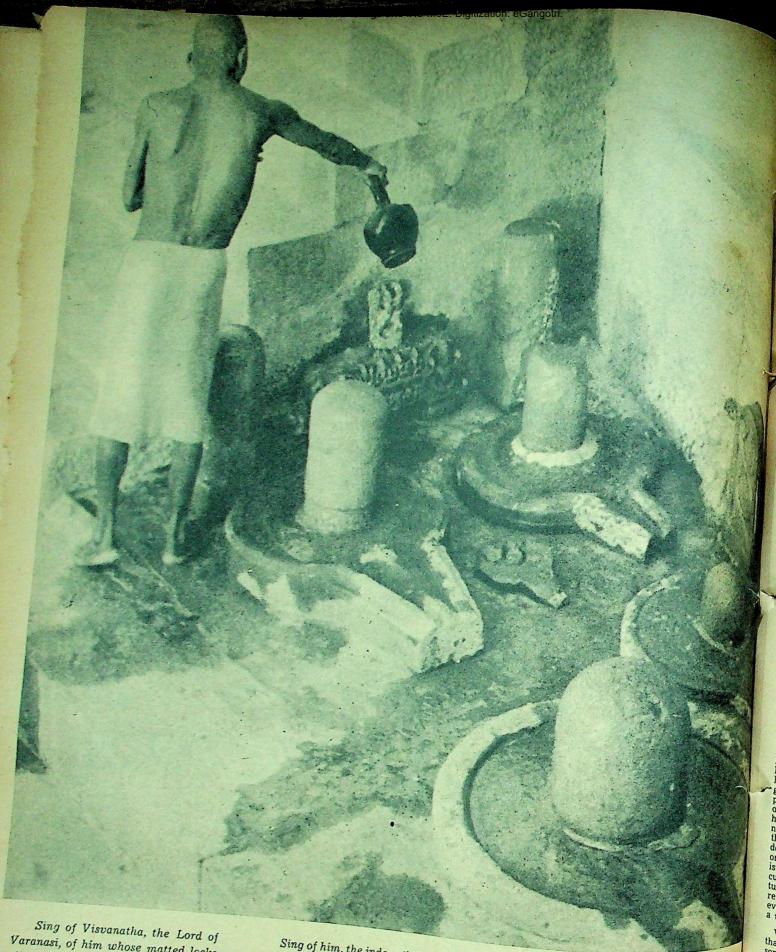
Allowed you your Being to be manifested?

Some say you took fancy in the play of form,

Giving in delight your Absolute Being an appearance.

—Dadu





Sing of Visvanatha, the Lord of Varanasi, of him whose matted locks glisten with the rippling waters of Ganga, of him who has always Gauri by his side! Of him, the destroyer of Kama, the one dear to Vishnu!

Sing of him, the indescribable, the embodiment of many gunas, whose foot-rest is sacred to Brahma, Vishnu and the devas! Sing of Arddhanarisvara, the Lord of all the Worlds!

-from the Visvanathashtakam

Sing of him who is radiant with a crown shining with the crescent moon, of him who burnt Kama with the fire released from the eye on his forehead. Sing of him whose ears are adorned with serpents!

(Please Turn Over)

February 24,

ASPECTS OF

VERY nation that it has good humour pendence and In England, Johns symbol of all these country has some to represent its n In North India Birkinstitution. Perhaj another, coming at phase. In the Sout of linguistic diffe Ramakrishna is su good humour and meet any critical sunexpected manner no personalities, hously they parade and learning.

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With such a start, it is that Ramakrishna should something like a stormy phis age. Though his devit causes discomfiture to few, there is always an current of humanism in hi A famous story about krishna's wit relates to the and a great devotee of Sikalahastimahatmyam is famous for its chaste and rated to the complete of the complete

ASPECTS OF TELUGU LITERATURE _ 8

enali Ramakrishna

VERY nation likes to think that it has a monopoly of good humour, sturdy independence and common sense. In England, Johnson stands as a symbol of all these qualities. Every country has some famous figure to represent its national genius. In North India Birbal is a national institution. Perhaps Ghalib is another, coming at a much later phase. In the South, irrespective of linguistic differences, Tenali Ramakrishna is such an institution. He represents common sense, good humour and the ability to meet any critical situation in an unexpected manner. He respects no personalities, however pompously they parade their virtues and learning.

There are hundreds of Telugu, Kannada and Tamil versions of anecdotes connected with the name of Tenali Ramakrishna. It is difficult to disentangle the truth from the fiction in these stories. There is an English version provided by a retired Judge of the Madras High Court, A. S. P. Iyer. I am not going to take up the question of the historical accuracy of the stories. Tenali Ramakrishna belongs to the whole of South India, the stories. Tenan Kanakrisinia De-longs to the whole of South India, and his life has become a part of the folk culture of the region.

IN India we often attribute the good or bad qualities of a man to the blessing or curse of some god or goddess. Kalidasa is believed to have been a handsome but ignorant young man, married to a princess by trickery. She provokes in him a desire for learning and sends him to the temple of Kali. He is completely transformed there. The legend connected with Tenali Ramakrishna is in this tradition. He too goes to a temple and worships Kali. The goddess is pleased with his devotion and appears before him with a thousand heads and two arms. The young Tenali Ramakrishna is not overawed; he bursts into laughter on seeing her. Kali asks him the reason for his laughter. His explanation is grotesque and irreverent. He explains that he has two hands and one nose. When he catches a cold he finds it impossible to blow his N India we often attribute the plains that he has two hands and one nose. When he catches a cold he finds it impossible to blow his mose with his two hands. How then does the goddess manage to do it with a thousand noses but only two hands? Naturally Kali is annoyed by what he says and curses him. Tenali Ramakrishna turns penitent and the goddess relents, modifies her curse and even blesses him. He is to become a vikatakavi (comic poet).

With such a start, it is natural that Ramakrishna should become something like a stormy petrel of his age. Though his devastating wit causes discomfiture to quite a few, there is always an under-A famous story about Ramakrishna's wit relates to the poet Dhurjati. Dhurjati is a pious man and a great devotee of Siva. His famous for its chaste and musical style. Krishnadevaraya, who is an of Dhurjati. He asks his court how such sweetness could have

entered into Dhurjati's poetry. Ramakrishna replies that the sweet lips of a prostitute are the cause of Dhurjati's sweet style.

cause of Dhurjati's sweet style.

The point to be remembered here is that Krishnadevaraya's age is not Victorian and prudish. Ramakrishna's reference to the prostitute causes no stir in the court. He does not question the appreciation of Krishnadevaraya. He only adds a reason, and all too human a reason at that. This is not said in derision. If so the entire tradition of Indian poetry would become meaningless. Who can doubt the importance of the heroic saga of a Bhartrihari's progress from sringara to ntti and finally to vairagya? It is common knowledge that devotion to a god finally to vairagya? It is common knowledge that devotion to a god and indulgence in sex can go together. Middleton Murry suggests that the best poetry of Keats is the consequence of his proximity to Fanny. Their separation destroys his poetic soul and Murry sugthe consequence of his proximity to Fanny. Their separation destroys his poetic soul and Murry suggests that it hastens his death. Stephen Spender's poem, with the refrain "Perfidy, Perfidy", argues that no possible human experience can justifiably be denied to any man or woman. To deny it is perfidy. In the case of a poet every possible experience adds to the richness of his poetry. Therefore, in this particular episode, Ramakrishna goes to the root of Dhurjati's greatness as a poet. It is quite possible that his intention is a bit malicious, but unerringly his finger touches the right point.

ready wit of Ramakrishna. In Sanskrit and Telugu tradition, one test of scholarship is completing a samasya. The last line of a stanza is given and it is usually paradoxical. The poet must give the other three lines. One day in Krishnadevaraya's court the last line of a stanza is given out: "A herd of elephants has passed through the throat of a mosquito." The poets look uncomfortable and no one hits at the right solution. But Tenali Ramakrishna rises to the occasion. He is a poet and also the court fool. Therefore he is a privileged person. He gets up and asks the poet some questions. The questions themselves complete the poem. He asks: "Have you drunk the juice of poppy heads? Have you tasted toddy in the company of Muslims? How can a herd of elephants pass through the throat of a mosquito?" THE next legend illustrates the

Krishnadevaraya tells his court that the last line is his own and not by some other poet. But he is not angry with Tenali Ramakrishna though the words employed in his questions are offensive. Rama-krishna again gets up and answers krisnna again gets up and answers the problem, now set as a ques-tion from the King. "The Pandavas have lost their glory. They have been reduced to a low position by their enemies. They are serv-ing Virata. Is this not like a herd of clashante ressing through the of elephants passing through the throat of a mosquito?" Here is wit throat of a mosquito?" Here is wit that can change Hell into Heaven and Heaven into Hell. It must be remembered that not much time is allowed to produce the lines. The prosody and the words must be appropriate. Ready wit and learning must go together. A great

deal of common sense and memory must be pressed into service. The necessary allusions must be there.

Milgar. 5

must be pressed into service. The necessary allusions must be there.

Tenali Ramakrishna is not afraid of raising laughter at the expense of an autocratic king. Krishnadevaraya, perhaps influenced by one of his many wives, decides to breed cats. His courtiers are each given a kitten and a milch cow. Periodically the king is to inspect the way in which the kittens are brought up. Tenali Ramakrishna is also allotted a kitten and a cow. On the first day he places a cup of boiling milk in front of his kitten. The poor little creature burns its tongue and learns a lesson. A few days later, Krishnadevaraya sets out on his routine tour of inspection. He finds a starving, whining kitten in Ramakrishna's house. The jester says that he has been given a kitten which hates milk. Krishnadevaraya orders a cup of milk to be placed before the kitten. The sight of milk makes it remember the burnt tongue. It runs away.

an age of pedantry, Rama-krishna knows the distinction krishna knows the distinction between the mere grammarian and lexicographer and the creative poet. The type of criticism in those days was to find fault with and to test a man as to the number of dictionaries he knew by heart. In fact the later prabandha period gives prominence to strings of incomprehensible words as against clarity, thought content and emotion. A scholar and a poet are supposed to be encyclopaedic. A typical test is arranged by a scholar who is a guest at Krishnadevaraya's court. He repeats four long and four short lines forming a particular metricians. repeats four long and four snort lines forming a particular metri-cal composition (seesapadya). Each line is identical with the next line. But apparently each next line. But apparer has a different meaning.

has a different meaning.

The learned visitor asks the court poets to explain the meaning of his verse. The latter look uncomfortable. Krishnadevaraya has to admit either that he is supporting second-rate poets and scholars or that the visitor is the greatest poet and scholar of the age. Tenali Ramakrishna again rises to the occasion. He recites a counter-poem and asks for its explanation from the challenger. It counter-poem and asks for its explanation from the challenger. It is a refrain, "A goat and a goat's tail, a goat's tail and a goat." The same word has a different meaning every time it is repeated and the visitor thinks that he must have neglected some dictionary known to Ramakrishna. He asks for time and does not appear at the court and does not appear at the court the next day and Krishnadeva-raya's honour is saved.

One can go on adding such stories. Like all legends, these have a grain of historical truth. However that may be, one thing is certain: they depict a fascinating character. If he did not live, he should have. Some of the great he should have. Some of the greathe should have. Some of the greatest characters of fiction such as Don Quixote, Candida, Micawber, Alyosha and Father Goriot did live and should have lived. They all represent the living and eternal human failures, happiness, miseries and wisdom. Whatever political system prevails, these eternal values never die. In India

such values are represented by Tenali Ramakrishna, Birbal and Ghalib.

Ghalib.

So far the discussion has been regarding Tenali Ramakrishna representing the common sense, independence, emotionalism and individuality of the South. From generation to generation many stories have been added to raise him to the stature of a legendary figure. But Ramakrishna is also known for a monumental work: the great prabandha, Pandurangamahatmyam. He is not a buffoon in this book; he is not even a vikatakavi; he is a devotee proving the effectiveness of bhakti. In this process he develops unforgetable characters such as the sister of Nigamasarma.

Now to discuss fully one epi-sode from the Pandurangamahat-myum to illustrate the transformation of a jester into a poet. There tion of a jester into a poet. There must be similar stories in every language and about every centre of pilgrimage. Tenali Ramakrishna tells a story which in essence is similar to the story of Gunanidhi in Srinatha's Kasikhandam. But the two poets treat an identical theme differently and I think that Tenali Ramakrishna has achieved a greater degree of artistry.

NIGAMASARMA is the eldest son NIGAMASARMA is the eldest son of a great savant. Tenali Ramakrishna describes the young man as "a Manmatha to the young women; praised by the people for his pure character; self-sacrificing; a great orator." But he has a weakness for women. He has a lovely wife but he prefers the company of prostitutes. He neglects his religious duties and is always busy settling the disputes in the "Red Light" district.

Light" district.

Tenali Ramakrishna gives a remarkable picture of the social position of learned Brahmins. They have the accumulated wealth of several generations. Women in the house wear many types of gold ornaments. There are several bearer bonds at home. They can be pledged to get credit from the sahukar. Advances can be obtained by leasing lands. Annual rents can be collected at a discount. Nigamasarma uses every device to raise money for gambling and for visiting the brothels. He is harassed by his creditors. He tries gambling and petty thefts, tells lies and begs. He lives in low company on the outskirts of the town.

Tenali Ramakrishna introduces at this stage the sister of Nigamasarma. He gives her no name and Ananthakrishna Sarma has rightly argued that this is a deliberate omission to pin-point the universality of a sister's character. She is happily married and has a number of children. She is grieved by reports of her brother's degradation and desires to put her father's home in order, thinking that her affectionate and gentle influence can reunite put her father's home in order, thinking that her affectionate and gentle influence can reunite her erring brother with the family. With a firm hand she collects the interest on bonds; collects rents, pays off debts and introduces order and discipline.

(Please Turn To Page 57)

Melukate Collection.

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February

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IFOC-44

1, 1963

Tenali Ramakrishna

(Continued From Page 55)

Nigamasarma is now reduced to a desperate search for food. He comes back home.

Nigamasarma is now reduced to a desperate search for food. He comes back home.

The sister greets him with gentle railery. First, he is welcomed as a prodigal brother returning home. He is given clean clothes and every dish he is fond of is prepared for him. After dinner she combs his hair and picks out the lice. She strikes a note of irony in her first question. Perhaps her younger brother does not want his Vedic studies to be interrupted. That is why he has not found any time to visit his sister. Both she and her husband have eagerly awaited him. She then proceeds to lecture him. He is like one of the pebbles found in a mine of sacred satigrama. How much sorrow has he caused his old parents? His family is noted for unblemished character. He has disregarded the sacred marriage oaths and has rejected a beautiful wife. He has reduced great scholarship to "parrot's words" and has become the laughing stock of his friends. She then strikes a note of cajolery. She has been boasting that her brother is a great man and a man of spotless character. If it pleases him, he can spend a great deal of money. But what need is there to sell lands yielding annually three crops of rice? Is he without a wife and younger brothers to behave so irresponsibly? With these words she strikes a practical note. He can, if he wishes, marry a thousand Brahmin girls. He will still remain a family man. She gives a graphic description of the methods used by prostitutes. It is time for him to give up such company. Once he does that, she can achieve the impossible to please him.

There is a brief interlude of transformation in the behaviour of Nigamasarma. He revisits the king's palace. Forgotten studies are resumed. His wife has been ashamed of meeting her friends. He comforts her now. He pays homage to the teachers. He offers hospitality even to unexpected guests. He supervises the crops. As a mark of respect, he himself washes his father's clothes. He arbitrates in the village disputes. But all these things are done only with a view to feeding himself and make up for a long period of standards. with a view to feeding himself and make up for a long period of starvation. He is just biding his time. It is only a clever piece of acting. The family is impressed by the change in him. It throws security to the winds. Nigamasarma takes this opportunity to decamp with the entire collection of jewellery and money in the house.

HS is carrying a great load of gold HS is carrying a great load of gold on his shoulders. He enters a thick forest to escape pursuit and detection, but is attacked by thieves and robbed. He is left alone in the forest. A farmer passing that way finds him and takes him home. He is a Brahmin and a learned man. Therefore the farmer worships him like a god. He is learned man. Therefore the farmer worships him like a god. He is given the best of everything in the house. But the character of Nigamasarma has not changed. The farmer has a daughter-in-law. She is a flighty creature. She has

a "roving eye" and she develops intimacy with Nigamasarma. Her husband comes home in the evening after a day's hard work in the field. She lulls him into sleep and joins Nigamasarma. They are waiting for an opportunity to elope.

elope.

Tenali Ramakrishna gives a realistic description of her behaviour. The opportunity for elopement is provided by a "Jatara". In this ceremony importance is given to the sacrificial goats. Arrack flows free. It is the goddess of Tamasa who is worshipped. There is the deafening sound of the drums. Frenzied women perform impossible deeds. They walk over fire and gyrate in ecstatic dances. Gradually the drink goes to their heads and their minds are befogged. Nigamasarma takes this opportunity to slip out silently with the farmer's daughter-in-law. He drinks toddy and takes to hunting for a living. His happiness is short-lived. The woman dies and Nigamasarma turns to a girl of the lowest order. He begets children and apparently he is happy and contented with the life he leads now. But once again fate strikes him a cruel blow. One evening he comes home to find his hut in flames and his wife and children burnt to death.

TENALI Ramakrishna's poetry here rises to remarkable heights. Nigamasarma looks at the corpses and says: "Everyone buys a woman with money. I bought your dark beauty by sacrificing my sacred family. I believed your beauty to be true and permanent. But it has been like a lightning. Your voice has had the effect of a thousand stringed instruments on me. People said derisively that a low woman had acquired a Brahmin. They have even spat at low woman had acquired a Brahmin. They have even spat at us. But I ignored them. There are many children in this world. Can any of them be compared with these children who would have perpetuated my family?"

Nigamasarma starves and becomes mad. He begs in the streets and cries out the name of his dead wife. Tenali Ramakrishna says that Nigamasarma re-enacts all the ten avataras of Vishnu in his madness before he dies at a sacred place and reaches Vishnuloka.

Baudelaire with his syphilis, Ne-Baudelaire with his syphilis, Negress and absinthe is a close parellel to Nigamasarma. It is easy to find similarities between Nigamasarma, Villon and Rimbaud. Rimbaud's philosophy that the successive decomposition of the senses leads to liberation is illustrated by the story of Nigamasarma. He is sive decomposition of the senses leads to liberation is illustrated by the story of Nigamasarma. He is like Dostoevsky's Idiot who is a combination of idiocy and the Christ. Shakespeare sees the possibilities of jesting combined with wisdom. His three great fools, the nameless fool in King Lear, Touchstone in As You Like It and Feste in The Twelfth Night are wise people masking their wisdom behind foolery. But the extreme possibilities are realised in Tenali Ramakrishna. He makes the court of Krishnadevaraya laugh and he is the honoured poet who creates the immortal character of Nigamasarma in Telugu literature.

"BHARADWAJ"

"BHARADWAJ"



Much as I own I owe
The passers of the past
Because their two and fro
Has cut this road to last,
I owe them more today
Because they've gone away

Milgar Lat

Because they've gone away

HESE lines from Robert Frost's "Closed For Good" may well serve as a tribute to his own individual vision that made him America's foremost poet of the century, and, in time, should make him an influence on succeeding generations of phoenix-seekers. Perhaps the most "perplexing" points about his poems are the soft, sad lyrical note and the simple wisdom garnered from observing the spectacle of seasons —the passing passion of the earth —both together elevating a child's pattern of thought to a level of profound piety and insight. Perplexing—not in the imponderables posed by any involved symbolism or imagery, but in the innocence of spirit. The voice is so reticent and restrained, clear in its emphasis and enunciation, dignified even in sorrow, that one is surprised to hear it amidst all the babble and bleatings of the beats today.

Even in his first collection of verse, A Boy's Will (1913), Frost revealed the angst and the agony of a fully perceptive poetic mind. In "My November Guest", he says:

Not yesterday I learned to know The love of bare November days

And again, in "The Tuft of

But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,

And I must be, as he had been-

'As all must be,' I said within my heart,

'Whether they work together or apart.'

The first unrest is finally resolv-The first unrest is finally resolved with a different stress in statement, which explains too how Frost reconciled the sense of isolation in his heart with a sense of companionship with the world:

'Men work together,' I told him from the heart,

'Whether they work together or apart.'

It must, however, be remembered that Robert Frost, as also Carl Sandburg, Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams, arrived on the literary scene not in the years of their exuberant youth but past the age of thirty, an age until past the age of thirty, an age until years of their exuberant youth but past the age of thirty, an age until which Virginia Woolf had advised the young poet not to measure his meaning with words. Such advice has its rewards to offer—control, conviction and compassion—as one conviction and compassion—as one can appreciate in Frost's plea to "October"—

Release one leaf at break of day; At noon release another leaf; One from our trees, one far

away.
Retard the sun with gentle mist;
Enchant the land with amethyst.

h Institute. Melukote Collection.

The awareness of impending isolation is there, choking one's throat to tears, but a plea is made in all good faith that a request for mercy will move the heart of even the most hardened.

"A poem begins in delight, it inclines to the impulse, it assumes direction with the first line laid down, it runs a course of lucky direction with the first line laid down, it runs a course of lucky events, and ends in a clarification of life—not necessarily a great clarification. but in a momentary stay against confusion... It finds its own name as it goes and discovers the best waiting for it in some final phrase at once wise and sad..." said Robert Frost, discussing poetics, obliquely stressing how theme and thought and technique have to be aligned and attuned to a pitch of instant expressiveness, so that eventually a poem makes itself.

poem makes itself.

The narrative verse of Frost also rings with the same authentic tone of respect for deep-felt emotions which, though fated to diminish or disperse, retain in the force of feeling the impact of individual destinies. "The Death Of A Hired Man" may be cited as a good example of how Frost presents different attitudes with the impartiality of a judge and without even different attitudes with the impartiality of a judge and without even wishing to intrude upon the scene with any final pronouncement. The oft-quoted lines defining the conception of a home gain, in the context of the poem, a stupendous depth of tragic import.

Home is the place where when you have to go there,

They have to take you in.'

'I should have called it Something you somehow haven't

Frost was always determined not to be poetic. His lines, therefore, "lack the exaggeration of rhetoric".

What was his philosophy? To all purposes he had none that could be set in syllogisms or cast in stylistic pronouncements of beliefs and disbeliefs.

Our very life depends on every-thing's

Recurring till we answer from

And so he lived centrally, how-And so he lived centrally, how-ever much he moved outwardly in later years as a lecturer, in com-munion with Nature, speaking to the spring and the snow, convers-ing with trees and flowers and birds till it was time to sleep.

How was Frost received fifty years ago? When A Boy's Will was published in 1913 by David Nutt (London), Ezra Pound did one of his "postcard" reviews: "It is not post-Miltonic or post-Swinburnian or post-Kiplonian. This man has the good sense to speak naturally and to paint the thing, the thing as he sees it. And to do this is a very different matter from gunning about for the circumplectious polysyllable."

And whoever coupled Frost with Wordsworth should be reminded that "words" are not always "worth" the same and, today, the polite compliment one can pay the Lake Poet is, to borrow from George Barker,

your bouquet of daffodils, They speak of your feeling for Nature even now.

S. V. V.

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Books Which Have Influenced Me-

RITERS are understandably reluctant to admit that they have been profoundly influenced by other writers. All writers are original and unprecedented and this fact is their principal consolation whenever reviewers fail to understand them. Though works of art are not devoid of connections with the past, the main purpose of these connections is (as with Milton) to show how the present improves upon the past or more often (as today) to remind the reader that the still, small voice is not that of Virgil or Homer. However the small voice is one's own and a man to speak eloquently must learn, in the end, to speak only for himself. As for other contemporary authors, the modern writer sees no reason to read them, and when he looks at his royalty statements he wishes that others would follow his example. follow his example.

Nevertheless it is an exaggeration to maintain that writers do not read, or even that they only read reviews. For one thing many writers are reviewers themselves and though reviewing in the control of are reviewers themselves and though reviewing imposes no obligation to read, the fact is that reading is often excellent tactics. It is better to know your enemy before you proceed to dismember him. Moreover it is only by reading the book that one can ascertain whether the publisher read it before composing the blurb, and writers are understandably interested in the psychology of that strange animal, the publisher.

WRONG ASSUMPTION

WRONG ASSUMPTION

I have noted in this series a persistent assumption that one must have read a book in order to be influenced by it. The assumption of course will not bear serious scrutiny. I do not simply refer to those simulated books which in America, conceal cocktail cabinets and enrich festive occasions with the patina of the classics. I myself have been influenced by books I have not read: in fact few books have affected me as powerfully as those which were thrown at my head in my childhood when I failed to be sufficiently aware of their contents. Apart from my own experience, it is evident that many university students find it both inconvenient and irrelevant to read the books which have been prescribed for them. Even outside the universities and outside politics, ignorance remains the condition in which one is most susceptible to influence. Many writers would cease to influence anyone if they were read more thoroughly and reflection cannot but show how important it is that the influence of a writer should reside not in what he says, but in what he seems to be to his admirers. Some influences to be effective must be imaginary and much damage can result, both to tradition and illumination, if the influence of a writer is made accountable to the narrow reality of what he actually wrote.

Unlike some other contributors to this series, I did not read Plato's Republic at the age of seven. My young imagination was neither raised nor overwhelmed by the impact of a literary masterpiece. I spent a normal and balanced childhood reading Sexton Blake, The Champion magazine and other popular forms of four-anna trash. Later I read Byron's Don Juan because I was forbidden to do so. From this I proceeded to Childe Harold and as a consequence of this diet found myself unable to write, except in ottava rima and Spenserian stanzas. At the age of fourteen this passion left me and so did the talent for rhyme. At the age of twenty-one I could no longer write even blank verse; the legal liberation, I told myself, coincided happily with the metrical. After thirty-five I have written prose rather than verse but have refrained from the conclusion that the ability to write novels is the sign of a mature mind. I still read poetry and even Spenserian stanzas provided they are Spenser's. Perhaps because the achievement of poetry is too far from my work to intimidate it but even more because of the nature of poetry itself, I derive from it a more fully organised enjoyment than I am able to obtain from prose.

I read The Waste Land in a teashop on October 22, 1939. I had not read Eliot before,

by B. RAJAN

because I was told that he was a reactionary. This is not to say that by 1939 I had become a reactionary myself, though I may have fallen upon this particular poem because I had read too many poems about the Spanish Civil War. At any rate I can still recollect my sense of excitement at the dragging, fractured movement of the opening lines, realising so vividly the paradox of dying into life that underlies the poem and nourishes its economy. Eliot assures us that genuine poetry can communicate before it is understood and Coleridge goes further (and to my mind too far) by suggesting that poetry gives most pleasure when it is only generally and not perfectly understood. I understood little of The Waste Land when I first read it but I found myself convinced from the outset that its intricacy was vital to its effect, that it would reward one's mind and not simply exercise it. Some of my education has consisted of would reward one's mind and not simply exercise it. Some of my education has consisted of growing up to this poem and I suppose it is true to say that Eliot's work now conditions my approach to any kind of poetry. I am not so sure of his influence on what I write. I believe there is no danger of my writing like Mr. Eliot and I say this to suggest that several



writers who attempt to do so do not and cannot do justice either to Mr. Eliot or themselves. It would be tawdry to say that Mr. Eliot is inimitable but there is some point in arguing that, notwithstanding his dedication to tradition, his is a striking case of the individual talent which other writers should admire and stand away from.

Yeats has always struck me as a more "central" poet than Eliot and this ought to be odd considering the personal and eclectic quality of his vision. Since I was told that Yeats was even more reactionary than Eliot I did not read him till 1942. I have been reading him intermittently ever since and I can only say that however much one's mind may change there is always something in Yeats that engages one's state of mind and engages it vitally. I do not always agree with Yeats and I also cannot agree with those who say that poetry raises no question of agreement. "Tragic joy" and "gaiety transfiguring all that dread" are of course inadequate practical responses to India's present calamities, but my point is that they are inadequate even as poetical responses. However I would not be indulging in these dissents if I had not been influenced by Yeats's writing. He shows us the "rough beast" with poetic power and prophetic clarity even though he proposition that history is a recurrent cycle that man can only contemplate but not alter.

Yeats's style, since he threw away his coat and found more enterprise in walking naked, has been characterised by a validity appropriate to its substance, a resolute refusal to speak with other men's voices. Mimics of Yeats are even less likely to deceive anyone than mimics of Eliot. But the true writer can learn from him how to look for himself.

If I had not written a book on Paradise Lost I probably would not be a Professor of English, so that the poem, whether or not it has influenced me, has determined my fate. In addition, the example of a man who spent twenty years in pamphleteering and who, either in spite of it or because of it, wrote one of the greatest poems in any language, remains a perpetual consolation to those who drone away their lives in offices or at committees. Milton is not a nonaligned writer (it is a question to be debated whether any writer is) and he is also a writer incapable of compromise. These facts give the moral structure of his poetry a certain severe and unfashionable finality. I myself find refreshing the assertions that men decide what they are and what they choose to become, that society is only the sum of individuals, that history is made by men rather than imposed upon them and that virtues cease to be virtues when they are committed to mistaken ends. These truths become alive within the universe of the poem and so I find it peculiarly authoritative even as a text for the times. Leavis complains that Milton's virtues are those of character rather than intelligence but the fact is that the two qualities cannot be separated and within the poem itself. Belial is a decisive example of ther than intelligence but the fact is that the two qualities cannot be separated and within the poem itself. Belial is a decisive example of what happens to intelligence without character. Paradise Lost is a poem which comments upon the condition of man today as truly and as effectively as in Restoration England.

THE TRUE VOICE

The other day a student asked me (as many have done before) to recommend a writer on whom he could model himself. I watched his eyes downgrading me, as I told him to seek the sound of his own voice. I had wanted to give him his self-respect but some minds can only walk on the crutches of other people's phrases. To such people an influence is also an insulation: it is the cocoon of style and thoughts which protects one from reality or invites one to look at it only in authorised perspectives. To the extent that the writer is a questioner (the two terms do in fact converge) his entire life ought to be an attempt to escape from influences. A writer cannot emulate another writer's style or even his philosophy. He can learn only from another writer's honesty, when that honesty is experienced in terms which come close to his own imaginative life. This is the only real influence and what tale in place in such circumstances is not a transmission but a recognition; in the imaginative pattern of another circumstances is not a transmission but a recognition; in the imaginative pattern of another mind a man finds a clue to his own and, because he knows himself better, is able to speak

Studies of influences and sources flourish in the academies and have not been discouraged even by their condemnation under the heading of the genetic fallacy. The ordinary man is explained by social scientists in terms of his childhood and his environment. The writer suffers a more humiliating fate. He is explained and accounted for in terms of his library. I suppose that every writer has to believe that there is something in him beyond the books he has read and that his reality as a writer resides in this uninfluenceable core. Studies of influences and sources flourish

Finally there are books which are not just in the writer's library but in everyone else's. To say that the Gita has influenced one would be both pompous and inadequate. One lives with the text though not always according to it. is part of the blood-stream of one's civilisation. If I refrain from mentioning such books it is only because their presence is too profound and too pervasive for one to be able to delimit usefully their impact.

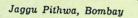
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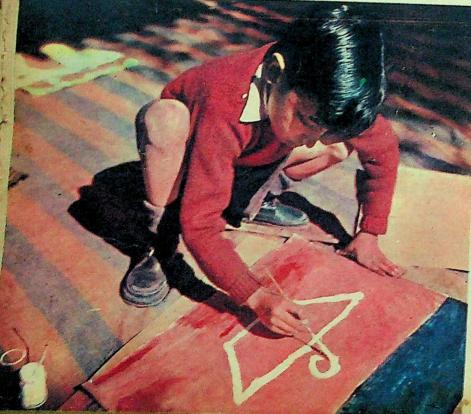
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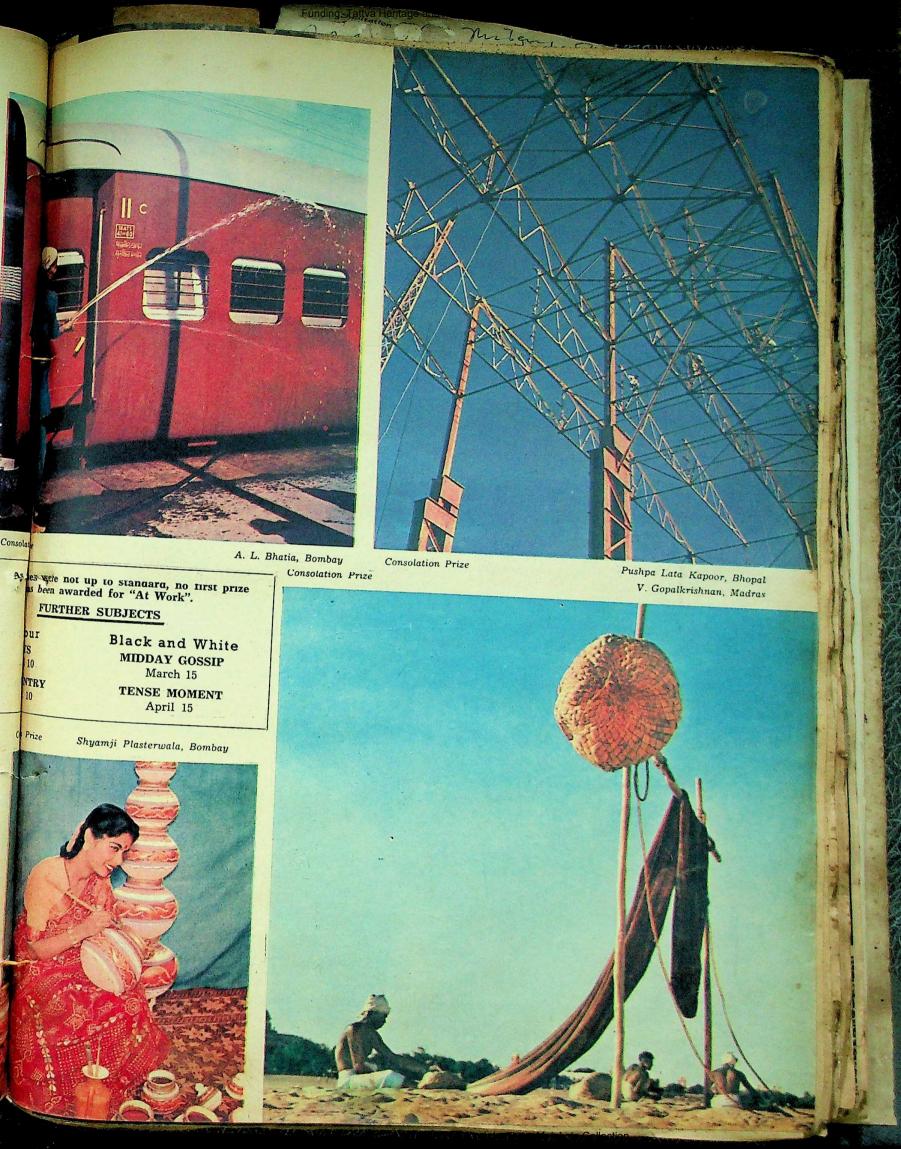
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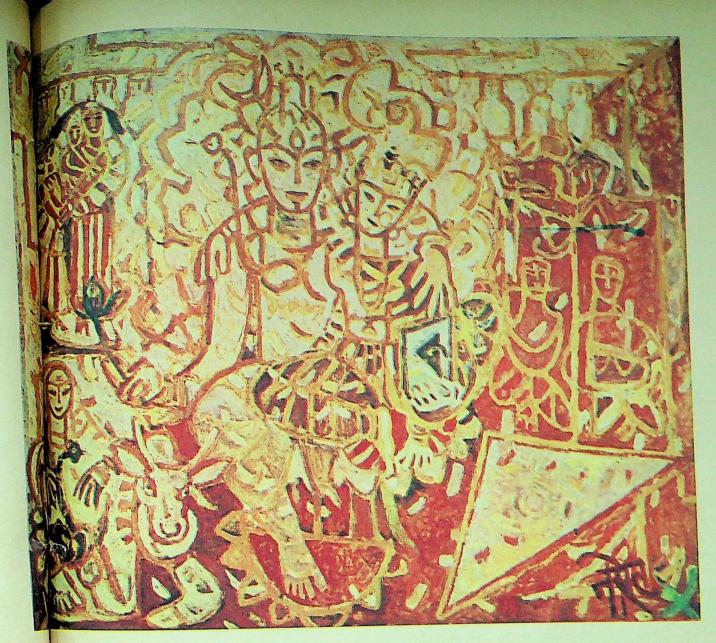
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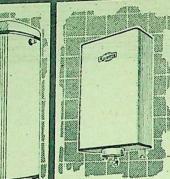
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February 17, 196

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SMILING! CO. LTD.

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other commanders.

Coming, as it does almost twenty years after the events about which years after the events and the to subside, but so has the smoke of the controversies created by commanders of opposing schools of thought. While he seems to lend support to an old controversy, that Auchinleck had decided on a further withdrawal in Egypt, he gives no cause for fresh ones, and perhaps the greatest merit of Memoirs is that, almost without trying to, they build up an image of their author, and he comes out as a good soldier and an outstanding commander—correct, erect and debonair in victory and defeat.

Burma Campaign

WAR books written by military commanders usually make dull reading, but Field-Marshal Slim's story of the war in Burma, Defeat Into Victory (Cassell, 25s.), first published in 1956, was an exception. Those who missed reading it will welcome this new abridged version in which the original sixwill welcome this new ability version in which the original six-hundred-odd pages have been pared down to four hundred and fifty or so, by reducing the detail of military actions.

The Field-Marshal is one of those rare military heroes who are generous in their assessment of other generals and even have a good word to say about their enemies, and he is almost exceptional in his readiness to admit his mistakes. Not that he made many, and never major ones. Indeed, "Uncle Bill", as he was affectionately known to his troops, made such remarkably accurate "appreciations" that he usually managed to get his enemies to commit their troops in ground of his own choosing.

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M. D. M.

World War I

A UGUST 1914 by Barbara
W. Tuchman (Constable, 45s.)
is a fascinating study of the early
phase of World War I, based on a
careful examination of a vast mass
of official records in the archives
and public libraries of Europe and
America, military histories and the
memoirs of soldiers and statesmen. The narrative is not burdened with foot-notes or other marks
of erudition and runs smoothly
throughout.

The author begins with pen portraits of the principal actors in the great drama of the 1914 war and presents briefly the system of alliances and alignments which divided Europe into two armed camps before the catastrophe. An account of the war plans of Germany and France, preparing for the expected conflict, follows. The German strategy was the work of General von Schlieffen, Chief of the German General Staff from 1891 to 1906. It was planned to the minutest detail, "as rigid and complete as the blueprint for a battleship".

French planning, on the other hand, was less rigid and was based on a better appreciation of the value of moral forces. "It contained no stated overall objectives and no explicit schedule of operations." Its main object was to repel attack and it was therefore opportunist. French military thinking empha-

sised elan more than material equipment. "The will to conquer is the first condition of victory." This was the lesson that was sought to be instilled in the fighting forces. An army regulation stated: "Battles are, beyond everything else, struggles of morale."

It is interesting to note that neither the French nor the Germans had prepared for a long war in 1914. The greater part of the book is devoted to a description of the campaigns during the first thirty days of the war. The German advance on the Western Front from the attack on Liege, and the rapid march of the armies across Belgium and France to Von Kluck's turn near Paris, the magnificent resistance of the Belgians and the marvellous recovery of the French armies for counterattack to halt the progress of the Germans at the Marne and the turn of the tide in the war are brilliantof the tide in the war are brilliantly described as also the campaign in the East which ended in the defeat of Russia at Tannenberg. In

the execution of the Schlieffen plan the German armies came within an ace of the victory they aimed to achieve within a month. But they were unable to claim a decisive triumph.

The book has many lessons for the professional soldier as well as the citizen.

Decline Of The Sikhs

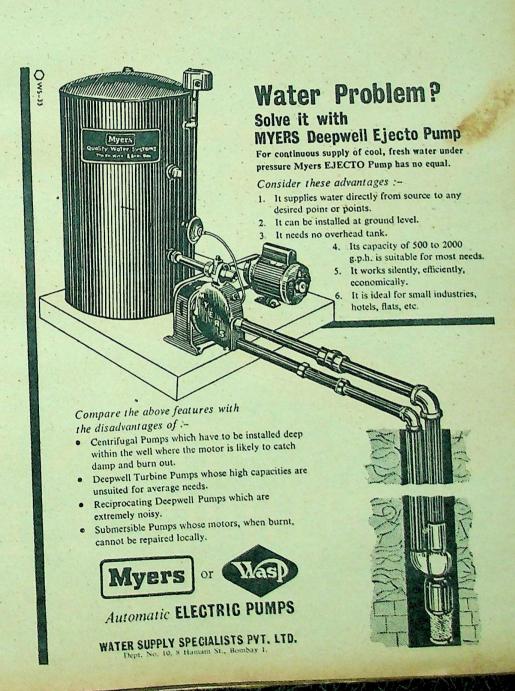
KHUSHWANT Singh had made a name for himself as a writer of fiction and Sikh history. In The Fall of the Kingdom of the Punjab (Orient Longmans, Rs. 4.50) he tells the story of the Sikh kingdom and its decline in the ten years following the death of Maharaja Ranjit Singh in 1839. It is not a pleasing story; it is full of intrigues, murders and jealousies, and shows up the seamy side of a powerful nation facing a fall.

The eleven short chapters are written in a readable style. No

documentation is attempted, but the author assures the reader: "Every character and incident in this narrative is based on contemporary historical records." He says that this book is a by-product of the three years he gave "exclusively to research and writing of Sikh history", with the support afforded by the Rockefeller Foundation. A postscript of six pages traces the fates of the main characters who survived the fall of the kingdom. kingdom.

The Punjab soon forgot the memories of the great heroes who opposed the British and "in the Great Mutiny of 1857 only eight years after the annexation of their kingdom, the Punjabis helped their erstwhile conquerors to defeat their Hindustani compatriots. A new generation of Punjabis who disowned their past was born and they were pleased to be known as "The Sword Arm of the British Empire"."

K. A. N.



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February 17, 1963 ASPECTS OF TELU

Pedda

N the history of T are four periods for the contribution The first was the second belonged to Kondaveedu; and th ed by the Vijayana had for its centr Nayaks. Although e tive, there was a running through forms of poetic ex

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17, 1963

ASPECTS OF TELUGU LITERATURE - 7

Peddana And The Prabandha Period

This popular series is resumed in response to requests from readers. —Ed.

In the history of Telugu literature there are four periods particularly notable for the contributions made during them. The first was the Kakatiya period; the second belonged to the Reddi Rajus of Kondaveedu; and the third was represented by the Vijayanagar Empire. The fourth had for its centre Tanjore under the Nayaks. Although each period was distinctive, there was a continuity of character running through the widely different forms of poetic expression represented.

The Vijayanagar period is regarded as the age in which the prabandha form was perfected. It is not easy to define a prabandha. Dr. Krishnalah has tried to identify its features with those of the Sanskrit kavya. But there are wide divergencies. According to Dr. Krishnalah: the poet can invent or borrow a plot; the hero must be a divine character or a dhirodhatta Kshatriya; the entire structure must have an organic unity with five sandhis; and one of the three rasas—sringara, vira and santa—must predominate.

PEDDANA, the court poet of Krishnadevaraya, is considered to be the first of the great prabandha writers. He borrows the plot for his Manucharitra from the Markandeyapurana. Although the title suggests that he is dealing with the story of Swarochisha Manu, the successive stages through which he develops the plot brings the story only up to the birth of Manu. The question therefore arises as to who is the hero of this prabandha. Actually, the narrative is a string of stories, and so each episode has its own hero. The first part, which can be regarded as the foundation of the whole story and which is in the nature of a preface, is the most beautiful section of the narrative.

The story begins with a description of the city of Arunaspada and the glory of the four castes living there. The Brahmins are so proud that they consider even Brahma old and senile. The Kshatriyas challenge Parasurma to a fight. The Vaisyas are so prosperous that they can lend money to Kubera himself. And the Sudras are capable of removing the poverty of Siva. Peddana adds that every prostitute born in the city is so beautiful as to put Rambha to shame.

The hero of the first episode is a handsome, young and rich Brahmin. He is happily married and is devout and learned. He is anxious to visit the sacred places of the land but domestic duties prevent him from going on pilgrimages. He how-

ever derives satisfaction by talking to pilgrims who come to his house and accept his hospitality.

One day he is visited by a siddha. Pravara welcomes him and gives him food. In return he receives an ointment rubbing which on one's body one is transported to any place one desires to visit. Pravara rubs it on his feet, closes his eyes and wishes to go to the Himalayas. His wish is immediately fulfilled. He is transported across the skies, has an aerial view of all the sacred places on the way and lands finally in the Himalayas. No sooner does he set foot on the mountains than the ointment melts away and he is stranded in the inaccessible heights. He discovers to his regret that he has no means of returning home.

Suddenly he finds himself confronted by a divine dancer called Varudhini. She is struck by his good looks and goes up and talks to him. She wants to possess him, but Pravara is unswerving in his domestic attachments. He asks her the way to return home but with an ironic smile she asks: With such wide eyes, can't he find his way? Or is it a ruse to talk to lonely women? Pravara is not given an opportunity to reply to these false accusations. Varudhini goes into an uninterrupted description of herself. She is proficient in the kamasastra and has divine dancers for her companions. Finally she praises his beauty and asks him to be her guest. He is in need of rest and must accept her hospitality.

PRAVARA is too innocent to understand the implications of her invitation. He tells her that he is pleased with her kind words but that he must return home. As a divine person she can use her powers to convey him home. But Varudhini scoffs at the idea of his return. Aren't the beauties of the Himalayas preferable to the poverty of his home? The question is followed by a frank confession of her love for Pravara. But the young Brahmin does not respond to her overtures. He remarks that a Brahmin devoted to religion is not a worthy candidate for her love. Besides, it is time for him to return home. He has to perform his afternoon devotions; the guests will be waiting for their meal; his old parents, too, will be anxiously looking forward to his return, refusing to partake of food without him.

Varudhini now has recourse to an aggressive tone. A blind man cannot appreciate the moonlight. Similarly Pravara is unable to appreciate the beauty of a divine creature, she observes. How many times has a man to be reborn to deserve the embrace of a beautiful woman? What good is it to deny one's senses their pleasure? But Pravara is not affected by this argument. A true Brahmin, he says, who falls victim to sensual pleasures will never attain liberation.

Varudhini counters this with a quotation from the scriptures, pointing out that that pleasure which is the result of the concentration of all one's physical senses is perfect and a means of attaining liberation (Anando Brahma). Pravara is not convinced and does not agree with her interpretation of the scriptures. She suddenly employs different tactics and tries to embrace him by force, but the Brahmin turns his face away and gives her a push. She tries to win his sympathy by crying and recalls that even great sages before him have been moved by the beauty of women and have never suffered any ill consequences. This argument, too, has no effect on Pravara, who eventually addresses a prayer to Agni and is carried back home.

THE third canto begins with Varudhini's lamentation. She feels humiliated and indignant that she has been rejected by the Brahmin. Deprived of love, she feels that her immortality is like a lamp burning in a deserted house. The setting sun is described in a fine passage. The sun has turned red in anger because a Brahmin has spurned a beautiful woman in love. Despite some unusual touches the pattern and content of poetry here is conventional.

A Gandharva, who has been rejected by Varudhini, now finds it opportune to seek her love again. He disguises himself as Pravara and is accepted by her. Eventually she becomes pregnant and the Gandharva manages to slip away after telling her the story of distressing conditions at home.

The book drags on from this point. Varudhini gives birth to a son. His heroic deeds as a young man are described in great detail. The monotony of the long descriptions is relieved to some extent by the Manorama incident. Varudhini's son marries Manorama and later also her friend. He divides his kingdom between his two sons and renounces the world. In the forest he meets a vanadevata and out of their union is born Manu. The book ends on a spiritual note, with Manu offering a prayer.

Manucharitram is regarded as the first of the prabandhas. Peddana has had a host of imitators, but most of the later prabandhas are utterly lacking in creative imagination. Though uneven in quality Manucharitram remains a great work in Telugu literature. In it Peddana has succeeded in creating two characters representing two uncompromising facets of life: Pravara standing for spirituality and Varudhini for physical love. Both of them triumph, but each in a different way. Perhaps Varudhini must be credited with the final victory because Manu is descended from her.

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WEEK'S



THIS READING

Story Lama's Own The Dalai

HE autobiography of His Holiness the Dalai Lama of Tibet, My Land and My People, edited by David Howarth (Asia Publishing House, Rs. 16) might rightly be called the Book of the Year—nay, the book of a life-time-because it is not only a historical document of the first order, but also the human story of a man, whose nobility of character is as great as his position as head of a religious faith and ruler of a country.

Never before have the mysteries of a Dalai Lama's office and origin, the details of his discovery and the humble beginnings of his life, his education and his personal reactions, his inner development and his struggles amidst the contending forces of worldly power, spiritual ideals and religious convictions been revealed in the form of a genuine autobiography. For the first time we are allowed to cast a glimpse into the soul of a man, whose destiny it was to take upon himself almost superhuman responsibilities at a tender age, and to know how one who is venerated as a divine incarnation by millions of men feels as a human being. And here the real greatness and charm of the Dalai Lama's personality becomes apparent.

In spite of being conscious of his divine mission, his humility as an individual made him always ready to learn from others, and among the great men of our time he respected nobody more than Mahatma Gandhi. At Rajghat he felt deeply moved: "Standing there, I felt that I had come in close touch with him... I made up my mind more firmly to follow his lead whatever difficulties might confront me; I determined more strongly than ever that I could never associate myself with acts of violence." This determination is reflected in all his later decisions and actions. There has never been a more sincere follower of non-violence under the most severe provocations.

Another place, where he felt a similar upsurge of religious devotion, was Bodh Gaya: "A feeling of religious fervour filled my heart and left me bewildered with the knowledge and impact of the divine power which is in all of us." It is the denial of this divine power and the brutal suppression of religious life by the Chinese Communists that made any co-operation with them in Tibet impossible, in spite of the Dalai Lama's readiness to give a fair trial to many of their give a fair trial to many of their social and economical reforms, some of which were introduced by him even before the Chinese occuhim even before the Chinese occu-pied the country. There was and still is no enmity for the Chin-ese people in his heart. To him a greater issue was at stake, namely the very foundations of human

culture, the spiritual freedom and the preservation of those ultimate values on which all religious aspirations are based. "The salvation of humanity lies in the religious instinct latent in all men, whatever their creed; it is the forcible repression of this instinct which is the enemy of peace."

The tragedy of Tibet, therefore, is of more than mere political significance; it exemplifies the tragedy of our whole civilised world, which failed to recognise that the struggle between Communism and the free world is not merely the competition between two economic systems, but the choice between the destruction and the recognition of spiritual values, the choice between slavery and freedom. freedom.

the choice between states freedom.

The subjugation of Tibet was merely the first step in the Chinese Communist aspiration to dominate Asia and to spread their nefarious doctrine throughout the continent. The Dalai Lama recognised this long ago, and his words will have a special significance for us in the present crisis: "I am far from being a military expert, but common sense suggests that no other country in Asia has the strategic importance of Tibet. With modern weapons, its mountains can be made an almost impregnable citadel from which to launch attacks on India, Burma, Pakistan and the south-east Asian states, in order to dominate those countries too, destroy their religion as our is being destroyed and spread the doctrine of atheism further."

That India and the rest of the world should have tolerated the rape of Tibet without a protest, by recognising Chinese claims and thus conniving with her evil designs, was one of the most bitter experiences of the Tibetan people

and a mistake for which we have to pay dearly now. If there is anything to awaken the people of India to the seriousness of the present conflict, it is this book, which, more than all political speeches, will stir our deepest feelings, strengthen our determination and appeal to the conscience of the world.

L. A. G.

On The Battlefield

THE Battle for Imphal led to the THE Battle for Imphal led to the greatest defeat on land ever suffered by the Japanese in the course of their history—a defeat inflicted upon them by British and Indian soldiers and airmen and the United States Army Air Force, after four months of the most violent fighting amid "the tangled mass of mountains and jungle" in Assam and Burma.

In spite of the enormous importance of Manipur to India and the Allied cause, those four months of fighting were largely ignored at the time and have not been much remembered since. Imphal is far away and the people in Britain were concerned with the bombing of their own homes and the excitement of the Normandy landings. Sir Geoffrey Evans and Antony Brett-James, both of whom took part in the battle in 1944, have now published a first-class book, Imphal: A Flower on Lofty Heights (Macmillan, 32s.), describing what happened. The authors, like wise soldiers, have carefully selected their objectives. They have not attempted to analyse the battle and have concentrated on the events around Imphal itself, giving little reference to the grim fighting at Kohima. The story they tell is, within its limits, an enthralling one. They describe the extraordinary acts of

heroism and self-sacrifice on both sides; the appalling conditions of country, weather and disease in which the fighting took place; the magnificent efforts of the pilots of the Royal Air Force, the Indian Air Force and United States Army Air Force, who flew in all kinds of weather to support the troops on the ground and without whose contribution the outcome might well have been very different. The Japanese was undoubtedly "the toughest and probably the most formidable individual soldier in the world, whose powers of endurance were almost beyond belief and whose great aim was to die for the Emperor on the field of battle". That the Japanese were defeated is at least partly due to the fact that their troops were at the end of a very long line of communications and had virtually no air-support. The defence of Imphal, however, depended entirely on the air and the Allied aircraft brought in hundreds of tons of supplies daily and the fighters flew an immense number of sorties—they were four thousand in April 1944 alone.

The illustrations and maps are not very good but so vivid is the writing that the theme receives ample description.

Attractive Annual

THE sprightly humour-laden essay on the Nihangs, "the Sikh Samurai", by Khushwant Singh, and the learned, lucid note on The Akbarnamah by Pramod Chandra may be cited as reflective of the tone of The Times of India Annual 1963 (Rs. 4.50), conceived, as usual, to entertain and enlighten its readers, to whom the prestige periodical is also a presentation article for friends abroad.

ation article for friends abroad.

The lead feature is an amplyillustrated, "auspicious" article on
the Bridal Costumes of India by
Surovi Bhattacharjee. In contrast
to the pretty brides presented here,
adorned in all the finery of old,
are the starkly realistic pictures of
rural India, at once contemporary
and eternal, offered in "A Desert
Village" by Shama Kilanjar.
Alongside this exhaustive photoessay on Badnawa, situated in the
heart of the Rajasthan desert,
should be placed V. S. Naravane's
glimpses of the Magha Mela at
Allahabad ("The Oldest Festival
on Earth"). In a manner, these
three contributions convey the
multi-impact of our land and people.

Lavishly illustrated in colour and monochrome, and produced to satisfy the standards of the most carping critic. The Appendix terms. carping critic, The Annual attempts on every page to maintain a sense of aesthetics in layout as well as authenticity in the material presented.

The two features that complete the contents are: "The Hunt" (presenting four Rajasthani miniatures with notes by Kumar Sangram Singh) and 'The Opera in India" by Balwant Gargi.

Defeat And Victory

TIELD-MARSHAL Alexander was perhaps the only wartime commander of his stature who had not so far written about his campaigns. Now, with The Memoirs of Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis 1940:1945 (Cassell, 25s.), breaks his long silence. His book a crisp, even-tempered, perceptive and lucid account of two defeats



YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO, 29-year-old Soviet "rebel" poet, and noted German author Heinrich Boll photographed at Bonn.

After claiming several see won a State Universele won a State Universele with the seed of New York, we larship of New York, we larship of New York, we larship of three years' the seed another five at the Department of M.Sc. in year course of M.Sc. in year course of M.Sc. in year course of M.Sc. in year years ago, she visit and Egypt.

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Miss Narula uses "flat" scheme that is art. There is a strik neatness to be se paintings. In using her main purpose is the texture as in he Child". She has als decorative pieces in an exciting medium further attention.

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After claiming several awards, a State University Schoshe won a State University Scholarship of New York, which took are shall be several awards. With the back-period of two years. With the backgoind of three years' training at found of Art, Bombay, and J. J. School of Art, Bombay, and another five at the Delhi Polyeld another five at the Delhi

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Narula's abstraction is based on scenes from life. Details are elimisted and the subject interpreted through planes, horizontal and vertical, reminding one of modern architecture. There are two types architecture are total vision: one among the different planes, and the other through varied colours, in a way that both orchestrate with munderlying harmony. "I play on four says." the says.

In such an arrangement even certain essential details are dropped and new planes incorporated to balance the composition. Similarly in colour-relationship the aim of the artist is more to achieve harmony than formal faithfulness. And yet all the colours need not be in the same key; sometimes exciting results are achieved by "counter-points", to extend the musical idiom. Thus the whole work breathes a harmony where a slight deviation might jar the visual impact. visual impact.

A look into her sketch-book reveals the inner working of her mind. For instance, seeing a child playing with a small box, she is struck by the composition and hurrifully does a sketch. That remains the basis, the fundamental notes of the raga, as it were. Then starts the process of elimination and elaboration—that hand there has to go, the box is visualised in a different position to enhance the rhythm, a slightly extended leg achieves the alignment of planes and so on. Colour-combinations are arranged in the same way without any recognisable reference to "Babli" or the box. A look into her sketch-book re-

Miss Narula uses colours in a "flat" scheme that is nearer to folk art. There is a striking order and neatness to be sensed in her paintings. In using dry enamel, her main purpose is to bring out the texture as in her "Mother and Child". She has also done small decorative pleces in metal enamel. an exciting medium which deserves further attention. further attention.

Narula tries to achieve harmony with different colours and seldom by exploring the tonal values of the same colour. Perhaps she would succeed better if she attempted to change the stress in certain compositions. But there is really no need to offer advice, for she has two talented brothers, both writers, ever willing to act as critics. And it is best that Parkash Narula is left alone to proceed on her own conclusions.

NACHIKETA GOTAM



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SYNOPSIS

Karuthamma, daughter of the ambitious fisherman Chemban Kunju, and Pareekutti, the young Muslim trader, feel themselves irresistibly drawn to each other. Chakki, her mother, gives Karuthamma the solemn traditional warning that the fortunes of the sea front depend on the purity of its women, but she cannot prevail on the hard Chemban Kunju to give first place to his daughter's marriage. Instead, over Karuthamma's protests, she helps him borrow money for a boat and net of his own from the captivated Pareekutti.

The change in Chemban Kunju's status rouses the jealousy of certain other fishermen and, consequently, the relationship between his daughter and the Muslim trader comes under base criticism and suspicion. The anger of the headman and his henchmen is tactfully appeased by Chemban Kunju. Karuthamma and Pareekutti, meanwhile, find their friendship entering the phase of love.

The smile of fortune transforms Chemban Kunju into a heartless, greedy individual, concerned solely with his own welfare, and he sets out to exploit the poverty and ill-luck of others to advance his own

T WAS a windless, cloudless night. The stars shone brightly. The sea was calm. Far away in the distance someone thought he saw a speck on the sea. It might well be the boat. But it was not. There was no sign of the boat.

Fisherman Kochan's old mother beat her breast and asked Chakki to bring her only son back. Vava's wife, who was carrying a baby, did not blame anybody; she just cried. The sea front was a picture of misery.

When it was nearly midnight, shouts were heard.

"The boat is coming," someone cried out. The boat was speeding towards the shore like a bird.

The boat had a shark in it. They had caught another but they could not manage to bring both. Chemban Kunju cut the shark up and distributed it to the women to take inland for selling. He told them they could give him the money after they had sold it. Kalikunju, Lakshmi and the others got their share. Thus in many a home the fires were lighted in the kitchen that night.

Two days later they again went right out to sea. That day, too, Chemban Kunju returned triumphant. Even when the sea seemed barren Chemban Kunju could make money. The old ones were defeated and kept quiet. The women said that they could eat now, thanks to Chemban Kunju. Some of the other boat owners also went out fishing beyond the horizon.

After the hardships everyone hoped there would be bright days ahead when the chemmeen (shrimps) were plentiful. The year before, the Chakara had been to the north of Alleppey. By all accounts, therefore, this year it should be at the Nirkunnam sea front. In any case, to avoid bad luck, they must get ready for it. That meant that the boats and nets had to be repaired, mended and kept in good trim.

Ouseph and Govindan, the moneylenders, came out to the seashore, their pockets bulging. Everybody was in need of money. The fishermen agreed to any terms. The traders who owned the curing yards made friends with the big fish merchants of Alleppey and Quilon and Cochin, and their agents. The sea front soon reflected the affluence of borrowed money. There were also small traders who went from home to home lending money to the womenfolk. They gave advance money for the fish that would be dried and stored. One young trader was stabbed by a fisherman in his hut because he tried to molest his wife.

Chemban Kunju saw Ramankunju from time to time. Ramankunju feared that Chemban Kunju would ask for the return of his money. But not only did Chemban Kunju not ask for his money, he even offered him more if Ramankunju needed it.

Pareekutti made no preparations for the Chakara season. His father had asked him to close down his curing yard. It was Abdullah's

opinion that Pareekutti should take up some other work elsewhere. But Pareekutti would not leave the sea front.

Abdullah was surprised and asked, "What is this?"

"Father, you brought me to the sea front and left me here to trade in fish when I was a little boy. I don't know any other vocation," Pareekutti said.

"How did you manage to squander all your

Pareekutti had to answer. "Father, in business you may profit or lose. Sometimes you don't even have your capital left," he said.

"What if you lose still further?"

"What you have decided to bequeath to me as my rightful share is all that I ask for. You needn't give me anything more," Pareekutti

"But I have nothing of real value to give you," his father said.

Abdullah had many responsibilities. Although he was once a rich man, he had lost everything. He had a daughter to give away in marriage. Abdullah described all his problems. Even then Pareekutti would not change his mind

Karuthamma noticed that Pareekutti was not preparing for the Chakara season. He had not made ready the vessels for boiling the shrimps. He was not buying the coir mats to dry them on or the baskets to contain them. She told her mother that it was the time to return the money to Pareekutti. If they felt grateful for the help he had given them, the money had to be returned.

Chakki in turn shouted at Chemban Kun-ju. Not only did it not work, but Chemban Kun-ju became angry. Karuthamma was convinced

ney. In addition, they should appropriate a share of whatever Chemban Kunju brought home. Thus they could repay Pareekutti Chakki also hoped to procure a little gold for her daughter's wedding.

"I don't want any gold or finery. All I want is to see that Kochumuthalali's debt is repaid," Karuthamma said.

"But it is your father who should repay that debt, my child," Chakki said.

"Father won't repay it."

Chakki had to agree. Karuthamma began to make her plans.

Pareekutti, too, had hopes for the Chakara. Abdullah had mortgaged his house and land to one of the big traders, and had given Pareekutti two thousand rupees to work with. He planned to trade carefully, repay his debt and give away his sister in marriage.

While everyone waited expectantly, the early monsoon came on. The sea grew rough, Judging from the current that followed, it seemed certain that the Chakara was to come to their sea front. The eyes of the fishermen shone with hope and happiness. In a little while the sea front would become a bustling little town. On either side of the beach little huts began to crop up to house tea-shops, tailors' shops, clothiers' shops and goldsmiths' shops. Even electric lights would be set up with a generator. generator.

Boats began to arrive from distant places. The rains came pouring down. The wind rose. But the sea grew calm like a pond.

On the first day the haul was small. The fish were slowly finding their way to the calm waters. All the boats were on the sea, but Chemban Kunju, even then, had the biggest haul. Ayyankunju thought that that was be-

Chemmeen-4

by THAKAZHI SIVASANKARA PILLAI

Translated from the Malayalam by Narayana Menon

that Chemban Kunju would never give Pareekutti his money.

"I am afraid I can't bear this burden," she said to her mother.

For a moment her mother did not get the "What burden are you carrying?" she ask-

Karuthamma burst into tears. Chakki comforted her. But Karuthamma was obstinate.

"I am going to tell Father everything, everything—then I know he will find the money."

Chakki was terrified.

"Don't say anything, my child!"

If Chemban Kunju knew only as much of the story as Chakki did, what would happen? Chakki could not imagine it. When she heard Karuthamma's words, Chakki realised that there was more involved than she herself knew.

THE fishermen waited expectantly for the THE fishermen waited expectantly for the Chakara season. When they had nothing else to eat but rice soup and vegetables, the prayer in every home was, "O goddess of the sea, when are you going to give us a proper meal? Let the Chakara season come!"

When the man in the tea-shop would give them no more credit, the fishermen said, "The Chakara season is coming."

The women's clothes were in shreds but their husbands said, "When the Chakara comes, we shall get fine clothes for you."

All their hopes and needs had to be realised with the Chakara season.

Karuthamma, too, had an idea which she described to her mother. During the Chakara they must somehow scrape together some mo-

cause Chemban Kunju went out earlier. But Ramanmuppan was of another opinion.

"He has bought the good fortune of Palli-kunnath along with the boat," he said.

Chemban Kunju was a challenge to all the boat owners on the sea front. They determined to try to match his hauls.

Ayyankunju got together his men. "Don't make me have to call you. You must all come on your own at the appointed time. We must have a will," he instructed them.

The next day they assembled at the seashore even earlier than usual. The tea-shops began their sales early. Chemban Kunju's boat was not the first to go out because he had not realised what the others had planned.

By the movement of the boats it looked as if there was a big haul in store that day. The traders and curers assembled on the beach. Pareekutti was restless. It was getting late and Pachu Pillai, the moneylender's man who had promised to bring him money, still had not come. Pareekutti had very little money with him. It was a good day in every way. There were fish in the sea. The sun was shining which meant the boiled shrimps could be dried the same day. He could make money that day, but Pareekutti feared that even the beginning of the Chakara was going to be difficult for him.

The boats turned towards the shore. Paree-kutti was in serious trouble. The other traders were waiting there with their money ready.

On the beach the cheers went up. In the restaurants food was being prepared. In the curing yards the pots for boiling the fish were ready. There was not a minute to be Pareekutti's workers were also standing by.

Chemban Kunju's boat approached first. As usual, it came speeding and dancing in

From And

IN ROME. Britain' Macmillan shows c discusses the world President, Si



Dr. GOPALA casting, receip Srinagesh, G

THE KING OF liant performancipal Theatre,



Funding Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotin.

From Far And Near

IN ROME. Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan shows concern on his face as he discusses the world situation with the Italian President, Signor Antonio Segni.





Dr. GOPALA REDDI, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, receives the degree of Doctor of Letters from General S. M. Srinagesh, Governor of Andhra Pradesh and Chancellor of Sri-Venkateswara University.

THE KING OF SWEDEN congratulates Uday Shankar after witnessing a brilliant performance by the renowned Indian dancer and his troupe at the Municipal Theatre, Stockholm. Looking on are Amla Shankar and Mr. Khuh Chand, cipal Theatre, Stockholm. Ambassador in Sweden.



TOWARDS CONGOLESE INTEGRATION. President
Moise Tshombe of Katanga holds a garden party in honour
of Mr. Joseph Ileo (centre), the Congolese Central Government Minister of State, on his arrival in Elisabethville to
implement national unification measures.

THREE MEMBERS of the first American-sponsored expedition to Mt. Everest meet the Press in San Francisco—(l. to r.) Dr. William Siri, Dr. Gilbert Roberts and Dr. James T. Lester Jr.





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ASPECTS OF TEL

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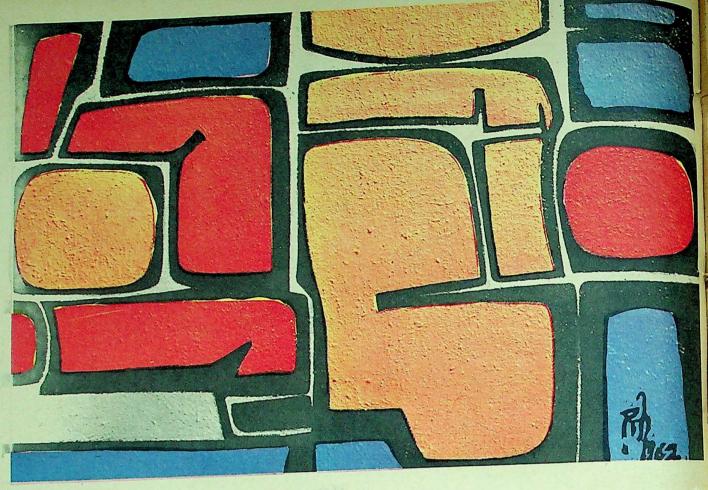
Pingali Surana flashback to tell the folds somewhere in Surana chooses a vithe characters conties. At first reading ing. It takes some The book begins with distract Saraswati It is about people roles in the future

Surana managerial with superb mail into each other characters at every Surana recognises ousness. At one immediately attraction a trap. At the sciousness which to furue love and forgiveness. Then devoted hearts, puperience of false

TWO episodes in the nature of arrival of Narada ethereal region by Kalabhashini is den. In the ether and Nalakubara, disciple who is a at the earth and a Heaven. Immediate women like shadow heavenly as a true poet.

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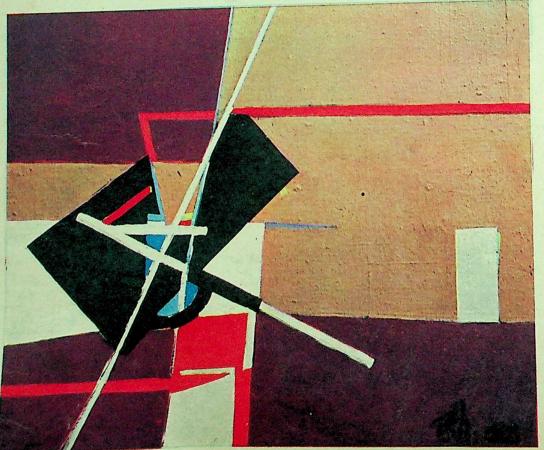
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MENTAL CONFLICT



OF INDIA - 8

Parkash Narula

FTER her visit to the U.S.A., Parkash Kaur Narula has so completely broken with the past that, today, nothing except abstract art holds her imagination. Dutifully, she is striving to make it a vital movement in India. All her work in America and since has been guided by the single thought of how to render abstractions with an Indian flavour.

She is pursuing her new style with such eagerness and enthusiasm that it would be unwise to expect her to look in any other direction in the near future. The ardent devotion to abstract art has however, made her gain the fellof firm ground and her recent out put has gained her a name as a promising young artist.

March 3, 1963

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE Digitization; eGangour

ASPECTS OF TELUGU LITERATURE - 9

Surana

INGALI SURANA has been the subject of more critical studies in Telugu literature than any other poet, with the exception of Thikkana. His three important books Raghavapandaviyam, Kalapurnodayamu and prabhavati-Pradyumnam, written in that order. The first book is remarkable for the skilder. The first book is remarkable for the skil-ful use of words with double meanings. The second is the only one which calls for a detailed analysis. The third is a romance written perhaps when Surana's creative powers were on the decline. The story is wholly based upon contemporary legends and the Puranas.

In Kalapurnodayamu, Pingali Surana creates a story of his own and presents it convincingly through memorable characters. But the story is so complicated that it is difficult even to summarise.

Pingali Surana adopts the method of the flashback to tell the story. The central plot unfolds somewhere in the middle of the book. Surana chooses a vast canvas for his narrative. The characters constantly change their identities. At first reading the work can be bewildering. It takes some time to realise who is who. The book begins with Brahma telling a story to distract Saraswati from her feigned anger. It is about people who are to play momentous roles in the future.

Surana manages to handle unwieldy material with superb mastery. The incidents dovetail into each other smoothly. The identity of characters at every stage is gradually revealed. Surana recognises clearly two levels of consciousness. At one level a woman or a man is immediately attracted just by glamour and falls into a trap. At the other there is an inner consciousness which unerringly points to the way of true love and humanity and of charity and forgiveness. Then comes the union of really devoted hearts, purified by the chastening experience of false love.

TWO episodes in Kalapurnodayamu illustrate the nature of the work. It begins with the arrival of Narada at Dwaraka. He is in the ethereal region between Heaven and Earth. Kalabhashini is dancing and singing in a garden. In the ethereal region there are Rambha and Nalakubara. Narada is with his favourite disciple who is a poet and a musician. He looks at the earth and at Rambha; then he remembers Heaven. Immediately he says that on earth there are women like Kalabhashini who can overshadow heavenly creatures. Narada praises him as a true poet.

Rambha is piqued by this reference to the superiority of earthly beauty. Narada administers a gentle curse. He suggests that a woman resembling her will cause her mental distress. Later Narada comes to earth to be taught music by the wives of Sri Krishna. He and his two disciples, Manikandhara and Kalabhashini, undergo instruction in Krishna's palace. An intimate friendship develops between Manikandhara and Kalabhashini who falls in love with him. Temporarily it is overshadowed by the beauty of Nalakubara who has some faint resemblance to Manikandhara.

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The training is over. Kalabhashini, the courtesan, remains in Dwaraka. Narada goes his unpredictable way, Manikandhara undertakes to lead an austere life in search of truth. Kalabhashini is visited by a Siddha. He tells her that Manikandhara's life has been disturbed by Rambha. His austere vows are broken by her. He can take Kalabhashini there to witness the scene. But both Manikandhara and Kalabhashini can assume the forms they like. bhashini can assume the forms they like.

After the Siddha's effort to sacrifice Kalabhashini, she assumes the role of Rambha and meets Manikandhara in the role of Nalakubara. They have a happy time together. The real Rambha and Nalakubara turn up and the complicated tangle is resolved. At the temple, Kalabhashini learns that the man who sported with her is no other than Manikandhara. She is happy and tells him that she has always desired him. She had been attracted just by the glamour of Nalakubara. She adds pathetically that no one will believe a courtesan. These two have to pass through several reincarnations to become the hero and the heroine of Kalapurnodayamu.

The Sumukhasatti episode raises several psychological problems. In a brilliant essay, Freud tried to interpret from the "inscrutable smile of Mona Lisa" the personality and character of Leonardo da Vinci. He had supporting evidence from the diary of Leonardo in which a dream is recorded. No attempt is made here to evaluate the personality of Pingali Surana from the Sumukhasatti episode. Even the bare facts of his life are in dispute. Was he a follower of Ramanuja or Sankara? Did he change his faith when he wrote Kalapurnodayamu and revert to the traditional family beliefs when he wrote -Prabhavati-Pradyumnam? How did he break away from the general tradition of Telugu literature in which every Telugu poet had depended for the plot on Sanskrit literature or the current legends in the Sthale Puranas? Perhaps a psychological study of Kalapurnodayamu and of the personality of Pingali Surana may elucidate this.

IN Kashmir there is a temple dedicated to the goddess of learning. The priest has an only daughter, Sugatri. She is married to Saleena who becomes a member of the household. On the first night of the marriage the couple meet in a luxuriously furnished house. The girl is decked with jewellery and attractive clothes. But Saleena just ignores her. The next morning her friends infer from her dissatisfied looks that something has gone wrong. They advise her that if the husband is an impractical man, the wife must take the initiative and shed her natural shyness. They teach her a few tricks to attract Saleena. She unsuccessfully tries all the wiles a woman is capable of. Her mother is eager to have a grandson. The old woman is disgusted with the ways of her idling son-in-law and promptly puts him to work in the garden. IN Kashmir there is a temple dedicated to the

Sugatri, like any devoted Hindu wife, goes into the garden to help her husband. One rainy day, in spite of her mother's protests, she goes to the garden alone, untouched by rain. Her devotion moves her husband to love her. The mother and her friends are pleased with the satisfied looks of Sugatri. The mother immediately asks her son-in-law to stop working in the garden. the garden.

Once again Sugatri, dressed luxuriously and seductively, waits in the room for her husband to show some sign of affection. Saleena makes no move. Daringly, she approaches him and asks him if he is very tired. Saleena asks why she has come to him. She replies bitterly that she has come to him with the same desire that prompts all wives to go to their husbands. that sne has come to him with the same desire that prompts all wives to go to their husbands. She complains that he has not even spoken friendly words to her. If he is in love with some other woman, she says, she is prepared to bring her to him and serve them both faithfully. But Saleena is unmoved and Sugatri spends the night massaging his feet while he is asleep.

Sugatri realises that her husband has very little attraction for furnished houses and luxury. She can only win his love in plain garments and the natural setting of a garden. Besides, her husband does not want her to have a child. It may spoil her figure and divide her love. But there is the prediction of Goddess Saraswati that she is to have a remarkable son. Her mother insistently dins the point into

her ears. She prays and the Goddess again tells her that she will have a very famous son. When Sugatri tells him of the blessing of Goddess Saraswati, he is enraged and plunges into the river. Sugatri and Saleena reappear as Sumukhasatti and Manistambha. The two of them are brought together at the Maheswari temple. Sumukhasatti saves Kalabhashini from being sacrificed to the Goddess. She does not at first recognise Manistambha as her husband. After the false Rambha and false Nalakubara episode, the husband and wife are brought together. Manistambha has a curious desire. He wants Sumukhasatti is to become a man and Manistambha a woman. It is during this period of transformation that Kalapurna is born with the mother as the father and the father as the mother.

as the father and the father as the mother.

Kalabhashini is a courtesan of Dwaraka. By a curiously fortunate circumstance she is brought into close contact with Narada and his disciple Manikandhara. Manikandhara is a gifted poet and a musician. But to perfect his art he is also taken as a disciple at the palace of Krishna. All the three, Narada, Manikandhara and Kalabhashini, undergo an exacting discipline. Kalabhashini falls in love with Manikandhara. But this love remains suppressed in her deeper consciousness. She also has a glimpse of Nalakubara. He has the superficial glamour of a divine being. Possessive Rambha arouses feminine jealousy and vindictiveness in Kalabhashini. The lessons are over and Manikandhara goes off to practise austerities. Kalabhashini is visited by Manistambha who tells her that Manikandhara's concentration has been broken by Rambha who has been sent to do so by the frightened Indra. This is sufficient inducement for Kalabhashini to try and look at her old schoolmate. She accepts the invitation of Manistambha to reach the place and return very soon. The magic of Manistambha can do it for her.

Manistambha carries Kalabhashini to the temple at which she is to be sacrificed. At the last moment she is saved by Sumukhasatti. Meanwhile, the disappointed Manikandhara has changed into Nalakubara and is searching for Rambha. Kalabhashini looks at him. She too is gifted with the art of assuming any form she likes. Therefore she changes into Rambha. There is a very touching love scene which ends in requited love on both sides. The real Rambha appears. real Rambha appears.

The scene showing the quarrel between the real and false Rambha is interesting. The real Rambha proposes a flight to Heaven to settle the dispute. The false Rambha uses all her ingenuity to avoid this contingency. She cannot fly and she is earth-bound. How can she, acclaimed as the greatest beauty, go and argue in public against an impostor? But the false Nalakubara is now convinced that she is an impostor. Rudely, she is driven out. ly she is driven out.

The true Nalakubara then appears. The complication cannot be resolved by a mere duel. Manikandhara is as good as Nalakubara in the use of arms and Rambha proposes a test. There is a story which he has told at a certain time to Nalakubara. Both of them can whisper to her when and where and under what circumstanto Nalakubara. Both of them can whisper to her when and where and under what circumstances the story was told. The false Nalakubara naturally fails in the test. But the consequence is significant and reveals the great humanity of Pingali Surana. Kalabhashini and Manikandhara meet again. Kalabhashini confesses that she has been a fool to go after a false diamond mistaking it for the true one. She is happy and satisfied and so is Manikandhara. The poet and the courtesan are brought together and in the next life they are to be wife and husband.

In Prabhavati-Pradyumnam, Surana expounds his theory of poetry. Poetry must not fall into the mistake of repetition. There must be no contradiction between what has been said at the beginning and at the end. Surana also says that his former books do not contain any reference to his family history and hence he undertook this final work.

It is very difficult to trace in detail the life and personality of Pingali Surana. His first work, Garudapuranam, is still missing. His masterpiece, Kalapurnodayamu, is a great poetic work. If it is to be translated and presented to the world it will need the genius of an Arthur Waley.

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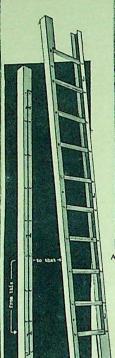
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HE Blue of C lancz, 25s.) by ick, the co-aut American, is a liter logical triumph, con ful writing, wonder and unexpected ma has spent most of around the Pacific there with his fami of Moorea, only se Tahiti. He is fascin overwhelmed by th he says, "enormous dictory". It is by ocean in the wor merged mountain than Everest. It typhoons in a year. of its fish and plan all the human b ever lived. Its peop ery, are enchanti vary from the "sa culable Melanesia beautiful, extrove

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WEEK'S



THIS READING

Many Lands

HE Blue of Capricorn (Gollancz, 25s.) by Eugene Burdick, the co-author of The Ugly American, is a literary and psychological triumph, combining delightful writing, wonderful descriptions and unexpected material. Burdick has spent most of his life on and around the Pacific and still lives there with his family on the island of Moorea, only seven miles from Tahiti. He is fascinated and almost overwhelmed by the Pacific. It is, he says, "enormous, plural, contra-dictory". It is by far the biggest ocean in the world. It has submerged mountain ranges higher than Everest. It averages 130 typhoons in a year. A year's supply of its fish and plankton could feed all the human beings that have ever lived. Its people, like its scenery, are enchanting, though they vary from the "savage" and incalculable Melanesians to the gay. beautiful, extrovert Polynesians.

The author tells a number of stories, very moving ones, and he is particularly concerned not so much with the possibility of the adaptation of the aborigines as with hard, competitive Western mind finding happiness in the Islands. "As the rest of the world has become homogenized and identical the Pacific seems more and more to be unique, simple and pleasant. Here the hard religion of Christ, the intricate faith of Buddha, the evangelical edge of Mohammed are softened by the sun and climate into a gentle tolerance. Sex loses the element of guilt, which is a mixed blessing for it also becomes more tepid and less tensing.

"... For the deeply civilized, the unalterably sophisticated, the industrialized man, the Pacific holds a low quotient of pleasure.

"For the person who can regain an innocent nerve, a tolerance for repetition; for those who can endure a natural beauty which is soaring and massive and vivid to the point of disbelief and a human art which is primitive and bawdy for these the Pacific is endlessly intriguing."

Dennis Holman's earlier book Noone of the Ulu described the tragic and mysterious disappearance of a young Englishman who married a tribal Temiar girl. In his The Green Torture (Hale, 18s.), which is, to some extent, a sequel to his earlier work, he tells us more about Pat Noone, but the bulk of

his story is concerned with Robert Chrystal, a middle-aged rubber planter, who joined a British guerplanter, who joined a British guerilla group opposing the Japanese invasion and who survived for three-and-a-half years in the jungle. This is a stirring tale of heroism under impossible conditions and the hero emerges as a very admirable person who has learnt much from his life in tribal Malaya. "After living with and observing the Temiar," he says, "I feel I have acquired an entirely new perspective. I used to think a lot about these wonderful jungle people, comparing their values and ple, comparing their values and standards with our own, and find standards with our own, and finding ours empty, dangerous and transitory. What I gained from the Temiar in inner contentment is mine till I die. In the jungle, I assure you, I learned the secret of real happiness."

By contrast, G. M. Glaskin's account of Western Australia—The Land That Sleeps (Barrie & Rockliff 25s.) is serviceable but a little dull. It is the account of a journey along the coastline of Western Australia, east across the Kimberleys to Darwin and south again through the wind-swept plains of the "Dead Heart". Mr. Glaskin points out that hitherto this country of magnifithe wind-swept plains of the "Dead Heart". Mr. Glaskin points out that hitherto this country of magnificent scenery has been visited by very few tourists, but he thinks that it is only a matter of a few more years when better roads will make travelling less of an ordeal than it is today. Then tourists from all over the world will be flocking to see it. He makes the interesting suggestion that "now that Africa has again become a continent hostile to the white man, he can turn to the north of Australia to see the primitive spendour of nature, or chase and hunt wide animals in their natural surroundings. Safari will perhaps become a transplanted word. Or else the Australian word, with its aboriginal connotation. will take its place; people will come here not to 'go on safari' but to 'go walkabout'."

F. D. Ommanney is a professional writer and his acwriter and his account of Hong Kong entitled Fragrant Harbour (Hutchinson, 25s.) is brilliant, humane and, indeed, almost perfect of its kind. This thim not be not the "pimple on the backside of China" as it has been callas it has been called, is an area only slightly more than half that of Greater London, but it has one of the finest harbours in the world and the name "Hong Kong" actually means "Fragrant Lagoon" or "Fragrant Harbour". Ommanney gives us everything—scenery, the British colony, the night-clubs and a delightful account of his own affair with Linda, a girl from Joe's Bar This is a book to be read and enjoyed.

Somewhat similar in design, though far from equal in achievement, is Major Duncan Forbes's The Heart of Nepal (Hale, 21s.). Yet this too, in the absence of more professional studies, is a valuable guide-book to a country about which not much has been written and which today it is becoming more and more essential to understand.

A Spiritual Testament

THE Resistance Movement in Occupied Europe during the Second World War produced a bitter crop of literature which, written under the shadow of the Nazi noose, could truly be described as "notes from the gallows". Raw and bleeding, these spiritual testaments were written in the heat of passion, and thus generally speaking lacked a tone of objectivity and finality. Now that the Occupation is a whole nightmare away, perhaps more solid, comprehensive and imaginative works can be attempted to construct the heroic Odyssey of the Resistance underground fighters. The task of course is rendered no easier with so much to light, but the very complexity of the situation lends subtlety and THE Resistance Movement in Ocmore material that has since come to light, but the very complexity of the situation lends subtlety and epic breadth to these signatures in blood. Considered thus, Dead Men. On Leave by Milo Dor (Barrie & Rockliff, 21s.) is in a way an epitaph on the graves of thousands of those obscure but dedicated souls who, defying torture and tyranny, resisted the forces of darkness and evil.



JAMES JONES, noted American author, whose latest novel, The Thin Red Line (Collins), has been favourably received by critics.

More particularly, it is the story of Mladen Raikov, a young Communist intellectual who even when beaten up into a pulp would not betray his comrades or higher contacts, for though his body was on the point of yielding, his mind, fortified by the Marxist dream, continued to sustain him during that period of twilight. Mladen had stood up well to his torturers, but, as in the case of Peter in Koestler's Arrival and Departure, once the ideological raison d'etre comes to be questioned, everything assumes an academic tone. And so he purchased his reprieve, his pitiful parole like other "dead men on leave". In scenes of great power and beauty, Milo Dor paints the throbbing, pulsating reality of totalitarian inquisition, which debases both the victim and the tyrant.

On release, Mladen could do nothing but become an insignificant cog in the German war machinery, having been expelled from the Party. The tragic irony of the whole situation is illustrated in the transfer experter character. Anissie whole situation is illustrated in the story of another character, Anissie, who had profited by a mistake in identity on the part of the Nazis only to be shot dead by the victorious Russians on a false charge. Mladen's own break with Moscow is sealed when he finds the Soviet soldiers indulge in rape and loot. The moment was "the greatest shame of his life". The entire edifice of a vision had fallen, and the tragedy of it was that he, Mladen Raikov, a fugitive from history, was only 23 at the time!

Was Mladen's predicament a symbolical projection of the shape of things to come? Were the seeds of the Russian-Yugoslav split sown in those tortured days of doubts and fears? There is no straight comment from Milo Dor, but the seedle seems to point in that directions to the seedle seems to be seems to be seedle seems to be seedle seems to be seems to be seems to be seedle seems to be seedle seems to be seems to needle seems to point in that direc-

D. S. M.

Wit And Wisdom

THE world remembers Kashmir for its smiling meadows and glistening snowpeaks, its lakes, gardens and orchards. And it is often forgotten that Kashmir is also the home of philosophy and literature. In particular, the art of story-telling was perfected by the people of Kashmir in ancient times and the tradition has never been interrupted. The most stupendous collection of stories in the world, the Kathasaritsagara, was written in Kashmir. Though scholars have awarded it a place along-side the finest gems of classical Sanskrit literature, this great work owes much to the folk tales that originated in dim antiquity and were told and retold from generation to generation. THE world remembers Kashmir

In S. L. Sadhu's Folk Tales From Kashmir (Asia, Rs. 12.50) we get a glimpse of the wit and wisdom, the zest for life and the richness of experience, that are preserved in the popular stories of Kashmir. There is a good deal in this selection that is bizarre, but there is also much that is sweet and simple. The author has retold these folk tales in a homely and interesting style. The stories chosen by him show considerable variety in situation, character and theme. The supernatural element has not been left out altogether, and yet it has not been allowed to dominate the atmosphere, as often happens in such anthologies.

(Please Turn To Page 47)

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NOVEL "QUOTES"-A

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RUNNERS-UP UNDER 3 ERRORS Rs.

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NOTE: In "QUOTES" No. 74, the Quotation Clues are selected so that as far as possible in each one of them there is some suggestion to help solvers find the right word. Use your skill to spot the CORRECT WORD of each QUOTATION CLUE from among the words listed on the right.

OPEN TO ALL READERS CLOSES: 5 P.M. FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1963.

CONTEST OF SKILL

CLUES ACROSS

- 1 English Archbishop
- 4 Don't I good? Don't you do your part?
- Various
- He nodded lovingly towards the -
- His hand hovered over the -
- "Any --- left?" I asked sleepily.
- 12 Some of us had a merry fight with the in this very street.
- Appointed place of meeting
- 19 To desire strongly
- Practice of lending money at exorbitant 20 interest
- -. I felt real good about that one. It was -
- 22 The crisis had reached the -

CLUES DOWN

- 2 Employs for a purpose
- 3 You must both be horribly -
- 5 Mixed dish
- "It is --!" he cried savagely.
- But why so frightened? And why the -
- 13 "What a --- old thing it is," he said.
- 14 By your own description you must have been in a mood.
- Anything prickly
- 16 Human trunk
- Single 17
- I knew a thing or two about him and that's why we got the ——.

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF APR. 7; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF APR. 14. Address Envelope:—"QUOTES" No. 74, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702. BOMBAY-1.

NOTE: If you send your Envelope by Registered Post, please omit "Post Bag No. 702" from above address

ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" No. 74-'QUOTES" No. 74

(ALL ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED) CLOSING DATE (both Local & Final) 5 P.M. FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1963.

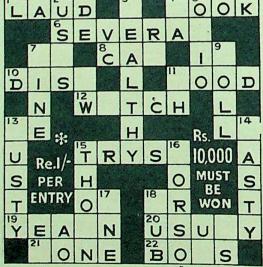
In entering this Contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

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Enclosed M o n e y Order Receipt or Nos -----

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FULL NAME in Ink and Block > Mrs Miss Letters.



QUOTES" Nº74

ENTER REGULARLY AND WIN CUT HERE CUT HERE

ONLY

No. 74

THE CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE QUOTATION CLUES ARE AMONG FOUND BE THE

GIVEN BELOW WORDS IN

ALPHABETICAL ORDER

CONTE

RUSS	COME
BOYS	HASTY
CAR	HEALTHY
CAT	LOOK
COOK	MINE
CUB	MUSTY
DISH	NASTY
DISK	PUB
DOLL	ROLL
DONE	WATCH
DUSTY	WEALTHY
FINE	WITCH
FOOD	WOOD
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Here's "QUOTES" No. 74, with the new look This literary pastime is purely one of skill in which every clue permits of only a one-word solution. There are two types of clues:—

- (1) The regular type, the solutions of which to be found in any standard dictionary.

 (2) Quotation Clues, printed in thicker type, answers of which when filled in complete

These Quotation Clues are actual quotations from authors, and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and, therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest, because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in the original work.

PLEASE NOTE that the QUOTATION CLUES used in "QUOTES" are exact reproductions of the sentences drawn from the books used for the purpose by our Compiler.

Important Announcement

The sources of the quotation clues of "QUOTES" NO. 74 will be published along with the Correct Solution in the "WEEKLY" of April 7, 1963.

LAUD SQUARE IS E FOR PER H YOUR N COPY

RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 64

March 10, 1963 ASPECTS OF T

C OME wome ters of their by men. In Utukuri Lakshr deal to say abo women. Writing poetess, Srimat fers, without el vulgar jokes n Ramalinga. She ignored by Kr was from the p lected by other be a woman.

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> > She wr father was and Siva. V band. With fesses that does not k ignorant o any prosoc of Srikanti

ASPECTS OF TELUGU LITERATURE - 10

MOLLA

Some women scholars claim that writers of their sex are generally ignored by men. In one of her books, Srimathi Utukuri Lakshmi Kantamma has a great deal to say about male prejudice against women. Writing about Molla, the Telugu poetess, Srimathi Lakshmi Kantamma refers, without elaborating, to a number of vulgar jokes made about her by Tenali Ramalinga. She concludes that Molla was ignored by Krishnadevaraya because she was from the potter community and neglected by others because she happened to be a woman.

Srimathi Lakshmi Kantamma lists twenty-four women writers before the modern era. In English literature there are not more than half a dozen well-known women writers of that period. There are the letters of Mary Montague, the novels of Jane Austen, the Bronte sisters and George Eliot. The last of these took up a male pen-name in order to avoid discrimination. Compared with their European counterparts, Telugu patrons of literature did not discriminate against women to the same extent.

Srimathi Lakshmi Kantamma wrong in her argument about Molla's caste too. Who has not conceded the remarkable abilities of Bhattumurthi? Is there any doubt about the place of Ramaraja Bhushana in Telugu literature? If Gona Buddha Reddy was the author of Ranganatha Ramayanam, has anybody doubted its importance? If Srimathi Lakshmi Kantamma's placing of Molla in the Krishnadevaraya period is correct, the only literary criterion by which Molla's Ramayanam is to be judged is by a comparison with Manucharitram, Amukthamlyada, Parijathapaharanam, Kalahasthi Mahatmyam, Kalapurnodayam, Pandurangamahatmyam and Vasucharitra.

IF Molla has not equalled the great poets of the age, how has she found a permanent place in Telugu literature? The reason appears to be that Molla tells an unvarnished story in clear language. The movement is rapid and her writing is not cluttered up with philosophical speculations and moral lectures.

She writes about herself modestly. Her father was a worshipper of Guru, Lingam and Siva. We know nothing about her husband. With touching humility she confesses that her vocabulary is limited. She does not know much of grammar. She is ignorant of rhetoric. She has not learnt any prosody. Her poetic talent is the gift of Srikanta Mallesa, the reigning deity of

Gopavaram. Imitating Pothana, she says that God Ramachandra is using her as a medium to tell his own story.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

Writing about poetry, Molla says that the words must be clear and simple. High-sounding words only disguise the meaning. Translation from Sanskrit must be intelligible. Traditional wisdom crystallised into proverbs must find its place in poetry. The style must be smooth and harmonious. She does not find the previous translations of the Ramayana inadequate. For Molla it is enough that the repetition of Rama's name brings salvation by itself.

Molla starts her Ramayana with the Prabandha approach and begins with a description of Ayodhya. The Brahmins have converted Ayodhya into a Sarada Pitham. They are pandits and holy people. The Kshatriyas are warriors; they are generous, handsome and greatly enjoy their life. The great wealth and the business sagacity of the Vaisyas and the remarkable agricultural abilities of Sudras are praiseworthy. Curiously, Molla pays her tribute to the seductive courtesans too of Ayodhya. She then proceeds to tell the story in roughly 900 verses. (The original Ramayana contains about 24,000 verses.)

IN the Balakanda there are significant omissions. The reason for the incarnation of Vishnu is adequately dealt with. The touching episode of Santa and Rushyasrunga is completely omitted. Dasaratha performs Putrakamesti with Rushyasrunga as the priest-in-chief. No description of the childhood of the four brothers is given. Instead, Molla proceeds to the episode of Viswamitra's arrival. Again, in the original Ramayana, Dasaratha's mental conflict between his promise to his wife and love for Rama is resolved by the intervention of Vasishtha. The great sage whose hundred sons had been killed by Viswamitra tells the story of the latter and assures Dasaratha that his son is quite safe in the custody of Viswamitra. Molla again omits this pert. She elaborates on the number of kings attending Seeta's swayamvara. She adds the names of princes from Andhra, Malayala, Dravida and Yavana. The marriage and the Parasurama episodes are touched upon very briefly. The famous Sanskrit verse which touchingly describes the Kanyadanam finds no place in Molla's Ramayana.

In Ayodhyakanda, again, there are significant omissions and commissions. Molla starts with a description of dark nights. Molla, a product of her own age, expresses what happens around her, and her descrip-

tion details a few things which are not to be found in the original Ramayana. On dark nights women deceive the local police and their husbands. Cleverly they lull their mothers-in-law and children to sleep. Carefully they muffle the jingling of their bangles. At midnight they set out to find their lovers. Molla adds further details. The husbands who excite their wives leave them unsatisfied and go to sleep. Such women get out of the house to find happiness with their lovers. Some women desire different men. Some bargain for a price with their lovers. Molla writes charmingly about the desires of lovers. Then she comes to the story. When the day breaks, Molla writes, Kaikeyi's husband is fully pleased with her. This is a good opportunity to demand the fulfilment of the two promises he had made her long ago.

HERE is a significant omission. In the original Ramayana, Kaikeyi is not a villain. She is persuaded into the conspiracy to get the throne for her son and send Rama into the forest for fourteen years. Valmiki softens the character of Kaikeyi because in any case she is simply an instrument in the hands of God. Molla omits this part of the Ramayana and never mentions the name of Manthara. This omission, is simply to take away the motivation for Rama's exile and the events that follow.

But there is a saving grace in the Ayodhya Kanda. It touches the episode of the boatman Guha. His natural superstition causes him fear. The touch of Rama's feet turns stone into a woman. So many stones have to be traversed before he enters the boat. Therefore Guha takes the precaution of washing Rama's feet with great devotion and takes him into the boat. Once again the Sabari incident is dismissed in three short poems. It neither brings out the devotion of Sabari, who offers the fruits that she has tasted, nor the grace with which Rama accepts the bitten fruit.

In the subsequent kanda, Molla makes similar omissions and commissions. She creates no outstanding character as Ranganatha does with Ravana, Kumbhakarna and Sulochana. Perhaps she gives just a glimpse of the greatness of Hanuman. In the Yuddhakanda, the one Sanskrit verse expressing Rama's grief over Lakshmana is greater than the number of Molla's poems about this. The Sanskrit verse says: "In every country a wife can be found. Therefore in every country relations can be found. But nowhere can a lost brother be found."

Molla's verse is not a vintage wine but a vin ordinaire. In Andhra, children are first introduced to the Ramayana through the unsophisticated version by Molla. Her work has a permanent place in Telugu literature. Molla surmounted the popular prejudice against women and caste by writing a remarkable book.

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S. ELIOT

PROFESSOR S. S. Hoskot begins his book, T. S. Eliot: His Mind and Personality (University of Bombay, Rs. 15), by regretting that he has not had the privilege of meeting Mr. Eliot in person. In view of Mr. Eliot's "impersonal" theory of poetry, ignorance of the man ought not to be a handicap, since it frees one from certain critical distractions and obliges one to assess his output on its own grounds. Prof. Hoskot however does not believe in the impersonal theory of poetry, though he is not adventurous enough to attack it frontally. His book might have been more effective if he had examined his critical assumptions more thoroughly, particularly as these happen to be the apparent opposite of the approach to his poetry which Mr. Eliot himself invites. There is, of course, no reason why one should treat as sacrosanct any critic's views on how to read any poetry, including his own; a critical procedure needs only to be justified by its results, but the quality of Prof. Hoskot's specific conclusions unfortunately does not dissipate one's doubts about his methods. When we are told that "the sterility that afflicts The Waste Land is essentially "the sterility of the Puritan temper", both the poem and Puritanism are being misunderstood. To say that Eliot's later poems and plays "reveal the same aspiration for a return to the innocence, freedom and assured love characteristics of shiddword" is to state their content turn to the innocence, freedom and assured love characteristics of childhood" is to state their content neither fully nor accurately.

neither fully nor accurately.

A further weakness of the author's approach is that we have virtually no information about Eliot himself, outside his writing. The man has to be constructed from a literary record from which he has resolutely (and successfully) sought to efface himself and then the conjectural construction is used to "explain" the facts from which it was constructed. The dangers of circular reasoning are obvious and Professor Hoskot is not successful in avoiding them. When he concludes that "Eliot is ... himself the unity of his work, and it is the only kind of unity that one can find in the mass of his work", he is making a claim for his own critical approach, not reaching a conclusion which is likely to convert other critics. When he informs us that Eliot's critical writings "are generally deficient in two important virtues of good prose—sustained logical arguments and exhaustive analysis", both the ob-

portant virtues of good prose—sustained logical arguments and exhaustive analysis", both the objection and its weight of condescension seem hardly relevant to the work of a critic, who has described himself as an advocate rather than a judge and has characterised his criticism straightforwardly as "a by-product of my private poetry workshop".

Prof. Hoskot's bibliography shows evidence of fairly wide reading, but it is surprising to see omitted Kristian Smidt's Poetry

and Belief in the Work of T. S. Eliot, which is by no means un-obtainable even in India.

obtainable even in India.

Despite the forebodings aroused by its Dowdenish title, Dr. A. G. George's T. S. Eliot; His Mind and Art (Asia, Rs. 12.50) is an intelligent and stimulating examination of the whole field of Mr. Eliot's work in relation to the existentialist tradition, the tradition being liberally defined to include Augustine and Pascal as well as Kierkegaard and Sartre. One can perhaps exaggerate the extent and importance of existentialist symptoms in Mr. Eliot's writing; but his work is certainly characterised by the resolute and persistent submission of the sense of order to the test of experience and partiby the resolute and persistent submission of the sense of order to the test of experience and particularly to those aspects of experience which most radically challenge one's conviction of order. The search for meaning, the belief that meaning can be found only in exploration, the realisation that the human condition even after acceptance of the need for belief is not one of redemption but rather of "the time of the tension between birth and dying," are all concerns which, even if they are not actually existentialist, can certainly be fruitfully related to the body of existentialist thinking.

Dr. George explores these con-

Dr. George explores these connections thoroughly and is able to do so without losing his sense of proportion. He succeeds in establishing a unity of concern in Mr. Eliot's work that is independent Ellot's work that is independent of what we may know or think of the man. Because the critical approach is more relevant than Professor Hoskot's, the specific conclusions that emerge are better directed and less vulnerable to critical aberrations.

The Indian Theatre

IT is an ambitious project indeed IT is an ambitious project indeed that Balwant Gargi attempts in his work Theatre in India (Theatre Arts Books, New York, \$6.95). He has endeavoured to present the various facets of the Indian stage—in ancient, medieval and modern times. It is claimed that the book "covers not only the history of Sanskrit drama, classical Indian dance and the modern stage in all its vitality, but the folk opera and theatre that have come down from India's medieval period almost without that have come down from India's medieval period almost without change, the market-place puppet and the shadow plays and the magnificent local dance dramas and folk dance forms that are a part of Indian religious and secular life". This is true. All these subjects are touched upon; some in outline, some in detail.

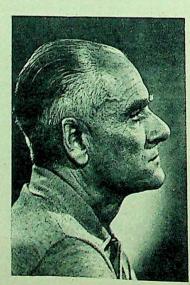
In the first part dealing with the Traditional Theatre, Gargi dis-cusses Sanskrit drama and the Greek and the Hindu imagination. Later he proceeds to the dance styles—classical and folk. An entire chapter is devoted to Katha-kali. The puppet and folk thea-tres, including the Ramalila and Krishnalila celebrations, complete the first part of the book.

The second part dealing with the contemporary scene has chapters on Bengali, Marathi and Gujaarti, South regional—Tamil, Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam—North and Central regional (Orissa, Bihar, Madhya Pradesh, Assam, Jammu and Kashmir and Punjab) theatres. This is comprehensive, indeed, for it does not ignore any significant trend or group. But the narrative, both descriptive and explanatory, appears at times patchy and at places highly unsatisfactory. There are a few omissions like that of Sivaji Ganesan's contribution to the theatre movement in Tamilnad. in Tamilnad.

The author also attempts to sound authoritative about every subject he touches upon. In many cases, however, it is just the all-too-brief personal experience that is the basis of this claim for authoritativeness. When things are judged, not objectively, but according to personal predilections, pronouncements sound hollow: not authoritative. authoritative.

There are also a few glaring mistakes such as Yashodhara being mentioned as the foster-mother of mentioned as the foster-mother of Krishna (it is Yashoda that is the foster-mother of Krishna; while Yashodhara is the wife of Gautama Buddha); and Veerasalingam in Andhra is wrongly mentioned as having written in Vyavaharik style. The second error obviously is due to misinformation, while the first mistake could be just a misprint, which, in a book of this kind, ought not to have occurred.

Balwant Gargi is, undoubtedly, deeply interested in the theatre



ALBERTO MORAVIA, well-known Italian author. (Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa)

and has taken great pains to acquaint himself not merely with the past but with all the current activities on the Indian stage. S. M. Y. S.

Tribute To Tagore

Tribute To Tagore

"HE is the most complete, the most universal, the most have known." This is how Count Keyserling summed whis impressions of Rabindranath Tagore as early as 1911, before the name of Tagore had been enveloped in the halo of the Nobel Prize award. The range and universality of Tagore's genius grew from decade to decade and the amazing sweep of Tagore's creative personality is brought out very vividly in the Tagore Centenary Volume published by the Sahitya Akademi (Rs. 30). (Rs. 30).

published by the Sahitya Akademi (Rs. 30).

The editors of this superb volume have wisely resisted the temptation of including selections from the poet himself. This book is about Tagore and never was a volume of tributes more skilfully planned. Many nations of the world and diverse cultural traditions are represented here. In these pages Albert Schweitzer and Robert Frost, Pearl Buck and Halldor Laxness, join hands in offering their homage to Tagore. Among the contributors there are statesmen, philosophers, poets, scientists and front-rank artists. No Indian can open this book without a sense of pride at the thought that this country and this age should have produced a genius so transcendent. The introduction is by Jawaharlal Nehru, and rarely has Mr. Nehru written with such sensitiveness. His remarks are full of reverence, humility and profound discernment of what Tagore has meant to India. Another prefatory note is by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan. It has all the wisother prefatory note is by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan. It has all the wisdom and eloquence that one associates with him. However, this is not just a book of tributes. It connot just a book of tributes. It contains a number of essays on particular aspects of Tagore's art and thought, some of them written by recognised authorities in their respective fields. Students of Indian culture will, for many decades, look upon this volume as an important source-book.

V. S. N.

Hard Going

CONNOISSEURS of crime novels CONNOISSEURS of crime novels may be able to make something of The Tenth Leper (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.) by Francis Didelot who, the blurb states, is "one of France's most popular mystery writers"; his only other work translated into English is referred to as being "chilly as an Eskimo's kiss". But the uninitiated are likely to find this tale of the murder of the leader of an eccentric religious sect hard going from the start. Perhaps it is invidious to compare Monsieur Didelot with his obvious influence, Simenon, yet one cannot help feeling that his Commissaire Bignon is rather an emasculated version of Maigret.

The dialogue, with its staccato

The dialogue, with its staccato affirmatives and negatives, is at times tedious, and the technicalities persistently overwhelming. The atmosphere, however, is commendably eerie and aggravatingly chilly—even by Eskimo standards.

A Kind Of Illness

ACCORDING to Professor Thomas Szaz, a prominent Hungarian psychiatrist in New York, there are more than 17 million persons in America allegedly suffering from some degree of mental Funding: Tativa Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization, eGarage.

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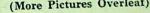
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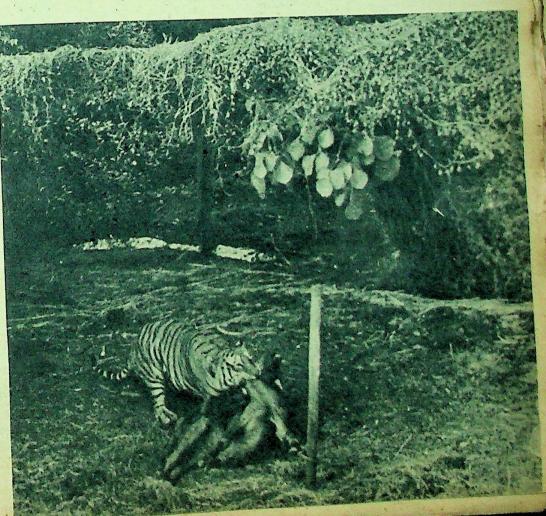
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With A Camera In The Jungle

(CONTINUED)

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

illness. It is an intriguing concept which has enabled the Professor to which has enabled the Professor to produce an eruditely iconoclastic following called The Myth of Mental Illness (Secker and Warburg, 35s.). This, he stresses, is not a book on the subject and to one another. It is of necessity an essentially "destructive sity an essentially "destructive" is the subject as a stresses. and to one another. It is of necessity an essentially "destructive" enquiry into the subject as a "pseudo-medical enterprise" but it is not an attempt to debunk psy-

prof. Szasz submits that the contemporary definition of psychiatry places it alongside alchemy and astrology because of the element of secrecy or obscurantism involved on the practitioner's part. He urges his conferers to stop obscuring the issues; their aim, in his view, should be to understand human beings rather than to understand mental illness. Psychotherapy, he feels, is an "effective method of helping people—not to recover from an 'illness' but rather to learn about themselves, others, and life". Though this is patently a profound and admirably developed thesis for the medical profession, the ordinary reader will find much of titillating interest here—as in the chapter on psychiatric attitudes towards lying. A dictionary at hand is essential—for phrases such as "epistemological", which currently enjoys a vogue in the English Press!

Valuable Study

DR. Schweitzer has written in DR. Schweitzer has written in praise of Robert Aron's Jesus of Nazareth, translated from the French (Hamish Hamilton, 18s,). He says that in his studies of Jesus in history, he has always regretted being unable to form an idea of his religious training and declares that this book has made a profound impression on him. It is, indeed, a very strange thing that we found impression on him. It is, indeed, a very strange thing that we only have one story about all the years between the infancy of Jesus and the beginning of his public ministry. There have been many attempts to fill the gap, one of the most interesting being the suggestion that Jesus spent his formative years in Tibet. Robert Aron, however, has turned aside from fanciful or romantic legends and has approached this problem by studying the patterns of contemporary approached this problem by studying the patterns of contemporary Jewish spirituality and way of life. There can be little doubt that Jesus was brought up as a Jew and this method of approach does, as we might expect, offer interesting possibilities.

The Christian Path

A FRICAN Mission by John M.
Todd (Burn Oates, 25s.) is a distinguished historical study of the Catholic missionaries who have worked all down the West Coast of Africa as well as in Egypt since 1856. Dominated by the splendid figure of the first superior, Melchior de Marion Bresillac, who died of yellow fever a few weeks after landing in Africa, Mr. Todd gives a stirring account of heroic and idealistic Christianity.

The book will be of particular

e

The book will be of particular interest to readers in India in view of the attempts now being made to develop the tribal people along the lines laid down by the Prime Minister of not imposing things upon them but developing them along the lines of their own tradition and genius. Mr. Todd shows how the Society of African Missions has been guided along very similar ideals: to build on the Afri-

cans' religious temperament, to accept and adopt all that is good in African tradition, to build up a truly African Church managed by its own people.

There are some interesting chapters on the development of Christian wood-carving in the African style and the use of African patterns in textiles. And how sensible are Mr. Todd's remarks on dancing. "Appalling nonsense is thought and spoken about African dancing in England and in the West generally. It is thought to be essentially connected with pagan superstition, or else designed solely to arouse sexual feeling. But the truth is that the native dance almost takes the place, for instance, of the special meal that a European will prepare when a close friend comes to see him, though the African will probably have the meal as well! It is the common coin of social intercourse and as such is encouraged rather than discouraged by the missionaries; they are expected to approve and take in such an African custom."

T. P.

All About Lions

All About Lions

SIMBA by C. A. W. Guggisberg,
(Bailey Bros. and Swinen,
42s.) is all about the lion, from ancient times to the modern day.
There are eleven chapters on this majestic beast, including the lion in captivity to the lion in art. Practically everything regarding the life history of the African lion is covered in the 300-odd pages of this comprehensive work. And perhaps more could have been written on the Indian lion had the author visited the country or collected exhaustive information. Much credit goes to the author for presenting such a magnificent volume, as all his studies were done in his spare time and with his own resources, while serving in the Medical Research Laboratory, Nairobi, Kenya.

Another interesting fact is that,

Another interesting fact is that during all his encounters with lions, he never had to kill one. Yet the author devotes a chapter to lion hunting.

There are excellent studies of the animal taken at close quarters by the author and reproduced in col-our and monochrome. Apart from the family life of the lion a few scenes of other wild life are also presented.

Simba is a comprehensive work to be recommended to every keen sportsman. wild-life photographer and naturalist.

R. D. B.

Up In The Air

DONALD Gordon is the pseu-Donald Gordon is the pseudonym of a senior ex-RAF officer now engaged in high-level aircraft research, and his first novel Star-raker (Hodder and Stoughton, 16s.) tells the story of the development of a multi-jet supersonic airliner pioneered by a British aircraft firm. In the beginning, everything has gone smoothly and the plane has been put through its paces during nearly 400 hours of flying, but just when the big government contract is about to be signed, things begin to happen: a pilot backs out in mid-air, members of the crew begin to develop mysterious headaches, a sample of live plasma is rendered lifeless. What has gone wrong?

The hero is Keith Hamilton, a test pilot, ex-RAF and complete with an oversized moustache and a Battle of Britain vocabulary and

daring as they come, and the heroine is none but the boss's daughter, who, for all that she wore "black stockings and a pony tail and played New Orleans jazz", is even more daring and resource-ful. Between them they manage to crack down on the source of the trouble after a satisfyingly cliff-hanging climax.

Mr. Gordon certainly seems to know a lot about planes and flying and the "bugs" of the aircraft industry, and manages to keep Star-raker flying well above the level of ordinary science fiction. M. D. M.

Buddhism

THE advance and retreat of Bud-THE advance and retreat of Buddhism on the world-stage has been graphically illustrated in Buddhism, Its Origin and Spread in Words, Maps and Pictures by E. Zuercher (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 16s.). The main attraction of this book are its artistically designed and superbly printed multicoloured maps (covering 22 pages), which are not only a feast for the eye, but a source of information to survey 2,500 years of Buddhist history at a glance. In a similar way the 25 photographic plates give an idea of the most outstanding religious monuments and sculptures of Buddhism, while the accompanying text tries to compress the teachings of the Buddha and the historic development and spread of Buddhism into the short space of 75 pages.

The historical part of the text is reliable and instructive. However the spirit of Buddhism, its religious impetus and metaphysical appeal, which was the cause of its driving force and its phenomenal spread, does not emerge from this summary, which obviously is not based on first-hand knowledge of Buddhist thought and culture, but merely consists of a compilation of material from easily accessible standard works. This rather journalistic approach to Buddhist culture results in "factual" correctness without an understanding of the underlying religious attitude or philosophical thought. If one would have to form an opinion about Buddhism from this summary, one would come to the conclusion that it was a teaching which began as an extreme agnosticism, a purely intellectual and rationalistic system without a metaphysical concept or transcendental experience, and that it degenerated into unfounded beliefs—if not superstitions—in complete abandonment of its original principles.

No attempt is made to show the

No attempt is made to show the organic unity and consistency of the psychological and epistemological development of either religious or doctrinal fundamentals, or gious or doctrinal fundamentals, or to understand the reasons which led to the later differences in con-cepts and cultural expression. This is a pity, because a book so magni-ficently produced deserves to be a deeper study into the roots of Buddhist spirituality.

L. A. G.

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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

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with cases where the guilty one returns to satisfy his curiosity, to reclaim damaging evidence of some sort he may have left behind, to sate his morbidity, or even to find a kind of peace, through remorse, at the site of his crime.

With this in mind, we set up a team of four detectives near the smoke-blackened house. Only a very short time passed before we had a call from one of them, saying a strange character was acting suspiciously in the neighbourhood.

"He seems to be intensely interested in hearing what people are saying about the tragedy," reported the officer. "He goes from person to person, asks them what they think, but never offers an opinion of his own."

Three of us took the child to her home, and scarcely had I opened the door of the car when she flew down the side-path, crying "Uncle!", and hurled herself into the arms of the man we knew was our quarry. This was identification enough. We arrested the man and brought him back to headquarters for interrogation.

OUR suspect, Abdul-Wahab Sakka Aminy, was in his thirties and the brother of the little girl's mother. He displayed great confidence and assurance as we questioned him, and he held firmly to his explanation that his sister had telephoned and asked if he would like to take little Yamin on an afternoon outing, along the Barada River, to escape the heat. Since she was a great favourite if his ("almost like my own daughter"), he had been delighted to comply. He said that, when he called for the child, he found nothing unusual at the house, nor did he notice the presence of any stranger. His sister had been sewing in the courtyard and seemed calm and her usual self.

Had he seen anyone who would corroborate his story? "Yes," he said, after some thought. "I met a friend of mine, Hamin, a reporter on our paper. We had an iced drink together."

A phone call to the reporter gave Aminy his first shock, for the newspaperman flatly repudiated having seen his colleague for several days. After a moment's thought, Aminy explained: "Hamin runs a house of prostitution. No doubt he does not want to become involved with the Police."

Vinne

I continued to question him about various matters and to watch him closely as he replied. And then, suddenly, my eyes fell upon his left hand, which gripped the edge of my desk. Under the thumb-nail of the hand was a reddish-brown stain.

"It cannot be blood," I told myself. "No doubt it is printer's ink, perhaps red ink he has picked up in the course of his work." There was dirt, too, in the nail, and an inner voice warned me that I could not afford to ignore this clue.

A rapid laboratory examination showed that the dirt contained blood. As Aminy heard the report, he collapsed completely and, within minutes, was telling us the story of his crime.

"I can't live on the salary I get from the newspaper. I like good food, a lot of liquor, pleasant women and the challenge of the

gaming-tables. My family is wealthy and I cannot bear scrimpingalong. It's beneath my dignity.

"My sister has been very kind. I saw her often and, whenever I needed money, she was generous enough always to give it to me. Last night, the wheel of fortune whirled against me and this morning I was penniless. So I went to my sister. The child, Yamin, was playing near the gate, and my sister was at her sewing-machine, in the courtyard. We exchanged pleasantries, and then I came to the point. I needed money and needed it urgently. "I'm sorry, dear," she replied. "I have no money in the house today." When I persisted, she seemed impatient: "Don't keep pestering me. I tell you I have none."

"An evil idea then came into my mind: why not seize the jewellery which was kept in the cupboard on the ground floor? "Sister," I said, "give me the jewellery you have,"—and I made a move towards the house.

"I could tell in an instant that I had gone too far. "You ungrateful cur!" she screamed at me. "You would take our mother's jewels to satisfy your own disgusting pleasures! For years, I have protected you, but this night I shall tell my husband of your disgraceful behaviour. Now go, and don't come back."

"Her wrath infuriated me. As if insane, I ran into the kitchen and grabbed the first thing I saw—the kubbih hammer. She met me at the door—and I struck her with it. She fell and I dragged her body into the kitchen.

"Mariha, my elder niece, heard the shouting and ran to the balcony, just in time to see her mother fall to the ground. She screamed for help. I knew I had to stop her. I ran to her room and tried to strangle her, but it was difficult and I was not certain that I had killed her. I broke the mirror and, with a piece of the glass, cut the vein in her throat.

"My brain cleared as my anger faded. In its place came the pressing urge to cover up my deed, to obliterate the evidence, to escape. I sprayed the house with oil, lighted the fires and ran, but not before I had collected the jewellery from the cupboard.

"Yamin was playing near the entrance as I dashed out. I grabbed her and held her tightly to my bosom, to hide the blood-stains. We would take a trip, I told her, as we boarded the street-car to the suburbs.

"The trip was not too difficult. Some of the passengers even joked and played with Yamin. At home, I changed my clothes, left Yamin playing with some children in the street, and returned to my sister's house, to see what was happening. You know the rest."

AND so, because "the murderer always returns to the scene of the crime", our case was solved less than twelve hours after the discovery of the double murder. The key which unlocked it was a psychological one.

With equal dispatch, the punishment was meted out. One week later, Abdul-Wahab Sakka Aminy's body dangled in the main park of Damascus—a lesson to all people with murderous thoughts.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS -3

The Daily Routine

T IS six o'clock—the closing time of offices. People are returning home; the vast multitude of different faces, each telling a different life story. The faces are like pages from a novel of Victor Hugo or Alexandre Dumas.

Someone in the crowd is perhaps thinking of his sick wife or a crippled child at home; someone is thinking about a quarrel in the office or a date with his fiancee. Who knows what lies in the mind? But it is certain that each one has his own problem.

They are hurrying towards the railway station or the bus-stop, in great haste to return home. Every day the same scene is repeated. They have no time to look around, consider life in a gayful mood. They have no time to ponder over the marvellous structure of Reality and feel a deep awe and respect for it.

Struggle for existence is simple, but competition makes the struggle extremely difficult. We always compare ourselves with others, with the result that we always feel a sense of incompleteness and so we hurry to offices and return home in daily mechanical routine, hoping all the time to conquer others.

I walk on the pavement watching the innumerable faces, the blank and the vexed. There is on both the unrest that reveals an upset inward balance of mind.

I wish I could tell them to treat life more lightly and cheerfully in a holiday mood, like the children playing in the park. Let us enjoy life, for every moment our time is passing away. It is always later than you think.

The railway platforms are full; the bus stops are full; the crowds are everywhere. But nowhere is to be found the individual who feels his life triumphant. Let us live a little more colourfully, a little more dangerously. Let us fling aside the feeling of security and comfort, refuse to squander life between an office table and the waste-paper basket.

Can we not be supermen who can stand face to face with life and accept it with laughter. No sighs; no burning tears; no insecurity; no seeking of creature comforts; no self-pity; and no self-reproach. The ideal man should know only the laughter of a free life. He must learn to embrace life with a song of silence on his lips.

Only sometimes I read the newspapers. I read the headlines—the Big Four meeting; an earthquake in Japan or a flood in China. But the next day we all forget these events.

Why is it that we look for great events only in the newspapers?

Is it not a great event to watch a mother fondling a new-born child? The silent moon rising above the mango grove with a bashful smile?

Are these not great events?

When a sinner with repentent tears enters the house of prayer? When a surgeon performs his first successful operation or a housewife prepares her first delicious dish? Are these not great events?

But newspapers do not print them and so it is only sometimes that I read the newspapers.

The joy of giving is all around. The trees give flowers, wafting scented breeze along the deserted path. The river and clouds offer their water to a sweeper as well as a princess. The sun throws its golden rays on the beautiful buds as also on the dung heap.

The silver of the moon awakens a sweet pain in a lonely bride and poetry in a restless wanderer.

A young man gives honest, hard work and the old man offers his wise words; a little girl a gentle smile that brings out the meaning of life; a poet, his poetry.

Everything in Nature gives its gifts to humanity and everybody gives to others. All around is this joy of giving! It seems the whole structure of the cosmos rests on the principle of giving! He who will not give will not receive. It is important that one should understand this cosmic law of give and gain.

How wonderful it is to give, just to give for the sake of giving! Caring neither for the gain nor for the rewards of giving. We must give out of goodness, because we cannot bear the pain that expands our heart and deepens our life. I look up and down, inside and outside, I look at the stones and the silvery stars, the running brooks and smiling wind and I find that the meaning of life, the purpose of Universe is to give and to give profusely so that the mission of Nature can be fulfilled.

I heard someone singing the song that echoed in my heart long before it was sung. That unborn song, giving me dreams of a silent lake, a sailing boat, flowers and fruits and smiling lips.

He sang the unborn song of my heart that gives me the dream of rainbow colours. How did he know my unborn song that had echoed throughout the ages in my weeping heart?

I want to carry this song to the fields and factories, to the birds in the sky and the stones on the path, to the miserly moneylender and the mad wanderer who never weeps, but is drowned in free laughter. But I am worried of the future. I worry about my unborn song that rests on my lips. Will my unborn song die before its birth? Is my unborn song powerful enough to face the hard realities of life?

I wonder what will be the end of

V. K. ISHWARLAL



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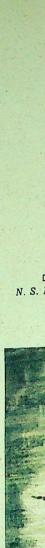
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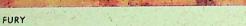
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The National Exhibition Of Art

M. F. HUSAIN

by DAMYANTI CHOWLA

HE National Exhibition of Art organised by the Lalit Kala Akademi has become an annual feature in New Delhi. This year, 159 paintings, 34 pieces of sculpture and 13 graphics were selected for display from over a thousand entries.

An exhibition of this magnitude poses a pertinent question. Does it serve any useful purpose, does it in any way help us to understand the trends of art prevalent in the country? After all, this particular show is the one exhibition which should represent artists from different parts of the country, with particular emphasis on new and fresh talent. It undoubtedly imposes heavy responsibilities on the organisers, and one often wonders whether the Akademi has effectively handled an assignment which calls for integrity, depth and understanding. One found of the recent exhibition, which is below standard, is sufficient to convince the onlooker that the organisation has failed in its mission, more so because it is from here that culturally, we, as a nation, are judged against an international background.



DEPTH N. S. BENDRE



THE RIVER

KRISHEN KHANNA

Katpitia as in "Toilet III" have fallen a victim to shallow effects. Look for profundity or subtlety amongst this group of artists and you will be disappointed.

A young artist who deserves encouragement is M. K. Bardhan. He is concerned with the poetry of the senses, but his technique is geared to translating not only a sensation but a train of associations accompanying it. The mood in the composition, "I Am Alone", is one of lonesome melancholy, which seems to have erupted from great depths.

"Mother and Child" by Arup Das lacks form and emotion. Patterned with streaks and blobs of colour, the face is completely distigured and adds up to nothing. Padamsee's style is best suited to his usual monochromatic treatment. The canvas on view is not his best. Biren De presents two lively compositions in exquisite tones of green, and Husain's study of a horse, bathed in a diaphanous dew of colour, proclaims his penchant for harmony in paint. A rather well-organised composition is that of Har Krishan Lall, where there is a careful equipoise between fluid paint and veiled thought.

"Boats and Houses" and "Huts" — two paintings by Sultan Ali — are a fusion of myriads of colours, building up into a mosaic-like pattern. The effect is decorative, but the works lack serious content and fail to impress as significant art. F. N. Contractor had on view still-life paintings, simple and striking. "Reminiscence of an African sculpture" by G. R. Santosh is an effective interlocking of design in harmonious colour. His is an individual approach. L. Munuswamy's "Symphony in Gold" is one those texture paintings referred to earlier. There is an abandon and joy in the use of his material, which go to build up a coherent pattern.

Treading one's way through a miscellany of work with alternating exclamations of surprise and bewilderment, a recent Jyotish Bhattacharjee arrests attention. He has recently taken to a style, which expresses emotion and vigour. His imagination acts as a springboard for a big leap—sometimes it is a leap into the dark, but, on occasions, it is a joyful leap as in the painting "Primavera".

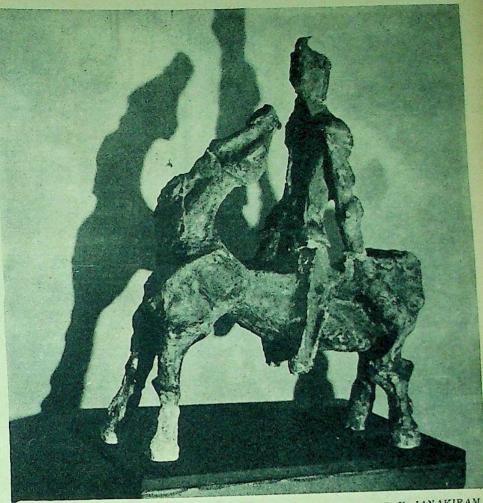
INTELLECTUAL SEARCH

Sudhir Khastgir continues in his decorative style, with elongated brush strokes. He, along with Abani Sen, and others such as Gautam Vaghela are outmoded both in style and content. They are preoccupied with surface decoration, which may be an outward-bound emotional outlet, but cannot hold their own in a universe absorbed with the inevitable question of flux versus static, energy versus calm, fragile versus massive. The modern painter will find it difficult to live and express a world where there are no undertones and nuances of meaning. His work must necessarily bear some intelligible relationship to intellectual search and discovery, while necessarily retaining a radiant freshness of approach.

The sculptors are experimenting with new and inventive forms. Dhanraj Bhagat's "Cosmic Man" is monumental as a monolith. Rigid, truculent, it is the outcome of years, in which he has been struggling with the paradox of translating Cubism into sculptural terms. Many ingenious solutions mark the interim period. "Form" (iron) by Raghav Kaneria is fascinating. The exteriorised view of the human body,

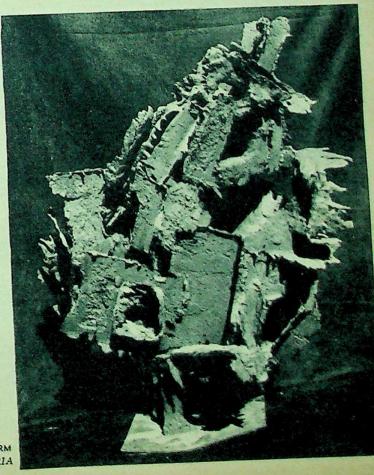
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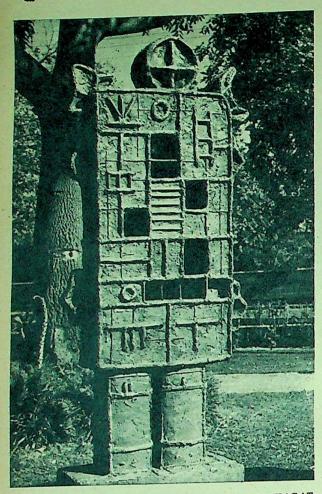


HORSE AND RIDER

P. V. JANAKIRAM



FORM RAGHAV KANERIA



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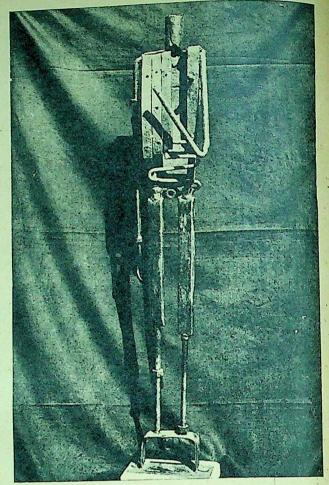
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DHANRAJ BHAGAT



STANDING FIGURE

A. M. DAVIERWALLA

National Exhibition Of Art

(Continued)

with its idealised Greek and Renaissance traditions, is abandoned to be replaced by shapes freely visualised.

Davierwalla's "Standing Figure" (iron) is another outstanding work to be noted for its simplicity. The emphasis is on rigid straight lines. Sincerity is the salient characteristic of S. S. Vohra's "Flute Player". With genuine feeling he moulds his clay in an experiment which is personal and full of interest.

The marble sculptures by nine different artists were executed at the Sculptors' Camp organised by the Lalit Kala Akademi at Makrana (Rajasthan) in the summer of last year. These are not intimate works, and the pieces conceived as a challenge to Nature will certainly be seen to advantage in gardens and parks.

Etching is gradually gaining ground and it is still possible to count on one's finger-tips those who either appreciate the beauty of this intricate craft or practise it. Of the few etchings on display those of Krishna Reddy are outstanding in their remarkable display of technique. In his works, there are delicate recessions and there are rough surging tides, full of feeling. Somnath Hore's print "Ninth Symphony" shows great sensibility. He skilfully



ACQUIESCENCE

PILLOO POCHKHANAWALA

handles a delicate theme bringing out its teasing delicacy and the infinite richness, giving local habitation to the varied colours to help the pattern cohere.

It would perhaps be good to depart from the traditional practice of inviting the works of a large number of "guest artists", who occupy half the wall space, are above selection and criticism and, in many instances, are not necessarily better than the rest of the exhibitors. If these painters were not shielded, surely such artists as Thakur Singh and Satish Sinha would find no place in any art exhibition worth the name. Hebbar's "Nemesis" is ill drawn and badly constructed, while Y. K. Shukla's painting speaks poorly of his talent.

Taken as a whole the National Exhibition of Art reveals that eccentricity and lack of genuine sincerity have become the order of the day. Shock tactics are employed and under the garb of abstraction a good bit of mediocrity goes unnoticed. The representation of the human figure seems to be completely out of vogue. Wherever attempts have been made to depict it, the results have been bad. On the whole, the artists today are poor draughtsmen, especially from among the younger generation, as this aspect of art education is completely neglected on the ground that it is academic and outmoded. This, of course, does not imply that we have no genuine artists in the country. But to sift the sincere from the charlatans has become a problem.

Ten awards were given. The gold plaque for the best exhibit was withheld by the committee this year.

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MUTE WINDOWS

PIRAJI SAGARA

The general pattern that the arts have taken is one of Expressionism, or to put it more aptly Abstract Expressionism. Whilst most of the artists have shared in the fervid excitement of breaking away from objective reality, they have continued to move more and more towards idiosyncratic philosophies, expressed in accordance with individual temperaments. In many cases we have the deification of the subconscious which often ends in the hysterical advertising of unchecked impulses. Laxman Pai is an example. There is a morbid violence in his work. The uneasy tormented figures and landscapes have a streaky inexactitude which makes them belong to another world, a world which is at once unattractive and unreal. The whole appears to be the result of a feverish haste.

K. S. Kulkarni has forfeited his earlier decorative themes and his contribution, "Death of a Song", though not overtly beautiful is the outcome of profound meditative commitment and deep introversion. In parts it is slightly reminiscent of Picasso's "Guernica". Piraji Sagara is a new name. In "Mute Windows", an award winner, the stylised figures

(Please Turn Over)



COCK PRABHA PANWAR

The National Exhibition Of Art (CONTINUED)

of a young couple against a formalised back-ground of steel-grey buildings create a closed, harmonious, stately, cadenced world, in which each element is controlled. He directs his basically simple forms to occupy designated space. Satish Gujral is represented by two canvases which are a complete departure from his Mexican period. On first appearance they appear to be beautiful—beautiful because he has yielded to the superficial charm of vivid colour. But on closer observation it is noticeable that this enriched palette is not a dissolvent of power. It does not pulverise the hearth of hidden force, but enhances the indomitable spirit.

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overn siasm as the A noticeable feature is that a large group of artists have lost the possibility of creating gentle nuances of colour and the charm of a world of paint, where undertones are glimpsed. Instead, they have taken to surface texture—this combined with geometric patterns has become the medium of expression. Fairly interesting results are often achieved, with the use of varied grades of sand and aggregate, combined with other materials such as hessian, nails, tin, copper foil, etc.

In this exhibition, Jeram Patel has a lively composition, "Study in Silence", in the collage technique, but lesser artists such as Feroze.



SAKUNTALA AND COMPANIONS

BADRI NARAYAN

THE HINDI SHAK presented Dr. Harin This second ventur

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THE HINDI SHAKESPEARE MANCH, in co-operation with The Little Theatre Group, presented Dr. Harivansh Rai Bachchan's verse-rendering of Othello in Delhi recently. This second venture of the noted Hindi poet was an advance on his first attempt with Shakespearian tragedies.

A S A HINDI poet, it was, perhaps, natural for Dr. Harivansh Rai Bachchan to ignore the inadequate and often unimaginative Hindi prose translations of Shakespeare's plays and to attempt the task of presenting them in verse. And he has proved he could do better, even if he must go far beyond the present minor achievement of Othello in Hindi verse to render the impact of the poetry of one of the greatest masters of language.

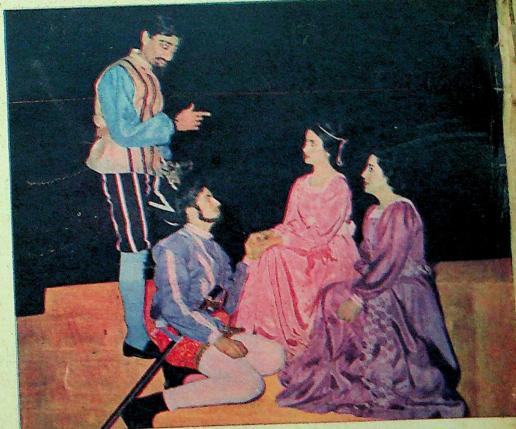
The Hindi Shakespeare Manch (a group formed by Dr. Bachchan and his associates for their Shakespearian ventures) had, some four years ago, produced Macbeth. The critical estimation of the attempt has evidently helped Dr. Bachchan to be more painstaking in Othello, staged in Delhi recently as a joint production of the Manch and The Little Theatre Group.

Othello was better received than Macbeth by theatre-goers and critics, and, to some extent, the credit for this must go to the producers and the actors.

The simple setting, including the three slight elevations in different parts of the stage, allowed for some admirable groupings of actors. The last scene was best mounted: the lighting technique heightening the climax as Othello steals in to Desdemona. However, the grandeur of the tragedy would have been the more effective if the funereal blackness of the backdop and a general murkiness of lighting had not been constant factors, scene after scene, breeding monotony.

(Please Turn Over)

"Othello"
In Hindi
Verse



THE THREE ELEVATIONS on the stage helped in the effective grouping of actors (Photographs by P. C. Jain)

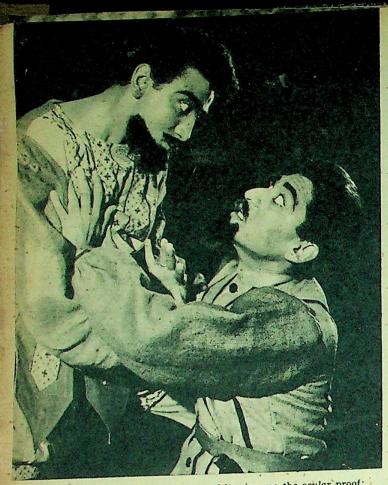
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Othello to Iago: "Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul, Thou hadst been better have been born a dog Than answer my wak'd wrath!"

wright has always floundered: Marlowe, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning. Webster was successful only in the Duchess of Malfi. Milton, wisely, chose epic instead of tragedy for his magnum opus. The real poet-playwrights of our era are not W. B. Yeats or T. S. Eliot or Christopher Fry, but Bertolt Brecht and Jean Giradoux. It was only by sternly disciplining his poetry that Lorca came to write his later plays.

There is, indeed, in the language and aim of poetry that which runs counter to

the economy of a play. Shakespeare, a mad of the theatre like Brecht, came through his genius to the dramatic device of blank verse, a unique achievement, and to he writing of a prose in a style that made the dramatic equivalent of verse. Further, it has been well observed that "in (Shakes peare's) plays the poetry is rightness—the is nearly all: the exact impression of mental state: the exact description of scene". In translating Shakespeare, there fore, the chief consideration must be give to the dramatic interest. The task is not in possible for a poet, but, as we may sur mise, it is more than ordinarily difficult

Desdemona: "... Most Gracious Duke, To my unfolding lend a gracious ear,"

JOHN CARRA

Othello" In Hindi Verse

(CONTINUED)

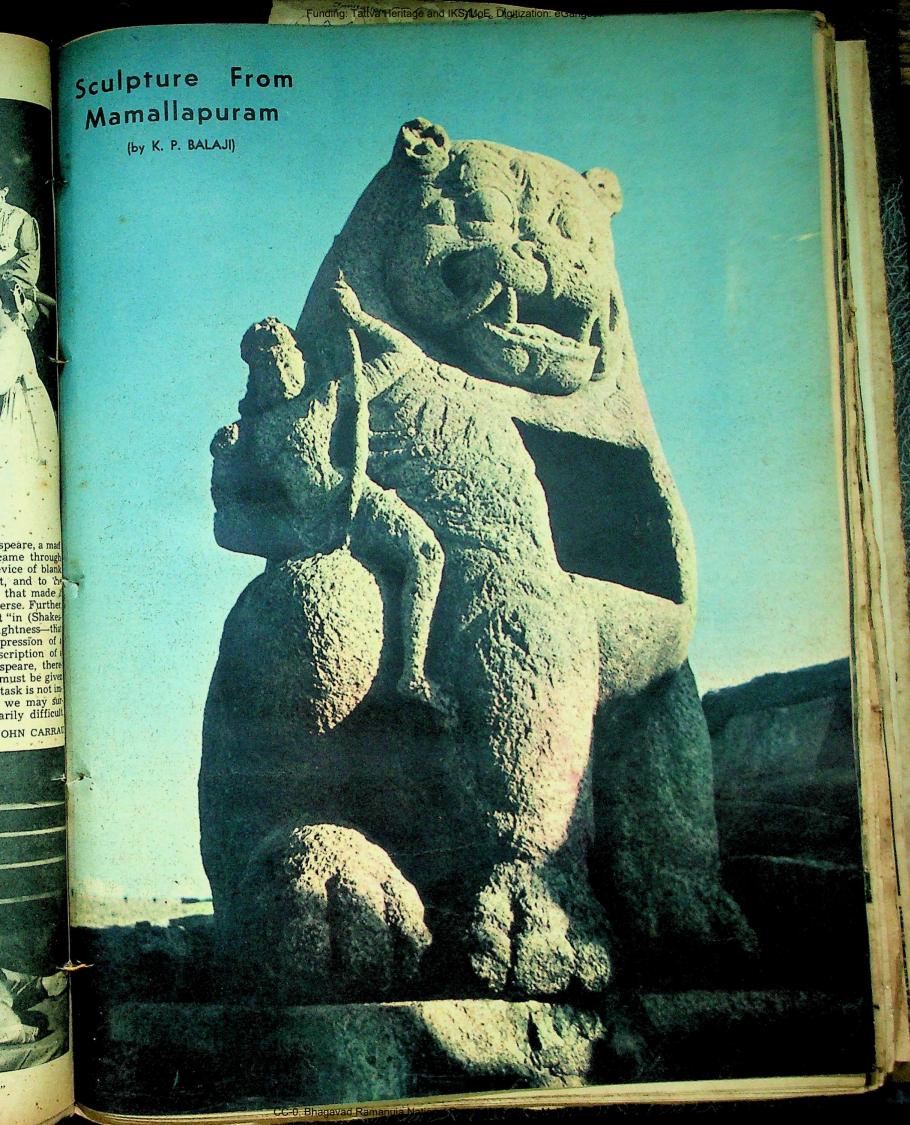
While there will always be differences of opinion about the translator's choice of words, the chief merit of it lay in its poetical tone. As drama Dr. Bachchan's Othello was less successful. The actors did render their lines with commendable attention to delivery and stress. The trouble was the effort it cost them.

Othello (Ravindra Kapoor) was the chief sufferer, faced with this stiff task. It was not only that Iago (Ashok Rampal) was the better actor, he had also the advantage that so many of his longer passages were in prose. This careful delivery of lines made the action of the play too deliberate, and considerably extended the playing time—the very fault, incidentally, of English Shakespearian acting before Salvini showed them better. In the present case, the actors' shortcomings reflected the translator's difficulties in achieving his two aims of poetic translation and dramatic adaptation.

What is involved in this dual task we may see better if we go beyond this business of translation and consider how seldom poets have been good playwrights. It is true that pcets were once identified with playwrights, yet the poet-play-



Desdemona to Othello: "Kill me tomorrow; let me live tonight!"





WEEK'S



THIS READING

Facing (or Not Facing) The Dictators

In 1933, I delivered a juvenile speech on Oxford, in Colombo, in the course of which I dwelt on the glories of my own college, Christ Church. I said that Christ Church was founded in the 16th century by Cardinal Wolsey, though Henry VIII arrogated the title of founder to himself; that in the 17th century, in the war between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, it was the favourite abode of royalty; that in the 18th century it produced Locke, the philosopher, and Wesley, the methodist; that in the 19th century it produced three Prime Ministers in succession, Rosebury, Salisbury and Gladstone: and that in the 20th century it produced Anthony Eden, S.W.R.D. Bandaranaike and myself. The audience enjoyed this anti-climax, but the Chairman took it seriously. Many a truth, he said, is spoken in jest, and coming events cast their shadows before. In 1933, the coming event of Prime Ministership was indeed beginning to cast a shadow on the most distinguished of my contemporaries at the House, Anthony Eden, who used to live in the same quadrangle as myself. No one, however, suspected that in another quarter of a century, Ceylon would become independent and that Bandaranaike, another gifted contemporary of mine, would become Prime Minister; or that India would become a Republic and that I, a member of "the steel frame", would be accredited—of all places—to the U.S.S.R. as Ambassador for nine long years.

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Anthony Eden's term at Oxford almost synchronised with mine. I joined Oxford a month before the Armistice of 1918;. Eden in the next term. On Armistice Day we had a great dinner, after which we had a bonfire into which we threw our newly bought gowns. "These gowns," said our kindly Dean, Thomas Strong, subsequently Bishop of Oxford, "will produce a plentiful crop of gowns next term." Indeed they did. The number of undergraduates at Oxford shot up from 400 to 4000, and at my own college from 40 to 400.

Among the plentiful crop of gowns which appeared at Oxford in 1919 one was Anthony Eden's. He returned from the War, in which he lost two of his brothers and which also affected every single male member of the family with whom he had spent his life before the war. Yet, he says, when in 1934 he called on President Hindenburg, the prototype of Russian military power in the dent Hindenburg, the prototype of Russian military power in the War, he felt no hate towards him, but only curiosity and a mild res-pect. Hindenburg had been true to his tenets and, unlike Nazi lead-ers, broken no faith.

Perhaps there was also another reason why Eden felt no hate to-wards Hindenburg. Hindenburg was past all love and hatred. The great Field Marshal was now old and decrepit, and power had al-

ready passed into the hands of a little corporal, Hitler. Hindenburg, it seemed, had already committed his soul to the 'Almighty. Indeed, according to a story then current, though Eden does not relate it, Hindenburg appeared prematurely before St. Peter. "Why have you come here?" asked the keeper of the key to heaven. "Because I am dead," said Hindenburg. "You are not," said St. Peter. "I am dead," repeated Hindenburg. "I tell you, you are alive, go back to earth," said St. Peter. "That fool, Meissner, (the Private Secretary) has misled me again," said Hindenburg.

At Oxford, Eden showed few signs of his future political greatness—or littleness. He was one of those sedate, post-war undergraduates, who took their studies seriously, worked conscientiously, got his First—and that in Arabic—and generally disproved Stephen Leacock's quip that "all that a degree at Oxford means is that a man has been there for 3 years and degree at Oxford means is that a man has been there for 3 years and managed to keep out of jail". Unlike Bandaranaike, he never spoke at the Union, that classical breeding ground of future Prime Ministers. He was President of the Asiatic Society, to which I too belonged, and took a keen interest in oriental and especially Arabic culture. Who ever thought that this student of Arabic would meet his Waterloo at the hands of the Arabs, or that this man, who handled world affairs with such dexterity for a quarter of a century, should have so misjudged the temper of the world as to set it against him in 1958—and come to grief?

The second volume of The Eden Memoirs (Cassell, 42s.) deal chiefly with the events of the thirties up to the outbreak of the last world war or, rather, up to his resignation as Foreign Secretary in 1938, when the world war was already within sight. It bears the sub-title: Facing the Dictators. I cannot help thinking that "Not facing the Dictators" would have been a more appropriate title. The men in power in the Western democracies did not know whether, howin power in the western democra-cies did not know whether, how-and when dictators should be faced. Eden knew the breed, partly by instinct and chiefly from experience. He knew that the greed of a dictator grew with the greed of a dictator grew with the eating, that the only restraint on him was superior force, and that the sooner he was checked the better. Churchill knew the breed, too, but for most of the 'thirties he was not in the government. He was very much out of it and very much against it. much against it.

It was Eden's misfortune to have It was Eden's mistortune to have had to serve two of the worst Foreign Secretaries England had ever known. One was Sir John Simon, who was "miscast by temperament and training for the Foreign Office". "Too penetrating a discernment and too frail a conviction." says Eden, was his

trouble. Too frail a conviction, yes; but did he show a penetrating discernment in foreign affairs? Churchill was less squeamish in describing him. "Many a better man," said Sir Winston, "has crossed the floor before him, but none has left such a slimy trail of hypoporisy behind." Again, "Simon had sat so long on the fence that the iron entered his soul." India had a taste of his iron-clad soul in the Simon Commission Reportamonumental document, but stillborn.

born.

Sir Samuel Hoare, Simon's successor, was even worse. During the Abyssinian crisis, he allowed himself to be led by the nose by that wily, oily Frenchman, M. Laval, into the Hoare-Laval agreement, under which the Emperor of Ethiopia was called upon to sign away half of his kingdom to Mussolini. Public opinion in England became "indignant and ashamed" and compelled him to resign. There was another occasion, twe nity was another occasion, twenty years later, when public opinion in England again became indignant and ashamed. And the victim was Eden himself.

Eden himself.

Eden mentions a delightful anecdote about King George in connection with the resignation of Hoare. When Eden went to Sandringham to kiss hands on his appointment as Hoare's successor, the King told him, "I said to your predecessor: 'You know what they are all saying: No more coals to Newcastle, no more Hoares (whores) to Paris.' The fellow did not even laugh."

Eden was as unfortunate in his Prime Ministers as in his Foreign Secretaries. Baldwin, a great gentleman, was too gentlemanly to bother about foreign affairs. His part in the direction of foreign affairs was negative. Chamilla the contract was positive to the secretary was positive. eign affairs was negative. Chamberlain, on the contrary, was positive but perverse. He thought he could handle the dictators better than Eden and bring them round. Eventually he would go, cap in hand, to Munich, get thoroughly browbeaten by Hitler and come back, dangling his umbrella and proclaiming that he had won "peace in our time". In his attempts to circumvent Eden, he resorted to pettycoat diplomacy; his sister-in-law went on a prolonged holiday to Rome, made frequent visits to Mussolini and Ciano and showed them the letters she and showed them the letters she had received from Chamberlain, had received from Chamberlain, and he seemed to rely more on her judgment than that of his Ambassadors and Foreign Secretary. Chamberlain even had his secret agents, who acted as go-betweens between him and the Italian Ambassador in London; and the Ambassador reported that at one of his interviews with the Prime Minister, at which Eden was present. Chamberlain put questions to him so as to elicit "answers which were useful to him as ammunition against Eden". No wonder Eden could not bear to work with him.

Eden was at his best in trying to organise the League of Nations in imposing sanctions on Italy for its brutal assault on Ethiopia. His efforts were defeated by the apathy—and worse—of his Chief and his colleagues. "If the League of Nations," Mussolini subsequently told Hitler, "had followed Eden's advice and had extended economic sanctions to oil, I would have had to withdraw from Abyssinia with in a week. That would have been an incalculable disaster for me," "We," wrote Eden, "built Mussolini into a great power."

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an incalculable disaster for me."
"We," wrote Eden, "built Mussolini into a great power."

The blame for the state of affairs in the 'thirties must not be attributed simply to certain personalities. Every country gets the government it deserves, and in the 'thirties the British public got the government it deserved. Among the circles which formed British public opinion, there was a sneaking admiration for Germany and a vague antipathy towards France. Chamberlain, who was genunely fond of France, incurred ridicule by saying that he loved France like a woman with all her virtues and vices. There was a general feeling that the treaty of Versailles was vindictive and that France had no business to kick a fallen foe by occupying the Ruhr in 1923 with French troops, contrary to British advice. British soldiers admired German soldiers and hoped that "they would be on our side next time". British industrialists admired the effective employment of manpower in Nazi Germany in contrast to the waste and strikes in England. British politicians envied the stability of Germany as compared with France which seemed to be perpetually in the grip of a parliamentary crisis. They viewed with comparative unconcern Germany's increasingly flagrant violation of the Treaty of Versailles. The reaction of the man in the street was shown by Eden's own chauffeur, who, when asked what he thought of Hitler's defiant march into the Rhineland in 1936, exclaimed, "I suppose Jerry can do what he likes in his backgarden."

There was a further, and deeper, reason for the British attitude.

There was a further, and deeper, reason for the British attitude. England could not make up its mind who was the real enemy, Hitler or Stalin, Germany or Russia. There was a widespread allergy to Communist Russia, from the King downwards. When Eden reported to the King about the warm reception extended to him in Moscow in 1935 and told him that in Moscow the King's health was proposed, and the British National Anthem was played for the first time since the Revolution, the reaction of His Majesty, who also reaction of His Majesty, who al-ways had the utmost affection for ways had the utmost affection for his cousin, the Tsar, was that "it is not good that my anthem should be played in company with the Internationale". To most Englishmen Russia was anti-Christ. "It was excusable," writes Eden, "to regard communist Russia as anti-Christ; it was a mistake to reinforce that anyway the Russians were no good." The result was a gross underrating of Soviet military power almost up to the hour of the German invasion of Russia and the failure to enlist Russia's co-operation curbing aggression in time.

The one dictator who impression reason the result reason in time.

curbing aggression in time.

The one dictator who impressed Eden was Stalin. Stalin realised, more than any other states man in the West, how great a menace Hitler was. His question to Eden was, consider the present European situation as alarming as, or more alarming than, the situation



Vladimir Kouzne two-day decathlor points. The for world record-hole thing like ten s than ever before 1500 metres. Von that, on the way t he had travelled bus as the Russi iet team doctor bag and a dozen rolled out on the Von Moltke adde sian athletes wit and, during the they took five or told their con sugar... Just b metres, when al tors were very t official took Kou room. The who very mysterious

It is possible the might have c about doping ar and more freque in athletics but rowing and foo way to solve th subject the c saliva tests im the race is run.

The threat reached such al tions that spor experts from B France, Italy, West Germany Austria recentl bourg to cons means of fighti Belgium's rep vealed that the of professional country were drugs. A Swiss ist said that

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Vladimir Kouznetsov, in the two-day decathlon, by only four points. The former Russian world record-holder ran something like ten seconds faster than ever before in the decisive 1500 metres. Von Moltke said that, on the way to the stadium, he had travelled in the same bus as the Russians. The Soviet team doctor dropped his bag and a dozen or so phials rolled out on the road. "Later," Von Moltke added, "I saw Russian athletes with these things and, during the competition, they took five or six each. I am told their contents were sugar... Just before the 1500 metres, when all the competitors were very tired, a Russian official took Kouznetsov into a room. The whole thing was very mysterious."

It is possible that these phials might have contained only glucose. But, as the stories about doping are getting more and more frequent-not only in athletics but also in cycling, rowing and football—the only way to solve the problem is to subject the competitors to saliva tests immediately after the race is run.

The threat of doping has reached such alarming proportions that sports and medical experts from Britain, Holland, France, Italy, Spain, Sweden, West Germany, Turkey and Austria recently met at Strasbourg to consider ways and means of fighting this menace. Belgium's representative revealed that the great majority of professional cyclists in his country were believed to use drugs. A Swiss medical specialist said that a number of



RUSSIA'S VALERIY BRUMEL, holder of the world high jump record, seen in action at Madison Square Garden, during the New York Athletic Club meet held there. Brumel's aim was to clear the bar at 7 ft. 5½ in., but he could not succeed in the attempt.

deaths among Swiss athletes could be attributed to the use of drugs. He called for an international study into doping in sport, and drew attention to what was described as the problem of coaches who administered drugs.

The problem of how to help an athlete to put in his maximum effort is not a new one. Even in ancient times special diets and herbs were prescribed by specialists in athletic training and massage. And the search for that magic philtre which will transform a man into a hero overnight continues.

An enormous range of drugs, substances and methods are used to improve the physical capacity of an athlete, from coca leaves to vitamins, coffee, cardio-tonics, symphato-mime-

tics, phosphoric compounds, hormones, oxygen and alcoholic products. According to the manager of a big stadium in France, during the six-day bicycle race in which competi-tors alternate turns of racing with intervals of rest, there are certain cyclists who, half an hour before the end of their turn, give themselves shots of morphine, thus taking advantage of the stimulating effect of the drug in the first halfhour and then of its soporific action when they lie down.

Quite a few trainers, in their quest for pot-hunting and lucrative posts, seem to forget that athletes, whether professional or amateur, are supposed

to make an honest effort-that is, to the best of their natural ability. But, when they participate under the influence of stimulating drugs, they are putting in a performance which is as dishonest, in its way, as if they were not trying their best. They are hoaxing the public and cheating their fellow com-

It is perhaps too much to expect the professionals to give up this unnatural and unhealthy practice. But drastic measures can and should be taken against their use on amateurs.

More than one coach has admitted the use of amphetamine "to sharpen up the performan-ces of the boys". This drug, commonly used on horses and human beings, has the power not only to stimulate but also to damage permanently both body and mind. "It is by far the most dangerous drug existing today," Dr. Herbert Berger, of New York, told the American Medical Association. "When it stimulates a high-pitched person, it can produce violent, rapacious and criminal behaviour. It may cause serious and lasting changes in physical and mental well-being.

The victory-at-any-price trainers and officials may not be able to see the ominous cloud gathering on the sports horizon. At the moment it may be no bigger than the human fist. But, if it is allowed to gather strength, it will vitiate the entire structure of healthy rivalry in world sport.



PRESIDENT RADHAKRISHNAN, who was the Chief Guest on the final day of the exhibition polo matches played recently in New Delhi in aid of the National Defence Fund, presents the Radha Mohan Memorial Trophy to Maharaj Prem Singh, who led Karnisar Farm to victory in the meet.

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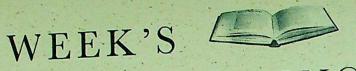
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THIS READING

The Family Of Friends

TOY Adamson's two previous books about Elsa, the semi-feral lioness to which the Adamsons belonged, have justly become classics in their way. To share life with a free lion and be its biographer needs a single-mindedness and devotion not much short of monomania. Social security, financial needs, personal com-fort and all else become secondary, and have to be sacrificed if necessary; the one thing that matters is to keep the contact with the wild animal alive. In this latest saga, Forever Free (Collins & Harvill, 25s.), the chronicler of Elsa's life tells of the insuperable need (yes, it was a governmental order that created the need) to shift the lioness and her three yearling cubs out of their old home, the death of Elsa and the consequent loss of the vital link between the young lions and herself, the story of the capture of the young lions (now capture of the young lions (now run pretty wild), and their transport to Serengeti, where the sanctuary authorities had permitted the release of the cubs. A limited time is allowed for the Adamsons to stay near the cubs, not yet used to killing wild prey for themselves, to feed them and doctor them, and before this period elapses, the young beasts go away and are lost, in an area where there are many young beasts go away and are lost, in an area where there are many prides of lions and hard competition. The Adamsons search high and low for them, but the end of the book brings no joyful reunion-only the consolation of the knowledge that Elsa's pride is now free.

There is no questioning the authenticity of the Adamsons' magnificent obsession, or the sincerity of Joy Adamson's narrative. Occasionally the reviewer feels she is apt, in spite of her long association with lions, to be a trifle anthropomorphic in her understanding of animals, and she makes no pretence to systematic knowledge of scientific natural history. But here we have not only the moving story of the return to insecure, wild freedom of the young lions she had helped to rear, but also a fascinating and closely-observed account of Africa's wild animals and jungles, and, of course, real inticount of Africa's wild animais and jungles, and, of course, real intimacy with lions living a free life. Too much of our knowledge of wild animals comes from highly scientific observation of captive animals, often with little apprehension of the deep and fundamental influence of captivity and the nension of the deep and fundamen-tal influence of captivity and the artificial conditions imposed by elaborate experiments on their responses and behaviour—in fact, some of these studies are almost studies in animal neuroses. How refreshing and heartening it is to come across an authentic study of uninhibited wild life, illustrated with ch-the-spot photographs and written with the feeling of

community with all living things that is Joy Adamson's inspiration! MK.

Marlowe's "Faustus"

TO start with, the early Elizabe-To start with, the early Elizabethan dramatist was, in the words of Whetstone, "most vain, indiscreet, and out or order; he first grounds his work on impossibilities; then in three hours runs he through the world; marries. gets children; makes children men, men to conquer kingdoms, murder monsters; and bringeth gods from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell".

from hell".

Then suddenly there appeared on the scene two dramatists of great fertility of invention, forthright, unafraid, completely unconventional—Kyd and Marlowe. They rescued early Elizabethan drama from the paralysing conventionality into which it was moving. Of the two, Kyd was perhaps the more daring innovator, but Marlowe the greater genius. These twin spirits had a great deal in common. They held infamous opinions, sufficient to burn them at the stake. They were rebellious and arrogant, and lived dangerously. Marlowe in fact died at the hands of a murderer, stabbed in a brawl Marlowe in fact died at the nands of a murderer, stabbed in a brawl at a tavern when only twenty-nine. At the time of his death there was a warrant of arrest against him for his atheistic activities.

It is only natural therefore to assume that the character of Faustus must have fascinated him. His intellectual arrogance as well as his partiality for "carnal, bloody and un-natural acts" must have kindled a sympathetic response in Marlowe. So he took the familiar folk-tale and developed it into a series of scenes of great dramatic. power and intensity. These scenes



LAWRENCE DURRELL, well-known British novelist and poet.

are too detached and lack cohesion to weld them into a great play. There are some magnificent moments, scenes of grandeur; also some grotesque and ludicrous scenes, particularly the pathetic attempts at humour. (Parts of these may not be by Marlowe at all, but are perhaps later interpolations.) tions)

John Jump's edition of Doctor Faustus (Methuen, 21s.) is one of the titles in the series "The Re-vels Plays". The series is quite obthe titles in the series The Revels Plays". The series is quite obviously meant for academic studies and shows the usual tradition of painstaking research and study. All the extant editions from Dilke and Dyce to Boas and Greg have been carefully combed. The date of writing, the literary sources, the stage-history, the various readings are all meticulously examined and tabulated. But those who are primarily interested in the play with its magnificent blank verse should avoid all the apologies, the introduction and the annotations, and go straight to the text. It can delight and excite one at all levels. What it could be on the stage, realised by a company of fine actors are intelligent director. What it could be on the stage, realised by a company of fine actors and an intelligent director is, of course, another matter. But that is where it really belongs.

Mighty Adventure

NUBIA, then, is this difficult bit of the Nile that begins at the Aswan cataract and ends upstream at some undefined spot short of Khartoum. It is not a political division, so the name is unofficial, as when one speaks loosely of the Cotswold country in Britain, or the Deep South in the United States. Some of Nubia thus lies in Egypt, and the remainder in the Sudan..." Sudan...

Nubia has struck the headlines because it will soon be buried under water. The lake that will bank up behind the Aswan High Dam will hold four times as much as the Hoover Dam on the Colorado, the largest reinforced concrete dam in the USA. If three of the most important rock-fill-type dams in the world—the Davis Dam on the Colorado, the Myporo Dam in Japan and the Cyr Boncon Dam in France—were emptied into the in France—were emptied into the High Dam lake they would only half fill it, and their combined electric power would be only one-third of what the High Dam will vield.

This, however, is not the only reason why people have come to be interested in Nubia. The lake is going to cover a lot of archaeologists' treasures. In size those treasures range between pebbles hewn into implements by prehistoric peoples and mountains hewn into temples by Physics of the depole. temples by Pharaohs of the dynasties. All must be examined with equal care before the waters rise, if we hope ever to complete the story of ancient Egypt. There is

the spectacular temple at Abu Simbel. An engineering proposal to disengage the temple from the rock it is part of, and to elevate it some 200 feet out of harm's way, is being seriously considered.

High Dam Over Nubia by Leslie Greener (Cassell, 25s.) presents the fascinating story of the people and environs of Nubia. The maps and illustrations—there are seventy of them—are at once valuable and interesting.

Mr. Greener was at one time a regular officer in the Indian Army. On retiring under a retrenchment scheme he went to Australia and New Zealand to study art. Then he went to Paris and later moved on to Egypt as a teacher. He joined the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago's Egyptian Expedition at Luxor in Upper Egypt. He remained there for nearly a decade. Before the war broke out he went back to Australia and joined the Army. He was taken a prison of war by the Japanese after the fall of Singapore. On being released he went back to New Zealand. By 1954 the University of Chicago invited Mr. Greener to resume work in Egypt. Mr. Greener was at one time a

High Dam Over Nubia is thus an authoritative work that should interest all students of Egyptian history and civilisation. A. M. G

A Bengali Poet

Scient A. Bengall Poet

Scient day, one hopes, a really gifted critic will probe deeply into the subtle, and not always healthy, role English literature and language have played in our country. For instance, there is need to assess the significance of the obvious fact that some of the most influential writers in our languages have been teachers of English. This would be a revealing sociological and literary effort, and the need for it is underlined by the appearance of Banalata Sen by Jibanananda Das (Writers Workshop, Rs. 2.50).

Jibananda Das was himself a teacher of English, and so seem to be quite a few of his translators. Of course, there is no reason why this situation should be considered bad in itself. The inescapable truth is that this has had considered bad in itself. The ines-capable truth is that this has had a debilitating effect on our origi-nal as well as translation work. Those who know Bengali assert that Jibananda Das is a great poet in Bengali. This may be true, but such is not the impression one gets from this small collection of some such is not the impression one gets from this small collection of some thirteen pieces. There are too many palpable literary echoes, too many spineless cliches. Take for instance, the title poem, of which four different versions are offered. In one of these versions we have: of these versions, we have:

Much have I journeyed in the dark of night. As the sailor with his rudder broken on the far sea sees the grass-green country on the cinnamon island So did I see her.

None faintly familiar with English romantic poetry can relish the rendering. Yet this need not have been, as the version of Mr. and Mrs. Lal of this same poem, or The Lal of this same poem, or "Cat" by A.D.G., clearly shows.

Jibanananda Das's own versions are quite unsatisfactory. The moral of this is that translation is a tricky job and had best be left to the fortunate few. By the way. a tricky job and had best be let to the fortunate few. By the way, one wonders what was the point of inserting the poet's own vague words, romantic in the worst sense of the term, prefatorially. K. R. R.

On Aparthei

April 7, 1963

On Apartheea
BISHOP Ambrose
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South Africa—Yest
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(Gollancz, 21s.).

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of what he has to tion is now combut the Bishop resubject on to the Apartheid is to he the Christian teach nity of man; an virtues of charity contradiction of t of Jesus Christ".

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Tibetan Set

LIONEL Davidson Tibet (Golland wonderful book, ten, technically halmost agonising set in Tibet just binvasion of 1950. to have been kill che somewhere i and the brother of man called Houst man called Houst to find out what pened. The story Kalimpong and to the mountains to the "Yamdring", whe monastery ruled who is at once incarnation and incarnation and a

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BISHOP Ambrose Reeves made world headlines with his previous book, Shooting at Sharpeville. He has now followed up that terrible indictment, which has been called an essential document in the history of racialism, with a largely autobiographical work, South Africa—Yesterday and Tomorrow: A Challenge to Christians (Gollancz, 21s.).

In the first part of this new book the Bishop describes his own experiences—the growing tension in South Africa, the constant arrests, the newspaper attacks on him when he asked for a judicial enquiry into the shooting at Sharpeville, the anxiety about his possiquiry into the shooting at Sharpeville, the anxiety about his possible arrest under the Emergency
Regulations, his visit to England
and his return to Johannesburg
and, finally, his deportation from
the country only two days later.
The account of how he was treated by the South African Government is almost unbelievable, and in
itself provides a damning indictment of that Government, even
though the Bishop always writes
moderately and with dispassion
about himself. about himself.

The second part of the Bishop's book discusses the nature of apartheid and such attempts to oppose it as the bus-boycott of 1957. Much of what he has to say in this section is now common knowledge, but the Bishop raises the entire subject on to the highest plane. Apartheid is to him "a denial of the Christian teaching of the dignity of man; an affront to the nity of man; an affront to the virtues of charity and justice; a contradiction of the saving death of Jesus Christ".

The heart of the matter is put cleverly in a cartoon which is reproduced from the Daily Mirror showing Dr. Verwoerd in Bishop's robes with Bishop Reeves sprawling on the ground beyond the pale, with the caption, "Christianity's fine!—It's these cranks who want to practise it that I won't tolerate."

Tibetan Setting

LIONEL Davidson's The Rose of Tibet (Gollancz, 18s.) is a quite wonderful book, brilliantly written, technically highly competent, almost agonisingly exciting. It is set in Tibet just before the Chinese invasion of 1950. Several members of a British film unit are reported to have been killed by an avalanof a British film unit are reported to have been killed by an avalanche somewhere in the Himalayas and the brother of one of them, a man called Houston, goes to India to find out what exactly has happened. The story then takes us to Kalimpong and thence across the mountains to the sacred town of "Yamdring", where there is a great monastery ruled over by an abbess, who is at once in her eighteenth who is at once in her eighteenth incarnation and attractively eighteen years old.

It will be unfair to reveal more of the story, for this is a book which must not be skipped and on which the reader must not cheat by turning the later later chapters. by turning to the later chapters before he should.

Mr. Davidson has brilliantly suc-Mr. Davidson has brilliantly succeeded in giving a spurious air of authenticity to the story. He begins with a scene in a publisher's office. He brings in all sorts of actual incidents and people. There is, for example, a reference to "a Mr. Pant" of Sikkim (but why no reference to "the Mr. Rustomji"?), the Calcutta Branch of the Indiathe Calcutta Branch of the India-Tibet Society and so on. But the outstanding achievement of this

book lies in its descriptions of the quite terrifying journeys made by the London-bred Houston, his fight with a bear, his thrilling romance with the young abbess and his escape out of China-dominated Tibet down to Calcutta.

A Diffuse Story

A Pittuse Story

A YEAR ago Paul Smith produced a powerful novel, The Countrywoman, which recorded life in the slums of Dublin. It was likened to the work of Sean O'Casey in its rendering of the stunted lives and the pathos and humour so abundant in the rachitic alleyways of Ireland's capital during the early 'twenties. Mr. Smith has followed up that masterly achievement with The Stubborn Season (Heinemann, 21s.). His main character again is an Irish girl, but his setting now is London's Soho. It can hardly be said that his talent travels well.

This is a diffuse story in which

This is a diffuse story in which the heroine—she is thirteen—arrives in Soho, via Liverpool, in quest of her father. An aura of viciousness surrounds her new habitat and she has many troubles to contend with as a waitress in an Italian restaurant. She is almost raped by a coloured man and suffers love at the hands of a homosexual American student. The police are particularly nasty and homosexual American student. The police are particularly nasty and her Latin boss is itchily amorous. The area's prostitutes (their hearts apparently as large as inflated balloons) alone are kind to her. Her jeremiad is conveyed melodramatically, in great detail, much of which could be advantageously omitted.

Mr. Smith has considerable gifts as a novelist and even in this inconsequential tale a lovely—or lively—turn of phrase often stirs the reader. But here he is amid the alien Anglo-Saxon corn (Gerald Kersh is the rightful laureate of Soho) and the sooner he returns to his proper pitch in Dublin city, the better for his very vital talent.

The Partition Days

WHEN India gained her indepen-When the management her independence, the Punjab, unfortunately, witnessed the most harrowing of tragedies, with mass murder, arson and looting displacing the lives of thousands.

Cruel Interlude (Asia, Rs. 10) y Balwant Singh Anand ofby Balwant Singh Anand of-fers an intimate account of the life fers an intimate account of the life and conditions prevailing at that time in the refugee camps, particularly in and around Lyallpur (West Pakistan). This human document tells a personal story in an unprejudiced and objective mainer. The author was himself a victim of all the misery and suffering of the partition and narrates feelingly the hardships faced by the fleeing population, particularly the "Sargodha Kafla", a convoy of refugees, that trekked its way to India through the jaws of death in October 1947.

Cruel Interlude reveals the sor-

Cruel Interlude reveals the sor-did face of communal fury and re-ligious fanaticism when man stands devoid of reason and sinks to the level of lowly beasts.

Swami Vivekananda

IN his famous biography of Vive-kananda, Romain Rolland des-cribes the great Swami as "a tamer of souls". And at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, where

Vivekananda first sprang into prominence, he was known as the "cyclonic monk from India". Indeed, this aspect of Vivekananda's personality and work has often elbowed out all other aspects in the popular imagination. He is regarded as a symbol of strength and dynamism, an aggressive and irresistible champion of Vedanta, sweeping all opponents off their feet through his power and energy.

But this is a manifestly one-sided picture. In the selections offered in the volume edited by John Hale, What Religion Is (Phoenix House, 30s.), we see the other Vivekananda—the patient John Hale, What Religion Is (Phoenix House, 30s.), we see the other Vivekananda—the patient and wise teacher, the gentle healer, the devoted disciple, the humble learner. Here, too, we have ample evidence of strength; but it is strength of a different kind. It is the innate strength of love rather than the sternness of missionary zeal. In these passages it is not so much the eloquence or the dialectical skill of Vivekananda that is brought out as the depth of his convictions, the rationality of his outlook on life, the liberalism and universal sympathy that mark his approach to religious and philosophical traditions other than his own. We see here the assimilative and constructive spirit which he brings to bear upon his evaluations of Western civilisation. We see his unconcealed admiration for individual liberty and his almost child-like fascination with science. like fascination with science.

From these pages Vivekananda emerges as the representative of all that is noblest and most enduring in the spiritual heritage of India. The pervasive influence of his teacher, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, can be sensed in every paragraph, though there are few direct references to the saint. A striking feature of Vivekananda's exposition of Absolute Monism was A striking feature of Vivekananda's exposition of Absolute Monism was his ability to expound abstruse metaphysical problems through homely similes and lively parables. His arguments, backed by a lifetime of study and reflection, are singularly free from pedantry or logic-chopping.

The value of this work has been substantially increased by Christopher Isherwood's biographical introduction. In these sensitively written pages, Isherwood recaptures the spiritual personality of Vivekananda and thus prepares the reader to receive the Swami's ideas on the fundamental questions of existence and life. of existence and life.

History Of Music

THERE is without any shadow of doubt some as yet unknown Ink that connects great works of art with the times that see their birth. In addition, all arts exert their influence on each other. And scientific and industrial progress find echoes in the arts.

These facts have gained greater recognition in recent years, and musicologists—amongst the most conservative of their kind—have begun to think in terms of the not always self-evident inheritances that affect music and its links with society, literature, history, politics, architecture and other arts.

Music, for example, has influenced history. The Marseillaise, now the national anthem of France, was first heard in that country just before the Revolution which, in many ways, changed the course of history. It served apparently to strengthen the people in their resolution to achieve liberty, equality and fraternity. In our own country

Bankim Chandra Chatterjee's Bande Mataram has become one of our two formally recognised national anthems. But its impact national anthems. But its impact on our freedom was much earlier and far greater than is generally supposed. It was the rallying call of those who sought to achieve freedom for India through bomb, knife and revolver. It was the last message of comfort and fellowship that fell on the ears of those who, apprehended and condemned by the British, set out on their brief and final walk towards the gallows and eternal silence.

We know that architecture influenced profoundly the growth of early Christian church music, from which source most Western music derives. It is therefore a matter of more than ordinary importance when a history of Western music, linking that art with its past and its present environments, is published.

lished.

Man and Music by Anthony Milner and Wilfred Mellers (Barrie & Rockliff, 50s.) does not merely list compositions and composers in chronological order. It reveals them in their correct place and perspective in the vast cultural tapestry of their times. The authors cover the widest possible range within the limits they set themselves. The exposition of early church music is fascinating, for it points out both the origins and the progeny of that art. While the aim of the authors is to provide a satisfactory reference book for students, the end product is an infinitely more satisfying achievement.

This is no dry and dull chronicl-

This is no dry and dull chronicling of composers and their works. It is as vivid as a film biography and the screen stretches over twenty centuries and more. The outlining of the various Italian influences that helped to mould the mind and work of J. S. Bach makes him more real and understandable and his music more exciting.

The section that deals with the lives and music of Wagner and his "disciples", Wolf and Bruckner, is also of more than ordinary interest. We know that Hitler made capital out of Wagner's political writings and his music. But it is most interesting to know why this should be so, and the parallelism between the two egotists—Wagner and Hitler—is traced with skill and masterly understatement.

The musical portrait of Tschai-kowsky emerges clear and readily perceivable in Man and His Music. The reasons for the varying paths taken by Handel and Bach—contemporaries in time, but divergent in art—and the events and trends that led to the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation, all these make absorbing reading, for the narration is most skilful. In fact, the reader can not only read this volume with interest and great benefit in the conventional chronological style, but can also skip back and forth in flashback style with equally satisfactory results. The musical portrait of Tschai-

There are, too, notable chapters n Beethoven and the Sonata

In addition, the book contains excellent prefaces to each section, an index of comparative chronoan index of comparative chronology, a comprehensive bibliography and a most helpful discography. There is also a list of recommended music for those to whom the study of music is important. The comprehensive general index has been compiled with great thoroughness.

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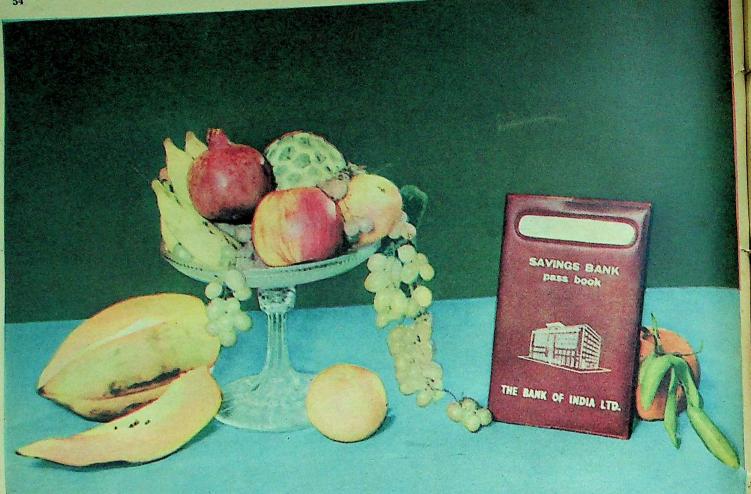
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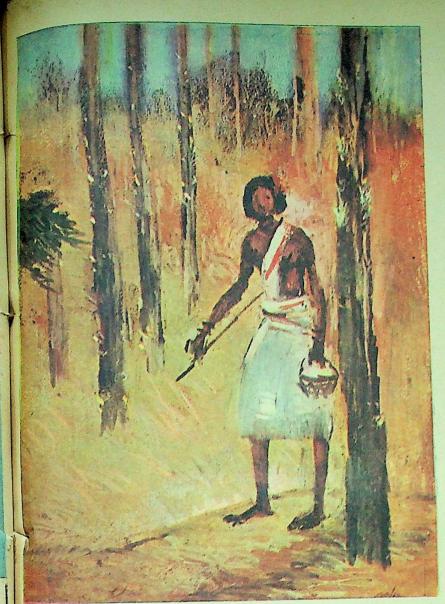
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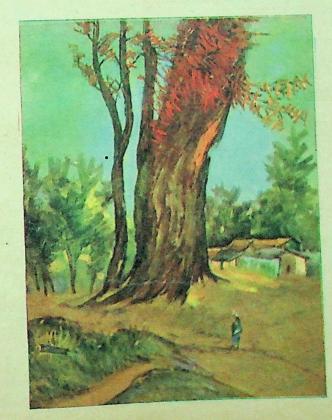


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Readers' Forum WHYART?

The Editor, The Illustrated Weekly of India

Sir—I agree with Mr. Gondhalekar that Art today has become too intensely subjective for universal enjoyment. The artist is likely to answer that Art is not meant for universal enjoyment, that it is for the cultured few.

This attitude, I think, is the worst kind of snobbishness. Beauty, which is truth, is the most sacred thing on earth, and the artist, be he a painter, a sculptor, a poet or a composer, is specially blessed by God, because he is the creator of beauty. The artist, in turn, owes a duty to God and society. I think that the work of art is more important than the artist. Ajanta and Ellora, the temples of South India, the Taj Mahal-all enduring creations of forgotten artists-are evidence of this. The artist cannot afford to ignore the society in which he lives and of which he demands approbation and reward. Gauguin at least demanded nothing of his fellow men except to be left in peace to paint. He demanded no interpreter and no recognition, as so many artists today do.

A really great artist must always be true to himself. Such feelings and emotions as sadness and joy, frustration and despair, are no doubt intensely personal, but they are universally understood, and, unless an artist deliberately chooses to be obscure, he can depict these very feelings and emotions in terms that are intelligible to ordinary people.

K. VIJAYAN

Chingleput

Sir—The Renaissance heralded the "new birth" of ideas, and in no other field was its impact so much felt as in the realm of Art. Art and learning began to flourish, but it also brought to the fore such questions as "What is Art?" and "Why Art?".

This is the third instalment of letters from readers, commenting on the views expressed by J. D. Gondhalekar on the above subject in the issue of February 17.

Art defies any precise definition, but in ordinary parl-ance it means the application of skill to aesthetic production. It is an expression of an individual's creative imagination. It has, however, wider connotations and it qualifies many aspects of life. Art should be purposeful. Take fine arts, for example. The average onlooker is often bewildered by the fantastic compositions exhibited under the name of Abstract art. A painting, being an aesthetic representation of mentalvisual imagery, should be beautiful. If it is to cater to society, it should be intelligible. When these aims are not ful-filled, one might ask: "Why Art at all?" Otherwise it will have only snob value. Art is no monopoly of intellectuals, or else one will have to learn the concept of Cubism to appreciate Picasso! Further, Abstract art appears more like the diabolic intrigues of a shrewd artist, and one feels that there is a tendency to debase the very art itself.

Such questions as "What is Art?" and "Why Art?" are not mutually exclusive but are complementary in themselves. Art should enrich a nation's culture and satisfy the aesthetic needs of society. There is no room in it for egoistic attitudes or personal squabbles. Though team spirit may subdue the personal aggrandise-ment of the artist, Art is at its hest when it springs out of spontaneous self-expression. Any true artist endowed with integrity and honesty of purpose shall uphold the above ideals of Art. If nobility could come from within, questions such as "Why Art?" shall not confront us.

C. RABINDRANATH

New Delhi

Sir—Great art of social significance is created only when an artist works with genuine

faith in religion or some inspiring ideal. Lack of faith and absence of spiritual values are the mark of our times. Politics and commercialism have come to dominate all spheres of life, that disillusionment and frustration are the lot of an honest man. Do our doctors, teachers, public servants, leaders, Ministers and others act in their public life with a sense of service and fraternity? Why then blame the artist alone? He has no faith left in the greatness of religion, ideals, the nation or its heroes.

Van Gogh and Gauguin were, perhaps, the last artists who painted with great humanistic zeal, but they ended up with a complete loss of hope for humanity. So we find two extremes in the camp of present-day artists: some have taken to Art as a sort of escape into a new world; the others are exploiting the present situation with the same commercial spirit with which their works are purchased by "speculators" in the art market. Art is valued because-it indicates the status of the purchaser, and not because it is appreciated. The world, in fact, is today getting the art it deserves. Creation of art incomprehensible to the materially-minded world is the artist's revenge.

This is not to justify the behaviour of the modern artist. The problem is how to create genuine faith in the ideals of humanity, which are preached but not followed. Such exceptions as the Chapel at Vence by Matisse only prove the rule. The evil is too deep-rooted.

R. V. SAKHALKAR

Ajmer

Sir—According to Julian Huxley, Art is the effective expression of a vital experience. When a poet sings or a painter paints the quiet beauty of a countryside under the gentle morning sun, he con-

veys not only what he sees and hears as a common man, but also what his imaginative mind observes and his impressionable heart feels. Thus in Art there is an objective element which consists of what the artist sees and hears as others do, and a subjective element which reflects subtly the artist's imagination and emotion Hence the chief function of Art is to help people discover certain aspects of life which left to themselves, they would not have discovered. Art instructs even as it delights.

Some people think that Art should be merely beautiful Some others say that the aim of Art is to teach us morals There are others who hold that it is enough if Art gives us pleasure. Men with a philosophic bent feel that Art should serve religion and ennoble the mind. Clive Bell wrote that all forms of Art led to the same world of aesthetic ecstasy by the same road of aesthetic emotion. Shakespeare advised the actors who tore passion to tatters and who out-Heroded Herod to be realistic by saying that Art should hold the mirror up to Nature. But Shakespeare did not mean that Art has nothing more to do than merely imitate Nature. To produce the desired emotional effect and to teach certain truths of life, he chose for his plays the most incredible stories.

Often, Art should be unlike Nature and life if it is to be effective. The purpose of Art is not merely to imitate reality, but also to interpret, idealise and transfigure it. As Schelling aptly remarks, "Art conducts us from the vestibule of reality into the innermost shrine and reveals the transcendenta to our vision." In short, Art enables us to see life more clearly and live it more fully. In other words, it enriches life.

P. L. KRISHNAN

Coimbatore

Sir—Art has from the time of Plato been a vital concern of social philosophers. Art is the name for that deliberate and controlled contrivance by which man interferes with Nature in the interests of realising its intrinsic possibilities. The artist is a creator, and the process of creation is important and interesting to the artist not less, perhaps even more, than the object created.

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August 19, 1962

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"I'll never forget my three years abroad," she said, "but I grew up in this place. It's queer and crummy and maddening. When I'm in it and crummy and maddening. When I'm in it I'm otter furious with it. When I leave it then I'm otter furious with it. When I leave it then I'm otter furious with it. When I leave it then I'm otter furious with it. When I leave it then I'm otter smell of its earth and the taste of its water the smell of its earth and the taste of its water and the craziness of the house in which I've and the craziness of the house in which I've and the way Molived and Father's pomposity and the way Molived and Father's pomposity and the way Molived watches over me like a dragon. I simply can't stand it and I've always belonged to it. The mangoes here taste different from anywhere else."

where eise.

He nodded his head. "I guess I ought to understand that. I feel the same way about the flea-bitten, one-street burg in which I grew up. But I feel worried about you, worried about the way in which you're drifting like a about the way in which you're drifting like a sleepwalker into this arranged marriage business. How can you be happy with someone you don't even know?"

don't even know?"

"Oh, it isn't as arbitrary as all that," she said. "You're not expected to put up with anyone you really detest. And your parents have your interests at heart: they're not ones to make irresponsible choices. After that it's just a question of what two average people can make of each other, given goodwill and a sense of mutual respect. It usually works out. It ought to, if you believe in people. Now don't you find that explanation completely convincing?"

"Definitely not" soid.

"Definitely not," said Ernest. "It doesn't sound like the truth, it sounds like a Ph.D. dissertation. And now that you've wrapped up your wedding-day philosophy, will you please tell me which of those second-class bums is destined to be your soul-mate of the average?"

"I don't have to marry any of them."

"I thought so," said Ernest. "But one day your mother will tell you to be serious."

"She thinks they're all beneath considera-

"One day she'll find the answer you can't

NALINI pursed her lips a little. "In that case, slim. handsome, exciting and intelligent and really adores me, what have I to grumble about? But that's in the future. Let's talk about this wedding now. Don't you think it's a gorgous show for such a small place?"

"It's a waste of money in a country that can't afford it."

"And what do you suppose we can afford?"
Her tone became mildly sarcastic. "Plumbing, tube-wells and a lower death-rate, perhaps."

"You can afford to try," he told her, sen-

Her face crimsoned. "Really, Ernest, you should live with us a little more before you start to lecture us. Go out into the fields and watch our people work. Try to plough behind bullocks that are dropping from starvation. See what you can grow on land that's been exhausted."

"I'd put nitrogen into it."

"And pay for it with what?"

"With some of the stuff you throw away at weddings.

weddings."

"It's easy to find answers like that," she said. "To have a prefabricated remedy for everything: slaughter our surplus cows, exterminate our monkeys, keep the population within reasonable limits and finance everything with the wealth of the Maharajas. It's logical and in the end it's probably right; but you mustry tet it drain away too much of the colour that makes our lives worth living."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I guess it's the way I've been trained. I like to push things in the direction of tidiness. But, of course, it's for you to choose what you want."

"And you don't think we want weddings?"

"How can you choose when you can't even choose your husband?"

He could see from her expression that his words had gone home, but he was prudent enough not to go further. There was an uncertain silence while she fidgeted with her right foot. She was going to ask about his work when Raman came up.

"Disgusting waste, this wedding."

"Couldn't agree more," said Ernest.
Raman glared at him. "You're a foreigner
your agreement is of no consequence."

"We've got to agree," Ernest proclaimed with determined cordiality. "If we understand each other we can't help agreeing."

He mounted his platform of principles expectantly, trying to clasp Raman's hand in a moral handshake.

"Agreement," the other man snorted. "I know your sort, you never give something for nothing. The more you offer, the more dangerous you are."

"Now, see here," Ernest protested, alerting his jaw. "We've got to go into this on a basis of partnership. We're buddies together in the war against want."

He thumped Raman's back to pound home the fraternity.

"It's really a crusade and not a war. A jihad fought with D.D.T., not dynamite."

"You want to poison us with it." "Poison you? Nonsense. It wouldn't hurt a

"Then how is it supposed to kill mosquitoes?"

"I was speaking figuratively," Ernest explained.

"In other words you were lying. One lie leads back to another, I know the face of hypocrisy when I see it."

"You know darned well that the stuff wipes out malaria."

"Then why are you letting us have it?"

"For your own good, of course."

"You can't sell it, so you want to dump it on us.

"We're only doing something you can't yet do, for nothing."

"And you'll never let us do it," Raman raged. "You want us to depend on this dope. Every time a mosquito bites us you want us to come to you moaning for help. If you must give us something give us a factory with which to make the stuff. Then we'll be free of you for ever. We can stand on our own feet. We don't have to go down on our knees before you."

Ernest tried again.

"Certainly you've got to stand on your own feet. Self-help is the basis of any foreign aid programme. Anything else is dangerous for the nation!"

"So now we're in hospital," Raman exploded. "It's you who are sick. Just look at your foreign policy."

Ernest denied himself an agonising reappraisal.

"I'm not a politician," he said patiently persistent. "Our job is to get a good neighbour-liness beyond politics. You've got to lift your-self up by your bootstraps and all we're doing is to try to give you the boots. Then it's up to you to make your initiatives airborne."

"We're a barefoot people," Raman said.
"We became free without anybody helping us.
The can build our future without other people's

HE said it with a kind of derelict dignity that was an improvement on his earlier indignation. It impressed Ernest enough to restrain him from retorting. As for Nalini, while disapproving of most of what Raman said, she had listened to him with fascinated exasperation. There was something mesmeric about his personality that made one reach instinctively for the rolling-pin. He could only be intense when he was being didactic. He lived completely in his pose. Even if he were to wash his face, he would do so with the air of a man ridding his country of a pernicious influence. Yet like many saviours he was probably something of a hypocrite. His disregard for dress was a trifle too studied, his hair too photogenically disarranged. His teeth, which flashed attractively in a firm yet mobile mouth, were almost certainly made white by imported toothpaste. He had nice shoulders, sleek but strong, and smouldering eyes which she would have liked to see laugh. In fact he was quite good-looking with a faintly refined and therefore irritating with a faintly refined and therefore irritating with a faintly refined and therefore irritating surliness. His voice was unexpectedly vibrant for a person only two inches taller than herself. It was an agitator's voice undoubtedly, but, saying the right things, it could be so much more golden. What a pity that such assets should be wasted, she thought, but people like Raman had a place in life—one felt obliged to pummel them into something better and

in the excitement of improvement one seemed to discover a little of one's own self.

These reflections in her eyes made them look mischievous so that both Ernest and Raman were puzzled by what they saw. She was frivolous like her class, Raman concluded; spoilt by her father's modest wealth, corrupted further by a foreign education, condemned in marriage to some anglicised imbecile with a position in the government, what could she do but move with desperate inconsequence through her bright world of rickety inanities? Yet if she were compelled into significance, if she scrubbed floors, steamed lentils and drew buckets of water from a deep enough well, she could be brought back to a modest and peasant dignity. It would be a difficult process though, considering how comprehensively she had already been ruined, and in India there were more important mistakes which demanded correction more urgently and emphatically. rection more urgently and emphatically.

Having dismissed her from his mind, he turned his back on her. He had to suppress a slight feeling of disappointment when she failed to reprove him for being rude. She in her turn thought him disgustingly bad-mannered, but she told herself that it was not worth while to say so, when there were more fundamental reasons for detesting him.

ERNEST waited till he was out of earshot. "Didn't make much of an impression on him," he said.

"Don't mind the discouragements," Nalini smiled. "You're doing a wonderful piece of

His face brightened. "D'you really think so?"

"Of course," she said confidently, "A better chance to live, an ever so slightly better world to live in. It's worth a little snubbing to achieve that."

He shook his head regretfully, but not at

"You're so out of place here—a girl like you, vital and generous. You ought to be doing something constructive, something important, helping your country to move into its future or at least living your own life and really finding yourself. Instead of which, you're stagnating in this backwater, waiting to be married."

"But, Dr. Jones," she teased him, "you've destroyed the only way out."

"Oh, no, I haven't," he said. "I've built the bridge back to reality. Marry me and I'll take you away from all this. We can bounce all over Asia in my jeep. We'll be married in Park Avenue with choir boys singing and champagne for everyone at the Commodore afterwards and you in one of those fabulous Fifty-seventh Street outfits that only make sense because one's wife is in them. And from then onwards everything will be different. Marry me and make it all come true. The two of us can reform the world together."

"But, Ernest," she said, "do you really think one ought to be married in church?"

"Where else do you suppose a respectable girl can get married?"

"It's so much more sensible just to sign the register. Think of the money we'd save. We could make the down payment on a Cape Cod house in Larchmont."

"Well, I've never heard anything so ridiculous. A civil wedding! It's mean and soulless and sordid! How can a marriage stay right unless it starts right? I want a beginning I can always remember. I want you to say 'I do' in a train with six yards of tulle, white and incredible as the powder snow on the hills. I want it said to me with stars in your eyes and not with a ball-point pen clutched in your right fist."

"If you really feel as strongly as that," she said, "why do you disapprove of the wedding that we're having now?"

He grinned shamefacedly. "I guess I can afford it and India can't."

"You know that's nonsense," she said. "The poor need poetry even more than we do. A wedding is like a rainbow to them, reaching up and over many hills of drabness. If you don't believe in the existence of rainbows, how can you fight for the crock of gold at the end? So stop being dishonest and enjoy yourself. Atone for your Puritanism by eating six jalebis."

She took his hand gently, smiled into his eyes and led him unprotesting into the melee.

(To Be Continued)

Sociology Of Indian Politics

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

DECLINING IMPORTANCE OF THE GREAT CITIES

dom is an appropriate occasion to take stock of our achievements and failures. The speed of India's development has been such as to make it difficult for those in its midst to assess what has been accomplished and how this has affected their daily lives. We have, no doubt, established various fact-finding organisations, but, unfortunately, we do not have yet enough men of scientific detachment who can objectively analyse the available facts and draw such conclusions as might help in understanding the nature and extent of the changes which have taken place around us. Most of us can perceive that these changes have been many-sided, affecting not only our national habits, our economy and our social and political thinking, but also the territorial contours of our motherland.

The Indian Revolution of 1947 has been described as one of the five great revolutions of historical times and its impact has been so far-reaching, deeply influencing our national being, that only a patient, careful and comparative survey of all the socio-political aspects of India before and after independence can result in a true picture of how the minds and hearts of the people have been affectedin the cities, towns and villages. The generation which has grown up since independence can hardly be blamed if it takes things as it finds them without understanding their genesis. It is, therefore, necessary to try to define these changes in concrete sociological terms and to visualise what they might augur for the future.

TERRITORIAL CHANGES

We have by now learnt that all societies are liable to be suitably transformed in accordance with the economic and political situations which confront them, and we need therefore have no inhibition in trying to look into the future which will, in any case, more or less approximate to the picture drawn by the authors of our various Five-Year Plans. This will also enable us to cease lamenting the loss of some of our ancient and historic regions, for we would then understand the forces which caused it and how it could have been prevented. What would, of course, be interesting and profitable in such a study is to ascertain whether the territorial changes have enriched or impoverished our national life. All students of the history of 19th-century India know that the northeastern and north-western areas of the subcontinent have played sturdy and decisive roles in shaping the features of modern India, and it would not be out of other changes, will affect our national development.

I would however confine myself to an examination of one aspect of the many changes that have taken place since 1947, and it is an aspect on which there seems to have been practically no discussion either in the Press or in Parliament. This is the decline in political importance of our metropolitan cities and the consequent eclipse of the great patrician and mercantile families from the scene of national life. The decline has been only in the political field, for after a period of economic depression these cities are becoming again the focal points of our industrial and financial life. Nevertheless they have not been able to regain the position of authority to which, they claimed, they were entitled on account of their being the theatres of action of historic events in the immediate past.

Historians, too, testify to the truth of this claim, for all those who have made the study of 19th-century India their special vocation admit that the seed of modern

by Dr. GIRIJA K. MOOKERJEE

Indian nationalism was sown first in our great metropolitan cities such as Bombay, Madras and Calcutta. It is also undoubted that the well-known merchant families of these cities contributed both consciously and unconsciously to the growth of this nationalism. This seems also to be the oblique conclusion of Prof. B. B. Misra, who, in his new and remarkable book, The Indian Middle Classes, goes into the origins of some of these families and shows how, as a result of the transformation of the economic pattern of our society towards the end of the eighteenth century (hastened by changes in public administration and the administration of law), some of the well-known families were able to emerge as a powerful monied class capable of challenging even the authority of the foreign Government.

But the middle class origins of our nationalist movement become even more significant in this context when we consider that even the leaders of our labour organisations and peasants' movements have also almost always been drawn from this class, that too living in the urban areas. It is true that they did not belong to the upper bourgeoisie but rather to the lower middle class of "salaried employees below the managerial and supervisory level" as defined by Prof. Misra. The fact.

HE completion of fifteen years of free- place to try to assess how their loss, like however, remains that all these move ments were not only started but also led by people who grew up in big cities and had an urban outlook on life.

But what exactly is the urban outlook one may ask? A definition, however, is not difficult to arrive at, for in relation to modern India, it simply means a progress sive approach to all social, political and personal problems, which again is the outcome of mental and spiritual growth in the atmosphere of a metropolis where a person imbibes, even without his knowing it, a broader conception of men and things, and is not, as in a village community, hindered at every step by established notions and current beliefs in forming his attitudes and his view of life. This unfettered growth makes a city-bred individual more amenable to new ideas and develops in him a spirit of resistance to all forms of injustice. He consequently becomes less parochial and more nationalistic.

THE CAPITAL

This process of forming new types of men had gone on in our big cities well up to the 'thirties, with the result that all important movements, since about a hundred years ago, have been city-based. Then, after the transference of India's capital from a metropolitan city and the shifting of the centre of political power to the new capital, there took place some radical changes in the old established pattern of distribution of authority and patronage, and this created a new situation. The rightness or wrongness of this change is not the point to be considered here, and it may be added that a new middle and upper class will grow round the capital in course of time, as was the case with the old capital. However, we cannot ignore the fact that free India's capital has continued to remain farther away from our industrial and urban centres, as a result of which a new set of difficulties has arisen in the relationships of the Union with its components.

There is no doubt that, purely from the point of view of administration, the change has been beneficial: and it is for the same reason that the Commonwealth of Australia built its capital at Canberra, and again why Washington, not New York, continues to be the capital of the United States. But, with regard to New Delhi, even the British began to have in the end some misgivings, and we know that Mr. Nehru himself some time ago expressed regret for having to live away from the vital centres of our national life. Be that as it may, the point to be emphasised here is that we should ascertain at this stage of our development whether the

August 19, 1962

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The situation co population was some manner India became still fail to notice the tions of our big citie increase in spite of For instance, while the Bombay, Madras and to the Census of 194: the population of Gr has reached the figur ing to the Census of Madras has gone up Greater Bombay to the population of Wes compared with that c t the time of th The population of other hand, according 1961, has increased t of 777,481 in 1941, sh 947,735, in spite of th population of Madras ion of Andhra Prade whereas it was 49,342 ly the population which was 1,489,883 corded an increase of years. Maharashtra' 18,654,299 compared Presidency (20,850,6 the three cities have their populations in same story of increa tres in India with a han a lakh.

URBAN REPI

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Robert C. North Political Science a

with its population

lack of effective participation of our urban hitelligentsia, which comes from both the intelligent and the upper middle classes, in the direction of our national affairs, has been an advantage or a loss.

The situation concerning our urban population was somewhat inherent in the popularion India became free, but we cannot manner than notice the fact that the populastill lan our big cities have been on the tions of the initial handicap. for instance, while the total population of Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, according Bombay, Market and Caretta, according to the Census of 1941, was 4,755,447 only, to the Census of Total, was 4,100,447 only, the population of Greater Calcutta alone has reached the figure of 4,709,555 accordhas reached the light of 1,703,000 according to the Census of 1961, while that of Madras has gone up to 1,725,216 and of Greater Bombay to 4,146,491. In contrast, the population of West Bengal is 34,967,634 compared with that of Bengal (60,307,000) at the time of the Census of 1941. The population of Madras city, on the other hand, according to the Census of 1961, has increased to 1,725,216 from that of 777,481 in 1941, showing an increase of 947,735, in spite of the fact that the total population of Madras State after the creation of Andhra Pradesh is 33,650,917 only, whereas it was 49,342,000 in 1941. Similarly the population of Greater Bombay, which was 1,489,883 only in 1941, has recorded an increase of 2,656,608 in twenty years. Maharashtra's population is 18.654,299 compared with that of Bombay Presidency (20,850,000) in 1941. All the three cities have more than doubled their populations in twenty years and the same story of increase applies to all centres in India with a population of more han a lakh.

URBAN REPRESENTATION

But has this all-round increase in our

urban population meant also an increase in the number of urban representatives, or representatives of urban origin, in our Parliament? Or, does this increase correspond somewhat to the number of active politicians in Parliament of urban origin? In fact, according to Dr. Surinder Suri, who carried out an investigation on the Members of our last Parliament, about half of the Members were men and women of rural origin. An inquiry into the Imposition of the present Parliament is likely to give the same result, for the simple reason that the most urbanised of the three States of India, namely Maharashtra, West Bengal and Madras, have between them only 121 seats in Parliament, whereas two of our less urbanised States, namely, Bihar and Uttar Pradesh, have 18 seats more than the combined seats of the three above-mentioned States. The conclusion is then inevitable that on our supreme law-making authority we have more representatives of rural India than of urban India. Not only that. The three metropolitan cities of India—Bombay, Calcutta and Madras (excluding their suburban areas)—have altogether 10 Seats in the Lok Sabha: Calcutta proper, with its population of 2,926,498, has four seats, so has Bombay, whereas Madras with its population of 1,725,216 has only

Robert C. North, Associate Professor of Political Science at Stanford University.

has shown in a study entitled "Political Institutions in India" and published in 1959 that most of our Ministers of States were born in small towns and villages whereas the majority of Ministers of Cabinet rank seem to have been born in towns, of them only two being known to have grown up in metropolitan cities. As against this, he points out that the distribution of British Cabinet members according to places of birth, during the years 1886 to 1950, showed that London alone supplied 17.6% of the Ministers and 8.1% came from very large cities. And according to Morris-Jones in his Parliament in India (Philadelphia-1957) the number of urban intellectuals in the first Lok Sabha could not have been more than seven per cent.

The question may well be put: what has all this to do with our immediate national problems? We are predominantly a peasant country and it is, therefore, natural that the opinion of the rural section of our people should be reflected in Parliament. But the answer is not as simple as that. We have pledged ourselves after independence to build a modern, progressive and democratic state and our Constitution has put before us ideals whose realisation would invariably mean that from an agrarian society we shall become a modern industrial society. And who does not know that the construction of even a small industrial plant requires training and knowledge which we cannot get from people who have only worked with their hands and whose tools and implements are at best those which had been used by their forefathers? Besides, the complex nature and the complicated way of functioning of a modern society, even in a small unit, can be grasped only by people who sense in their bones the life of a great city. On the other hand, it is only with the growth of cities and urban amenities and a consequent increase in our standard of living that the villages will find better markets and higher prices for their products which again will bring improved conditions of living to the villages.

NO RURAL INFLUENCE

Besides, experience has shown that it is not only in India that the peasants are opposed to innovations. And it is not easy to break down their opposition to progressive and new methods of either cultivation or education which in the end will be profitable to them. It is no use being burdened with romantic ideas of the peasantry if we want to achieve results, for we all know that their own contribution to our national struggle for freedom and to the creation of modern India has not been significant. Used to a narrow community life, their problems are more immediate and environmental and consequently an overwhelming influence on our national planning by them can only generate obstructions, for the conditions under which our rural people function make it difficult for them to grasp the sweep and sequence of those policies which are to be pursued in the interest of the nation as a whole.

I believe that it is, therefore, very important for us to mobilise the entire urban

intelligence of India to national service, and this may not be very easy either. The handicaps from which our city-bred people have suffered have created a sense of frustration in them and they do not have the feeling of belonging to the new scheme of things. In our administrative services also there are far too many men in high positions who have not been able to overcome their rural weltanschauung. They become total misfits, as we have often remarked, when they represent our country abroad and have to find their way to the sophisticated worlds of great cities such as Paris, London and New York. It is, therefore, no wonder that more young men of urban upbringing are being recruited profitably by the foreign business houses established in our country. These young men with initiative serve the companies well, for they find it difficult to make a real contribution to the institutionalised establishments, not only because they are not well paid but also because our administrative set-up is too inflexible and too much committed to routine.

NATION-BUILDING

All this adds up to the core of the question I have asked at the beginning, which may be formulated probably again thus: can we bring in urban India closer to the work of rebuilding our country? Urban India, as we have noted, has furnished leadership in the past. Can it do this again and do we want our great cities to be in the vanguard of events? There is no denying the fact that they have been neglected and sometimes even ignored. And if we want to redress the imbalance which has grown between rural India and urban India at the highest sanctuary of our nation, we have to take several steps. We will have to attract more and more urban talent to Parliament. This will not only improve the quality of speeches delivered there, but will also make the work of various House committees more fruitful and intelligible. Secondly, by introducing a modified system of proportional representation for election to Parliament, we can bring into Parliament more men with specialised knowledge of economics, finance, planning and even engineering and other technical subjects, for such men are nowhere in a position to carry on electioneering campaigns.

Many countries of Western Europe have adopted this system with good results. Both in France and West Germany this modified system of election has resulted in a higher standard of debate in the legislature, for the legislatures there have today more experts on various problems they deal with than they 'ad ever before. Lastly, we can perhaps as a beginning try to recruit a small team of workers, adept in political science and trained in sociology, whose task it will be to examine the impact of rural and urban India on our social and political legislation in order to enable us to understand the trend of events. We may thereby be able to bring into our political thinking the knowledge acquired from the study of politics from the standpoint of sociology, and as a result of a study of our politicians from the point of view of their social background.

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WEEK'S



A Gigantic Theme

INE Hours To Rama (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.), by Stanley Wolfert, is admirably narrated with great fluency and vividness. As a novel, it sets out to capture (and succeeds in doing so) the hours of tension that preceded the assassination of Gandhiji: it does so in terms of characterisation of a striking kind, contrasting the confidence, simplicity and gentleness of the Mahatma against the sensitive fanaticism of Nathuram Godse. The other characters (Gopal Das, the incorruptible Superintendent of Police; P. K., the Government Minister, happily initialled into obscurity, who is interested only in the next elections; Kanetkar, the lean and hungry Cassius of the conspiracy; Rani, the unhappily married Parsi wife who loves Godse, but arrives too late to prevent the tragedy) form part of a colourful mosaic revolving around the central fact of Godse's obsession for impersonal revenge. The reviewer in the Times Literary Supplement missed the bus entirely when he explained that, after official enquiries, he had discovered that Mr. Wolfert was not historically correct—the first man to reach the Mahatma when the bullets hit him was an American Embassy official. One might as well fussily look for historical verisimilitude in Rafael Sabatini. In a novel like this, accuracy is desirable but not essential; what matters is the story, and the characters.

Godse of course gets meticulous attention, and is treated primarily as a psychopathic case (there are references to two traumatic experiences which might have warped his personality: his 12-year-old wife dying of haemorrhage "he had started inside her", and the refusal of a recruiting officer to admit him into the army because he was a Brahmin). The actual act of assassination, coming after his sensual indulgences with Rani, is sketched with hallucinatory skill. He emerges as a young man of tremendous energy, pitifully misled, mentally sick, sexually starved, agile in debate, Brutus-like in naive idealism, a forlorn and pitiable figure. able figure.

In other words, it appears Mr. Wolfert was aiming at a modern tragedy when he wrote the novel. He took a gigantic theme, dominated by a gigantic man. In his own way he succeeds in drawing the reader's sympathy for Godse, for Godse is in one sense Everyman, every-Indian. "You have murdered him too," muses Rani at the end, and this identification is essential to create the feeling of tragic release. With Gandhiji it is difficult to identify oneself—he is too saintly, outside tragedy's requirement of "a vicious mole of nature", the stamp of "one defect."

I am not suggesting that Mr. In other words, it appears Mr.

I am not suggesting that Mr. Wolfert's novel is a great tragedy. It isn't. It is too full of documentary details to be so; it meanders in places in the stale waters of pulp fiction, (teashop scenes, erotic patches, tourist trivia). But it

deals with a great subject, one of high seriousness, and, if Mr. Wolfert had only resisted the blandishments of the popular style, this novel might have risen to Dostoievskian stature. As it is, it may be classed in the category of eminently readable middlebrow costume fiction: what little greatness it has is thrust on it by the greatness of its theme.

An Absurd Plot

"You knew from the names of the pukka sahebs that they had all been pig-stickers," says Richard Mason in his new novel The Fever Tree (Collins, 16s.) and at first it seemed that his hero, Major Ronnie Birkett ("fortyeight, spare, trim, not an ounce of unwanted flesh") was likely to be a member of the pig-sticking fraternity. But it soon transpired that the Major was from the lower depths of Lancashire—a boor, a bore, and a Communist secret agent, with a tendency to lechery in his moments of leisure. His job in India is to bring about the assassination of the King of Nepal and his main contact in this nefarious business is some sort of a Minister in Mr. Nehru's Cabinet! While awaiting developments in Delhi the Major meets Mrs. Lakshmi Kapoor who attracts him because of her small waist though he disapproves of her habit of chewing pan. He decides that she is a real bonny girl (he calls her so at least a score of times in the course of the narrative) and considers her to be eminently bedworthy. Mrs. Kapoor—a travesty of Indian womanhood—falls for the Major, in spite of his arrant rudeness to her. ("It was that Indian submissiveness again.") She does not object to his plebian colloquialisms nor to the fact that going to bed with a dame meant no more to him than a good meal or a glass of beer. "So what about it? Like to come upstairs?" urges the Major.

Wearing dark glasses she goes upstairs repeatedly at the big hotel in Delhi and later follows Ronnie to Nepal as his mistress. In Katmandu, Mr. Mathai, a minor official at the Indian Embassy who is a rather pobulous Communict is a rather nebulous Communist, is chosen as the instrument for the killing; the Major threatens to shoot him out of hand if he backs out of the affair. Meanwhile there out of the arian. Meanwrite there is counter-espionage in the person of a Mr. Potter. The assassination is bungled. Mr. Mathai dies and the Major and the bonny Mrs. Kapoor attempt a hegira to Tibet, still finding time to be lovey-dovey

"A WINDOW ON HINDI WRITING"

This fortnightly feature by "Sahityakar" will be resumed next week.

-Editor

(as the Major terms it) among the blue poppies on the roof of the world.

The only relevance to the fever tree of the title is that cheetahs in Africa are apparently disposed to cool off in its shade—and the Major thinks himself as a cheetahlike secret agent, spare, trim, with not an ounce of unwanted flesh.

This utterly banal story is liberally sprinkled with namastes and the local colour to be found in tourist guides. It must be one of the worst novels ever to have been written about India. Yet Mr. Mason is not without descriptive powers and a flair for fluent dialogue, as is evidenced in his final scenes set in the Tibetan snows. It is unfortunate that he should be bogged down from the start with an absurd plot, puppet-like characters, and a hero who must rank high among the most risible bores of modern fiction.

Esoteric Musings

WHEN one is confronted by a WHEN one is confronted by a volume called *Hear Us O Lord* from *Heaven Thy Dwelling Place* (Cape, 18s.) one naturally imagines that the book has a religious background. But this is not the case with the late Malcolm Lowry's extraordinary gallimaufry, strangely described by the publishers as "novels and short stories". stories'

Mr. Lowry—who died in 1957
—was something of a literary freak. His sole output consisted of one novel, Under the Volcano, written many years ago. It earned for him a considerable reputation with discerning critics. His posthumous work—the title is derived from a Manx fisherman's hymn—is a peculiar concoction of elliptic memories and random reflections. A long piece about a sea voyage, called "Through the Panama", contains reaction to the mind's velocity, flying fish, Kafka, Renaissance Art, the ship's cat, Louis Armstrong, a critic of Mark Twain ("enough to give one delirium Clemens"!) and K af ka again. Gusts of intellectual profundity assail the reader from every page, so that it is necessary to cling to the rail resolutely against this tempest of esoteric musings.

It is claimed that the middle "stories" show the influence of Henry James in the handling of "complex consciousness".
But Mr. Lowry's prose—admittedly ebullient and scholarly—is more
prolix and formless than the Masprolix ever was. The diablerie of
thighbrowism here—there are
highbrowism here—there henry
satisfactory imitations of Henry
Miller—is too often magnificently
unreadable.

S. M.

On Pornography

DAVID Loth's The Erotic in Literature (Secker & Warbuff 25s.) is a scholarly contribution, bringing the perspective of universal culture to the subject under

discussion. It is, books in one. It more "unhurried withan Ralph Ginz work, and there is dium of major decements on pornog from Judge Wools to Justice Byrne's terley's Lover. A clopaedia of odd find here all abor Comstockery, the writings of Mark and Sullivan, Swir jamin Franklin at the "industry".

August 19, 196

It is not to be Loth's book is one for Erotica. Far frindicates which are things in the cont—in books, newspatisements. tisements. The author's ma

The author's ma since prehistoric had pornography in painting and the world over little was done restrictions until manoeuvred the er pent of shame int sex". The Resto pent of shame int sex". The Reste wrecked their ve Puritans by going treme. The censor al code laws have rate the chaff fron today, one often f writers of merit as charges of obscen pornographers and thrive.

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discussion. It is, indeed, several books in one. It offers a much more "unhurried view of Erotica" than Ralph Ginzburg's popular work, and there is, too, a compendium of major decisions and judgments on pornography ranging from Judge Woolsey's on Ulysses to Justice Byrne's on Lady Chatterley's Lover. A veritable encyclopaedia of odd facts, one can find here all about Dr. Bowdler, Comstockery, the pornographic writings of Mark Twain, Gilbert and Sullivan, Swinburne and Benjamin Franklin and the kingpins of the "industry" in the U.S.A.

It is not to be presumed that Loth's book is one exultant paean for Erotica. Far from it, the book indicates which are the real smutty things in the contemporary world in books, newspapers and advertisements.

The author's main thesis is that, The author's main thesis is that, since prehistoric times, we have had pornography in literature, in painting and in sculpture the world over and that very little was done to impose any restrictions until the Puritans manoeuvred the entry of "the serpent of shame into the garden of sex". The Restoration writers wrecked their vengeance on the Puritans by going to the other exwrecked their vengeance on the Puritans by going to the other extreme. The censor boards and moral code laws have failed to separate the chaff from the grain and, today, one often finds that, while writers of merit are prosecuted on charges of obscenity, the cheap pornographers are allowed to thrive

At the end of his masterly survey, Mr. Loth has some sane solutions to offer, though they are bound to engender fierce controversy. Sex being an inevitable part of human life, pornography has become an adjunct of human natural way at the country of the survey. become an adjunct of human nature. Attempts to suppress it have failed. Invariably, debased forms of pornography have always reared their heads. So, says Loth, it is not desirable to suppress it. All forms of censorship must be abandoned. And then, slowly, the public will become the arbiters.

Three Generations

M B. Longman's novel The Power of Black (Cassel, 21s.) is a turbulent, taut saga of three generations of a single family, the Ashes—all caught up irretrievably in the power of black, which, the blurb explains, is the power of oil. Searching for the liquid gold with the same irrepressible zeal and suffering similar hardships



SITWELL,

and disappointments, theirs is a story of success and disillusion, chasing each other.

chasing each other.

The author who presents occasional glimpses of really superior prose, chooses to tell his story in little fragments and bits of halfpage dialogue, sacrificing polish for speed of narration, coherence for compression. The result is that the tumultuous lives and loves of the Ashe family rarely seem to emerge with sufficient conviction to overcome the reek and smoke of oil that pervades the atmosphere and makes The Power of Black seem even longer than it really is.

Fragrant Thoughts

THE Irish eyes of C. R. Mandy THE Irish eyes of C. R. Mandy must be smiling on seeing the Indo-Anglian "cubs" he reared during the period of his editorship of The Illustrated Weekly throatily singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow". There must also be a mischievous grin on his face at the tricky task he set them when the Writers Workshop (162)92 Lake Gardens, Calcutta) planned to design their Miscellany No. 8 (Rs. 2) as a "garland for Shaun Mandy".

as a "garland for Shaun Mandy".

To put it humorously, it all reads like an attempt "to bell the cat" (which, incidentally, is the beloved species from animaldom of C. R. M.), but in the clash and clang of so many voices—hesitant, exuberant, complaining, confidential, cheerful—one cannot hope to hear the meek meeow of surrender. Moreover C. R. M. is too crafty to be captured even when a trained crowd of over twenty joins the hunt. One expects a straight encounter with the man in the brief self-portrait, "Myself", but he eludes everyone's grasp and leaves the legend around his name to grow to more than life size.

It is the same when one turns

It is the same when one turns to the short selections from "Gallimaufry" and "This Week's Gossip" and the story "There's Magic in Malaya". They do not, it would seem to anyone who knew him for a period, offer an insight into the mind of the man. A proper summing-up of his intellect and personality will have to wait for the publication of his work in progress.

gress.

Mr. Mandy's inborn sense of humour is not surprising—for he's Irish, with all his love for the East. But can one say that this is fully revealed in the creation of Flopsy Panwalla and Two-Days Growth Hafiz? His comments as a literary critic have always been incisive, shrewd and authoritative. But his own preferences among authors contradicts his liking for subjective warmth in prose and subtlety in poetry. There is also the fact that he was able to identify himself so completely and cogently with India without "going native".

Apparently the idea of the

Apparently the idea of the chief editor of this volume was not to attempt an appraisal but to offer a bouquet of fragrant thoughts.

The personal glimpses offered in the tributes, however, suffer in perspective for they are drawn either from a far distance or from a spot too close to the scene of his editorial activities. Eventually one finds only the "blue pencil" hovering in the air and the scribblings and scratches on the manuscripts posing a large question mark, and C.R.M. grinning in glee!

The Miscellany also carries the usual features—correspondence, reviews and rotes on meetings with authors—and a selection of

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A SHOCKING SPECTACLE for anybody, leave alone sportsmen. This is what the famous Vallabhbhai Patel Stadium, of the National Sports Club of India, looked like a few days ago in Bombay. Owing to utter negligence, the banked cycle track is full of fissures, the cinder track for athletes is slushy, being overrun with shrubs and

undergrowth, while the central arena has grass growing knee-high. A visit to the equally famous Brabourne Stadium, of the Cricket Club of India, the same day showed the turf there presenting a billiard-table look. Extreme right: A sight that would make even the angels weep—the stadium turned into a dhobi ghat.

by "JAYEE

SPORTFOLIO

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Stadium Or Dhobi Ghat?

THAT India is woefully short of playing grounds is no secret. The politicians in power who matter and the sports officials who swank and strut about with rosettes

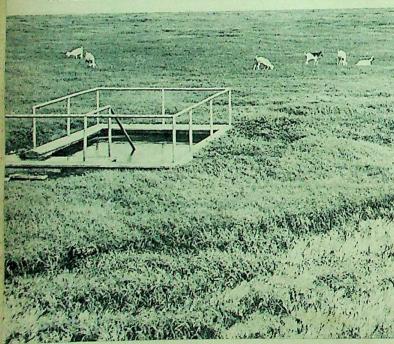
on their coats during gala occasions are also fully aware of it. Even the Prime Minister has spoken about this from time to time and has emphasised the importance of playing fields in building up a healthy Young India. An official blue print was published some time ago; in it, it was advocated that schools should be provided with enough open spaces to enable youngsters to play.

That is as it should be. But it represents only one side of the coin. The other side gives us an almost entirely different picture. Instead of the schools being provided with new playgrounds, even the few open spaces which some of the old institutions possess are being systematically taken away by the powers that be for one reason or another.

This depressing and rather distressing story is carried a stage further in the case of one of the two big stadiums in Bombay. I am referring to the Vallabhbhai Patel Stadium, of the National Sports Club of India, at Worli. Through somebody's neglect and negligence, this stadium, which bears the

name of one of India's greatest patriots, is today turned into a dhobi ghat. Cracks and crevices have appeared in the structure and the banked cycle track, the pride of so many pedallers, has any number of flaws and fissures. The grass in the midfield is more than knee high, while the cinder track is now freely used for washing and bathing. The 100foot-long tunnel, which brought competitors straight from the dressing-room on to the playing arena, is full of water. Where youngsters should be running, jumping or playing hockey or football, goats, sheep and dogs now have a field-day. If this is how we value sport, if this is how we look after the health of Young India, then it is the end. It is the descent into the abyss. It is the utter denial of sport.

I dread to think what Anthony de Mello, that Grand Moghul of Indian Sport and the greatest organiser the country has produced, would have said and done had he been alive! When he launched



THE TUNNEL, through which competitors can come from the dressing-room directly on to the field of play, is now full of water. True this is a low-lying area, but there are plenty of electric pumps still available. (Photographs by G. C. Dikshit)

Funding: TattVa-Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization

Sitendra Arya
(Our Special Photographer)



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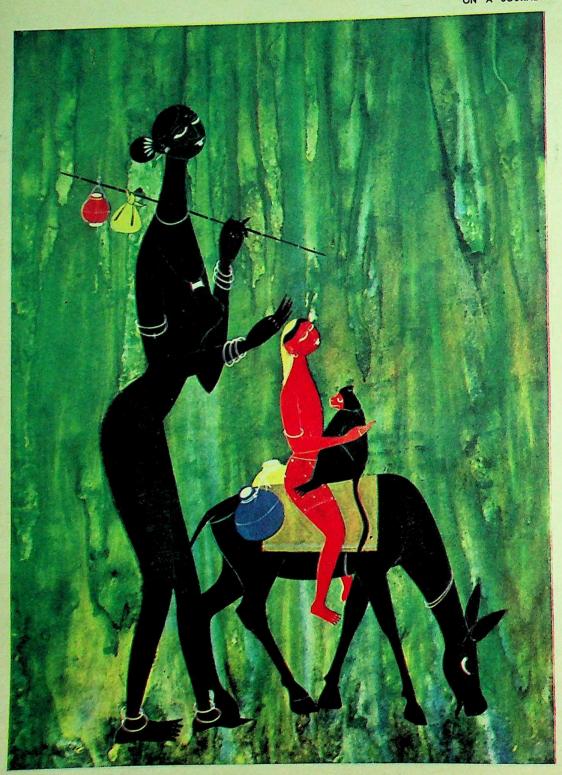
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R ELUCTANTLY Lakshmi led Ernest into the house. "It seems I cannot forbid you to sit down."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," said Ernest.
"With you as my mother-in-law, I could win
the next war one-handed."

"Is it true," she asked sweetly, "that you have a certain affinity for insects?"

"I make my living trying to control them."

"Well, then you can make yourself at home here. There are many varieties of vermin in this

Ernest settled into the arm-chair and roc-keted out of it with a yell of dismay. He look-ed around vainly for a means of assault.

"Don't worry," said Sambasivan. "The cobra isn't alive. You see, I offer a reward for snakes killed and there's a specially high one for cobras. So the village people kept bringing the same one back. After I'd paid for it five times I took it away and made an arm-rest out of it. It's original and it reminds me not to be too trusting. I always think, don't you, that furniture should serve a didactic as well as a functional purpose. It's what you might call killing two snakes with one stone."

Ernest nursed his arm and looked unsympathetically at the arm-rest.

"You might let me know if there are any other nasty surprises.

"There's a stuffed crocodile in the lavatory, that's all. Helps to create the appropriate state

- by ----

BALACHANDRA RAJAN

He came to the conclusion that his visitor didn't approve of his philosophy of house furnishing.

"Spectacular journey you made here," he said, changing the subject. "And the rains have been the worst in living memory. I shouldn't have thought a jeep could ever do it."

"Well, here I am," said Ernest unnecessari-

"If you came up," said Lakshmi, "the others can go down. And it's about time they did too. They've eaten too much and over-stayed their welcome. And they've seen her six times as often as they should."

"It can't be done," said Ernest.

Lakshmi's face coloured. "You haven't even seen them, and yet you take their side.'

"Nobody can get down now," Ernest explained. "The rain must have weakened the supports of the bridge. And the jeep was probably too heavy. Anyway, the whole structure cracked open, flapped in the air a bit and went down into the gorge with a tremendous crash. After I'd got over, of course, I filmed it all on the Bolex. In colour too. Mobile H.Q. is going to have plenty to brood about."

There was a good deal of brooding outside Mobile H.Q. Ernest seemed unaware of it. He tooked with gratification at the tense circle of faces.

"We're isolated." he said. "The mosquitoes aren't, but we are. I've said it before, and now it's been proved to the hilt. A mass health programme depends on communications."

He became aware of the despondency around him.

"Cheer up," he consoled them. "It isn't as bad as all that. I only lost one drum of seventy-five per cent. wettable."

Lakshmi's emotions were the first to break

"We're done for," she wailed. "I always said we'd die in this filthy place. And those ghouls of guests will dance on our dead bodies. We're

SYNOPSIS

Visvakarman, the journalist and writer, Satyamurti, the orphan, Kalyanasundaram, the expert gathering material on arranged marriages, and Kubera, the manufacturer of cosmetics, are among the guests at Hillview, in the remote village of Mudalur, where in the remote village of Mudalur, where Professor Sambasivan is spending his annual holiday with wife Lakshmi and young son Gopal. The guests have come seeking the hand of daughter Nalini in response to an advertisement given by the Professor in the matrimonial columns of a leading newspaper. Nalini, who has just returned from America after three emancipating years at Columbia University, New York, interviews these young men, but does not make up her

mind. She develops a vague sympathy for Saiyamurti, finds the expert on arranged marriages interesting, and detests Kubera who comes out with a suggestion to commercialise the mangoes of Mudalur with their legendary powers... Upon the scene appears an unexpected American visitor, Ernest Jones, the anti-malaria expert with his "seventy-five per cent. wettable". He turns out to be a friend of Nalini's, having met her in America. When Sambasivan tells him of the advertisement offering Nalini "to the most suitable suitor", he too insists on being accepted as a candidate. Lakshmi, who takes a dislike to the foreigner, resents the proposal, but is persuaded to accept him as a guest sal, but is persuaded to accept him as a guest if not as the future son-in-law.



marooned with them for ever in this mud-bath. They'll eat us out of house and home and hovel. And they'll ruin our daughter's delicate

"Oh, it can't be as bad as that," said Sambasivan, trying feebly to swim against the alliterative flood.

"I don't want your consolations," she snap-ped back. "I want a bridge built immediately over that gorge."

Ernest shook his head and looked discour-

"It's a major engineering project," he declared. "Eighty feet across, if it's an inch. And a seven-hundred-and-nineteen-feet fall into the rapids. I worked it out with a stop-watch when the D.D.T. went down."

"We could throw something across," suggested Sambasivan. "A temporary structure made of rope.

"How much rope do you have in Muda-lur?" Ernest asked.

"Seventy-eight feet," Sambasivan admitted. "But we could tie on one of Lakshmi's older saris."

"And how are you going to fix the other side?" enquired Lakshmi witheringly. "You'll souse my sarl in seccotine, I suppose? Or fill it

with the coconuts that ought to be thrown at your head?"

Her face brightened slightly as she thought of a partial solution.

'At least the guests can trek down through the forest. They're no better than savages, anyway. Two writers, one foundling, and a gluttonous witch-doctor. I've had enough of them, I tell you. If it is my fate to die of starvation in this wilderness, let me at least perish in a clean house." clean house."

"But there are elephants in the forest," Sambasivan protested. "These people came here in answer to our advertisement. It wouldn't be sporting to pound them into the undergrowth."

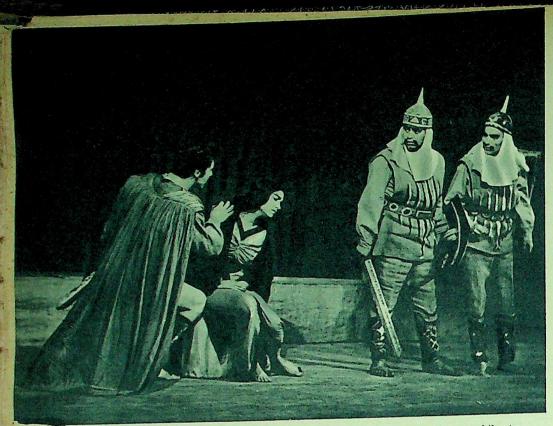
"If I were a man," said Lakshmi, "wild elephants wouldn't keep me from leaving Mudalur."

Nalini coughed diplomatically.

"Perhaps we could break the bad news to our guests. They're in it with the rest of us. And one of them might have a useful sugges-tion."

The guests had so far remained aloof, not because of any lack of curiosity, but because the new visitor might have arrived with the same purpose as themselves. It would have been

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SOHRAB TAKES LEAVE of his mother, to lead the army against Iran, while two scheming soldiers look on. The scene is from Rustam-o-Sohrab, by the famous playwright, Agha Hashar Kashmiri, directed and produced by Habib Tanvir in 1961. (Photograph by author)

Desire), inspired by Shakespeare's King John. The writing was sprinkled with alliteration, rhyming couplets and comic interludes.

In his later years Agha Hashar wrote many original plays. As his art matured, his lyrics became chastened and he shed rhymed dialogue, alliterative speech, comic interludes and superfluous songs. Ankh ka Nasha (The Witchery of Eyes), a story about the evil influence of a prostitute (Agha Hashar spent most of his time with prostitutes and had fallen in love with one), has rounded characters and amazingly real scenes in a brothel. His last play, Rustam-o-Sohrab, the tragic story of the two legendary Persian heroes, Rustam and his son Sohrab, is a moving drama of human passion, of the unconscious will to self-destruction in a fatherson relationship. It has strong, masterly dialogue, movement and sharp, effective

These plays (the last was never staged) represent an abrupt change of course in the literary and dramatic direction of those times. In some ways they are a precursor of modern Hindi drama and they foreshadow the Prithvi Theatres, which flourished in the 'fifties.

The Parsi theatre was an amalgam of European theatre techniques and local

The Parsi Theatre

I N 1870, while Bengal was laying the foundation of its first professional dramatic company, some Parsi business men became interested in the arts and the theatre, and became the founders of the first professional company to use Hindustani as a language for drama.

Pestonji Framji launched the Original Theatrical Company and was soon followed, in 1877, by Khrushidji Baliwala, who founded the Victoria Theatrical Company in Delhi. Adventurous and ambitious, Baliwala once took his company to London, where it performed Hamlet. Unaware of the development of the theatrical arts in Europe, Baliwala's company failed miserably. They had to sell their stage equipment to return home and some players took small jobs to pay their passage.

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ere so Among some of the famous companies that developed a repertory of plays and a paid staff were Kavasji Khatau's New Alfred Theatrical Company, which continued until the 'twenties, the Old Parsi Theatrical Company, the Corinthian Company, the Alexandra Company, the Prince Theatrical Company and the Imperial Theatrical Company, which remained active into the mid-'thirties.

Each Parsi company had its own playwright. The dramatist, the director and the producer were in constant consultation. The literary quality of most plays was poor. The dramatist was admired by BALWANT GARGI

mainly for songs, alliterative dialogue larded with couplets, and his skill in providing occasions for tableaux and dance numbers. The companies competed with each other for the star writer. The scripts were not published because of the fear of plagiarism. Everything was kept as a surprise to the towns visited, where people expected novelty and thrills.

The posters were splashed with: "See What Happens when a Man Visits a Prostitute!", "The Robber who Turned into a Saint!", "A Son's Devotion to his Blind Parents!" There was also a warning to the theatre-goers: "Drunkards And Trouble-makers Will Be Handed Over To The Police!"

In most plays the themes were Truth, Nobility, Faithfulness, and so forth, and the plays were based on mythology, history, legends of the Middle Ages and adaptations of Shakespeare. Because of the need for Hindu-Muslim unity, many companies staged plays stressing this idea. Such plays included Itfaq (Unity, or The National Hero) and Noor-e-Watan (Light of the Motherland), both popular hits of the 'twenties.

The best-known writer of this period was Agha Hashar Kashmiri, called the Urdu Shakespeare. Among his many famous plays were Safaid Khoon (White Blood), modelled on the character of King Lear; Khwab-e-Hasti (The Dream World of Existence), a mutilated version of Macbeth; and Said-e-Havas (The Victim of

pageants, farces and operatic dramas. The sets and costumes were the nineteenth-century Western version of Oriental exotica. There was always a backdrop curtain painted in crude colours. Mythical titans raged and thundered on the stage. Devils soared in the air, daggers flew, thrones moved and heroes jumped from high palace walls. Vampire pits, the painted black-cloth of a generalised scene and mechanical devices to operate flying figures were directly copied from the nineteenth-century Lyceum melodrama and the Drury Lane spectacles in London.

The production of a play was a bigbudget affair. In mythological plays the cost sometimes rose to a lakh of rupees (over a million rupees in modern value). In a scene from the *Bhagavatam* written by the well-known Pandit Narain Prasad Betab, Krishna multiplies himself into countless Krishnas; the effect of the miracle was created by arranging mirrors, and the optical illusion was complete.

Invariably, the play opened with a prayer song, reminiscent of the nandi of the classical Sanskrit stage. The actors, in full make-up and costume, their hands folded and eyes closed, sang a song in praise of Lord Shiva or some other presiding deity. Their make-up—a mask-like, thick coating of colours, the faces of the theroine and fairies sprayed with mica to heroine and fairies sprayed with mica to heroine and fairies sprayed with mica to he add lustre—was directly taken from the folk-theatre spectacles. Sometimes Sutradhara and his wife appeared and initiated the play. The famous Agha Hashinitiated the play and Narada Muni talking in

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More About N. S. C. I.

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Lyceum

A NEW WORLD RECORD. Valeriy Brumel, of the Soviet Union, excels himself as he soars to a height of 7 ft. 5 in.—an improvement of half an inch over his own previous world mark—at Stanford, California, in the course of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. Dual Track and Field Competition.

Apropos of More About my remarks about the N. S. C. I. deplorable condition of the Vallabhbhai Patel Stadium in Bombay, a couple of cyclists approached me and said that the N.S.C.I.'s banked cycle-track in Bombay has been for some time now a veritable death-trap for the cyclists in the metropolis. apart from being bumpy at certain places, cracks appear

regularly, particularly at the joints where two slabs meet. This is dangerous for cyclists going round the track at speeds of 25 to 40 miles an hour, and that too on machines with speaks volumes for his sporting spirit that he has not taken the authorities to court for com-

Last December, Dr. Miss Yasmin Ladak was another victim

THE WINNING PUTT. American Arnold Palmer sinks his putt at the 18th for three to win the British Open Championships, at Troon, Ayrshire. Watching (at right) is Australian golfer Kel Nagle, who finished second. Palmer's aggregate was 276—a par-smashing record in the history of the century-old tournament.



STAGING A SPLENDID RALLY, national champion Jayant Vora scored a thrilling victory over teen-ager Ravindra Kamat to claim the singles crown of the Bombay Table Tennis Association Championships. He is seen here receiving his trophy from Mrs. Gandhi, wife of Mr. Pravinchandra Gandhi, President of the Association.

tubulars. One spill and it means of the N.S.C.I. authorities' albroken bones and joints.

I wonder if the authorities are aware of the injuries sustained and, in some cases, disabilities incurred by several cyclists! In the mid-'fifties, one of the most experienced and cautious cyclists in the country, Minoo Mody, was involved in a nasty accident because the N.S.C.I. track had not been properly swept. As ill-luck would have it, the youngster is out of cycling altogether, and it only

leged negligence. When practising as usual early in the morning, and just as she was about to take her last sprint, a dog suddenly came in her way and she was thrown down heavily from her machine. She injured her right elbow; and so bad was the fall that as a result of the impact she also broke her right collar-bone. She was hospitalised for ten days. This three-times national champion, because of the injury suffered by her, was unable to proceed to Bangalore for the National Championships, and Maharashtra was thus probably deprived not only of the national title but also of the best woman cyclist's trophy.

Only a few weeks later, India's well-known sprinter, Madh'ı Achrekar, had a miraculous escape when five cyclists in front of him, in trying to avoid a stray child, were all concerned in a nasty spill. Then there is yet another instance of a teen-ager-I think his "ame is Noshir-who, in trying to avoid a goat on the banked track, came down heavily and sprained his wrist.

The Club has hitherto been lucky to have escaped litigation. The cyclists have a case and to me it appears incomprehensible why they have not taken up the matter with the authorities so far.

To give yet another instance of the stepmotherly treatment accorded to cyclists, I am given to understand by Dr. Ladak and Achrekar that

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Views On Education

A MONG the critics of the system of education introduced into India by the British, Mahatma Gandhi and Tagore occupy a prominent place. They were not content with merely pointing out the defects in the system but also put forward a number of suggestions as to the lines on which education should be reconstructed. They even went further and started experiments to prove the practical utility of what they suggested. Dr. R. S. Mani, in his exhaustive study of the subject, Educational ideas and ideals of Gandhi and Tagore, (New Book Society of India, New Delhi, Rs. 15), analyses the outlook of these two eminent thinkers, the aims of education as enunciated by them and the evolution of their ideas. Incidentally he tells a great deal about the philosophy of life as conceived and expounded by them. This approach is but appropriate because the kind of education in which one believes depends upon one's conception of the perfect social order. AMONG the critics of the sys-

one's conception of the periods social order.

There is, however, one serious limitation from which Dr. Mani's study suffers. He has only praise and admiration for every idea associated with Gandhi and Tagore. He has not cared to consider whether one ought to accept blindly everything they said about the British system of education. A more balanced view will show us that the system was never rigid, that it underwent numerous modifications from time to time and that, in spite of its numerous defects, it produced a class of intelligentsia who fought for the freedom of the country and for the social emancipation of the people. Moreover, it is open to question whether the basic system of education associated with Mahatma Gandhi can bring about the education of the whole man which is his ideal. The shortcomings in Tagore's system are fewer no doubt, but such experiments are practicable only in a society which is predominantly rural.

M. V.

Inside Morocco

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A MIXTURE of travelogue with journalistic and political reportage, by the author of 37 other books indicated on the fly-leaf, Rom Landau's Morocco Independent (Allen & Unwin, 35s.) is yet so thorough and has so much factual information to offer that any reader will be fascinated who takes some interest, be it in underdeveloped or newly independent countries, in Africa, in the world of Islam, or merely in the great changes that are taking place during our lifetime. MIXTURE of travelogue with

This book on independent Morocco, sub-titled "Under Muhammed the Fifth", is the tenth that the author has written on the country and it deals mainly with the last five years of King Muhammed's reign, but it was planned to cover the period 1956-61 even before the tragic death of that extraordinary monarch. ordinary monarch.

To the Indian reader the special problems of transition from colo-nial to independent status and administration will be of special

Though Professor Landau makes no bones about his deep sympathy for the formerly colonised peoples generally, and for the Moroccans in particular, he is not blind to the shortcomings of an inexperienced administration.

One gains from his descriptions the impression that the Moroccans have generally a deeper feeling for the beauty of nature, as well as for the folkloristic and religiously rooted traditional values of their Arab and Berber cultures than many other newly independent nations have for theirs. newly inc

for theirs.

The descriptions of Arab, as well as of Berber, music and dances are vivid and clear, almost ethnographical. One would wish that Professor Landau had dwelt a little longer on these anthropological descriptions, for they give a happy union of a popularly understandable travelogue with scientific description, even if they are somewhat controversial in places, as for instance in the thought-provoking comparisons of the five-beat dance of the Moroccans, Basques, and peoples of Crete with those of the Muslims in the U.S.S.R.

The deep-seated differences between North and South in Morocco, between Arab and Berber Moroccans, as well as between French and Spanish former colonisers, are well brought out.

The myth of anti-Jewish feelings or of harsh treatment of the Jews at the hands of the Moroccans seems to be effectively exploded in this volume, though certain tensions are described, and that in a way which suggests that Jewish snobbishness is as much at fault here as Muslim narrowness of outlook.

The problem of Islamic tradition and of the role it plays in independent Morocco, especially among the more acculturated youth, is sympathetically treated and with knowledge, as well as with a remarkable freedom from condescension.

U. R. E.

Competent Cameos (Tamil)

THE Tamil short story was first THE Tamil short story was first put in the modernist mould over two decades ago, in the days when magazines such as Manikodi featured the writings of "Pudumaipittan", Pichamurti, Ku. Pa. Rajagopalan and others. But the initial flowering of experimental excitement, which sought to transplant the trends of "New Writing" from abroad, is now a mere memory. And, in general, the short story in Tamil continues in its sedate pattern, with the defined plot, the leisurely narrative and the stock situations. situations.

N. Raghunathan in his Rasikan Kathigal (Vigneswara Publications, Madras 4; Rs. 3) elects to take the middle road in the matter of style and structure, and in the ten stories presented in the collection under review offers competent cameos of life in Tamilnad. The vagaries of colloquialism are fully exploited in the dialogue to render the authentic touch and with a sure eye for scene and setting, the author manages to surmount the pitfalls of pedestrian narration. Perhaps because traditional thought in the land of the Tamils leans more towards a personal philosophy than to psychology, we have here little of character probing or analysis of a situation.

It may be, too, that Mr. Raghunathan, a veteran journalist, has not had time to sharpen his talents to suit the creative pen. But even as an "amateur" short story writer he measures up to the professional in the field.

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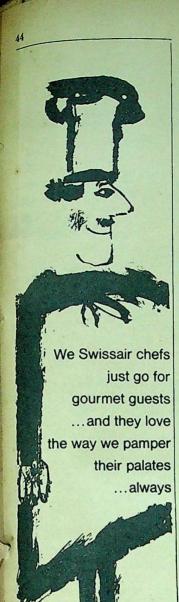


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Keene's reason for selecting these "ancient"stories is "to discover something of the hidden river of the past that flows beneath modern Japan", because their immense popularity with Japanese readers indicates that, in spite of a superficial infatuation with Western culture, the Japanese are still

WEEK'S



READING

Three Stories From Japan

EW are more qualified than Donald Keene, Professor of Japanese, Columbia University, to analyse and interpret the subtle face behind the slick facade of contemporary. the subtle face behind the slick facade of contemporary Japan: a couple of months ago he received Japan's highest literary award for his contribution to Japanese letters, and while in Calcutta, early this year, he confirmed the report that he had played actor's roles in Japanese classical drama (anyone conversant with the impossible nuances of Noh and Kabuki personae will know what that signifies!). Following up his two-volume anthology of Japanese literature, his text-and-photograph survey called Living Japan, and his translations of Osamu Dazai's novels, Keene has translated three short works of fiction by contemporary Japanhas translated three short works of fiction by contemporary Japanese novelists—"The Songs of Old Mountain" by Shichiro Fukasawa, "Ohan" by Chiyo Uno, and "Asters" by Jun Ishikawa—published under the title The Old Woman, the Wife, and the Archer (Hutchinson, 18s.). They are brilliant examples of "transcreation", keenly—no pun intended!—realised and delicately presented.

All three deal with the Japan before Westernisation; Fukasawa's story is based on a Buddhist legend and set around the year 1850; Chiyo Uno's "Ohan" is set in the beginning of the twentieth century but has a "timelessness" which is accentuated, says Keene, by the "old-fashioned dialect employed by the narrator"; and Ishikawa's tale is somewhere in the thirteenth century or earlier (the past summoned up by it "is stained with evil and blood, but its themes are no less intelligible today than in the middle ages").

ern culture, the Japanese are still profoundly affected by traditional

The tensions that beset Japan are best observed by contrasting the brittle, tubercular, contemporary shades of angst in Dazai and Akutagawa with the hierarchical patterns and superstition-cum-faith noticeable in these novels (the first story deals with a lord of Shinano Province who loathed old age and ordered old people to be left alone on mountainsides to die; the second tells of Ohan, the "submissive, inarticulate, self-sacrificing wife who was so long the Japanese ideal"; and the third is openly concerned with the supernatural, and Keene suggests that "it is best perhaps for the Western reader to adopt the mixture of wonder and belief that in traditional Japan was accorded to stories of magic and the miraculous").

But this is merely to indicate the absorbing quality of the plot. These novels are distinguished by extraordinarily skilful techniques of story-telling, everything is handled with a superb sense of economical evocation. They are like butterflies pinned on a wall which suddenly fly off when examined closely; yet there is nothing tenuous or tinsel about them. "In the moon's drenching light they pledged their love again, this time without words," runs a sentence in the last story. Very significant, that, for in these stories a drenching of meaning with feeling, a heightened awareness of life's transitory moon-like beauty, a concern for the complex ambiguities, and a devotion to the innocent simplicities (without becoming naivetes) of love and ultimately a profound votion to the innocent simplicities (without becoming naivetes) of love, and, ultimately, a profound worldlessness, the meaningful silence that is the peak of the storyteller's art. Or, as Chekov put it, art is a jagged piece of mirror serenely reflecting the moon by a riverside; it is tangentially complete and satisfying, like these memorable stories.

P. L.

Set Formula

Like caviare and oysters, the spy stories of Ian Fleming are very much an acquired taste. They are written rigidly to a formula. His hero, cloak-and-dagger man James Bond, is a gourmet and a mulierast, with a penchant for blondes, who may vary from air hostesses to Mata Haris among his adversaries. Each of Mr. Fleming's ten books to-date—with Diamonds Are Forever as his outstanding opus—contains a succulent meal, with wines to match, ordered by Bond, in addition to a bout of love described in the utmost intimate detail. Sadism, fisticuffs, battles with submachineguns, and a strong anti-Communist bias are other ingredients, and each IKE caviare and oysters, the spy



ROBERTSON DAVIES, noted Canadian author and critic. (Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa)

volume has a quota of superb descriptive writing.

Bond invariably returns from the jaws of death and is invigorated by a Luculian repast and an orgy in bed. Mr. Fleming's latest offering The Spy Who Loved Me (Cape, 15s.) runs very much to pattern, though there is a slight deviation. The first eighty pages are devoted to the young heroine's unfortunate amorous experiences in England. This study in sex is perhaps over lengthy, and possibly irrelevant, but it is the best part of the book. The rest of the tale moves to a motel in New York State and is orthodox James Bond, with no punches pulled. Readers who have yet to acquire the taste of Ian Fleming's work might do well to start with The Spy Who Loved Me, which is excellent entertainment throughout. A special word of praise is due to the publishers for the cover design and format of the

In Durbari Style

In Duroart Style

In Men, Matter and Me (Asia, Rs. 7) R. V. M. G. Ramarau—formerly the Yuvaraja of Pithapuram—ebulliently confronts readers with an autobiographical fragment. His story begins well and one anticipates an interesting, amusing and intelligent record. Alas, the narrative dwindles away into a string of anecdotes and soon becomes shallow and second-rate. ("On my own, I read a lot of pornographic literature through the good offices of my friends. I found it captivating.")

Sri Ramarau has

or my friends. I found it captivating.")

Sri Ramarau has an unorthodox philosophy; he aspired to be a kind of Omar Khayyam as he always felt that the Bhagavad Gita and the Rubaiyat were "the two works indispensable for the salvation of the small man". Presumably the fact that he "hates ugly women both in the drawing-room and, perhaps more so, in the bed-room" is intended to represent the Khayyamesque side of his peculiar ego. A beautiful woman and a chubby child—he further adumbrates—are "things of beauty and joy for ever" (sic) and he confesses that he played with women "as if they were toys". Life was lavish for the Yuvaraja—"liveried waiters, vintage champagne... and all that, the best flowers and the finest cigars"—and the very best soaps; ("I could not stand women with bad odour.") There is a generous sprinkling of snobisme—"I cannot help recalling what the Duke of Windsor told me at a dinner in Paris..."

It is all very durbari and trivial and, in the light of the author's descent from riches, somewhat nauseating. ("Bare living is so expensive. Even the cost of railway travel in dusty compartments and with stinking fellow travellers has become prohibitive.") A family feud is aired and a spate of naive moralising adds sogginess to the rigmarole. rigmarole.

CA Window on Mills Hindi Writing

PEOPLE" LITERATURE AND "LIFE OF THE

AJKAMAL PRAKASHAN, a leading Hindi publishing concern of Delhi, organised a literary seminar recently. The subject under discussion was: What is the reason for the growing gap between the life of the people and the literatures of the various Indian languages since Independence? A respectable number of writers attended the function, although languages other than Hindi, Urdu and Punjabi were not adequately represented. A few papers were read and a few speeches delivered; most speakers were unhappy with the wording of the subject, and there were some whose unhappiness extended to the subject itself.

The underlying assumption of the formulation, viz., the existence of the "gap" and its "growth" since Independence, was disputed by almost all participants who spoke for Hindiamong them Dr. Namvar Singh, Srikant Verma, Sivadan Singh Chauhan, Nemi Chand Jain and Yashpal. Some pointed out novels published after Independence which contradicted the theory of the "gap". Among the works mentioned were Maila Aanchal and Parati Parikatha by Renu, Saagar Lehren aur Manushya by Uday Shankar Bhatt, Bhoole Bisre Chitra by Bhagawati Charan Verma and Jhootha Sach by Yashpal. It is surprising, however, that only those novels were mentioned that obviously conform to the familiar implications of the expression, "life of the people". Thus, while disagreeing with the wording of the formulation, many of the speakers were in implicit agreement with the usual interpretation of "life of the people", as well as with the absolute necessity for literature to be close to that "life". The concept of closeness, in its turn, had undertones which most people seemed to accept wholly. In their enthusiasm to establish the closeness of Hindi literature to the life of the people, a few speakers referred to the "inhumanistic, decadent" literature of the West with unconcealed and, shall I say, undeserved superiority. The Indian in the prodigious role of the Jagadguru was in painful evidence in such lofty pronouncements.

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After the few written statements in the beginning-those by Dr. Namvar Singh and Srikant Verma being extremely illuminating, although at places mutually contradictorythe discussion got diverted into a hackneyed dispute between two oversimplified approaches to literature: the writer's social responsibility and his individual responsibility qua writer. I call it hackneyed because it has raged among our writers since long before Independence, and it unfortunately seems to be an eternal pre-

occupation with us. I feel that such controversies are ultimately fruitless, if not positively harmful, particularly because of the naive way of thinking to which we descend, even those of us who can be expected, on the basis of actual writing, to know better.

Having expressed my dissent from the general tenor of the discussion, I wish to examine first of all the implication of the expression, "life of the people", I mean the implication that seemed to be prevalent among most participants at the seminar. By "people" is meant the common people, the masses, the workers and the peasants, although certain layers of the middle class would not be rigidly excluded. Similarly, "life" means life in its more visible, more palpable, even more glaring and, in the context of our own country, more painful aspects. I am saying this on the basis of many similar debates and discussions with regard to even pre-Independence literature. Understood thus, such literature as would be considered close enough to the life of the people will have to deal with the most pressing problems of the largest section of societyproblems such as want and disease, struggles for and aspirations to better conditions of living, ignorance and superstition, the tension between the old and the new or, to be Indian, between Time and Eternity.

MOREOVER, such a literature will have to satisfy certain expectations with regard to form and style. In form it would not be complex or experimental to the extent of going beyond the comprehension of the masses whose life it seeks to portray or mould; in style also it must be simple enough to be accessible to those very masses. With this as a general, if not a categorical, imperative, all writers who aspire to significance or who deserve to be called socially responsible must sacrifice their comparatively "narrow individual" experience; they must also sacrifice concern for perfection or sophistication or innovation in form and style. Such writers will. as a rule, be less psychological and more sociological, less complicated and more popular, less detached and more purposive, though not necessarily less romantic and more realistic or less sentimental and more restrained. I am not suggesting that the emergence of such writers will be a total literary disaster. In the highest manifestations such a literature will not by definition be less great than the literature which is not close to the life of the people in this specific sense.

I submit that only if we continue to interpret "the life of the people" in some such sense can we have some justification for regretting the "gap" and its "growth" since Independence. I must hasten to add in clear terms that I consider such an interpretation very restrictive, but more about that later

Now about the reason for the "gap", within the narrow framework of the above interpretation. I shall mention the reason that seems to me to be most literary, if not the most important. I think there is an understandable reaction among our writers to the pre-Independence closeness between life and literature At its "closest" the pre-Independence Hindi and Urdu literature tended to be indistinguishable from political tracts, sociological pamphlets or romantic-sentimental balderdash. This may have been necessary in those days; it is no longer so now. Not that all urgencies of the older variety have suddenly evaporated after Independence. Hunger and pain, both spiritual and physical, have not ceased to torment and inspire the post-Independence writer. But it will be conceded that some urgencies of the new kind, of the kind that are not always perceptibly of a general application or a mass appeal, have begun to claim the attention of the wiiter. Among these urgencies I would include, apart from the psychological tensions of the educated middle classes including the writers themselves, the much closer attention to form and style that our writers pay as compand with pre-Independence times. Before freedom such writers were in a minority, often in a disregarded minority. Now their numbers have increased; hence the complaint about the 'gap'.

In the end, I wish to dispute the assumption that being close to the "life of the people" means only producing literature of social protest or reform or purpose, or even mere portrayal in its most widely and immediately ac cessible forms. Such an insistence will at best produce an artificial uniformity of contents and concerns, at worst it will once again give rise to the proliferation to the proliferation of the ephemeral, the exclusive committee clusive commitment to matters of the moment I think we should interpret the term "life of the people" the people" broadly enough to let the writer make his choice with regard to the aspects diffe and section life and sections of the people or even isolated individuals increased as the people of the people o paper. We should not, moreover, grumble it we find him policies. find him polishing his medium and experimenting with his ing with his form. And we should of course think far many think fa think far more than the usual "twice" before we call him we call him inhumanistic or decadent or decadent pompous adjectives come too easy to use India. "SAHITYAKAR"

Predicament (by SHER JANG SINGH) ontinue to some such ication for wth" since dd in clear terpretation at later. gap", within re interprethat seems ne most imderstandable re-Indepenterature. At Hindi and tinguishable amphlets or This may it is no lonof the older after Indespiritual and ent and ins-. But it will of the new ways percepmass appeal, of the wriould include, nsions of the the writers as compared fore freedom y, often in a numbers have out the "gap". of the people" of social proen mere por mediately ace will at best of contents and again give rise of the moment let the writer the writer
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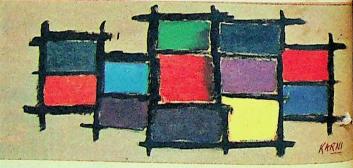


-Harbans Chadha

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KARNI SINGH





PAINTED GLASS

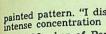
the moving pencil point is regarded as the creator of the line the moving line as the creator of a plane, the moving plane so the creator of volume." Proceeding thus, on the simple terms of composition visualised by Klee, an artist should meet with such naivete—it is the preserve of genius and of the unalloyed, original mind.

Conscious of this point, Karni Singh, Maharaja of Bikaner, does not seek to simplify his self-imposed lessons with paint and brush or paletteknife; nor, as an aspiring artist, does he assume he can meet fully the stupendous tasks set by the creative mind. His approach and attitude to art are without pride or prejudice. "I know nothing about art," confesses in good humour and humility. "I never received any training and, to be frank, when I face the canvas I don't know what I am going to paint, except when I attempt a planned picture. Even then it turns out to be something different from what I had visualised."

Inspired by his mother's interest in pointing Varie Singh took in

Inspired by his mother's interest in painting, Karni Singh took up the brush one day, just two years ago: not to master the mystery of a recreated scene but to relax in the warmth of colour and the visage of a

PINTAILS IN FLIGHT



intense concentration

A Member of Particle State of Particle Stat

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The problems of by Karni Singh, but, learning the principle signature. At 38, Karn mode of expression a in his own right.

Today it is impor do not reveal themse is little that jolts the



THE SUBCONSCIOUS

painted pattern. "I discovered to my surprise that in a moment of intense concentration one gains the perfect feeling of recreation."

A Member of Parliament since 1952, Karni Singh's main interests, outside the world of duties and responsibilities, are flying and shooting. In "Supersonic Transport", which he considers his favourite among the 30 and odd compositions he has created to date, he projects a vision of the future, when a traveller can beat the clock and the calendar. (A superb marksman, Karni Singh has represented India in several international shooting championships, including the Rome Olympics. He is the editorial adviser to The Indian Rifleman.)

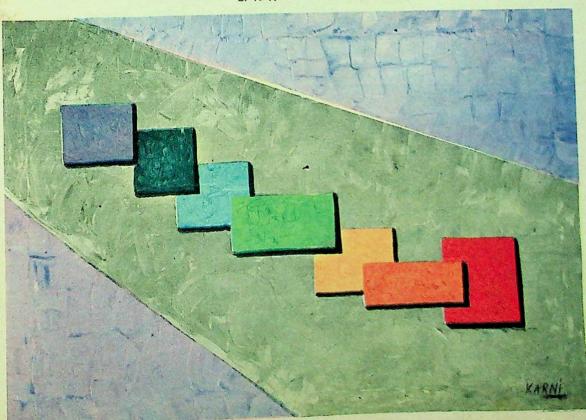
It would not be incongruous for a princely personage to elect to laze in the luxury of leisure, but Karni Singh is, fortunately, averse to the thought of not profiting in knowledge or experience at any hour he can claim as his own. Since his childhood the camera has been a source of joy in his pursuit of subjective thoughts; striving to capture the essence of beauty. He can handle the cine-camera with professional exactitude, and, now, painting affords him a more personal and direct means of self-expression.

The problems of style and technique are still to be evaluated by Karni Singh, but, in a way, it is better that a Sunday painter rearning the principles of art himself does not rush in search of a signature. At 38, Karni Singh still has time to evolve a significant mode of expression and emerge, through trial and error, an artist in his own right in his own right.

Today it is important that the visible flaws of an amateur hand do not reveal themselves, and in the work of Karni Singh there is little that jolts the eye or jostles the vision.



SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT



RAINBOW

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuia

INNOCENCE

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E did not begin our watery conversation in earnest until we were well along Highway 35.*

"We are real glad," Vickers began, "to have Singleton and his baby among us." Vickers explained that Texas was a dry and flat state, and Freeport was one of many Bluebonnet towns which experienced periods of water scarcity. Rain deposited Freeport's drink supply hundreds of miles away, somewhere in the rolling countryside north of Houston, and it took three or four years of underground travelling through many natural formations for the elixir to arrive at Freeport water sand, 250 feet below the surface. To recover the store of rainfall, the town had drilled seven 18-inch wells. The artesian head of the water was about 150 feet up, electricallygenerated pumps carried it the rest of the way. Each well could yield as much as 350 gallons of water per minute, and two pumps could provide the residents with a million gallons a day (the total output of the distillation factory).

"It seems," Vickers said, "that nature takes good care of us, except of course when we have droughts."

WE were racing along the highway. On our left we passed a Pan American petrol field, on our right a small refinery, and then some rice-fields.

"You know," Singleton said—he seemed a silent sort of man—"to nurse these rice seeds and eliminate weeds and that sort of thing, you have to flood these paddies with 12 or 13 inches of water. Nature may give us a lot of H₂O, but she also drinks it like a battalion of elephants."

"Even as it is," Vickers resumed, "there are two snags in our Freeport water-table. If there is a drought in the northern parts, we feel its effects three or four years later, and the water we screw out of the ground is technically brackish, since the ratio of dissolved salts to water is about 1,100 to 1 million parts of water. (According to the Department of Health, sea-water contained about 35,000 dissolved parts of salt per million parts of H₂O; brackish ranged upward from 1,000 parts of dissolved salts per million parts of water; and the Department had ordained that potable water ought to have no more than 1,000 and, preferably, less than 500 parts per million.)

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"Now Singleton's machine," Vickers went on, "produces gin-clear water which has no more than 30 or 40 parts of dissolved salts, so that, as soon as we mix it with our supply, we have a very healthful, soft water. All us town folk—there are about 11,000 of us-like the water real good." Business men thought the coffee was softer; the dirty boys of the town happily climbed into the tub because the colour

of the bath was more bluish than yellow; old ladies claimed their kidneys worked better; cooks agreed the new water improved the taste of the food because it did not leave film on the aluminium pots; and economically-minded housewives were ecstatic because with little soap they could make more suds.

On the day of the announcement of the new water, one or two parents had tried to palm off the stomach upsets of their babies on the gin-clear water. Anticipating such superstitious complainers, the municipal officers had secretly piped in the de-salinated water two weeks be-

"I suppose, Harold, the only unhappy man in our town now is the man who sells distilled water in bottles," Vickers said.

"Yeah, he's the odd man out, all right," Singleton said, laughing.

by VED MEHTA

After checking in in the hotel, cooling myself in front of the air-conditioning ducts, and having a cold buffet lunch, I drove out with Singleton to the plant. From a distance, it looked like a silhouette of a two-pound saltines box. Singleton parked the car and we walked into a small, ivory-coloured building, which consisted of a restful panama-green outer lobby, dominated by a lady who was introduced to me as the Girl Friday of the office, and a cubicle with Singleton's desk. His room was flanked by a glass wall which looked out on the operating room, the rest of the saltine building.

I followed him out of the door next to his desk, and there in the open, facing me, was the water factory. It had a silvery, weather-beaten look, and hissed with the escaping rush of the steam, like a colossal train engine. Much of the equipment of the two-storey construction was made out of cheap carbon steel, insulated with calcium silicate, which in turn was corseted with asphalted chicken wire mesh. On our left was a medium-sized pit, filled with slimy, dirty water and little floating crabs and fishes. Singleton explained that a complicated network of harbours, canals and field pipes brought the murky Gulfwater to the pool beside us, from where it was pumped up to the plant for purifica-

Then he proceeded to sort out for me the jumble of mechanical limbs confronting us. The hangings from each of the two platforms were tanks, pumps and heat-exchangers. Yes, all the forty-eight columns on the ground level were necessary to support the twelve gargantuan vessels, or effects, above, for none of them weighed less than twenty-four, and some of them as much as thirty-four, tons. No, the giants couldn't have been made an inch shorter than forty-five feet, because the main burden of de-salting water fell on their shoulders. The second and the roof platform was absolutely essential; aside

from holding on to these suspensions, it served as a deck for engineers, who had now and again to look into the mouths of the giants to see if everything was going on all right.

Singleton insisted on my climbing up with him all the way to the top. Being slightly acrophobic, I hesitantly followed him up the narrow, grating steps, all the time clutching both the handrails. "There," he said, when we had finally arrived. pointing somewhere, "is the flume, from where we pipe the water."

I didn't look down. I crouched beside him among the mouths of his water magi-

"Like a healthy human," he began, "every part of this machine has a function. That slimy water down there," he warmed up, "is first picked up and carried by our pumps to the four overhanging heat-exchangers. You can picture these exchangers as sort of transfer heat units; a sort of two-way street. From one side is coming the dirty and cold sea-water, from the other the hot distilled-product water. Both the mains are contiguous, so, as the distilled water is cooled, the undistilled keeps on getting heated, until the seawater reaches a temperature of about 135° Fahrenheit, and then it is warm enough to flow straight into the de-aerating tank, where the non-combustible gases, like carbon dioxide, dissolved oxygens, are removed, making the universal dissolvent pure and non-corrosive H2O."

LIKE an alchemist mesmerised by his machines and methods, Singleton went on rapturously explaining the stages of water transformation. He seemed to have given the same speech to countless other visitors, and, once the sluice-gates of his words were opened, there was no end to his lecture—it flowed on like a swift current. "The warmed-up de-aerated water travels through more of these exchangers, about twenty-three of them in all, and, when it finally reaches effect number one, it's very hot. Now in all these vessels there are some more heat-exchangers lying in wait-you can picture them as sort of a heating ele-ment in a kettle. (If you were to open one of these babies, I mean heating elements, up, you would find about twenty-four feet long thin tubes, lined up like so many strings on a piano soundboard.) As the untreated water is making its pilgrimage to the heating element of the first effect, we simultaneously have also been piping in steam from outside the plant.

"As soon as the water flows into the heat-exchanger of the first effect, steam is already there to boil the incoming water at a temperature of about 250 degrees, so that almost instantly the sea-water can be turned into steam also. About five per cert of the sea steam shoots up into vapour, and the rest of it, since it contains solids by law of gravity drips down and settles at the bottom. at the bottom. The piped-in steam and untreated waster treated water absolutely never meet the in the series of previous exchangers, the steam heat is steam heat is transferred to the water through the tubular walls.

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May 20, 1962

Spiritu

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IT was in Calcutta directly into conta Ramakrishna and Vi lasting impression up poet and laid the fou cal ideas. At that tim the Ramakrishna Mis the Hamakrishna Mis Hindi magazine called the Mission. Throu was in poor financi had to take up any In his spare time he very much influence Vivekananda, Rabind Bengali revivalists. H anslated much of R Sharat and wrote all included in his colle-frequented the theat company with music Vivekananda excelled was a champion wres sical feats. Wheneve young men, dreamin would question them would question them and interest in games not possible to write strong and vigorous he was gifted with a studied classical musi

During the years with the Ramakrishna deep at the fountain ing the Samanvaya had the Udbodhan-Ka along with sadhus. I along with sadhus. I Swami Saradananda himself completely wing it his very own.

At Lucknow he to Mission's activities a with books and period

The author here refers to his drive from the Houston aerodrome to the conversion plant at Freeport with Harold Singleton, the federal representative at Freeport, and T. C. Vickers, the municipal water superintendent.

Spiritual Impact Of Ramakrishna On Nirala

by KAMALA RATNAM

HE death of Nirala in tragic circumstances shocked the Indian literary world. It particularly shocked the Hindi writers into a realisation of their own sad plight of not being read and appreciated by the most enlightened and effective section of their people. The story of Nirala's life is the story of great suffering and sacrifice for the cause of Hindi. The continuation of English as the medium of instruction and administration all over the country fifteen years after independence is a great obstacle to the growth and development of the Indian personality. Nirala felt this and suffered for it every moment of his life. He knew that the true joys and sufferings, the hopes and aspirations of his people could not be expressed through a foreign medium, so he devoted his entire life to the cause of Hindi, his mother tongue.

Suryakant Tripathi Nirala was born in 1896 to Brahmin parents of eastern Uttar Pradesh in a district which has given many distinguished poets and critics to the Hindi language in modern times. Four hundred years ago, this very district produced Tulsidas who gave India one of its most popular works, the Ramacharitamanasa. Nirala's parents moved to Mahishadal in Bengal in search of employment, with the result that he was nurtured in a Bengali atmosphere. He spoke and wrote fluent Bengali and some of his earliest works were written in that language. He switched to Hindi after he came into contact with his talented wife who had a remarkable insight into the Hindi language. By the time he was soon to lose his wife. He was passionately devoted to his wife and for a long time after her death he would roam the cremation ground of his village in search of a bead or broken glass-bangle which he would press to his aching heart. His grief nearly drove him mad, and, sitting on a small hillock, he would for hours watch the floating corpses on the river. His strong physique and athletic body withstood the ravages of grief for some time but in the end hunger conquers everything. So entrusting his baby son and infant daughter to his mother-in-law he went to Calcutta in search of a living.

IT was in Calcutta in 1921 that Nirala came directly into contact with the teachings of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda. These made a lasting impression upon the mind of the young poet and laid the foundation of his philosophical ideas. At that time he was an employee of the Ramakrishna Mission and was editor of a Hindi magazine called Samanvaya, published by the Mission. Throughout this period Nirala was in poor financial circumstances and he had to take up any work that came his way. In his spare time he read voraciously and was very much influenced by the writings of Vivekananda, Rabindranath Tagore and other Bengali revivalists. His first poetic inspiration wane to him when he was in Calcutta. He anslated much of Rabindranath, Bankim and Sharat and wrote all the poems that were later included in his collection Parimal. He often frequented the theatre in Calcutta and kept company with musicians and athletes. Swami Vivekananda excelled in boxing, and Nirala was a champion wrestler and revelled in physical feats. Whenever he was introduced to young men, dreaming of writing poetry, he would question them first about their health and interest in games. He believed that it was not possible to write good poetry without a strong and vigorous body. Like Vivekananda he was gifted with a resonant voice and had studied classical music.

During the years of his active association with the Ramakrishna movement, Nirala drank deep at the fountain of Vedanta. While editing the Samanvaya he lived in the premises the Udbodhan-Karyalaya, in Bagh Bazar, along with sadhus. It was here that he met himself completely with the Mission, considering it his very own.

Mission's activities and supplied its library with books and periodicals, participating in its

functions like an ordinary individual. He read all the works and sayings of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda, translated some of them and assimilated them all. Particularly notable is his rendering of Vivekananda's "Dance but once again, O Shyama!" As in Vivekananda so in Nirala there was a combination of fearless power and compassion, so much so that Nirala began to identify himself completely with Vivekananda. He once said: "When I speak like this, do not think that it is Nirala speaking. Then think that it is Vivekananda who is speaking from within me. You know very well that I have digested all the 'work' of Vivekananda, and when something like this comes out of me then you must know that it is Vivekananda who is speaking."

Sri Ramakrishna placed the experience of Vedanta above a mere knowledge of it. The approach of Sankaracharya and others before him was more dispassionate and dialectic, a mere intellectual examination. Sri Ramakrishna added to it the element of feeling and the truth of experience. Nirala's poetry possesses this same quality of truth and experience. He is not satisfied with merely an intellectual examination of the situation. He is more concerned about its impact on persons. And this is what makes him such a great and gifted poet. In one of his Fest-known poems. "Jaao phir ek bar!" ("Awake ye! once again") written in 1921 when he was residing with sanyasins in the premises of the Balakrishna Press, he reminds us of:

The great message of the rishis
Mystically given to atoms and sub-atoms,
"You are great
Always great,
This weakness, cowardice,
Submission to desires is transitory,
You are the very Brahman,
The entire expanse of the Universe
Does not equal the speck of dust upon
your foot"—
Arise and awake ye, once again!

How reminiscent are these lines of the fiery words often uttered by Swami Vivekananda, "Uttishthata, Jagrata, Prapya Varannibodhata!" This is a message of new strength and self-confidence for the downtrodden people of India.

NIRALA had the strength to challenge the whole world. Had he a teacher like Ramakrishna who would show him the road to sanyasa, he would have been another Vivekananda. Like Vivekananda, Nirala was fired by an intense sense of patriotism. Vivekananda had defined Advaita in terms of hard work, intense patriotism and a new sense of self-respect. Nirala gave a new turn to Hindi poetry by introducing these very elements in it. Sri Ramakrishna's ideal of transcendental service appeared in Nirala in his overwhelming sense of karuna or empassion. Towards the close of his life the poet donned the ochre, but he was too much of a poet to surrender himself completely to it. Yet he gave the utmost importance to sanyasins. Their life and experiences were very real to him. This was owing to the spiritual impact of the Ramakrishna movement upon him. A whole poem entitled, Seva-Prarambha, describes in glowing terms the first attempt made by the Ramakrishna Mission at organised service.

The short story, Bhakta aur Bhagawan, is a curious mixture of the poet's home environment and the atmosphere of the Ramakrishna Mission. His book, Prabandha-Padma (The Lotus of Essays), is dedicated to Swami Saradananda whom he considered to be an avatar of Mahavira. In this connection it is interesting to note that Vivekananda had introduced the worship of Mahavira in Bengal in order to give an impetus to the feelings of strength and bravery among the people. The poet's admirers considered Nirala to be the literary counterpart of the Swamiji. Such

forceful and powerful stirrings had not been heard in Hindi literature before. Nirala was the pioneer of free verse in Hindi and he traced its origin to the powerful unbridled metre of the Vedas themselves in order to satisfy editors who refused to publish him and critics who found fault with him.

Ramakrishna and Vivekananda gave the knowledge of Advaita to Nirala. They also taught him that service to humanity was not contrary to Vedanta. This created a conflict within the poet: "If man and the world are illusory, why waste time in serving them?" In his poem, Adhivasa, there is a picture of this mental conflict. The poet asks, "Where is my Adhivasa, my final rest?" The answer is "that point where all activity ceases". But as long as the poet is moved by the joys and sorrows of the world around him, how can his activity cease? The poet hears the call of the miserable around him and he rushes to serve them, to clasp them to his breast and that is the end of his Adhivasa, his salvation. And for this he has no regrets. There is the beauty of total dedication in his renunciation of soul-perfection. The ecstasy is so great that for the moment the goal is completely forgotten. Some of his most powerful poems contain this challenge to Advaitavada.

HIS poems, The Beggar and The Widow, are very good examples of this. The beggar comes on the road pitifully, regretfully. His stomach is a hollow pit, and his body resting on a stick is a pack of bones. Even the cloth which he carries to hold the few grains of alms is tattered and torn, and two hungry children walk by his side. His cracked lips are wetted only with tears—when he receives nothing from the rich alms-giver, the dispenser of his destiny. In the poem Widow, all the unfortunate widows of India have combined into "one motionless flame, immersed in thought, like the memory left behind by the mad dance of time. When she weeps, silently, because no sound has the right to escape from her lips, then the sky hears her with infinite patience and the wind stills itself, even the rivers withdraw their waves in order to listen to her". The poet addresses God and says, "Oh God! have you ever wiped a single tear? Or is your task to create sorrow for all? Every tear that falls like a dewdrop from the leaf spells out the misfortunes of India."

In another poem entitled Dana (Charity), he describes the infinite wealth and beauty of nature which man receives as a gift from God. Nature in her bounty showers her choicest treasures on man, because he is the finest in creation. And then the poet's attention is drawn by a host of monkeys sitting on one side of the road over the bridge and a row of beggars on the other side, "black-bodied, near to death, starving". What is the cause of their misery, the poet demands. But always the answer is silence. Suddenly there is a ray of hope: a holy Brahmin emerges after his bath in the river. He has poured sacred water over Siva's head and he has a lot of rice and other grains. The Brahmin is very pious, a devotee of Rama and Siva, reads the Ramayana and always utters the name of Narayana. Seeing the monkeys he takes the delicacies from his cloth and feeds them. As for the beggar he did not even notice him. But far in the distance the devil was looking and he screamed, "I am man, the finest in creation!"

Nirala had gone far beyond the teachings of Advaita. He had realised himself in his experiences so much that when a blade of grass or an ant was crushed under foot he too felt the suffering. He had sacrificed his own salvation for the misery of the world around him. His most powerful work is Ram ki Shaktipuja, a long poem of nearly 300 lines. This is not only one of the best poems in Hindi literature but deserving of being placed among the best in the world. Earlier Swami Saradananda had written a book, Bharate Shaktipuja. This must have been one of the strongest inspirations for this poem. By worshipping the Mother, Sri Ramakrishna had given a new dignity and sanctity to woman. Nirala not only upheld this, he elevated it to a poet's vision.

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TRANCE

In mediumistic trance state, constable abeyance, and the or subliminal recharge. There is dissociation at disof the mind. with hypnotised ed persons have yielded strangable results. It known that perstate manifest pseristics, such as telepathic or precent

How do some themselves into state? Apart from ous reaction, p suggestion or tion, coupled wi of ritualism, may ficant part. Whil tal state, condit level of dissocia there is alter as of pulse rate, an induction of sory anaesthesia cally, there is he gestibility, and manner of speed ject become diffe cases, major op been performed without the adn anaesthesia. Stra while in a tran unlettered and u mediums have ex selves fluently i classic language

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which they plea norance in their



OLYMPIAN LAXMAN, in the Mahratta Light Infantry goal, played no small part in his side's winning this year's Aga Khan Hockey Tournament. Here, while the Tata inside forwards grope for the ball, Laxman has padded it away to safety. Tata's were the superior team on the run of play, but M.L.I. won the match by

virtue of a solitary goal, scored by their skipper Shantaram, from a penalty corner. Right: Shantaram receives the trophy from Mr. S. C. Stout, Acting Deputy British High Commissioner, who gave away the prizes. It was for M.L.I. their first-ever triumph in the tournament. (Photographs by G. C. Dikshit)

Hockey In Sports Club
Bombay made an impressive entry
into the final of the Aga

Khan Hockey Tournament, expectations ran high of a notable double for Bombay, with Central Railway having already won the Gold Cup by virtue of their 3-1 victory over star-studded Punjab Police. This hope, however, was not fufilled, for Tata's, though dictating the course of the play for most of the time in their all-important match against Mahratta Light Infantry, failed to translate their supremacy into goals. As a result, they found themselves striving desperately, and as it turned out vainly, for the equaJAYEE'S SPORTUGIT

liser when the M.L.I. skipper, Shantaram, slammed in a lucky goal, from a penalty-corner hit, with ten minutes to go for the final whistle.

A serious foot injury prevented me from witnessing either the Gold Cup or the Aga Khan matches in Bombay, but a knowledgeable colleague of mine tells me that the tendency to confine play to the middle, with the rival attackers needlessly falling back to help their defences, rendered the

Aga Khan final a dull match to watch. M. L. I., with Olympians Bandu Patil, Shantaram and Laxman in their ranks, looked much the stronger team on paper, but it was Tata's, spearheaded by the resourceful Arora at inside-right, who dictated terms right from the start. The Tata forwards made good use of their wingers, and the M. L. I. defence, with the notable exception of Shantaram, were hard put to it to halt their progress. Time and again

did Arora, Joe D'Souza and Anthony Fernandez dribble their way into the circle, but their efforts at goal-getting were, by and large, too tame to beat a custodian of the calibre of Laxman, who had no difficulty whatever in padding away their shots to safety.

With Bandu Patil held in good check, the M. L. I. for-

With Bandu Patil held in good check, the M. L. I. forwards, for their part, would have done well to open out the game to the wings, for, on the three or four occasions that he broke through, outside-left Akkalkot revealed a nice turn of speed, and would have had at least two goals to his credit but for his keenness to "walk" the ball in

These efforts by M. L. I. were, however, sporadic in nature and it was Tata's who enjoyed the larger share of the exchanges. In the final result, however, it is goals that count, and their forwards' prodigality cost Tata's dear when Shantaram converted a short-corner, with the ball going in off a defender's stick, to bring M. L. I victory the very first time they had entered the Aga Khan final in the tournament's 66-year-old history.

In the Gold Cup Tournament played earlier, Central Railway were well worth their 3-1 win, for, unlike Tata's, they turned almost every chance that came their way to capital account to lower the colours of Punjab Police, who fielded an eleven that showed but one change from the one that did duty for Punjab in the National Tournament at Bhopal.

Outstation teams have always found Central a hard nut to crack, and this time the local combination enjoyed an added advantage in the fact that



INSIDE-RIGHT ARORA OF TATA'S, who initiated many a fine move, takes a shot at goal, but Laxman saves with confidence. To Arora's left is left-winger Archer, and to Laxman's right, inside-left Fernandez.

Parapsychology

(Continued From Page 31)

be of the obsessive-compulsive type, profoundly disturbing the emotions.

One recent dream, to my knowledge, is that of a father who had booked berths for the family for a long-distance railway journey. He dreamt the same night of a railway accident, but thought no more of it. The next night he had the same dream, only this time with more vividness. The dream recurred the following night, with profound emotional disturbance. As a consequence, he cancelled the booking forthwith. It was not a moment too soon, for that particular train met with a tragic accident in which there were many casualties.

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In mediumistic possession or trance state, consciousness is in abeyance, and the unconscious or subliminal mind takes charge. There is, as it were, dissociation at different levels of the mind. Experiments with hypnotised or dissociated persons have sometimes yielded strange, unexplainable results. It has long been known that persons in this state manifest psychic characteristics, such as pronounced telepathic or precognitive pow-

How do some people induce themselves into this trance state? Apart from a spontaneous reaction, profound autosuggestion or hetero-suggestion, coupled with some form of ritualism, may play a significant part. While in this mental state, conditioned by the level of dissociation achieved, there is alteration in the rhythm and rate of breathing as of pulse rate, coupled with an induction of variable sen-sory anaesthesia. Psychologically, there is heightened suggestibility, and the tone and manner of speech of the subject become different. In some cases, major operations have been performed on the person without the administration of anaesthesia. Strangely enough, while in a trance state, some unlettered and unsophisticated mediums have expressed themselves fluently in a foreign or classic language, a thing of which they plead complete ignorance in their waking life.

This branch of the subject is highly complex and complicated, not to say paradoxical. Hence the flood of adverse cri-

ticism that it has evoked. However, there are some who firmly believe that, during this mental phase, the subject or medium is under the outside control of a disembodied mind or spirit, while others take the extreme view that fraud is being perpetrated, although no evidence is usually forthcoming to establish it. Our present-day knowledge, however, is extremely meagre, and much headway has to be made before anything can be stated with intellectual certainty.

In this connection, it will facilitate our comprehension if we compare and correlate certain supernormal phenomena in life familiar to all, such as the upsurge of inspiration in the poet, the manifestations of genius and the profound religious experience and intuitive knowledge of the seer. These unique manifestations shed lustre and illuminate the human personality in its different supernormal facets or levels.

INHERENT PREJUDICE

Why is the attitude of the scientific and educated public towards psychical research largely one of sneer and ridicule, of regarding it as the pastime of the credulous and the unbalanced? Why this abject indifference still when there is now ample scientific evidence to establish the validity of extra-sensory perception?

There are probably some sound reasons for it, not the least of which is the fact that the subject has, from time im-memorial, been shrouded in charlatanry, fraud and the practice of magic. Furthermore, it is evident that there is a psychological bias operative in disowning and disallowing what is distressingly unfamiliar to us. However, advance of knowledge will in due course no doubt liquidate such inherent prejudice. Fifty years ago, a storm of professional protest was raised against the practice of hypnosis in treating neurotic disorders. Today, it is universally accepted as a valuable adjunct in psychological treat-

In fine, the boundaries of nature are not circumscribed or delimited by that portion of reality which our senses reveal to us. Paranormal phenomena should, in fact, be viewed as constituting an extension of the normal or natural sphere.

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The Illustrated Weekly

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YASNAYA Poly a picnic from more than a pic Tolstoy's n a me throughout India his writings, but the great formati to the Gita and the on Mahatma Garbeen able to go to company of Gane Rajkumari Amrit

Tolstoy's hou undulating park, tent. It is a sim ing, fully in kee of life. It was sn for Tolstoy came his father havin mother a Princes exactly as it used his bedroom we s which consisted of whom died in crutch which he injured his leg, he himself insiste ing. Tolstoy, like dignity of manu the members of their annoyance, and their servan was a striking co was larger, more and pictures.

A balcony is

J ANUARY 14, 1955: the day I was to commence my training under Guru Shambhu Maharaj, the greatest living exponent of Kathak. I was awaiting his arrival at the Akademi with mixed feelings of delight and anxiety. At 10.00 a.m. sharp a dark, handsome person clad in a sherwani and churidar outfit walked in, wafting the fragrance of attar. The scent of roses! How very reminiscent of the Moghul courts, I thought, and would have wandered on the wings of fancy to the setting of the romantic Moghul gardens but for the rude jerk I got when he said dryly, "Is this the student from the South who has come to receive training under me? I must say she has disturbed our old family setting and made me travel so far. Women are the same the world over."

Not knowing why he talked in an accusing tone, I stood up meekly, folding my hands in a namaskar, for I guessed who he was. That was my first meeting with Shambhu Maharaj. Without waiting for any formal introduction he turned to me and said: "Listen, Maya, I am in my fifties now, and never before have I worked in an institution as an employee. Now I am to work in Bharatiya Kala Kendra. And, what is worse, this letter in a huge envelope from the Government thrusts a great responsibility on my shoulders. It says I have been chosen to impart training to Government of India scholars such as you, who want to specialise in the art of Kathak. The result is I have had to leave my ancestral home in Lucknow and come here to start a new life."

I mustered courage to reply: "Maharaj, I have also come all the way from my home in Bangalore just to study under you. I did not know really that I was disturbing the peace of your retired life..."

Patting me with paternal tenderness, he said: "No, my child, I am not annoyed. I felt sad to leave my people behind, so I had to scold someone. But, now, I see that you are also in the same position and are willing to put up with difficulties for the sake of art. But remember one point always: I do not believe in the professor-student attitude of a college. I would rather you treat me as a guru." I wanted to correct his impression but did not dare to lose the sympathy I had just won.

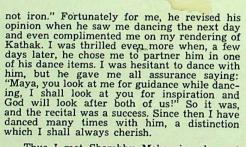
While we were talking he asked me where I had received my previous training and once again flared up when he heard that I had undergone training in the Jaipur style of Kathak. Born and brought up in the Lucknow gharana, Shambhu Maharaj does not acknowledge the greatness of any other style but his own. "So I shall have a tough time teaching you," he remarked, "as I will have to work like a sculptor who remoulds statues, but my implements are so delicate, they are meant for ivory and



THE RADHA-KRISHNA THEME. The famed exponent of Kathak, Guru Shambhu Maharaj, is seen here in the act of detailing a gopi's make-up. Left: Interpreting a line of music in the language of dance.

Guru Shambhu Maharaj

by MAYA RAO



Thus I met Shambhu Maharaj and spent several years with him, Iearning and working with him. Yet, I still marvel at his many-sided personality. Though, in the beginning I had many misgivings about studying under him, I have never found another teacher more sensitive and indulgent almost to the point of pampering his students.

Shambhu Maharaj is today the distinguished holder of the country's most coveted honours—the Sangeet Natak Akademi award and the President's award. Still he is unaffected by success and is never tired of repeating that he owes his position to his brother Guru Achan Maharaj.

At the Akademi Awards function Maharaj was seen in one of his glorious outfits—kinkhab achkan and churidar pyjama—highlighted by diamond earrings and extra rings on his usually bejewelled fingers! But he was not his usually jovial self. He was silent with a melancholic face, till he went up to the dais and received his sanad and other honours. Then he retired to a corner of the dressing-room, opened the scroll, after touching his ears in reverence. And then, suddenly he burst out laughing to the astonishment of his admirers around: "The predictions of my brother and my uncle have come true. I wish they were here to share the honour."

Saying this he recalled his early period of training. Youngest of the reputed trio of Lucknow gharana—comprising besides himself, Achan Maharaj and Lachu Maharaj—Shambhu was initiated into the art when he was 8 years old by his uncle, the celebrated Bindadin. After imparting training to Shambhu for 6 months, Bindadin passed away entrusting him to Achan Maharaj's care, saying, "This boy has promise. Impart your full knowledge to him, and he will bring credit to our gharana..."

Accordingly Shambhu Maharaj was trained for a few years by Achan. "I know, as far



proved inconvenient to the Government and the Party and was not announced until a week later, lest it should distract attention from a greater death which occurred the next day, the death of Stalin. prokofiev spent many years in exile after the Revolution, but returned to Russia in 1934, saying, "Foreign air does not suit my inspiration, because I am a Russian, that is to say, the least suited of men to be an exile."

But there was a time when Russian air, too, did not suit him. In 1948, at a conference of Soviet musicians, Zhdanov denounced the works of the three great Soviet composers, Prokofiev, Shostakovich and Khachaturian as "anti-people", "divorced from reality" and "marked by formalist perversions". The reputation of these composers, said Zhdanov, had been built up by "a clique of sycophantic critics and racketeers". Prokofiev acknowledged his lapses and, in the hope of atoning for his sins, wrote an opera, The Story of a Real Man, and Ode to Stalin. Even this did not satisfy his critics. They condemned The Story of a Real Man as "modernist" and "lacking in the understanding of Soviet heroism and humanity", and his Ode to Stalin as "atonal". Even his Sixth Symphony was pronounced "formalistic". But after Stalin's death music has been showing some signs of regaining freedom, and Khachaturian has launched a vehement attack on the vagaries of censorship.

VASNAYA Polyana is a pleasant spot for a picnic from Moscow. To us it was more than a picnic; it was a pilgrimage. Tolstoy's name is held in reverence throughout India, not merely because of his writings, but because he was one of the great formative influences, next only to the Gita and the Sermon on the Mount, on Mahatma Gandhi. I was glad to have been able to go to Yasnaya Polyana in the company of Gandhiji's favourite disciple, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur.

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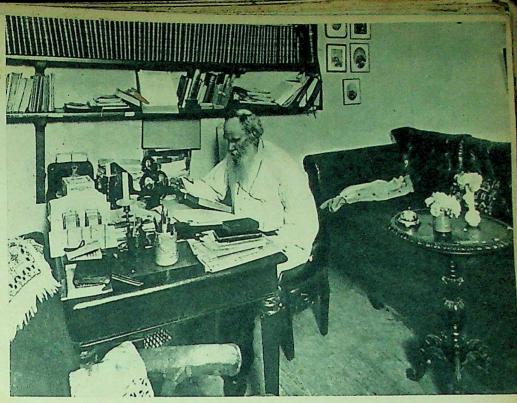
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Tolstoy's house is situated in a lovely undulating park, some 40 hectares in extent. It is a simple, unpretentious building, fully in keeping with his philosophy of life. It was small by Tsarist standards. for Tolstoy came from aristocratic stock, his father having been a Count and his mother a Princess. His house is preserved exactly as it used to be in his lifetime. In his bedroom we saw pictures of his family, which consisted of thirteen children, five of whom died in infancy, his old cot, the crutch which he had to use after he had injured his leg, and the slop-basin which he himself insisted on emptying and cleaning. Tolstoy, like Gandhiji, believed in the dignity of manual labour and expected the members of his family, sometimes to their annoyance, to use their hands more and their servants less. His small bedroom was a striking contrast to his wife's. Hers was larger, more ornate and full of icons

A balcony in front of Tolstoy's study overlooked a garden, which he himself



THE AUTHOR of War and Peace in his study

used to tend, and a forest where he used to play as a child, hunt as a nobleman and meditate as a thinker. From that balcony he could also see the village, where he used to spend many hours, helping and chatting and cracking jokes with the villagers. On the ground floor he had set apart a room to receive the peasants; his wife could not bear to have them on the first floor. In fact, his solicitude for, and his intimacy with, the peasants was one cause of the friction which developed between him and his family in later years.

We were happy to be in Tolstoy's study where he wrote some of his famous novels, such as War and Peace and Anna Karenina, and corresponded with kindred spirits, including Mahatma Gandhi. There we saw the hard-bottomed sofa on which

he was born, a phonograph which was presented to him by Edison, a picture of Dickens which he had brought from England, and the woodwork presented to him by the peasants whom he loved. There was also his writing-desk on which was his scrapbook, made up from odd bits of paper which others would have thrown into the wastepaper basket. Rajkumariji said that Gandhiji, too, could not bear to throw away any bit of paper which could be used and, like Tolstoy. kept a scrap-book.

The most touching sight of all was the candle on the writing-desk which he blew out for the last time on the night of November 10, 1910, when he decided to renounce his home and family and go out and live a simple life. That night he wrote a letter to his wife, explaining his decision, thanking her for the life they had lived together, and apologising to her for any lack of consideration on his part. One soul, his wife's, remained strange to this man who had plumbed the depths of the human heart in his imperishable novels.

Around Tolstoy's house is an extensive garden where he planted apple and cherry trees and grew all kinds of flowers. He loved gardening and insisted that the members of his family should share this pleasure which, to many of them, was mere labour. In one corner of the house, Bulgakov, who had been his secretary in the last years of his life, showed us a pond

(Please Turn To Page 41)



TOLSTOY'S HOUSE IN YASNAYA POLYANA

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THE FAVOURITE OF THREE GENER

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built for the death. Tatyan fully shared when Gandhi his way back Table Confere gracious enough

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(Continued From Page 39)

where Tolstoy's wife, on learning of his flight from home, attempted to drown herself and Bulgakov had to plunge in and save her. In another part of the compound we saw his stable and a small dispensary which his favourite daughter, Tatyana, had built for the peasants after her father's death. Tatyana was the only child who fully shared her father's ideals. In 1930, when Gandhiji passed through Rome on his way back to India after the Round Table Conference in London, Tatyana was gracious enough to go and see him.

The garden around Tolstoy's home merges almost imperceptibly into the forest. There are some lovely oak-trees here; and it is said that under a clump of these trees Tolstoy's wife, Sofia Alexandryevna, and her small son once sought shelter during a thunder-storm—an incident described in War and Peace. In the heart of the forest is Tolstoy's grave. It is simplicity itself. The simplest tomb I had visited so far was that of the Emperor Aurangzeb near Ellora. That puritan emperor had given instructions that

nothing more should be spent on his tomb than the price which could be fetched from the sale of the cloth caps which he himself had sewn during his lifetime. Unlike the magnificent tombs of his ancestors, Akbar and Shahjahan, Aurangzeb's tomb is marked by a single slab of marble.

Tolstoy's grave is even simpler. It is just a mound of earth, covered with flowers, under a canopy of white birchtrees. Tolstoy himself had marked this spot for his grave. It is said that it was here that he and his brother, Nikolai, used to play as children and hunt for a magical green stick, the possessor of which would have the capacity of making all beings happy. And now this has become a magic spot, giving comfort and inspiration to war-weary humanity through

that doctrine of non-violence which the man who lies here preached and which was adopted by one as great as himself and used for the liberation of onefifth of mankind.

Standing in front of Tolstoy's grave, I thought of the strange last journey of this man. On November 10, 1910, Tolstoy, at the age of 82, suddenly decided to renounce his home and go out into the world. Accompanied by his daughter, Tatyana, and his doctor, he left his house in the middle of the night. The next day he reached the monastery of Optina and spent the night there, writing an article, "The Pains of Death". On the 12th he reached the Convent of Charmodino where his sister, Marie, had been staying as a nun. He told his sister that he would like to live in that Convent, performing the most menial tasks, provided that no pressure would be used on him to enter the

church. His visit, however, could not be kept secret; and his sister warned him two days later that the authorities, civil as well as ecclesiastical, were on his track. He therefore left the Convent and went to Astopovo, a small railway station. There he caught pneumonia.

The news spread like wildfire; and doctors came from Moscow. Priests came, too; and Father Karsonoft, the Abbot of Optina, demanded admission to the dying man's presence, saying that he had been instructed by the Holy Synod to take Tolstoy back into the Church. The Synod, which had excommunicated Tolstoy a few years earlier for his uncompromising opposition to institutional religion, now wanted to capture his soul for the Church. His daughter, however, mounted guard over him and prevented any priests from approaching him. There, in the house of the humble station master of Astopovo, Tolstoy passed away at 6 a.m. on November 20, 1910. A few yards from his grave lies his favourite horse, which survived him by two years.

perial past of Russia with pride and not, as in the early days of Communism, as a nightmare from which Communism rescued the people. Indeed, while describing the New Year ceremonies in the Kremlin, Pravda called it "the Holy of Holies of our people".

We ourselves saw the New Year cele-

We ourselves saw the New Year celebrations in the Hall of Columns. It was in this stately building that, some ten months ago, Stalin lay in state and thousands of mourners marched past. The Hall now wore a festive appearance. Here, as in the Kremlin, there was a huge concourse of children. Almost the only adults were Anujee and myself. Russian parents who took their children had to stay behind, leaving the children to themselves in the main room in the Hall of Columns. Thanks to Valia's resourcefulness, we both were admitted into that room and given a place of honour. We took with us two children from the Embassy, Vijaya and Mohini.

such as the Vladimir Hall, the Granovitaya Palace and the Uspensky and Blagoveshchensky Cathedrals. Nowadays Rus-

sian children are taught to regard the im-

There were songs, dances, games and acrobatic feats. There were a number of animals too. The favourite animal was the teddy-bear. The great moment was the arrival of Santa Claus or, as he is known

in Russia, Grandfather Frost. Then the yolka hove into view, decorated with flags, illuminated by multicoloured bulbs and laden with presents. On seeing the yolka, so brilliantly lit, the children involuntarily advanced towards it, but, at a gesture from the Master of Ceremonies, withdrew. This happened again; and the advancing and retreating tide of children was a goodly spectacle to watch. Vijaya and Mohini left us and joined the children's games. They were the heroines of the morning, for as foreigners they attracted a great deal of attention. They were passed from hand to hand and had the honour of being photographed with Santa Claus himself.

Thus the New Year is being celebrated in Russia with all the traditional ceremonies appropriate for Christmas. Officially, however,

Christmas stands abolished. It was banned as a day of rest by a decree which was issued in 1929. In order to make the decree effective, Christmas Day was proclaimed as "a day of industrialisation" in urban areas and as "a day of Socialist culture" in rural areas. The sale of Christmas-trees was prohibited. The custom of lopping off branches from firtrees was denounced on the ground that it was wasteful of the arboreal wealth of the nation. In particular, Santa Claus was denounced as a reactionary, behind whom hid those enemies of the people, the priest and the kulak. Now Santa Claus has returned as Grandfather Frost. The Christmas-tree, too, has come back, disguised as New Year tree.

Christianity has receded in the Soviet Union but Christmas has survived.

ACCULTURATION

We are not reconciled to other men; enduring them, we know they suffer us. But this is mutual death! Creation's plus is fusion, never fission. Now and then, repulsion's force must wake the vital Zen. In isolation, love's more dangerous than hate. Our living groups must meet, discuss and struggle, till each man's a citizen.

Newborn, we do not hide our wild distress with solitude—and equally with wills asserted over ours. When grown-ups press ideas and forms on children, nature spills her thunder-water, leaping cataract.

Our manhood cannot grow from stunted fact.

EVELYN WOOD

This year New Year was celebrated with greater enthusiasm than before and the yolka in the Hall of Columns attracted large crowds. Yolka is the Russian word for a fir-tree. In this festive season it has a special meaning. It corresponds to the Christmas-tree, which is universal in Christendom, but is known as the New Year tree here.

The Kremlin, until this year the mysterious abode of Stalin, was thrown open for the first time to children. To adults, too; and the New Year was inaugurated by a gala fancy-dress ball in which Malenkov, Voroshilov and other dignitaries of the Party and the Government took part. At 12 noon on the 1st of January, thousands of children assembled in the Georgievsky Hall of the Kremlin. Every child was given a present and then shown round the historic sights in the Kremlin,

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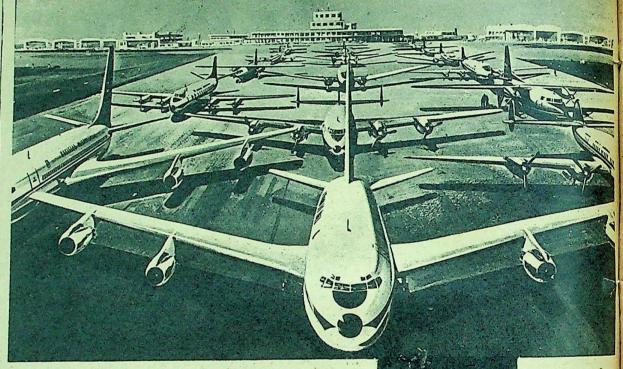
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A QUESTION to v ouac's The Dharma sider "singing, swig ing, running" as su wards life? (Kerou nounce that "that's pose Ginsberg and gone" guys!

Later the talk n ject of contemporar;

universe," said Gir Beat literature. He ent writers with rouac (On The Roa Subterraneans,) and -"he wrote a great bomb".

Carso is a clos with Peter Orlovsky several poetry recit of the Beats.

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"William Burro "is a very great pro The Naked Lunch has mapped out w psyche which Weste 27, 1962

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them. America is being tormented to death by illusions—one of which is that she thinks Russia is somebody else upstairs.

"I guess America will be all right sooner or later, if she didn't jump off her parents' roof. One thing, the empty sky is on our side..."

There was no point in cataloguing all the "aspects" of American society for further remarks. The answers are better served by the inspired tone of Ginsberg's poems than any prosaic analysis of situations and fluxes of life.

For instance would Ginsberg have improved upon himself in stressing the hollowness of the waste land of a mighty continent in any measure than as recorded in Howl and Kaddish?

Again, I could have asked him how he felt about "organised religion" or the idea of God —especially since all rebels are condemned together as wanting in spiritual discipline.

But I remembered the confessional tone of Ginsberg's poem, "The Lion For Real".

Lion that eats my mind now for a decade knowing only your hunger

Not the bliss of your satisfaction O roar of the Universe how am I chosen In this life I have heard your promise I am ready to die I have served

Your starved and ancient Presence O Lord
I wait in my room at your Mercy.

Elsewhere, in "Kaddish", there is, too, the pathetic refrain in the same strain, engendered by an acute sense of tragedy.

Lord Lord an echo in the sky the wind through ragged leaves the roar of memory

Caw caw all years my birth a dream caw
caw... all visions of the Lord
Lord Lord caw caw caw Lord Lord
caw caw Lord

A QUESTION to which I did not get a direct answer though I was quoting from Kerouac's The Dharma Bums was: Would you consider "singing, swigging wine, spitting, jumping, running" as summing up an attitude towards life? (Kerouac makes a character announce that "that's the way to live".) I suppose Ginsberg and Orlovsky are not so "realgone" guys!

Later the talk naturally veered to the subject of contemporary American literature:

"Right now it is making a little peep in the universe," said Ginsberg, evidently meaning Beat literature. He started the list of prominent writers with the name of Jack Kerouac (On The Road, The Dharma Bums, The Subterraneans,) and went on to Gregory Carso—"he wrote a great poem annihilating the atom bomh"

Carso is a close friend of Ginsberg and with Peter Orlovsky the three have given several poetry recitals to spread the message of the Beats.

"Mike McClure has written a very delicate protoplasmatic blob of words called F - - k Ode, which I think is a very harmonious expression of sex in American poetry." (Ginsberg is considered by U.S. critics as looking upon the Beat movement as a "religious phenomenon", while McClure and Philip Lamantia are coupled together as "exponents of a cult that believes in 'ecstatic illumination'.")

"is a very great prose writer and in two books, The Naked Lunch and The Soft Machine, he has mapped out whole areas of the human psyche which Westerners have yet to explore.

He literally cuts up his own writings with a razor to make up his books." (Burroughs is also the author of Junkie and Novia Express—under publication. A Harvard man, now 48, he is an "authority" on the use of drugs and debauchery to lead one towards "nomind".)

Ginsberg considers Philip Lamantia "an inspired mantric Catholic poet with an abundance of precise surrealist imagery".

"The common element among all these people has been the use of strictly American diction and the invention of a new demotic American prosody. In other words instead of writing English English we are writing like Indian English."

The irrepressible Peter Orlovsky leaned forward in his chair to add, "With Ganesha as the unknown Zen Guru."

I had all along been wondering whether the direct acquaintance of certain Beats with Hindu mythology and religion will contribute further to the admixture of Beat philosophy, so far mainly influenced spiritually by Zen.

Ginsberg and Orlovsky are even toying with the idea of establishing a Ganesha cult in America. ("California, Here I Come!"). It should be of interest to note the influence of Indian thought in the future work of those Beatniks who have toured or may visit India.

To trace further the indirect influence of French literature on the Beat mind, I asked Ginsberg who were his favourite authors in French. "Louis Ferdinand Celine, Jean Genet, and Antonin Artaud, one of whose famous poems is "To Be Done With the Judgment of God".

Surprisingly, yet not so surprisingly, the Beats do not care for Sartre or Camus.

"Can one be 'fashionably immoral'?" (I was again attempting to check on the affinity between Kerouac and Ginsberg.) But the answer was euphemistic. "If you are interested in the Baroque."

"Have you any set political views?"

Peter Orlovsky: "The Communists are sexless. All Governments are sexless. All Governments worry too much."

"What is your view on a writer being 'committed'?"

Ginsberg: "It's all right if a writer is committed, if he can be as dispassionate as Arjuna, but I've never seen a political writer with sufficient genius to transcend his lust for power."

THE American publishing houses which are engaged in sponsoring the writers of the avant-garde are Totem Press, Auerhan Press, City Lights Press and the Grove Press, which issued some time ago the anthology New American Poetry, a survey of the poetic activity in the U.S.A. during the last 15 years.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, a "popular" figure in the Beat literary circle, runs the City Lights Press in San Francisco.

What is the future of Beat writing? Sustained by all the tortures of mind, the hallucinations experienced with the help of drugs, the incessant wanderings in hermit-like passion



VOMITER ("Drawing made after vomiting in horror at the image of myself seen under the influence of Ayahuasca —an Amazon Indian spiritual potion."—Allen Ginsberg)

for knowledge and experience and the search for pleasure through body, the recollection of scene and situation in pacific silence will, surely, widen the frontiers of prose and poetry. And to those who look upon the Beats as eccentrics, one can easily quote in support of their actions and attitudes a whole volume of prose and poetry from accepted writers. But the kind of literature envisaged becomes intensely individualistic, and, when produced by persons not attuned to the sensual and the spiritual alike, can degenerate into calculated vulgarity, neurotic exhibitionism and stand bereft of measure and meaning.

The greatest service the Beats can render America and the world is to shock people into a new sense of morality and a philosophy of being.

Ginsberg was watching the setting sun ("birds flying in the air at sunset," he answered, when I asked him about the general run of hipsters and hepcats), as two young Marathi poets—kindred souls of the Beatnik group—joined our table.

Peter Orlovsky had the name of Ganesha on his lips—any acquaintance he likes is instantly named so—and I sniggered not in disdain but because a fantastic vision rose before my eyes: five Ganeshas sitting in a Swiss-run restaurant in Bombay and sipping percolated coffee!

There was, too, another scene that tickled me. I do not know whether it ever happened. But I did not want it contradicted.

I had read somewhere that at a Beat poetry recitation in Los Angeles in 1957 someone from the crowd stood up and challenged Ginsberg as to what he was "trying to prove".

"Nakedness," replied Ginsberg.

"What d'ya mean nakedness?" shouted the man.

Ginsberg, it appears, gracefully took off all his clothes.

Surrealism is no longer an abstract theory of the weird and the fantastic. With the Beats it has entered life.

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A Major Accomplishment

HERE have been many skilled analysts—one could not use the term "laureates" in this dismal context—of Dublin slum life, from Joyce to O'Casey and the Behan brothers. The latest is Paul Smith who, like O'Casey and the Behans, grew up in those scarifying tenements. His novel The Countrywoman (Heinemann, 18s.) is a major accomplishment which perhaps misses top quality because the author's can-vas is unwieldy and his pen lacks the true poetry and compassion of O'Casey and Dominic Behan. Mr. Smith's similes also occasionally backfire, e.g. "eyes like wet onyxes in saucers of watered mill".

Into a nether world of Hogarthian slatterns and drabs comes his heroine, Molly Baines, fresh and lovely from the hills of Wicklow. Her husband Pat has, in the Dublin phrase, "gone for a soldier" and returns after the 1914-18 war to Kelly's Lane-a drunken, incestuous lecher of incredible meanness and terror. In Mr. Smith's forthright delineation Baines becomes one of the most repulsive characters in modern fiction, with no saving grace to his name. Bill Sikes in comparison is a gentleman. The atmosphere of these lupus-infested alleys in the early twenties is stridently real in this terrible saga of poverty and defeat. The subsidiary characters-



POLSON'S COFFEE

the foul-mouthed housewives Mrs. Kinsella and Mrs. Slattery, the widow Cocky O'Byrne, the nose-less informer Annie the Man, and many others-are not made use of -as are O'Casey's lesser dramatis personae-for purposes of humour but materialise rather as a witches' chorus, although a glint of compassion intermittently breaks through, like a gleam of sunlight in a pallid Dublin sky. Their invective and repartee are abjectly scaring but undeniably true-to-life. It is, however, in the portrait of Molly Baines and her mother-love that the main merit of this re-markable novel lies. Dickens is known to have elicited Victorian sniffles in his death-bed scenes. Mr. Smith in his description of the tubercular end of Mrs. Baines's favourite daughter, Babby, achieves a genuine degree of pathos which will surely move many a reader to tears.

Molly Baines, the countrywoman, is a memorable creation, a person of dignity and decency, a beacon of loveliness in this appalling environment.

S. M.

Disappointing

WRITING in the Republic Day supplement of a Delhi daily, Mr. Khushwant Singh castigated Indian novelists in English as addding up to "an age of mediocrity", and provided a catalogue of names from which his-perhaps out of modesty, perhaps because Mr. Singh thinks his work unmediocre -was omitted. The title of his new novel I Shall Not Hear the Nightingale (Calder, 18s.) indicates the task he has set for himself: that of presenting a hard, gritty look at the brittle, brutal realities of peasant life in the Punjab, unclouded by moonlight koels and dim-enchanted nightingales drenched bowers.

This means a slobber of Sex, of course, in Mr. Singh's Zola-Miller-Lawrence imagination, in extra-large capital letters. Or, as Mr. Singh explains, in India "unfulfilled sexual impulses result in an obsession with sex and in many perversions which result from frustration: sadism, masochism, and, most common of all, exhibitionism". If this sounds like a paperback sex-book sermon, let not the reader have qualms: Mr. Singh provides ample illustration, especially of exhibitionism

("Champak hid her nakedness with her hands between her knees... Her breasts looked out from between her arms. Mundoo stared stupidly at her..." "His mistress was bare up to her buttocks" ... "He undid the top but-ton of her shirt and let his hands slip on to her warm, rounded breasts" ... "His hands sought the cord of her trousers"... stared at the girl ... He had never seen a woman like that-not even his own wife."...) Every ten pages one gets a liberal dose of the "perversions which result from frustration'.

The story? Oh yes, the story-"Oh dear," E. M. Forster said, "the novel tells a story." Buta Singh is magistrate who bootlicks the British but has grandfose ideas about his own importance ("These English are funny... Yesterday the Deputy Commissioner offered me a cigarette. I said, 'Sahib, don't do it again.'"). He has a son, a student terrorist, Sher Singh, who has a wife, Champak (she of the bare thighs and barer breasts). There is Beena, a frigid middle-class teenage girl, seduced by Madan, who also has a go at Champak in a railway berth. There is Mr. Taya ranway berth. Inere is Mr. 1ay-lor, the pucca Englishman, and an excellently sketched Sabhrai, Sher's mother. There is a murder, a crisis—but "as a famous English poet has said, 'All's well that ends well.'"

What does all this lead to? A Muslim pir copulating with "an infidel woman", virgins deflowered, obscure lusts paraded—surely Mr. Singh cannot be wanting us to believe that peasant life in the



JOHN CIARDI, noted American

Punjab is an interminable series of erotic aberrations. The salacious bits are meticulous but un-fortunate paddings to what could have been a fine story of the growth and fall of a terrorist, like Tagore's Atin in Four Chapters. As it is, one is not amused. You don't have to be crude to be realistic. One laughs; but one is not amused; assuming of course that Mr. Singh wants us to be amused, and not shocked.

P. I.

Infra-Human Artists

Infra-Human Artists

DiD you notice that an exhibition of Chimpanzee Painting had been held in a London Art Gallery and had excited extravagant praise and equally irritated detraction? The pictures were either attacked as an insult to human dignity or widely praised as heralding a vital new art form. Dr. Desmond Morris in his book The Biology of Art (Methuen, 36s.) tells you all about it. This brilliant young scholar, specialised in animal behaviour, studied at Oxford and later became Curator of Mammals at the London Zoo, and in this book he attempts Zoo, and in this book he attempts to bring together for the first time all the known facts about "infra-human" artists. It is a fascinating study, for it shows that the various study, for it shows that the various apes are capable of forming patterns and exercising simple visual control. Dr. Morris is perhaps rather too fond of long words and discovers, for example, six principles which apply to picture-making as a whole and cover everything and everyone from Leonardo to Congo, the chimpanzee. They are the principles of Self-rewarding Activation, of Compositional Control, of Calligraphic Differentiation, of Thematic Variation, of Optimum Heterogeneity and the principle of Universal Imagery.

It is particularly interesting that when a chimpanzee was once subjected to bribery by food to encourage it to draw, it quickly learnt to associate drawing with a reward but as soon as this condition had been established it took less and less interest in what it was doing. Any old scribble would do and then it would immediately hold out its hand for the reward. It is particularly interesting that

A few of the monkey's pictures in this book are astonishingly good and can certainly hold their own with some of the work by such modern masters as Klee and Miro.

Public Administration

OBSERVERS from the West hive been struck by differences between public administration in their own countries and the "developing" countries of Asia, in the stage of transition from agrarian to industrial economy. The Ecology of Public Administration (Asia, Rs. 8) presents the three lectures which Prof. F. W. Riggs, of Indiana University, delivered under the auspices of the Indian Institute of Public Administration, New Delhi. A comparative study of administration in the U.S.A., Thailand and the Philippines is made and all differences in the manner of working are traced to differences in the economic, social, cultural, political and historical environment in these countries. Ecology is the total complex of this environment and on this basis he develops what may be called the ecological theory of public administration OBSERVERS from the West have

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May 27, 196

There is no view that publ a product of Prof. Riggs do this view, give theory, devise framework for the profile a large of the profile a large of the profile a large of the profile of th

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Tudor Mu

CONSIDERING with whice speak of the m of the first Eli is surprising the known about poetry of ear Nearly everyth Nearly everyth the songs of tained in three British Museu Manuscript' c songs and was round about 15 from those dealove' to religio satirical and "Henry XIII's 50 songs, some king himself. carries a few carries a few instrumental m zles and foreig book, "Ritson's originated in and presents a number of cere love songs.

Dr. John Ste & Poetry in the & Poetry in the (Methuen, 63s.) ing glimpses of during the per traces the grad music and secame to be fit care and skill. effect of the R music of thos There are mo counts of social timate of the st al and amateur the difference players and mir The poets are there is careful "courtly makers the "Game of I acterised and, dominated life

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There is nothing novel in the view that public administration is a product of environment. What prof. Riggs does is to elaborate this view, give it the status of a theory, devise a new conceptual framework for the purpose, and coin a large number of technical terms to give definiteness to his ideas. It is open to question whether his classification of societies into "Fused", "Prismatic", and "Refracted" is exhaustive and whether terms like "Clects", "Cockpits", "Aseription", "Attainment", etc., bring out precisely the meaning of the phenomena for which they are used as symbols. But there is no doubt whatever that his conceptual framework is highly suggestive and may be taken as a starting point for further research in the field of comparative public administration. tive public administration.

M. V.

Tudor Music

CONSIDERING the enthusiasm with which most musicians speak of the music and musicians of the first Elizabethan period, it is surprising that so little should be known about the music and poetry of earlier Tudor times. Nearly everything that exists of the songs of this period is contained in three books now in the British Museum. The "Fayrfax Manuscript" contains some 50 songs and was probably written round about 1500. The songs vary from those dealing with "courtly love" to religious songs and to satirical and humorous ditties. "Henry XIII's MS" contains over 50 songs, some composed by the king himself. This volume also carries a few compositions for instrumental music, musical puzzles and foreign songs. The third book, "Ritson's MS", may have originated in Exeter Cathedral, and presents a collection of a number of ceremonial carols and love songs. love songs.

Dr. John Stevens in his Music & Poetry in the Early Tudor Court (Methuen, 63s.) gives us fascinating glimpses of life in England during the period concerned and traces the gradual evolution of music and song, until music came to be fitted to words with care and skill. He examines the effect of the Reformation on the music of those troubled days. There are most interesting accounts of social customs and an estimate of the status of professional and amateur musicians, and of the difference between keyboard players and ministrels and singers. The poets are examined also, and there is careful evaluation of the "courtly makers" and the effect of the "Game of Love", which characterised and, to a great extent, dominated life in those times.

After examining the place of Atter examining the place of music and song in ceremonies, in entertainments and plays, and the amateur musician's influence in the shaping of public taste, Dr. Stevens gently questions the generally-held opinion that in the early Tudor period there was already in existence a worthy union of in existence a worthy union of poetry and music which ultimately led up to the master-works of the Elizabethans.

Music And Poetry In The Early Tudor Court makes interesting reading, whether one's preference is for music, poetry or for information about the social customs and the ways of the court of that period.

Gurudev

In Tagore—The Poet of Light
Prafulla Chandra Das, the
compiler and publisher, has tried
to convey the impact of Tagore's
personality and achievement on
the western world. This has been
done through the statements of a
number of western writers, each
an illustrious representative of his
own language and literature
Among the contributors to this
volume we find such distinguished
names as Pearl Buck, Halldor
Laxness, Theodor Heuss, Albert
Schweitzer and Arnold Keyserling.
While a good deal has been written about Tagore's visit to Britain,
France, the Soviet Union, America
and the Far East, the average student of Tagore knows little about
the Poet's travels in Belgium, Bulgaria, Poland and the Scandinavian countries. The brief statements in this book shed interesting light on the extent of
Tagore's influence as a poet and
thinker in the remote corners of
the world.

The contributions of Schweitzer

The contributions of Schweitzer and Keyserling will be read with great interest. Schweitzer asserts that Tagore, for the first time in the history of Indian thought, adopts the point of view of "world and life affirmation," thus deviating from the negative estimate of and life affirmation," thus deviating from the negative estimate of existence that has played havoc with the Indian consciousness. "Modern Indian thought," says Schweitzer, "makes a noble attempt to get really clear about itself in Rabindranath Tagore." Arnold Keyserling gives a fascinating account of the relations between Tagore and Count Hermann Keyserling, the famous author of "The Travel-diary of a Philosopher" and the founder of the School of Wisdom.

V. S. N.

V. S. N.

The Iron Curtain

DON'T Send Me To Omsk by Roy DON'T Send Me To Omsk by Roy Macgregor-Hastie (Macdonald 21s.) is a book about life in the Soviet Union. "What is it really like to live behind the Iron Curtain?" the blurb asks. Unfortunately the contents hardly come to grip with the question; what we are told is how a foreign correspondent lives. The author, a syndicated columnist and a well-known commentator on Communist affairs, romped over some of known commentator on Communist affairs, romped over some of the less remote Soviet Union countries, firing pointed, and often loaded, questions at the citizenry, and, it would seem, barely concealing a sneer of superiority. "Are you happy in the Workers' and Peasants' State?" he asks a Rumanian postman. It is perhaps not surprising that the people were not overwhelmingly communicative. tive.

All in all, Don't Send Me To Omsk is no more than a jumble of superficial impressions admittedsuperficial impressions admittedly written in a slick, racy, highly
readable style, but with an almost
aggressively on-stage manner.
There is an extremely amusing
episode in which Khrushchev figures (and almost surprisingly,
comes out as a warm and human
personality), a visit to the Bolshoi ballet, an encounter with black
marketeers and the Russian equishoi ballet, an encounter with black marketeers and the Russian equivalents of Teddy boys, and a good deal of what is described as "incorrect behaviour". There is also a fair amount of hard liquor and a succession of ravishing female companions thoughtfully provided by the host country, all of which just goes to show that even if the Russians did not give Mr. Macgregor-Hastie the sort of freedom he would have liked, they certainly looked after him well—or tried to.

M. D. M. M. D. M.

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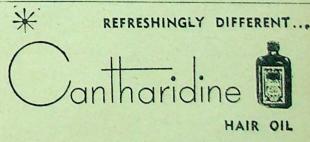


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HE river bank of the Sabarmati is a panorama of colour. Carts, loaded with many-hued cloth, ceaselessly toil across the sands. There is a bustle of activity as women, helped by men, operate printing rollers. These rollers are often close to the huts of the workers. Thus the riverside, particularly those areas near the river's edge where the bank is wide and flat and spacious enough for cloth to be spread out, has become a colony of professional dyers.

Ordinary cotton cloth, originally in one basic shade, is transformed into a thing of beauty through varied prints. These are for use as saris. These saris are steadily gaining in popularity, particularly in Gujarat. An age-old process of dyeing is utilised.

Fine cloth by the yard is first purchased by each family direct from the textile mills. It is natural or yellow. On this base the dyeing is done. Small printing rollers are operated under the direct supervision of the women of the family. In many cases the women of the household run the entire business themselves, releasing their menfolk for others jobs, thus enabling the family to have two sources of income.

The cloth is put into the rollers, in which etched cylinders with the dyes in patterns, are attached. These are manually operated. The cloth is rolled out in fine print. Straight from the rollers it is immediately pulled into the river. On account of certain chemical qualities in this water, the dyes are firmly fixed and all the colour absorbed in the cloth. This gives a brightness, with-out subsequent "bleeding" or fading. The superfluous dye is washed away.

Generations of experience behind them has given these women a fine, ingrained sense of judgment. They know exactly how much colour is required, how shades must be mixed, and the length of the dipping necessary. They know instinctively what results to expect in the way of brightness of hues and blending of

Following the washing the cloth is dried on the sandy banks of the Sabarmati. Thus, when many families are at work, the whole riverside is transformed into a vast field of colour stretching out as far as the eye can run, along the riverside.

Once dried, the cloth is neatly folded and stacked in big heaps. These are loaded into carts to be taken to the market. Most of the stuff has already been booked and it is only a matter of meeting commitments already made.

PATANJALI SETHI



LOADED CARTS take the gaily printed cloth to the market. Below: Washing helps to fix the dye and prevents "bleeding". (Photographs by Balkrishan)



THE WOMEN do the main work of dyeing and printing. Left: The finished product is a bandhani sari.





dvant-C. K.

Hansa, the swan, is believed to have the capacity to separate milk from water and discard water. The analogy, dear reader, is what we are vitally interested in. You, with your superior powers of discernment in good reading have eventually chosen Dharmayug for your continued patronage. You've made Dharmayug a great success among the top class Hindi Magazines in the country. By your insistence on buying only the best reading in Hindi, you have gone on adding to the refinement of Dharmayug's superior literary content. which in turn has largely increased its circulation. Dharmayug today is enjoying a pride of place and will continue to do so by serving you better and beiter in more and more ways.

DHARMAYUG owes its success to your superior sense of discrimination





RULES & CONDITIONS

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms.
All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in block letters or typewritten. Only one letter must be written in each blank space, The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the

Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1 per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Orders, Money Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing postage stamps, or currency notes or coins will not be accepted. Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 65. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 65. Competition Department. The Times of India, Bombay-I. Money Order receipts, Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the spaces provided on the Entry Form.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing date for all entries is 5 P.M. Friday, June 8, 1962. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this

Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes" and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list, unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

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N R D S A R D A 0 E K S E S Rs. 10.000 MUST BE WON Re. 1/- PER ENTRY

QUOTES" No. 65

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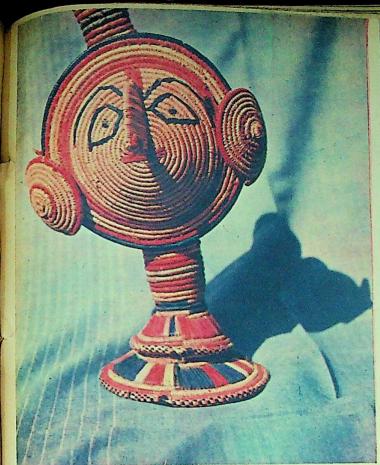
Though their m are hard put to it to out of what is avai strive to enrich th toys, the humble su materials collected and some vivid m into their lives. In Mithila, there are r also in folk songs.

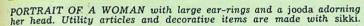
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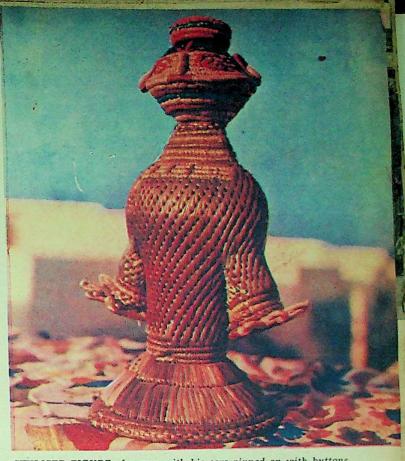


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STYLISED FIGURE of a man with his ears pinned on with buttons. (Photographs by Ram Dhamija)

Sikki Work Of Bihar

In N hundreds of thatched huts, in the ancient land of Mithila (North Bihar), women are engaged in preparing choice articles out of the golden-coloured sikki grass, which grows there in abundance during the monsoon. The gress is used by them for thatching their huts. The material is freely and readily available. The tool for stitching is a simple bodkin made by the local 'lacksmith, which is purchased for a hand I of grain, or in exchange for a delicately-worked basket.

As you pass through the harsh country-side, the pinched faces of the people and their threadbare appearance make you realise that life here is hard, very hard. Everything is used: the grass that grows wild, the husk and the stalks of the crops. Nothing is thrown away. The struggle for existence goes on in every home. So much so that in many of the houses they burn no diva, as they have no oil to spare, and in the night no life appears to stir, nor a light to flicker behind the shadowy cluster of huts.

Though their means are limited and they are hard put to it to make both ends meet, yet out of what is available at hand these people strive to enrich their life. Embroidery, clay toys, the humble sujanis made from worn-out materials collected together, songs and dances, and some vivid myths bring colour and joy into their lives. In the mythological history of Mithila, there are references to sikki work, as also in folk songs.

Sikki work, in and around these environments, has interesting traditions. Initially, as in every agricultural society, the women, rich and poor, prepared wheat- and rice-straw baskets for storing grain and other things. In Mithila,

they used the monsoon grass which was dyed in indigenous colours—green, dark blue, black and brilliant red, the golden colour of the grass being, of course, the dominant hue. Strangely enough, yellow is generally avoided, as they associate it with the yellowing of leaves of trees parched or diseased. The freshly-dyed stems are then coiled from the bottom and, stitch by stitch, the shape is formed. Besides utility articles, the women also turn out a variety of decorative items.

The inspiration for the latter derives from the marriage processions of zamindars who gave to their daughters horses, elephants, houses and even attendants as dowry. The poor peasant, who had just enough to feast the village on gur and rice and give a nath (nosering), the sign of marriage, for his daughter, could never aspire to enrich her in the manner of the zamindars.

SKILLED CRAFT

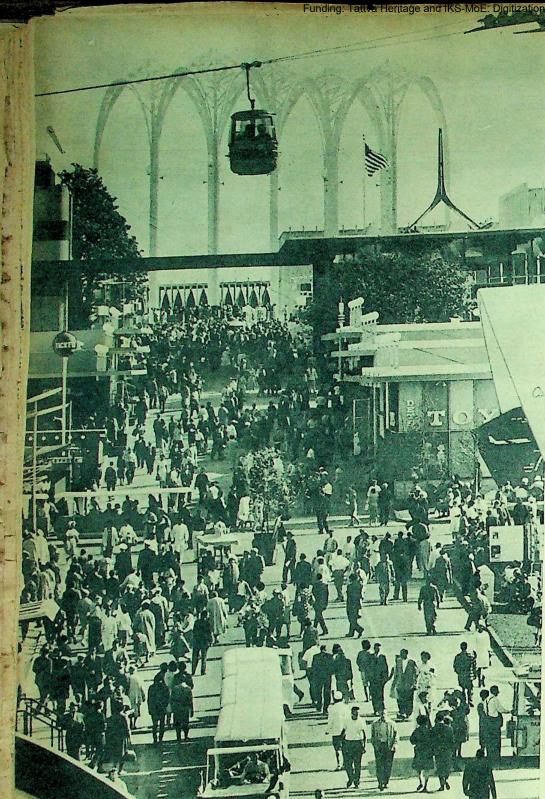
The mother, out of her desire to offer something approaching all this finery, began to prepare elephants with riders, houses, horses, birds of rare plumage, and attendants. With loving care, these were made as the girl grew up in the house, and stored away in dark corners from the harsh sun and the envious eyes of neighbours, so that the colours might not fade. Into these they poured their love, their hearts' desires and longings, making simple sculptured forms. You may see a large elephant with a long trunk, standing majestically, on his back the mahout, whose round eyes, made of black buttons, look curiously at the world. Or the simple figure of a man with his hands thrusting down; two little white buttons pin his ears to the head and serve as ear-ornaments. Then there is a little bird with strange

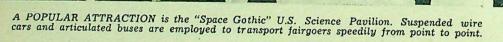
and colourful plumage—and many more such creations of the imagination, influenced by tradition and religious beliefs. Tantric influence can be seen in such motifs as Bhairav Chakra and Kal Vajra. Other shapes representing trishula, pushparatna, damroo, etc., are also worked into the sikki grass.

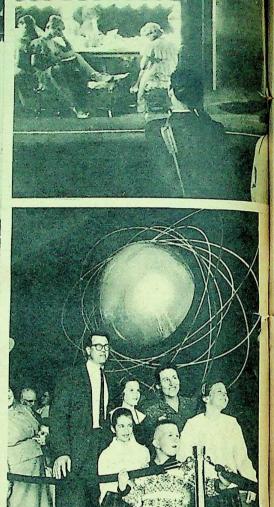
These humble objects are an expression of the feelings of the women. They look at nature, study the life of the animals, and observe their fellow men. This way they design diverse objects which are not mere toys or decorations for their homes, but highly-stylised and expressive sculpts in basketry. The little girls, who sit by their mother's side while she makes these articles, come to acquire the skill from the very beginning by trying their hand at the craft. Not only does the bride take with her the articles made by her mother and grandmother, but also those which have been prepared by her own hands. Her own articles are displayed separately, and their merits and demerits are discussed in comparison with the work of other daughters-in-law of the house.

This intimate relationship of sikki work with the life of the people in Mithila has kept the tradition alive through the years. An effort is now being made to develop sikki work as an industry and to persuade the women to prepare a few items with the idea of sale. In Manigachi, a famous centre for sikki work, women are now engaged in promoting this idea. As they are given the raw materials and no control is exerted over them, they still continue to make objects of their own imagination, which are aesthetic and charming in the simple spontaneity of their expression.

JASLEEN DHAMIJA







WAITING FOR A SPACE RIDE

The Seattle World Fair

THE Seattle Century 21 Exposition should open the show, Mr. Kennedy was opened recently to the sound of cannon, sirens and church bells, and to the cheers of an excited crowd. There was a good deal of justification for the enthusiasm. It is over twenty years since a world's fair was held in America, and, in

there to press the golden key officially.

Measured against the Brussels Fair which covered over 500 acres, the Seattle Fair is modest—only 72 acres—but what it lacks in size it makes up in splendour, colour and movement. Forty-eight governkeeping with tradition that heads of state ments are exhibiting, ranging from the

stamp and pottery stand of the tiny Republic of San Marino to the million-dollar showpiece of France. Dominating the Fair is the 600-ft. Space Needle, which is topped by a revolving restaurant, reached by express lifts whisking visitors to the top at tremendous speed.

(Please Turn To Page 22)

NLY the oth leisurely strol and stopped fo dig up the road of the Chancellor's off burg. (They are digg days along Koblenzer widened and made f in six lanes.)

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According to the bazaar not dissimilar countries, where craf stalls-c u m-workshop working on ornamen kinds. A Roman Tan and, in the course of found pieces of potte suspending pots or mand what have you. fortifications or defe

It is common ku the ancient Romans c and halted there, and ruins of old Roman g in the old days provi At any rate the Rom down the river, in pa pretty tough proposit o probably because tons and other Germ match for Roman pro stayed put in Bonn or the old days and gav santries as courting t in Bonn and were b is only now that arch have the clue to the found at Bonn's Ret the Chancellor's pala

FOR some days after man bazaar site, thand tourists came sw But progress is a ter been filled up after and the drainage pi covered and in a few whizzing over what and houses. Sometim and nouses. Sometimes along the empty stresoldier in his steel, from behind me and could be. Would he I wonder.

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NLY the other day, I was taking a leisurely stroll down Koblenzerstrasse and stopped for a minute to watch men up the road just outside the garden of the Chancellor's offices in the Palais Schaumburg. (They are digging away like mad these days along Koblenzerstrasse, because it is to be widened and made fit for big cars to flash byin six lanes.)

It was only then I suddenly realised the importance of what I had read in the papers a few days earlier: workmen had uncovered the remains of several house walls and numerous pieces of pottery of the early Romans, at that very spot not far from where I was standing.

The relatively small excavation site is just outside the Chancellor's lovely garden and further relics undoubtedly lie in the garden itself. I then started making inquiries around and the workmen most obligingly told me what they had been told by the archaeologists, namely that on the dug-up site once stood not a town or a camp, but rather a market or bazaar.

According to the archaeologists this was a bazaar not dissimilar to those in Middle East countries, where craftsmen sit in front of their stalls-c u m-workshops-c u m-living quarters, working on ornaments and utensils of various kinds. A Roman Tambakanta in other words, and, in the course of digging, the workmen had found pieces of pottery, sherds, iron hooks for suspending pots or meat over fires, bits of jars and what have you. No traces were found of fortifications or defences of any kind.

It is common knowledge, of course, that the ancient Romans came right up to the Rhine and halted there, and in Cologne one can see ruins of old Roman gates. I guess travel agents in the old days provided only one way tickets. At any rate the Romans strung themselves all down the river, in part because the Rhine is a pretty tough proposition to negotiate, but more so probably because beyond it lived the Teutons and other Germanic tribes who were even match for Roman prowess. So Caesar's soldiers stayed put in Bonn or whatever it was called in the old days and gave themselves to such pleasantries as courting the local belles. Many died in Bonn and were buried not far away and it is only now that archaeologists are saying they have the clue to the over fifty graves they found at Bonn's Reuter Bridge, not far from the Chancellor's palace.

FOR some days after the discovery of the Roman bazaar site, the archaeologists took over and tourists came swarming in to take pictures: But progress is a terrible master. The site has been filled up after being carefully mapped, and the drainage pipes have been laid and covered and in a few more weeks cars will be whizzing over what were former Roman roads and houses. Sometimes, at night, when I walk along the empty street, I imagine a Roman soldier in his steel, plumed helmet coming from behind me and asking who the stranger could be. Would he have heard of an Indian, I wonder.

Even if he had not, my line of conversation would have been to establish our essential oneness. I would have told him that under our skins, we were both the same—travellers from ancient lands. Perchance I would then have persuaded him to join me for a beer at the Alte Hute and for reminiscences and exchange of ideas. And I know what I would have discussed with him to establish immediate rapport: mothers-in-law.

iny Ren-dollar

he Fair

hich is reached to the Mothers-in-law, a fact fairly well-known, are a recognisable species, but I had no idea, till I read a German paper the other day, that German mothers-in-law are no better than Indian, or for that matter Roman, mothers-in-law.

"Is it really necessary that young women for the best part of their lives, must live under the continuous rule—not to say in fear of tertor—of their mothers-in-law?" was the question that the Weser Kurier asked. I am not



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE

BONN

ROMAN RELICS EXCAVATED

one to be brash enough to answer such a loaded question. But I was interested in what the Kurier's columnist, who, I imagine, is a young, unmarried brat, had to say.

"Daughters-in-law," wrote the columnist, "should resolutely hold their own. They must assert their independence and superiority immediately, and without indignation and anger, but in an objective and self-confident tone. Quietness and sober determination are the best guards against interference. Daughters-in-law should not tell their mothers-in-law everything about their marriage and the education of their children, as long as they must go in fear that their mothers-in-law will use such information against them. If they have to take a difficult decision, they must by no means give the slightest sign of being insecure; it must appear as though the decision is being taken absolutely for granted. If there are any differences of opinion, she must be as matter-of-fact as possible and she must change the topic as soon as the slightest beginning of disputes arise. In short: daughters-in-law should never permit themselves to be pushed into the defensive, and by no means should they ever lose their calm composure."

Whoever the columnist is—and I suspect that it is a "she" and a very wild young "she" at that—the advice given is heady. In my innocence, I had pictured kind, matronly German mothers-in-law, always willing to be in the background, always ready to mind the baby when the daughter-in-law went dancing or to the local theatre and was totally unprepared to face the facts of life. Now I see that newspaper columns are full of the iniquities of mothers-in-law. "My mother-in-law thinks she knows everything better and she bosses me around all the time." "She wants to play the most important role everywhere and makes my husband believe that I educate the children wrongly." Or again: "When I ask her to baby-sit once a month as we have been invited to a party, this is too much to ask of her; but if I ask our neighbour's daughter to do it for us, she will be insulted." And most classic of all, that even my Roman friend might have understood: "I cannot get along with my mother-in-law any longer, she makes me sick."

If the subject of mothers-in-law would not interest him, the weather in the Rhineland, I am sure, would have evoked lively conversation. I have no idea what it was like in those old days, but I know for sure what it is like today. I feel like a hero when I realise that I have emerged from the bleakest, coldest winter Europe has seen in forty years, unscathed, even a little heavier under the belt. Lin Yutang that genial Chinese philosopher, the likes of whom, alas, are getting fewer and fewer these days, once said that there were few pleasures to beat man's scratching himself when the i ch was on him, especially during a nice warm

bath. Ah, said Lin going into rhapsody, is that not happiness? But there is surely a greater happiness in being able to discard one's heavy overcoat after six months of winter and being free to stride along the Rhine's tow-path, in light trousers and an open shirt?

I woke up the other day and felt a strange sense of exhilaration and lightness. It had been a cold night and I had swathed myself in blankets, but it had later become warm and when I looked out of my bedroom window in the early morning, I was rewarded by the most amazing sight: every tree and bush in sight was adorned with greenery.

It was the story of the Prince and the Sleeping Beauty all over again. One kiss of spring in the boughs and for once I wished—such an unpoetic thought—that I had a tape recorder. Whence did they come and how did they know that spring was coming, these heavenly warblers? I did not even know what these birds were. My ignorance is such that the only two birds I can distinguish with some assurance are the crow and the peacock.

Later that afternoon I was recounting my experience to Mr. Escott Reid, the Canadian Ambassador who is a great lover of nature and goes on long hikes, and he said: "You must take a walk along the Rhine towards the American Embassy Club. You will be amazed to see a whole flight of larks somewhere half way up." I had never seen a lark before; such larks that I am acquainted with have nothing to do with birds. And I was naturally curious. It seemed to me the whole tow-path was crowded with people in search of larks and sure enough the journey was fully rewarding.

What impressed me more was the number of people sunning themselves. One has to live in a cold climate to appreciate what sunshine means to people. After a few months of piercing cold, dark skies and dreary days, the craving for sunshine grows and is something terrific. I have never been lacking in appreciation for bikinis before, but these days I understand what must be the physiological drive behind the desire to expose oneself fully to the sun. And if indeed it is true that the Vedic home of the Aryans was the Arctic, as Lokamanya Tilak tried to prove, no other explanation is necessary for me for their being such ardent sun-worshippers.

That afternoon, everybody seemed to be a sun-worshipper. The air was heavy with lethargy and all that I felt like doing was to stretch myself fully on the turf a little high up on the ground, and dream. Boats passed by full of people and their singing came floating in the noon haze. Sometimes, when one least expects to be, one is well within the gates of Paradise!

M. V. KAMATH

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA



ENERGETIC MEN
WHO GET QUICK
PROMOTION;
MANAGEMENT CAN'T
AFFORD TO TAKE
CHANCES ON MEN
'UNDER PAR'.
YET LACK OF
ENERGY DOES NOT
NECESSARILY MEAN
LACK OF ABILITY—

DOCTORS SAY

If you feel
constantly tired and
run down...if
nothing seems to go
right and you know
you could do better
...chances are that
your diet is not
providing you with
all the nourishment
you need

Time after time patients come to me with the same story—'Doctor, I feel so tired—even after a good night's rest, or There must be something wrong, Doctor, I don't seem to get any fun out of life, can't get ahead'. When there is nothing physically wrong, there is usually a simple explanation...

... YOU SEE, OUR
ENERGY COMES LARGELY
FROM THE FOOD WE
EAT. WHEN THIS
DOES NOT PROVIDE
ALL THE NOURISHMENT.
WE NEED, THE ENERGY
WE USE UP IS NOT
FULLY RESTORED, AND
SO WE FEEL WASHED
OUT. THE REMEDY IS
EXTRA NOURISHMENT,
FOR WHICH I
RECOMMEND HORLICKS

DOCTORS HAVE BEEN RECOMMENDING HORLICKS FOR MORE THAN 75 YEARS!

HORLICKS is combined nourishment! It is pure, rich, creamy milk, plus nourishment from wheat flour and malted barley



HORLICKS replenishes
lost energy rapidly!
Its taste is delicious and
it is quickly digested even byt
young children, the aged
and the sick. You make
a MILK drink simply by
adding water!

For many weary months
I suffered from tiredness,
Then I started taking
Horlicks regularly. Now
I feel like a new man!
Thanks, thanks, to worderful
Horlicks!

HORLICKS

June 3, 1962

DDLY enough, preponderance careerists in its provide a more cong ters and artists that India. The main reas nomic. The capital a dented opportunities, presence of foreigner count of patronage I quitous public sector galleries than Bomb apparently they are larly, publishing in dian standards, has smarter facade than

It is heartening ters and artists have joy solid, sustained p price? While desper cess, they appear to h main objective of cr its own sake. For ti catering for their cli of hacks. The paint he himself is not a pathetic. In order to his patron, who r a tourist or a VIP try, he has to spea which do credit neit to his heritage. Her with facile, fash which are of no co them because they a pity that morally should be so inadeo lenges of the art n The difference bety artist and the crea exists today. It is no artist should ex 20ntemporary idion imperative is that h vocabulary into t his. An Indian pai lecides to become maining Indian is l sooner or later, ho immediate success r fore our artist to figurative and no but between creat



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3, 1962

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Chiaroscuro

DDLY enough, Delhi, despite the preponderance of contractors and careerists in its population, seems to provide a more congenial milieu for writers and artists than any other city in India. The main reason, of course, is economic. The capital affords them unprecedented opportunities, partly owing to the presence of foreigners and partly on account of patronage provided by the ubiquitous public sector. Delhi has more art galleries than Bombay or Calcutta and apparently they are all prosperous. Similarly, publishing in Delhi, judged by Indian standards, has a sounder basis and smarter facade than anywhere else in

It is heartening to note that our writers and artists have at last begun to enjoy solid, sustained patronage. But at what price? While desperately pursuing success, they appear to have lost sight of their main objective of creative endeavour for its own sake. For they find themselves catering for their clientele in the manner of hacks. The painter's plight, of which he himself is not aware, is particularly pathetic. In order to attract the attention his patron, who may be a diplomat or a tourist or a VIP from a foreign country, he has to speak in affected accents which do credit neither to his vision nor to his heritage. Hence his preoccupation with facile, fashionable abstractions which are of no consequence. He paints them because they are in demand. It is a pity that morally and intellectually he should be so inadequate where the challenges of the art market are concerned. The difference between the commercial artist and the creative one thus hardly exists today. It is no doubt important that artist should express himself in the contemporary idiom. What is, however, imperative is that he integrate his visual vocabulary into the heritage that is his. An Indian painter or sculptor who lecides to become modern without remaining Indian is bound to be forgotten sooner or later, however spectacular his Immediate success may be. The choice before our artist today is, not between figurative and non-figurative painting, but between creative compositions and commercial concoctions.

The writer's dilemma is no less serious, his success, no less deceptive. The opportunities that present themselves to him today are unlimited. The ever-expanding public sector, represented principally by the National Book Trust, the Publications Division and the Sahitya Akademi, needs his services as urgently as the private publisher who is eager to cash in on the immense international good will for India.



—Dhiraj Chawda STUDY by Abhay Khatau

Any book on India seems to sell today. That is why we find ourselves surrounded by such a rich crop of illiterate experts on India! Even here the spurt in Indian writing and publishing is illusory because it is based on the foreigner's naive inquisitiveness about India. Naturally, he cannot respond to anything that is subtle or profound. He is concerned not with fundamentals, but with superficialities. Here the Indian reader has an advantage over the foreigner. But he has yet to develop the wasteful habit of buying books!

The need for a reappraisal of the responsibilities of our writers and publishers in the Indian context is urgent, partly for

economic and partly for emotional reasons. Our publishing trade cannot be successful in the long ran, unless its foundations are strong. Our publishers' primary preoccupation should be with the reorganisation of the Indian market so that it may provide a solid base for the superstructure of foreign readership. They should be able to take advantage of the rapid rise in literacy and economic prosperity so much in evidence in India since Independence. They should try and make a deep impact on the reluctant Indian reader through the persuasive medium of paperbacks. A hard-cover edition of 5,000 copies addressed to the foreign reader, who is, incidentally, very sceptical about the quality of our printing and production, is less economical than a paperback edition of 25,000 offered to the Indian reader at a price within his reach.

The emotional reason is however more important. Today books on India by Indians are more urgently needed at home than abroad. The aggressive aloofness that has been keeping our various linguistic and other groups apart from one another can be removed, not by politicians who can only aggravate it, but by our writers and publishers who have a pivotal role to play in furthering the twin objectives of emotional integration and national regeneration.

NATURE'S compensations often assume incredible forms. There have been numerous cases of the physically handicapped astounding the world with their achievements in fields which demand creative faculties of the highest order. Helen Keller is, of course, a classic example. In our own country we have the blind prodigy, mathematician Sanjeevaraya Sarma (the "Weekly" dated June 5, 1960, carried a feature on him-Ed.), author Ved Mehta, also blind (now on the staff of The New Yorker), and a number of poets, musicians, artists and others. Among the painters, two are outstanding. One of them, Satish Gujral, whose powers of speech and hearing are retarded, is already famous and his work has the stamp of genius. Abhay Khatau, a selection from whose representative paintings will soon appear in the "Weekly" in colour, is the other sig-nificant artist. There is a strange mystical quality in his work, and no wonder that his paintings are so deeply moving, and at the same time so disturbing. Indeed the power and plasticity of his imagery are unique.



Impressions Of Moscow And Leningrad 4

Excerpts from "Russian Panorama", shortly to be published by Oxford University Press.

T was long after our arrival in Moscow before we saw a Russian play. We had been hesitating to go to one as our knowledge of Russian was so meagre. We have of course seen dozens of ballets and operas. To see a ballet or an opera is one thing; to see a play, another. The language of the opera is universal—it is the language of music—and the ballet has no language at all; but the virtue of a play depends as much on the language as on the acting.

The play was called Gde Eta Ulitsa? Gde Etot Dom? (Where is the Street? Where is the House?) It was staged in the Satire Theatre and was essentially a satire on contemporary customs and manners. The hero, one Berezkin, is a chauffeur who has won the Certificate of Merit for driving his truck for 100,000 kilometres without having overhauled it once—a skit on the way certificates of merit are sometimes awarded in the Soviet Union. Newly engaged, he goes in search of a new flat and fails to find one.

This gives the actors an opportunity for drawing piquant attention to the acute shortage of housing in the Soviet Union and the desperate efforts which are being made to improve it. Berezkin goes to inspect a flat and finds the inmate telephoning, with a blanket round his head. That was the only way in which he could telephone without being overheard by his neighbours. Occasionally he gets excited in the course of his conversation and flings the blanket aside. Then his more inquisitive neighbours begin to eavesdrop and the more irate ones protest against his speaking so loudly.

After the felephone conversation there is a few minutes' silence. Then the occupant of the flat, who is anxious to let it, proceeds to explain its virtues to Berezkin. Suddenly human voices begin to be heard from the right and the left, from the top and the bottom; so thin are the partitions between the flats and so flimsy is the construction of the floor and the ceiling.

BEREZKIN then goes to another flat and is received with effusive kindness by two old ladies who mistake him for a would-be son-in-law whom they had been expecting. They entertain him with vodka and caviare and are all attention to him. When, however, they realise their mistake, they abuse him as an impostor and show themselves to be the true viragos that they are.

But the play is more than a comedy of manners. It is also a satire on some of the maxims held sacred in Communist theory. One such maxim is "criticism and self-criticism". Every Communist is expected to apply the canon of criticism to himself. Every factory, every collective farm, every party cell, is also expected to apply criticism and self-criticism to all its activities.

The play begins with an exercise in criticism and self-criticism on the part of

the officials of the theatre. But whom are they to criticise? The management? But the management is altogether too influential a body and may contain some members related to the Ministers. So it is not safe to criticise the management. The writer of the play? But the writer is a member of the Union of Writers, a powerful body which can kill a play even before it has seen the light of day. The actors? But criticism may have a damping effect on their acting.

Thus it is not expedient to criticise the management, the writer, or the actors. But, as good Communists, they must criticise someone. After a great deal of discussion, they decide to criticise the courier who brings in a letter. The implication is that this is the way in which the vaunted principle of criticism and self-criticism works in Soviet society.

by K. P. S. MENON

Another injunction of the Communist Party and its willing collaborator, the Writers' Union, is that Soviet authors should always depict a "conflict", conflict between the higher and the lower, the Communist and the bourgeois, elements in society. The Soviet Union is still surrounded by enemies who have their agents even within the country. Moreover, it is always possible for a Communist to relapse into bourgeois habits of thought. It is therefore the primary duty of Communist writers to deal with the ever-present conflict between the new and the old order of things. Some Soviet writers are apt to think that Russian society has reached a stage of perfection and that they can afford to paint it in rosy colours. This attitude is called "The No-Conflict Theory"-a heresy, based on a thoughtless complacency which it is a sin on the part of a true Communist to cherish. And in Stalin's time it was more than a sin, it was an offence.

This theory came in for delightful satire in the play, Gde Eta Ulitsa? Gde Etot Dom? Berezkin, still in search of a flat, visits an apartment which is occupied by a couple of literary hacks. They had been spending sleepless nights and days, thinking out a play to be based on "conflict", and unable to find a suitable theme. Then Berezkin comes in. He enquires about the measurements and amenities of the flat. The two authors, however, are more interested in him than in his questions and pry into his history. Berezkin merely says that he has just got engaged to a girl and that he wants to move into a more suitable apartment. "There!" exclaim the two writers, "There is a conflict raging in his mind! A conflict between his love for his fiancee and his fear that he might lose her. A conflict between his triumph in securing her love and his humiliation in not securing a flat."

Berezkin swears that there is no such conflict in his mind. Nevertheless the au-

thors are determined to construct a whole story, based on the conflict in Berezking mind, and fall into a trance. The next scene is a fantasy. It shows a dream which comes to the two writers; and we are treated to an opera, an operetta and a revue, all revolving round a mental conflict.

The implication is that this is the way writers in the Soviet Union are compelled to use the theme of conflict to produce books. One need only add that, if anyone had dared to question the theory of conflict or to stage such a play in Stalin's time, he would have done so at his peril

Another play which is in vogue at present is called It's No Sin to Laugh. A grim-looking individual, with bushy eye brows and a permanent frown, climbs to the stage from the audience and takes the actors to task for their levity. "We have tremendous accomplishments to our credit," he says, "how dare you laugh?"

"But it is not the accomplishments we are laughing at; we are making fun of the shortcomings," plead the actors.

"So much the worse for you!" he replies. "To think that there are any short-comings in the Soviet Union or that there can be anything funny in them!"

The Soviet people are beginning to have the courage and the capacity to laugh occasionally at their rulers and at themselves. And that is a healthy sign.

HAVE been reading a delightful book, Oblomov, written by Ivan Goncharov in the middle of the last century. It has become a classic in Russian literature and has contributed a new word to the dictionary. "Oblomovism" has come to stand for the mental state of a man who is utterly and incorrigibly lethargic, who is well-meaning, good-natured and kind-hearted, but has no will of his own and lets all his faculties rust until he fades away, as Oblomov did in middle age, like a clock that stops because it has not been wound.

The interest of the book lies in the fact that Oblomov is more than a study of one man or one type. It is also the study of a society which tended to produce that type. Having read Oblomov I can appreciate why the entire apparatus of the Soviet state is being used to create the opposite type, "the new Soviet man"—vital, dynamic and purposeful.

Oblomov's birth and upbringing were largely responsible for his arrested development. He was born on an estate, owned by his father and worked by some four hundred serfs from Central Asia. Peace reigned on the estate, and the outer world never intruded into it. Nature itself fostered his growth simply as a vegetable. On that estate the sky seemed to come closer to the earth than elsewhere; the hills were but hillocks and the rivers were smiling rivulets. There the moon was a moon and nothing more; no poet gazed at it with ecstatic eyes; if he did, the moon would merely look at him as innocently as

June 3, 1962

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there the seaso ther with monotonou mities ever occurred visited those parts with the principal subject only excitements wand deaths. At the man went to bed, the the principal subject only excitements wand the principal subject only excitements wand to be an an an arrange of the principal subject only excitements wand the principal subject of t

In such a societ by not knowing hovings and ended it by live. Yet he had g was not callous to himes, as a young bitterly in the dep the sorrows of may vague yearnings to his fellow men. Bu world, as the Soviet in terms of black evil, the oppressors

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"No," replies Z "they are gentlements of a s, drink sheet Sometimes they m the floor with their

The author wh pounds his view o which today the C doubtless approve. ter," he says, "is vice, burning malic ter at fallen human

"No," replies everything! Depict man, a stuck-up for are human beings. leeling? You think head only. You im need the heart?... to the fallen man don't jeer! Love h in him, and heal h self-then I will r before you. You d len woman, but f human being in know how to do it do you see in tha and filth, only ple poets."

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ther with monotonous regularity. No calamities ever occurred; "the Lord never visited those parts with either the Egyptian or any other plague". In the people's houses, too, unruffled peace and quiet prevailed. Food was their foremost care and their principal subject of conversation. The only excitements were births, marriages and deaths. At the end of the day, each man went to bed, thanking the Lord for having enabled him to pass so peaceful a day and praying that the next day might be exactly the same.

In such a society Oblomov began life by not knowing how to put on his stockings and ended it by not knowing how to live. Yet he had generous impulses. He was not callous to human suffering. Sometimes, as a young man, he would weep bitterly in the depths of his heart over the sorrows of mankind. He even had vague yearnings to relieve the miseries of his fellow men. But he did not see the world, as the Soviet man is expected to do, in terms of black and white, good and evil; the oppressors and the oppressed.

THERE is an interesting account of a conversation between him and an author were strange fellows of whom the common man knew nothing. "What are these authors?" asks the porter of Oblomov's estate, "Are they special officials or something?"

"No," replies Zahar, Oblomov's valet, "they are gentlemen who lounge about on sof as, drink sherry and smoke pipes. Sometimes they make a fearful mess on the floor with their feet."

The author who visited Oblomov expounds his view on literature in words which today the Communist Party would doubtless approve. "The function of a writer," he says, "is bitter denunciation of vice, burning malice, contemptuous laughter at fallen humanity."

"No," replies Oblomov. "That is not everything! Depict a thief, a fallen woman, a stuck-up fool, but don't forget they are human beings. Where is your human eeling? You think you can write from the head only. You imagine thought does not need the heart?... Stretch a helping hand to the fallen man or weep over him, but don't jeer! Love him, try to see yourself in him, and heal him as you would yourself-then I will read you and bow down before you. You describe a thief or a fallen woman, but forget to bring out the human being in them, or perhaps don't know how to do it. What art, what poetry, do you see in that? Denounce depravity and filth, only please don't pretend to be poets."

Here one hears Oblomovism raising its voice against Zhdanovism which was still in the womb of time.

Despite Oblomov's sympathy for his fellow men, he is unable to be of any ser-Vice to them. He cannot even help himself. The few years he spent in the Civil Service did not develop his character. He worked under a chief "who never failed to one to encourage one; he did not forget even

a village beauty in response to the ardent served long enough he recommended for promotion; and those who had not, for a bonus or Order of Merit."

Occasionally Oblomov had to do a little noting and drafting, but these bored him stiff. "At this rate," he asked himself, "when am I to live?" The crisis came when he sent off to Astrakhan a telegram meant for Archangel. An enquiry was set on foot as to who was responsible; and Oblomov, not daring to face it, produced a medical certificate and resigned from the service. That was the end of his official career.

EVEN signing his name was too much trouble for Oblomov. After he resigned from the civil service he spent most of his life in bed. To get out of bed was a ritual and an ordeal for him; and one of the most trying duties of his servant, Zahar, was to wake him up despite his groanings, grum-blings, abuses, renewed snores, sittings-up and lyings-down again. Zahar suited his master perfectly. He woke him up, dressed him in the morning and undressed him in the evening, and spent the rest of the day doing nothing and caring nothing for the bugs and cockroaches which crawled about and the dust and dirt which had accumulated on the furniture in Oblomov's rooms.

In his own way Zahar was devoted to Oblomov. He could not think of any other existence than that in which he dressed his master, fed him, imposed upon him, growled at him and inwardly reverenced him. In the last chapter of the book this comic character takes on a tragic guise. Oblomov is dead and Zahar is turned out of the house. Reduced to penury and drunkenness, he roams about in rags, begging for his daily bread, visiting his master's grave every day and muttering to himself: "To think that the Lord should have taken such a man from us! He was a joy to all, he ought to have lived a hundred years... I've been to his grave today; whenever I come to these parts I go there; I sit down and cry and cry. Sometimes I lose myself thinking, it is so still around, and suddenly I fancy he is calling me, 'Zahar, Zahar', and a shudder runs down my back! We shall never have another

Oblomov had no use for those masterful men who always looked as though they wanted to saddle human beings and ride on their backs. After all, what did all human efforts amount to? "One desired a thing yesterday, and desperately, passion-ately, longs for it today, but the day after tomorrow he will blush for having desired it and then curse life, whether the desire had, or had not, been fulfilled." As for himself, he would prefer to live under a placid sky, never lit by the lightnings of great joys or resounding with the thunder of great sorrows. That was his conception of a happy life; and at the age of 30 we see him, enervated by his soft and listless life, "the soft down on his chin, turned into stiff bristles, his shining eyes dimmed, his waist broadened, his hair coming out cruelly. He was turned 30; he had not advanced a step in any direction and was still standing on the threshold of his life, exactly as he did ten years before".

Occasionally Oblomov thought of the problems of life, but "they whirled

through his mind, like frightened birds, roused suddenly by a ray of sunlight in a slumbering ruin". Shunning the world, Oblomov became afraid of the world. He felt stifled in a crowd; stepped into a boat, feeling uncertain of reaching the other bank; drove in a carriage, expecting the horses to bolt and the carriage to crash. Once he was on the verge of a nervous break-down, and his friends and doctors advised him to go abroad. "But, who ever goes to America or Egypt?" asked Oblomov. "The English do, but that is the way God made them; besides they have no room to live at home."

Yet, every now and then, Oblomov realises the inanity of his life. Why is it, he asks himself, that his life is not like the life of others? Theirs, like the morning, gradually acquires colour and turns into a blazing day, when everything is seeth-ing with movement in the vivid noonday light, and then gradually subsides and grows dimmer, until it fades naturally into the evening twilight. "No," cries Oblomov. "My life began by fading out."

YET for a few weeks it looked as if even his life might blossom out into something rich and beautiful. Thanks to an old class-mate of his-a German, Stolz, who, with his restless energy, is a perfect foil to him—Oblomov meets a spirited girl, Olga, and falls in love with her and she returns his love. But even love is too strenuous for him; he lacks the energy and self-confidence to pursue it. He is perpetually tormented by the thought that he is unworthy of her. Does Olga really love him? How can she? Did she not see him yawning the other day and did she not suppress a secret smile when he shut his mouth instantly with a snap? How could he, a nincompoop, prevent her from falling in love with some he-man like Stolz?

Eventually, Olga gives him up in despair. "I had thought," she tells him, "that I could revive you, that you could still live for my sake; but you died long ago. You are gentle, you are honourable, you are tender like a dove, you hide your head under your wing, you are ready to spend all your life cooing under a roof."

Eventually Stolz marries Olga; and Oblomov receives the news, not with dismay or disappointment, but with relief that she had found someone more worthy of her. Oblomov himself drifts involuntarily into a marriage with his old, divorced and illiterate landlady, who ministers to his animal comforts and looks after him as a hen looks after her chicken.

Before Olga leaves him, she tenderly asks: "Who left a curse on you, Ilya Oblo-mov? What have you done? You are kind, intelligent, affectionate, noble... and you are doomed. What has ruined you? There is no name for that evil."

"Yes, there is," whispered Oblomov, almost inaudibly.

She looked at him, enquiringly, with her eyes full of tears.

"Oblomovism," he whispered.

There is no room for Oblomovism in Soviet Russia.

(To Be Continued)

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research Institut

FIRST PRIZE: RUNNERS-UP UNDER 3 ERRORS Rs. 2,000

June 3, 1962

NOTE: In "QUOTES" No. 65, the Quotation Clues are selected so that as far as possible in each one of them there is some suggestion to help solvers find the right word. Use your skill to spot the CORRECT WORD of each QUOTATION CLUE from among the words listed on the right.

OPEN TO ALL READERS CLOSES:

5 P.M., FRIDAY.

CONTEST OF SKILL

JUNE 8, 1962.

CLUES ACROSS

Scottish poet

Re. I/- Per Entry

- Through his mind fluttered a hope that it might be, and he decided to say as little as possible.
- It was far more definite and final than
- Went at full speed
- 12 Transmit
- Magnitude

'Or you might try one of the --- on the golf-course.'

EASIER THAN EVER TO WIN

- The room looked unfamiliar to her, chilled
- 'Would you me, if I passed on?'
- His heart was still full of song. "That would be a —— end to such a fine day."
- I'm sorry, I just can't —— it. Maybe it will come to me.

CLUES DOWN

- Governs
- Deduce
- The thought made him —. The st hissed under the cover of the kettle. . The steam
- He's the kind that —— easily. And it's true, what I said to him.
- 'Nothing occurred in the --,' she re-
- As I entered the door, three or four soldiers glanced up at me curiously.
- His tall, slim figure showed to advantage in the —— clothes.
- The tell-tale were no secret to them.
- 14 A jot
- A large plant with a single branched woody trunk 16

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JULY 1; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JULY 8. Address Envelope:—"QUOTES" No. 65, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702. BOMBAY-1.

NOTE: If you send your Envelope by Registered Post, please omit "Post Bag No. 702" from above address.

-----ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" No. 65-----

QUOTES" No. 65

(ALL ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED) CLOSING DATE (both Local & Final) 5 P.M., FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1962.

In entering this Contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally bind-

Re. 1 - ENTRY No. -----Enclosed

Cash Receipts.

FULL NAME in Ink and Block Letters

Mrs. Miss

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QUOTES" No. 65

RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 69 ENTER REGULARLY AND WIN

QUOTES" No.

ALL THE CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE QUOTATION CLUES ARE

TO BE FOUND AMONG THE

WORDS GIVEN BELOW IN ALPHA BETICAL ORDER

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Here's "QUOTES" No. 65, with the new look! This literary pastime is purely one of skill in which every clue permits of only a one-word solution. There are two types of clues:—

(1) The regular type, the solutions of which are to be found in any standard dictionary.

(2) Quotation clues, printed in thicker type, the answers of which when filled in complete the square.

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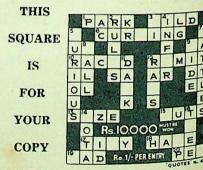
These quotation clues are actual quotations from authors, and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and, therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest, because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in the original work.

CORRECT SOLUTION

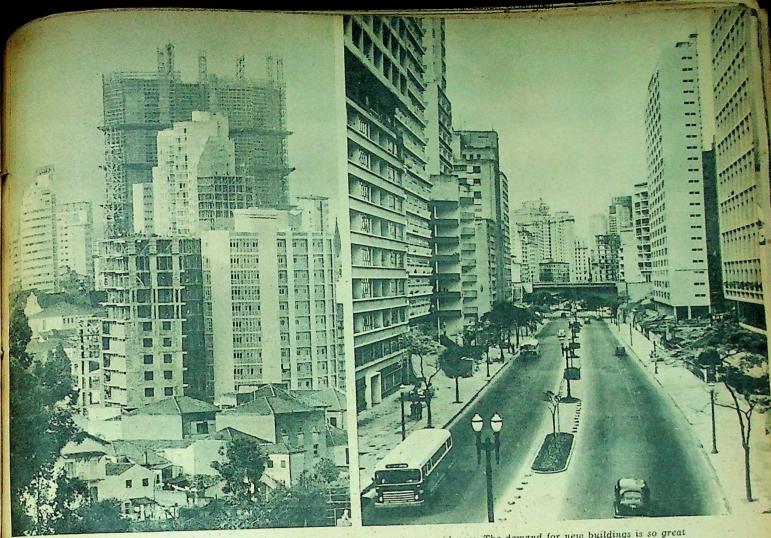
TO "QUOTES" No. 64 ON P. 69

Important Announcement

The sources of the quotation clues of "QUOTES" NO. 65 will be published along with the Correct Solution in the "WEEKLY" of July 1, 1962.



ONLY



SKYSCRAPERS, some still under construction, dominate the old-style private residences. The demand for new buildings is so great that supplies of steel and timber cannot keep pace with it. Right: The sharp, clean lines of the buildings of Sao Paulo make a striking contrast with the customary grim huddle of an industrial city.

HE very mention of Brazil reminds one of the famous cities of Rio de Janeiro and Brasilia, but it is. hardly known that the heart of modern Brazil pumps away in neither of these two cities-it

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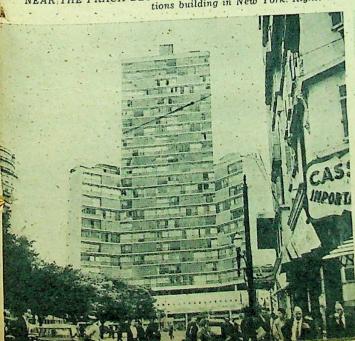
e. 69 WIN

is to be found in Sao Paulo.

About 200 miles from Rio and following the south-west-erly trend of the coast, Sao Paulo seemed unlikely to present much of a challenge to the other cities as recently as 1952. In that year the city had a budget deficit of 6 million dollars. But industrialists wondering where to site their factories looked hard at this up-thrusting city and moved in Sao Paulo is now a flourishing city with a population nearing the 4 million mark, and 40 per cent. of Brazilian industry has made its home in the area. The credit for the rise in Sao Paulo's status mainly goes to ex-President Janio Quadros.

CARLES AND CO

NEAR THE PRACA DES ESTRELAS, one of the modern office blocks bears a far from coincidental resemblance to the United Nations building in New York. Right: The city centre from the Rua Xavier de Toledo.







Balasaraswati

by MAYA RAO



W ITH feverish excitement I knocked door. She was staying in the Capital's was the morning following her brilliance at ringing in my ears. As I stepped into the was still with her usual charming smile and asked to the eagerness how I had liked her recital. The hater mind showering on her seemed too ordinary to the other region. unnerved me, and all the words of praise the plant of showering on her seemed too ordinary to expend the So I meekly presented her a copy of a leading which, in appreciating her art, had said: "Balasaraswa all criticism... she is the image of Bharata Natyam

Balasaraswati glanced through the eulogic quietly and, with a reminiscent look in her eyes, ask ou know that statement?" Saying this she showed me on her of Bharata Natyam..."

Caressing the scars with reverence, "Bala" we this to the great Guru Kandappa Pillai who trained dancer. I was hardly four when my grandmother D mother Jayamma entrusted me to his care for



Natyam. He was an excellent teacher and never tolerated the much accent on grant and never tolerated the much accent on the much accent on the much accent on the much accent on the much accent of the much accent on the much accent of the much accent on the much accent of the much accent on the much accent of the much accent on the much accent of the much accent on the much accent on the much accent on th est mistake in the rendering of adavus or jatis, not to me arduous training he g major items." Balasaraswati mentioned quite a few incidents she was punished severely for a fault in her foot-work or in gave me interesting of neating mudras. The nature of punishment, at times, was term ance at Kanchipurar

"Once," Balasaraswati recalled, "all my friends were busy hall she danced before a ding in the courtvard just outside the room where my Guru was bailed and dance patroling my class. It ing in the courtyard just outside the room where my Guru was critics and dance patro ing my class. In spite of myself my thoughts kept straying too hailed as a child prodi my friends as a result of which I was making mistakes in a particular adavu. My Guru made me repeat the adavu for hours without a moment's rest. Even at the end of that outsing of her brilliant of faltered in one of the hastas owing to exhaustion. He would tolerate this lapse. Believe it or not, he walked into the kind and today Balasarass and brought a burning piece of coal and placed it in my mother and granny peeped in with tearful eyes, but to her credit and her my mother and granny peeped in with tearful eyes, but to her credit and her is esteemed as the sole guardian of his disciple."

These punishments did not dampen her enthusiasm. On the subject and talked ir contrary they gave Balasaraswati the zeal to work harder to the shops near that her Guru's rare smile of appreciation. In the midst of her of bangles, dolls, saritalking about and asked me with a challenging look: the centres for shopping the shopping performed with such dexterity and the centres for shopping the cen

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so much accent on grace? I must be grateful to my Guru for the rated the and arduous training he gave."

Thus, as she recalled the period of her training, Balasaraswati work or is save me interesting details of her arangetral, her first performs, was term ance at Kanchipuram at the Kamakshi Amman Koil, where were busy she danced before a distinguished gathering of musicians, vidwans, was critically account to the control of th critics and dance patrons. At this maiden performance itself she was traying to hailed as a child prodigy and awarded a gold medal for the versati-nistakes in lity with which she rendered some of the beautiful and most intriadavu for cate items of Bharata Natyam. This debut marked the beginof that ords ling of her brilliant career. After that she has been invited to almost all the important festivals of music and dance in the country.

And today Balasaraswati has hundreds of inspired performances to be the credit and her credit and her credit and the country.

tin my ber credit and her name is known throughout the country.

Unlike other "great dancers", she talks very little about the ngst us a success of her career. When I tried to discuss one of her concerts at Bombay during an important dance festival, "Bala" ignored the subject and talks instead of the pretty dolls and bangles found usiasm. On subject and talked instead of the pretty dolls and bangles found in the shops near that particular concert hall! That is Balasaraswati over. All cities and towns fascinate her for their variety of bangles, dolls, saris and sweets. She is always looking forward ok: "Have!" to invitations to dance in Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi, her favourterity and with the centres for shopping!

(Please Turn Over)



White Hill A HOUSE

(Photographs by DHIRAJ CHAWDA)

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CC-0. Bhagavad Ra



Balasaraswati

(CONTINUED)

Similarly, when I asked her recently about her performances in Japan at the East-West Music Conference, she said: "Any of the delegates will tell you all about it—you come and see my collection of Japanese toys, cameras and pictures of the famous Japanese plays..."

On enquiring from one of the delegates I was pleased to hear that "Bala" received an encore for each of her items, and amongst those who cheered her was Margot Fonteyn, the famous ballerina. This reminds me of a remark made by a



connoisseur of art that Balasaraswati is no "mere artiste but a woman as artiste".

"Bala" has carved a niche for herself in the world of Bharata Natyam and is looked upon by many as a personification of the art itself. She is more popularly known as the Queen of Abhinaya. Though she deserves all praise for her abhinaya one should not be misled to believe that she is not as proficient in the nritta or nritya aspects of her art. In fact she is the only dancer I have seen who performs the most difficult items of nritta with unique precision and grace. At every recital she selects two or three complicated nritta items. I saw her at her best in the recital held at the National Dance Seminar in 1958, where "Bala" danced to a large gathering of experts, consisting of musicians, nattuvanars and dancers. She was to present the Sankeerna jatiswara and Useni Swarajati, both very long items. Unfortunately, she was not in the best of health, having just recovered from a serious illness. Most of us tried to dissuade her from presenting both the items at one stretch. But she was adamant. She spoke little as she squatted on the floor and chewed pan waiting for the time of performance. Her smile was not there, but there was a mysterious glint in her eyes.

Once the curtain rose "Bala" almost ran on to the stage and began her recital with a brisk alarippu, after which she danced the Sankeerna jatiswara to an entranced audience which watched her for

full forty-five minutes, marvelling at the clarity and fluency of her style. She did not stop there; she immediately took up the Useni Swarajati and gave a beautiful rendering, punctuating each passage with the most intricate thirmanams. As she finished she was greeted with a thunderous ovation. Moved with this overwhelming response to her nritta items, "Bala" exclaimed: "So I have won the battle!" Evidently she was referring to the critical ism levelled against her that she could no longer render the nritta items. "Bala" later remarked: "I wanted to retrieve my reputation for nritta; otherwise it would be unjust to Guru Kandappa."

While speaking of abhinaya, I asked "Bala" why she devotes the major part of her programme to this aspect of dance. Relating several instances when she had seen abhinaya fall into a state of stagnation, she added: "When I began my career I found the dance teachers giving more importance to nritta, neglecting abhinaya totally. As a result, the art of dancing tended to become a matter of mere mastery over technique; thereby the real essence of dance, which is to give expression to life's moods in its variety, stood ignored. Seeing this I strove hard to give



impetus to this forgotten art or should I say I wanted to give life to the art

In her efforts in this direction, Balasaraswati's grandmother, the celebrated Veena Dhanam and her mother Jayamma, a renowned musician of the day; proved of immense help by enriching her repertoire with the choicest padams and jawalis. Even today, her mother is Balasaraswati's chief source of inspiration in presenting abhinaya.

Apart from this Balasaraswati spent the best years of her career with Mylapore Gouri Amma, an ace exponent of the art of abhinaya, who inspired her to reach great heights in the rendering of some of the choice pieces of expressive dancing. "Bala" also sought the aid of Vedantam Laxminarayana Sastri, an eminent scholar

of abhinaya in the studying some vital

Thus, after havi study of the subject, 'a definite system of certs. Usually she tapadams to delineate the Navarasas and different Nayakas a preciation of her abd devotee of the dance tribute: "Music swe and echoes in her m

While dwelling mastery over abhin that though she tak at each recital sher favourite padan baro ("Krishna, co watched Balasaras" over a dozen times I have known h that this particus show at every perfowatch her weave a single musical phra and amazing imagi

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of abhinaya in the Kuchipudi style, in studying some vital points of the art.

Thus, after having made a thorough study of the subject. "Bala" has introduced a definite system of abhinaya in her concerts. Usually she takes up at least teneral definition of the Navarasas and also to portray different Nayakas and Nayikas. In appreciation of her abhinaya another ardent devotee of the dance has paid her an apt tribute: "Music sweeps through her body and echoes in her movements."

While dwelling on Balasaraswati's mastery over abhinaya, I must mention that though she takes nine or ten padams at each recital she puts her best in her favourite padam: Krishna nee begane baro ("Krishna, come quickly"). I have watched Balasaraswati's recitals keenly over a dozen times during the six years I have known her, but I still feel that this particular song steals the show at every performance. It is a treat to watch her weave a thousand tales out of a single musical phrase, drawing upon a rich and amazing imagination.

The first time I saw her dance, she gave an exhaustive interpretation of the word "baro", beckoning Krishna. I saw her offer a series of varied expressions to signify a mother's affectionate call cajoling her beloved son, next a call of inviting pranks from his friends, then a call of amour from the love-sick gopis.

A RARE PERSONALITY

On another occasion, I saw her enlarging upon the word "Jagadodharana" (Saviour of the World) from the song which tells of the various episodes from the life of Krishna. During the course of the portrayal she gave such a poignant description of Draupadi's plaintive call to Krishna to save her from the tyranny of Dussasana that even the persons who could not follow the text of her song were moved to tears. These are only a few of the many instances when I have seen Balasaraswati casting a spell on the audience. What amazes me even today is the manner in which her movements and expressions undergo a complete transformation the moment she gets absorbed in the dance. One feels that on the stage she becomes a rare personality altogether, away from the sedate figure sitting on the carpet of the green room, chewing betelleaves and cracking jokes.

Holding two of the most coveted honours of the country, the Sangeet Natak Akademi Award and the Padma Bhushan, Balasaraswati believes in presenting the classical dance art to the people in all its purity. She deplores the use of stage decor and light effects as she feels that these modern devices cut her away from her audience. At a recital held in a well-equipped hall, she stopped in the middle of a performance and asked for the spotlight to be turned off.

Before starting the recital it is customary for her to stand on the stage for a few minutes and study her audience before she begins the invocatory piece. Unlike many of the dancers today, "Bala" insists on simple make-up and costume, as she needs the freedom and ease to dance.

An upholder of tradition, "Bala" would

fight with a crusader's zeal if anyone were to desecrate the sanctity of the art of Bharata Natyam. She is held in great esteem by all her contemporaries, who recognise her mastery both in theory and on the stage.

I remember a very interesting incident when "Bala" asserted herself in discussion on Bharata Natyam. Rukmini Devi was giving an account of her pioneering efforts in popularising Bharata Natyam and re-marked that she excluded sringara rasa from her repertoire as it seemed too erotic for a respectable woman to present. Balasaraswati could not brook this state-ment. She raised such a hot discussion in favour of sringara rasa quot-

ing chapter and verse from Kshetrajna, Jayadeva and many other poets that the other had to give in. "Bala" would not stop there. The same evening she gave a recital before a select gathering of dancers and critics when she rendered four padams based on the sringara rasa and challenged the audience to point out any obscenity or loud eroticism in them.

When I asked for her opinion on the Bharata Natyam dancers of the day, "Bala" gave a frank account of some of the items that disturbed her: one of them being the craze of the dancers to pose at the end of each jati (rhythmical passage) and stanza of the varnam or tillana. "This habit of





WITH HER MOTHER (Photographs: Dhiraj Chawda 4; Govind Vidyarthi, 1.)

striking a sculpturesque pose at the end of each passage irritates me, as it spoils the beautiful conception of dance as a poem in gesture." In pursuance of her belief, "Bala" hardly poses even in her tillana. The dignity and beauty of her subtle stances enrich the dance whatever the items may be. In the words of a critic, "Balasaraswati's dancing is thrilling and beautiful without being glamorous." It is this style that she hopes to establish in the course of her lifetime.

Though "Bala" has devoted all her life to Bharata Natyam she has no prejudice against other dance styles. She has a great fascination for Hindustani music as well as for Kathak, the North Indian style of classical dance.

On one occasion when Birju Maharaj, a fine exponent of Kathak, was performing some intricate foot-work with great agility at a programme in Madras arranged by her, "Bala" requested him to perform another series of foot-work to the accompaniment of her favourite tillana. He agreed and she walked up to the stage and sat on the carpet along with the accompanists and sang the tillana, heedless of the disapproving look of conservative critics. According to them it was highly improper for a veteran artiste to sit with the accompanists and sing for another dancer. But to "Bala" it was a day of glory to see her tillana being rendered so exquisitely. She recalled on that occasion the words of her Guru who had told her that she would appreciate the subtle beauty of tillana only after studying it with an ace interpreter of the style from the North.

It is indeed an experience of immense joy to see Balasaraswati on the dance stage.

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WITH SILVER MEDAL ROUND MY NECK-

> by B. R. Chopra

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The Illustrated Weekly of

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And for Iyengar i has spent the best p people stand on their human bodies in kno known as yoga.

Yoga has been p the centuries and, in come very popular i Much of the credit for heritage of physical

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The Illustrated Weekly of India June 3, 1962

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I s it possible for the human body to be tied up into knots? To a layman, the very suggestion may seem fantastic and ridiculous, but ask the question of B. K. S. Iyengar, the famous exponent of yoga, and he will simply reply: "It's child's play."

And for Iyengar it's certainly that, since he has spent the best part of his life in making people stand on their heads, and in tying up human bodies in knots, an exercise otherwise known as yoga.

Yoga has been practised in India through the centuries and, in recent years, it has be-come very popular in Western countries, too. Much of the credit for placing India's "ancient heritage of physical well-being" on an un-



YOGANIDRASANA. Right: Kandasana



leacher lyengar Yoga

matched pedestal goes to 44-year-old, Bangalore-born B. K. S. Iyengar, described in foreign countries as "one of the most fashionable experts in the art, who has brought the elite and the intelligentsia within the charm of yoga". Prominent among Iyengar's many famous students abroad are the 86-year-old Queen Mother of Belgium, violinist Yehudi Menuhin, pianist Lily Kraus, Mrs. William Harkness of the Harkness Foundation, Mrs. Aldous Huxley, pianists Malenzinsky and Clifford Curzon; while at home he has trained hundreds of men, women and children in the yogic cult.

Iyengar's meeting with violinist Yehudi Menuhin in Bombay, in 1952, not only proved to be the turning-point of his career, but also greatly enhanced his prestige. But for Menuhin, he says, "I would have remained a little-known yoga instructor." And Menuhin, who still continues to be one of his devoted pupils, acknowledges the greatness of his yoga guru, "who is my best violin teacher. He taught me through yoga how to play."

These words of affection are inscribed on a costly watch presented by Menuhin to Iyengar. According to the famous violinist, it is easy to teach what to play, but not how to play. The art of yoga, he says, has given him a better command over the violin and greater flexibility.

Menuhin was responsible for spreading Iyengar's fame abroad, and also for sponsoring his Continental tours during which he has taught several celebrated personalities and has given demonstrations of yogic exercises at practically all important centres. In 1956, he was

introduced by Menuhin to Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, and was her guest for some weeks. Iyengar's appointment at the Royal Palace of Belgium brought him into great prominence and his feats made headline news in European papers. "The Indian Who Made The Queen Stand On Her Head", announced one headline.

Iyengar speaks with great admiration and affection of his "oldest and royal pupil". At first, when the Queen expressed a desire to go in for yogic exercises at such an advanced age, Iyengar was taken aback. However, to be on the safe side, he desired to get her medical report before putting her "through her paces". The Queen, however, refused, and insisted that either he taught her yogic exercises straight away or returned home. Iyengar had no option but to go ahead. He taught her the head-balancing exercises in the beginning, fearing and praying each time that nothing should go wrong. Fifteen days later, the Queen Mother approached him with an affectionate: "Thank you, my heart trouble is much better now." Although this left the yoga expert stupefied, he was jubilant and overwhelmed, naturally.

The Queen regularly practises the art and, at 86, she can easily walk four or five miles a day. "I am delighted with the extraordinary results. It gives such wonderful force to my mind and body!" she stated in a testimonial to Iyengar. As a mark of appreciation of his knowledge and skill in the art, the Queen, who is a good sculptress, prepared a fine bronzehead of her "Yoga Guru" and presented it to Iyengar at the time of his departure home.

Iyengar's physical culture displays in yogic fashion have often received wide publicity in the world Press. According to a widely-read American fortnightly, his teachings "have given a new twist to society"; according to another paper: "One of the masters of yoga exercises, Mr. Iyengar gave an illustrated lecture of the ancient art, using his own rubber-muscled body like modelling clay to demonstrate positions. He writhed about the stage in postures that would make a contortionist creak."

In India, too, Iyengar has a very big following. He has taught hundreds of students, men and women, since 1937. He also trained the cadets of the National Defence Academy at Khadakvasla, whose ex-Commandant, Maj-Gen. Habibullah, and the present Commandant, Rear-Admiral B. A. Samson, are his disciples. He gives private tuitions in Poona, where he resides, and in Bombay, where doctors send him "hopeless cases" for yogic treatment.

A TB patient himself, Iyengar has not only mastered the deadly disease through yoga, but has also helped many a sufferer to recover from similar ailments. According to him, yoga has a cure for radical diseases without recourse to surgery. The asanas and pranayama also cure the inhibitions and modifications of the restless mind. Iyengar feels that foreigners go in for yogic exercises as "yoga promotes peace and poise of mind very quickly".

He commends the practice of yoga to every individual beset with emotional imbalance; as a curative medium for a variety of maladies; and for counterbalancing the tempo of modern life. He maintains that yoga is conducive to longevity. longevity.

BORN in a big family, Iyengar was the eleventh of thirteen children. After passing his matriculation, he desired to go in for higher studies, but circumstances prevented him from doing so. When he was looking out for a job, he was afflicted with tuberculosis. As each day passed, the disease began to take root in him and his parents were sceptical of the success of therapeutic measures. His brother-in-law, Mr. Krishnamacharya, who arrived then from Nepal, prescribed yogic exercises for him for the cure of the disease. And, under the guidance of Mr. Krishnamacharya, who had mastered the technique of yoga as found in Nepal, Iyengar not only conquered the dread disease, but also became one of the greatest exponents of the art. At 44, Iyengar today is a perfect picture of health and rarely complains of even a headache. Happily married, he has six children, the youngest being five years old. He has already initiated them into the cult of yoga.

Iyengar is at present writing a book on yoga which, when completed, bids fair to become a classic on the subject.

Iyengar has been abroad in 1954, 1956, 1960 and 1961, and is due to leave for London this month to conduct classes under the auspices of the Asian Music Circle, and to train the famous British pianist, Mr. Clifford Curzon. He will also visit Switzerland.

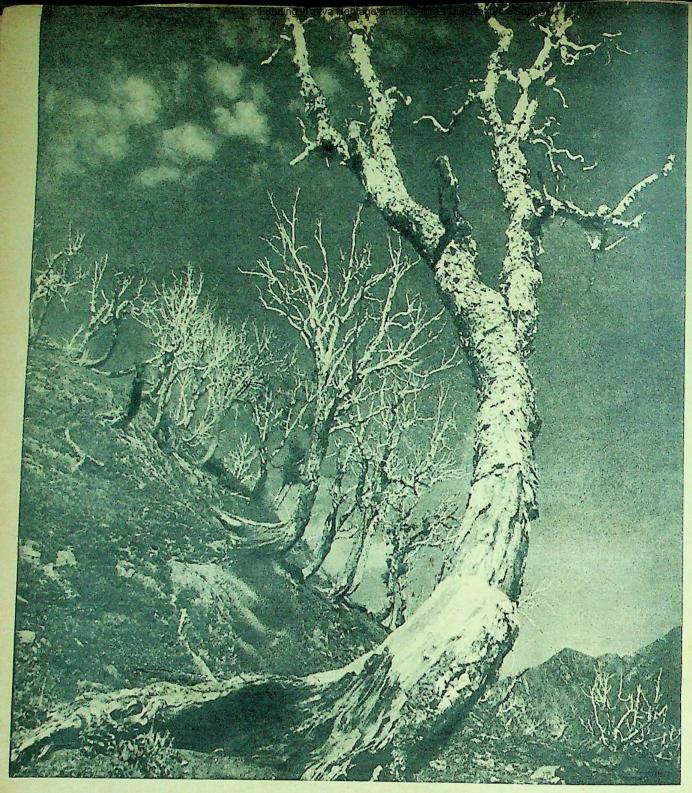
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NATARAJASANA. Right: With one of his famous pupils, the Queen Mother of Belgium.



"THIS IS THE DEAD LAND ..."

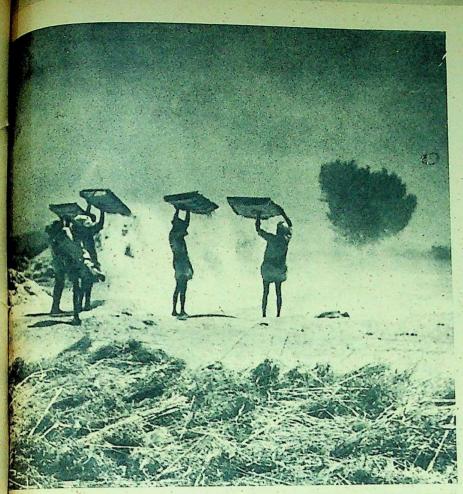


PHOTOGRAPHERS OF INDIA - 17

HE diverse aspects of a personality remain apart in most individuals and do not contribute to total development. But when they fuse together to form an integrated whole, as in the case of Dr. M. S. Randhawa, one envies the inner harmony of a radiant mind.

Presently an adviser to the Planning Commission, Dr. Randhawa's passion for art has mainly contributed to the integration of self and outlook. Randhawa's photography is dominated by his "magnificent obsession" with Nature. To him Nature's face is ever-revealing of the wonders of life. Caught in one breath of season or another, its countenance records the saga of life.

It was in Almora, when on a trek to the Pindari glacier, that his love for photography was aroused. The stark simplicity of his photographs is so pronounced and meaningful that, in 1952, the Government of India selected for designing a small denominational stamp a drawing



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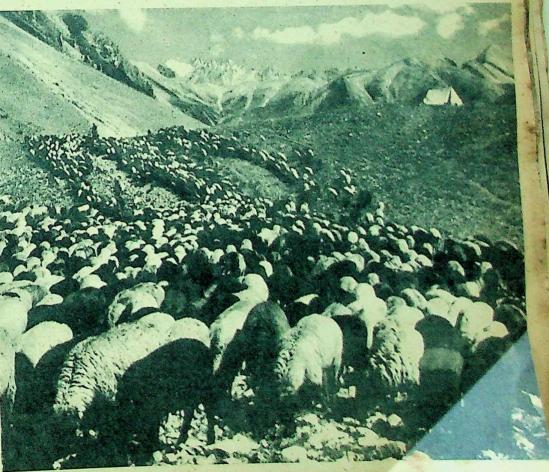


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TOWARDS PASTURES NEW

June 3, 1962

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A Professor's Odyssey

The present reviewer has not had the pleasure of meeting Professor Sadhan Kumar Ghosh. But, less than a year ago, he propounded a theory concerning him: there was no such person. Virginia Woolf, or possibly Lady Ottoline Morrell, had never died. Either of these worthy Bloomsburyites was still living and holding court secretly in Calcutta. Now Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, in a recent issue of the New Statesman, has propounded his view. It strikes him that Professor Ghosh might have been the erstwhile "Oliver Edwards" of the London Times, although Oliver was hitherto assumed to be former editor Sir William Haley. liam Haley.

With My English Journey (Writers' Workshop, Calcutta), Professor Ghosh has moved into the limelight. As in the case of Mr. Nirad Chaudhuri, the British Council sponsored the Professor's odyssey—and a most percipient pilgrim he became. Before he went westward he—like Mr. Chaudhuri—knew more about English writers, books, food and places of literary pilgrimage than the majority of the insular Anglo-Saxons know themselves. His impressions have not Mr. Chaudhuri's cerebral depths but they are all the more readable for their simplicity and naivete. naivete.

"My memory of England is a miscellany," says the Professor, and indeed this "miscellany" is full of good things. Our author reacts to the English scene with gusto and acute appreciation. He enjoys the "mild miasmal air of Oxford" and the smell of fallen horse chestnut leaves in Hampstead. He sees in the tub-thumpers at Marble Arch "the nervous tics of society". He harvests the best of others, e.g., F. L. Lucas on Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch rolling his phrases out like "separate little grilled entrecotes", or Sir Harold Nicolson's allusion to Ronald Firbank "dealing in porcelain hints". Nicolson's allusion to Ronald Firbank "dealing in porcelain hints". Professor Ghosh has his predilections (which frequently coincide with those of this reviewer). He prefers Angus Wilson's short stories to his novels, and he does not think much of the work of Kingsley (Redbrick) Amis, Ivy Compton-Burnett, Elizabeth Bowen or Iris Murdoch. He has his major betes noires—Dr. Leavis and Edith Sitwell. And he is a ruthless ferret for juicy literary scandal: George Orwell, like Carlyle, was incapable of discharging his marital duties. Somerset Maugham's marriage did not "click". Sir Hugh Walpole was a homosexual manque. George Moore and D. H. Lawrence were sadists. Roy Campbell and Dylan Thomas made frequent passes at the maids in the "George" public house—and there is a mention of some critic's suggestion that Wordsworth may have had incestuous relations with Dorothy, his sister.

It is all good grist to the Professor's receptive, acquisitive mind. One likes best the possible apocryphal story of the Russian VIPs who were taken to see the relics in Dr. Johnson's room at Pembroke College, Oxford, and, up to the last moment, were under the impression that they were visiting the habitat of Dr. Hewlitt Johnson, the Red Dean!

My English Journey could, however, be enhanced with careful cutting and editing. The last few chapters are amorphous and repetitive. An index is needed. But why cavil at this nicely produced volume? By Ghosh! It's good, nostalgic fare.

Tedious Chronicle

PIERRE Boulle, author of The Bridge on the River Kwai, continues with an eastern locale in The Chinese Executioner (Seccontinues with an eastern locate in The Chinese Executioner (Secker & Warburg, 13s. 6d.). This torpid essay in chinoiserie tells of Mr. Chong who, following paternal tradition, becomes a number one chopper-off of heads. He is not initially suited to the job, being basically a softie, and soon absconds to the wilds of Yunnan where he finds a blind, unattractive wife and an esoteric poison. On returning to his home province a decade later and reassuming his hereditary post, he realises that, by surreptitiously poisoning criminals just before they reach the scaffold, he can save them much anguish of mind. His perfidy is exposed and he is condemned to death as a murderer by a very garrulous Mandarin Attorney General.

Mandarin Attorney General.

The tale is adumbrated in the course of much tedious palaver—over chop suey—between Monsieur Boulle and a venerable Chinese doctor. Whenever it tends to become mildly interesting—and grisily—the author bids the elderly narrator to desist, with the result that there are frequent "abortions" in the story. To complicate matters, there is M. Boulle's "Guardian Angel", a phantom-like creature who from time to time utters dull, pseudo-metaphysical wisecracks. Apart from a horrific and skilful description of an infestation of rats there is little an infestation of rats there is little of value in the meandering chronicle, which makes one yearn for the refreshing burlesque of The Wallet of Kai Lung.

Malayan Muse

T. Wignesan, author of Tracks of a Tramp (Rayirath Publications, Kuala Lumpur; MS 3.25), born of immigrant Tamil parents in Malaya, left school in 1950, a "wastrel son", and tramped across India and Ceylon; he was in England in 1954, working as tax clerk, dishwasher, cook, department dishwasher, cook, department store book salesman; in Germany store book salesman; in Germany he was forester's assistant, farm hand, factory labourer, courier, car salesman, actor, university lecturer and translator. When the present reviewer met him in Calcutta in 1960, he was en route to Malaya to collect material for an anthology of Malayan creative writing. He has emerged now in another protean shape—poet—and the volume is described as "a first collection of poems, 1951-61".

As poetry, they are poor stuff:

As poetry, they are poor stuff; as autobiographical accounts, they might pass. Occasionally a memorable line flashes across the page muddy, fingerless rivers

Down with crocodile logs to the & Malacca Sea.

O masters of my fading August dream

For should you take this life from me

Know you any better

but the total effect is of tortured platitudinosity, syntactical clumsi-ness, prosodic indifference, and strained originality, revealed in lines such as

Do you wonder, wonder, little clock

What makes the grandfather

Or his aching belly in the depth

Cries to the world it's sick! and:

O stretched bowel of your potted paunch

In perspiration's puffing piped

This seems to me to reveal an astonishing failure of poetic sensibility. Mr. Wignesan's amazing self-assurance makes it worse after thanking "Colin Wilson, Stephen Spender, D. J. Enright" for reading and criticising his poetry, he adds, "I cannot say that I have always followed their advice."

Would that he had! For here is talent getting greatly dissipated, a Muse whose Icarian wings need clipping. "An important thing in living! Is to know when to go," says one poem in this collection. Also where to go. And how to get there. Mr. Wignesan is too busy tramping all over the world to realise the truth of Yeats' remark that "Beauty is difficult, very difficult, and a man must wear his heart out on the rocks before he finds it."

Impressive Study

THE Hindu Woman by Margaret Cormack (Asia, Rs. 10.50) is an impressive work. The painstaking preciseness of analysis of data, collected from different parts of India, and the mellow humanism that characterises the treatment make the volume a meaningful study, instead of the dull reportage one generally meets with on such subjects.

That Dr. Cormack was born in India and spent twenty-one years here and has emotional tendrils to reach the wide embracing bran-ches of her knowledge of the peobran-

The text offers a general picture of Indian women from various strata of life, mostly based on the ten women interviewed by the author. The information gathered covers the full journey of life and is properly edited, but a little more personal colouration would have made it more alive. Case histories by themselves do not tend to make beguiling reading, but, happily here, the patronising tone is absent. There is also no cloying sentimentalism of attitude or any irritating romanticism—the usual drawbacks of women writers of the Orient.

Dr. Cormack brings to the subject a fresh approach, avoiding all the banal cliches, and strikes a balance between the reality of the situation and the goal of a welfare state, the tight corset strings of frumpish, medieval customs and the stupendous social changes visualised by social legislation. Seeks the bond of unity that ties together the highly sophisticated intelligence of the Hindu women in the ministry, the administration, the professions and in the creative world with the naivete of the women in the mines, in the fields or home.

However, a tendency to generalise can be seen in presenting the hand-picked cases of three

The title is, in a way, misleading, for the author has interviewed Muslims, Sikhs and Christians as well. On this touchstone alone would one guarantee the genuineness of the writer's findings, for the Indian woman's moral makeup is a quintessence of all these religions, cultures and socio-economic conditions, all melted down in a pervasive mass.

ches of her knowledge of the peo-ple, their traditions, customs and taboos is not in itself a passport to the understanding of the com-plex personality that is the Hin-du woman. But her appreciation of the scene and the situation is there in sincere measure.

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pioneer women social workers—Abala Bose, Saroj Nalini Dutt and Ramabai Ranade. The rebels—the victorious and the defeated—have to been discussed, and would have made adventurous reading.

not made adventurous reading.

The wind of change has perhaps blown so gustily that what was true yesterday does not apply was true yesterday does not policy. When she quotes one of twos. When she quotes one of the interviewees as saying, "The her interviewees as saying, "The birth of a daughter in the family is considered to be a curse," it certainly does not read like the post-Second World War and post-Independent India, where the whole family pattern and the economic structure are undergoing a great upheaval—in many families the girls are bread-winners now.

But on the whole, The Hindu

But, on the whole, The Hindu Woman tackles a difficult subject with remarkable thoroughness and sincerity.

Minority Problem

THE treatment accorded to mino-THE treatment accorded to minorities has always been one of the causes of world tension and war. Those interested in securing world peace have been naturally interested in creating, some international machinery to guarantee humane treatment and equal rights of citizenship to those belonging to minority groups. But so far the attempts made in this direction either by the concert of Europe in the 19th century or by the League of Nations and the U.N. in the 20th have not been a success.

In his book World Minorities (Bookland, Rs. 16) Professor Junkerstorff of Saint Louis University makes a comprehensive survey of these attempts and of the position of minorities in the countries of Asia and Africa today.

Asia and Africa today.

If there is no minority problem at present in Europe it is, as pointed out by the Professor, due to the extermination of six million Jews by Hitler and to the complete transfer of German and other minority populations from the nations of Central and Eastern Europe. These are solutions which there is no likelihood of being resorted to elsewhere.

In India the problem has been solved by national instead of international action, through suitable and effective provisions in the Constitution. But there are countries which if left to themselves may not be prepared to pursue

BERTRAND RUSSELL, famed philosopher, who celebrated his 90th birthday recently.

this democratic course. Hence the need for action through the U. N. The problem is acute in the states of the Near East, in South Africa, in the African nations like Algeria, with a European minority, and in all other African States with their tribal minorities.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights is the only progressive step taken so far by the U.N. and the Professor uses it as a yardstick with which to measure the situation in South Africa of which he makes a case study.

The book is of special value for the light it throws on the juridical aspect of the problem of minorities and on the next effective step which the U.N. has to take towards solving it.

M. V.

Tribal Monographs

THE Idu Mishmis by Tapan Kumar Baruah (Rs. 3.55) and The Sherdukpens by R. R. P. Sharma (Rs. 5; both published by the North-East Frontier Agency Administration, Shillong) are monographs intended to introduce the tribal people of the region concerned. The former deals with the eastern and north-eastern region and the latter with the westernmost part of this area.

A common treatment of the subject is followed. The land and the people are briefly outlined and their traditional history or migrations are mentioned. Both tribes here considered connect their past with Tibet, or with migrations through Tibet, as do many other Assamese highlanders.

Assamese highlanders.

The second chapter, "Domestic Life", describes the village, house, domestic articles, hunting, fishing, agriculture, and so forth. There are quite marked differences in the present two cases, though shifting cultivation is the main source of income for both. Other differences will be noticed, as for instance in the construction of the house which is "generally erected on a substantial stone foundation" among the Sherdukpens, but conforms rather to the pattern of a longhouse on posts, in the style of the Assamese highlanders, among the Idu Mishmis. Idu Mishmis.

The third section in these monographs discusses the complex problems of social life, characterised in either case by patrilineal clan exogamy, though two classes and a third immigrant group of a different status, with a different history, play an important role among the Sherdukpens.

The fourth part is devoted to political organisation, local administration and customary law. The fifth deals with the complex problems of religious concepts and institutions, describing sacrifices, corponals at the complex problems. ceremonies, etc.

There is an epilogue, glossary, bibliography, a brief index and in the case of the Sherdukpens a chart showing the three classes, their eleven clans with sub-divisions, indicating relations among different clans.

Good photographs and excellent-ly executed line drawings add much to the factual value of these as of the other tribal monographs in this series

Both authors are Divisional Research Officers and both are inspired by a keen interest in, and deep sympathy with, the object of their research. These are two basic pre-conditions for successful anthropological fieldwork and its application or transmission to others. U. R. E. others.



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A CLEVER EFFECT. The over-printing in kharri gives this sari a scintillating fish-scale effect. (Saris: Courtesy Sohan. Photographs by R. N. Vernekar)

HF AR

TN Western India—Gujarat and Raja $oldsymbol{1}$ sthan—among small hills and valleys and the dusty stretches of the desert country, women wear gaily coloured ghagris, a tight fitting choli, and a colourful dupatta over high-headed coiffures. One is left breathless with amazement at the splash of colours-vivid orange and green, bright red and blue, all blended with instinctive taste.

The art of dyeing and decorating fabrics was known to the Indians from the earliest times. They used juices of shrubs and flowers as dyes; starch and mud as resist. Gradually, from this remote and simple origin, evolved the complicated

HOME SECTION

wax-resist process, kalamdar painting, Later it is unrolled bit by bit and moisten. block and discharge printing, and the elaborate bandhana or tie-dye process, unequalled in colour harmony. Perhaps, from the desire to introduce richness and variety arose the art of gold and silver leaf printing. Cloth used for palki coverings, purdahs, toshaks, lihafs, were decorated with silver and gold leaf, as also the veil that adorned the Muslim bride. This mode of ornamenting fabrics is commonly known as kharri printing.

When dyeing and printing was a flourishing industry in India, thousands of printers' families were employed in this work and innumerable designs—each typical of a region or of a villagecould be found. Even today Gujarat, Rajasthan, Karnatak and parts of Maharashtra have a large printing and dyeing community, who do block printing, resist and discharge printing, very efficiently. Kharri printing has remained another speciality of these parts.

In kharri the material used for ornamentation is printed with gum lac, or other adhesive substances thickened with lime, then dried in the shade and rolled up.

COTTON CHECK. This piece has a traditional motif printed in subdued gold kharri on both the border and the pallav.

ed with a damp cloth which is placed over it. When sufficiently damp, gold or silver leaf, or other coloured materials, are pressed against the adhesive pattern. When a gold effect has to be obtained the glue is previously coloured with yellow dye, and when silver is to be employed it is coloured with chalk. Now, instead of gold and silver leaf the pattern is dusted with gold and silver powder just before the roghan

Recent experiments and efforts in different types of printing, with a definite objective, amply demonstrate to what extent traditional designs can be applied to our modern needs. Within the framework of the traditional motifs and patterns the imaginative present-day designer has introduced a new combination of block, discharge, and kharri printing to suit the needs of the times and to interpret old symbols in a new language.

The examples of kharri printing on saris seen here would make useful additions to a wardrobe for either day or evening, wet weather or dry season, wear. Kharri is fast becoming a current fashion favourite.

SUROVI BHATTACHARJEE

A COMBINATION of discharge printing and kharri. The intricate pallav pattern is highlighted with silver.





The Editor, The Weekly of

Sir-Democracy ly accepted as a of the people, for and by the people complicated world is impossible for a of a country to a where and regula mental machinery mocracy has bee overcome the pro this impossibility elect their r through political form the legislati make the smoot of governmental ble. The legislat the oft-conflicting ests and reconci proper represent conciliation of c interests are p fore, only with of political parti

The very partyless democi come of various tions, The fantas of partyless d evolved out of s of the significan the moder world. To speal democracy is to prive us of our against the gro ism in the cour ties constitute t form the Cabin the ruling part existence of p mean the end o ger to the ruli

The establish tyless democra naturally be th individual liber of thought and the decay rights. Part hails the possi without soul, author, a sea religion witho refutes Munro popular gover government."

Muzaffarpur

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Readers' Forum Partyless Democracy

The Editor, The Illustrated Weekly of India

Sir—Democracy is universally accepted as a "government of the people, for the people and by the people". But, in the complicated world of today, it is impossible for all the citizens of a country to assemble anywhere and regulate the governmental machinery. Indirect democracy has been adopted to overcome the problem posed by this impossibility. In it, people elect their representatives through political parties, who form the legislatures, and thus make the smooth functioning of governmental organs possible. The legislators represent the oft-conflicting public interests and reconcile them. The proper representation and reconciliation of clashing public interests are possible, there-fore, only with the existence of political parties.

The very conception of partyless democracy is the outcome of various misconceptions. The fantastic phenomena of partyless democracy was evolved out of sheer ignorance of the significance of parties in the modern democratic world. To speak of partyless democracy is to strive to de-prive us of our "best defence against the growth of Caesarism in the country". The parties constitute the legislatures, form the Cabinet, and criticise the ruling party. So the non-existence of parties would mean the end of essential danger to the ruling group.

The establishment of a partyless democracy would quite naturally be the extinction of individual liberty and freedom of thought and expression, and the decay of fundamental rights. Partyless democracy hails the possibility of a body without soul, a book without author, a sea without water, a religion without preacher. lt refutes Munro's dictum: "All popular government is party government.'

SARWAR PEYAMI

Muzaffarpur

This is the first instalment of letters from readers, commenting on the views expressed by M. Venkatarangaiya on the above subject in the issue of May 13.

Sir-Democracy needs political parties for two reasons. First, political parties are the means by which the citizens get an opportunity to choose their rulers. Secondly, they explain to the citizens and educate them on the merits and dangers of alternative policies. The party formulates a programme and presents to the electorate the candidate who represents the programme. A party is thus a link, a bridge, between society and state.

A political party is a natural and inevitable piece of machinery of democracy. It is impossible to express the popular will without a crystallisation process. Parties serve as the best instrument for reflecting public opinion. Without their presence, the political process would be atomised, and either government would end in chaos, or a dictator would take

A strong Opposition is essential for the healthy growth of democratic government. In a democracy, government without an effective Opposition is akin to driving a donkey on whose back is put the whole load in one bundle. The twoparty system puts fairly equal load in each pannier.

Thus "political parties are the core of a democratic system, its alpha and omega...

K. RAMARAJAN

Mayyanad

Sir-Mr. Venkatarangaiya has forthwith rejected the case for a partyless democracy. His view that political parties are the dynamos to form and run governments in a country is true only in theory and not in practice.

Our fifteen years' old nascent democracy bears clear testimony to this. To argue that the Opposition in a party democracy is an essential edu-cator of the illiterate, ill-in-

formed and ignorant electorate is only to conceal the truth. As our experience shows, the Opposition is always out to expose and stage a show-down with the ruling party, all with the ulterior motive of captur-ing power. Not unoften, they play the role of gutter inspec-

Mr. Venkatarangaiya's argument that there is "no basis for the criticism that political parties disrupt the unity of the state" is unrealistic. Had this been so, why then all this whirlwind campaign, at the official and semi-official levels, to forge a spirit of national and emotional integration? Who is responsible for unleashing the disintegrating and fissiparous forces in the country? Obviously the Opposition.

Political parties can help the constituencies in forming sound opinions on public affairs only if the party leaders them-selves have well-balanced and unbiased minds. Mr. Venkatarangaiya's presumption that they have such minds is presumptuous, to say the least. The political parties, especially the Opposition, in India, as at present constituted, are mainly motivated by political mano-euvres rather than by welfare considerations. Their "contaminated" minds pollute the means together with the ends.

Our democracy is on trial. To wean it from the impending crisis we need "guided democracy", and not partyless democracy. The havoc wrought by party government has been amply demonstrated during the two general elections. The Opposition has been successfully applying its wedge to widen the rift and to divide the masses, those misguided streams of humanity. If this move gains strength, the future of India seems very bleak. Party rule in our country must, therefore, be ended or mended,

so as to ensure economic and social prosperity and progress. C. L. KHANNA

Ambala City

Sir—Democracy, being "government by the people", demands from the common man an active and intelligent interest in public affairs. But, for most people, government is only a part, and with many, the least important part, of the business of life. To rouse such men and women to a sense of their common interest and their public duty is the func-tion of the leaders in a democracy. And, as no two persons on earth can see eye to eye completely on any disputable point, there is bound to be disagreement among leaders on political issues, and it is this disagreement that has led to the formation of political parties which are, it is now generally conceded, indispensable features of a democracy.

Parties enable persons who think alike on political questions to unite in support of a common body of principles and policies, and to work together to see that these are adopted by the Government of the day. They act, in Lowell's famous phrase, as "brokers of ideas". They organise and educate the electorate and help it to choose its representatives during elections. In a two-party system, the party more acceptable to the electorate forms the Government, while the other helps to maintain a keen and responsible Opposition which puts the Government on its mettle.

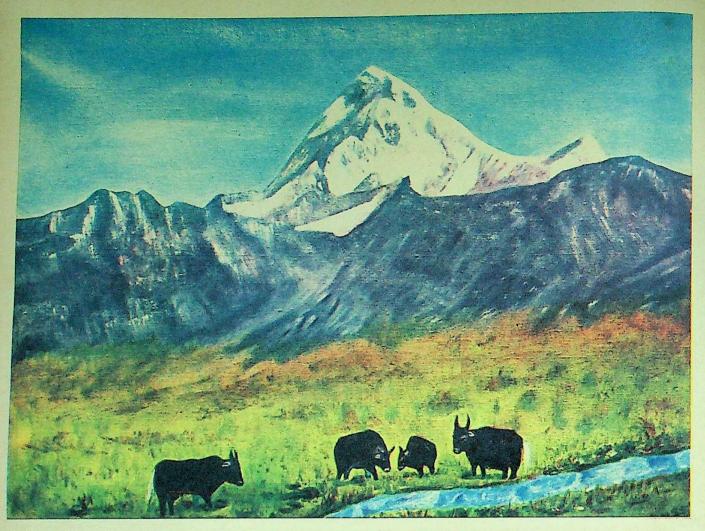
So inevitable is the party system that partyless democracy is a contradiction in terms. For proof, the very first act of authoritarian regimes has been the dissolution of political parties, which, like the arteries of the human body, fight the rot of corruption and nepotism in totalitarian states. So woe betide the country that does away with political par-

LAND MARKEN WANTE

J. PAVAMANI

New Delhi

Need For A Strong Opposition



CHOMULARI

SUNDAY PAINTERS OF INDIA - 8

SSENTIALLY a painter of the holy Himalayas, M. S. Sivaraman attempts to capture in his canvases the varying moods of the mountains. He has done several arresting studies of Everest and Kanchenjunga. The grandeur of Trisul and the idyll of the Kashmir valley have also been recorded by him in all their glory.

Sivaraman's aim is to capture the ennobling appeal of Na-



ture. He paints with sincerity and faithfulness to the original scene. Nature, he holds, is too magnificent and colourful to improve upon. He does not believe in distorting Nature to express one's own feelings and emotions. In fact, his paintings are a reaction against some of the trends of modern art.

He got his initial inspiration to paint on seeing a photograph of Annapurna, taken by the late Mr. Dag Hammarskjold while flying over the

Himalayas and published in *The Times*, London. A striking photograph, though in black and white, it set him thinking and he painted his first water colour in April, last year. All the rest of his work is in oil.

His "Kanchenjunga Peaks", as viewed in the morning from Singhik, in Sikkim, is a sublime vision tinged by the glow of the rising sun. The "Chenar Trees" depicting the advent of autumn

M. S. Sivaraman

TRISUL



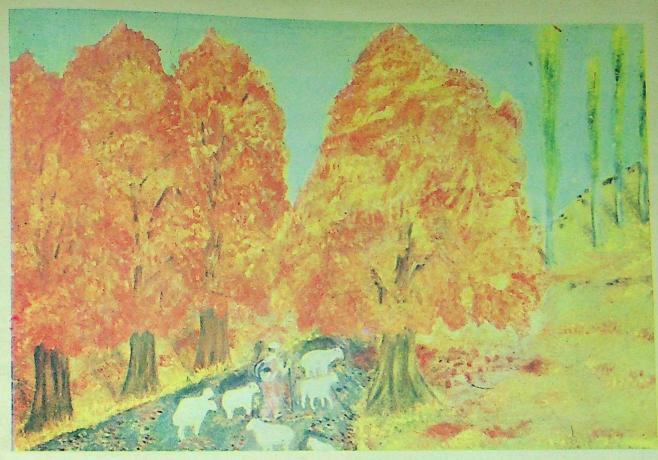
in Kashmir makes use of bold colours and warmly reflects the atmosphere of the setting. It is only in "Liddar Valley" that we get a glimpse of the latent turbulence of the creative mind. For the rest—"Nanda Devi", "Trisul", "Chomulari Peak", "Mount Everest" or "Nanga Parbat"—all reflect a meditative repose.

Sivaraman is more than a Sunday painter. Painting is a passion with him and there is hardly any day of the week when he does not wield the brush. He is also experimenting with style. Within twelve months he has already done 20 landscapes, three still lifes and two portraits. Now he proposes to paint some historical events from the life of Sri Sankaracharya.

An Adviser t ministration, Siva has been notable from his official

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LIDDAR VALLEY



CHENAR TREES

An Adviser to the Planning Commission in Programme Administration, Sivaraman's contribution in the field of agriculture has been notable and, perhaps, his respect for Nature springs from his official duties outdoors.

Self-sufficiency is the watchword of Sivaraman. It has been his ambition to see that, by the adequate use of green manure or compost, the Indian farmer becomes self-sufficient in his manure requirements and also ensures continued fertility of the soil. And in his own home Sivaraman primes his own canvas and keeps a complete carpenter's kit as he believes in designing his own picture-frames. Who knows he may as well one day stumble upon fashioning wood sculpture?

NACHIKETA GOTAM



LIDDAR VALLEY

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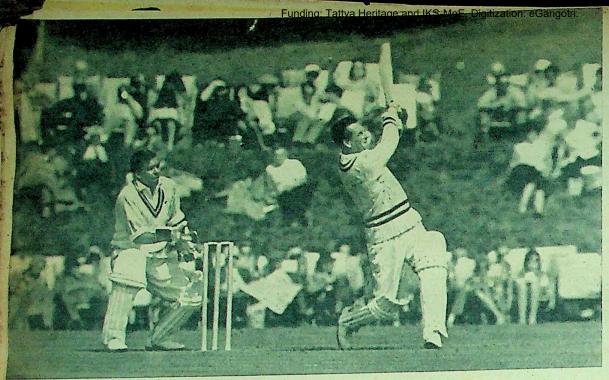
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SNOW-CAPPED MAJESTY



WEST INDIAN ROY MARSHALL, of the Duke of Norfolk's XI, slams his third six in a row in the one-day match against the Pakistani tourists at Arundel Castle, Sussex. Keeping wicket is Imtiaz Ahmed. The game marked the opening of the Pakistani team's tour of England.

In circular Medical Wing letters to the Minis-Essential? try of Education, State Sports Councils, National Federations, Director of the National Institute of Sports, principals of colleges and others, Mr. Mehar Singh of Ajmer makes a strong plea for the establishment of a Central Medical Wing for Sportsmen. He is of the opinion that our professional and amateur coaches, to say nothing of the National Federations and the various State Sports Councils, are all on the wrong track.



Coaching given by them "has been unscientific" and quite a lot of money has been ill-spent. So, what is the solution?

"Before attempting to start any coaching scheme," Mr. Mehar Singh writes, "we must first establish a medical wing. The objects of this wing will be (1) to collect the requisite medical data for the planning of training schedules in such a way that it would have a beneficial effect on the health of sportsmen and also ensure continued improvement in their performances; and (2) to do sustained research work for the medical side of physical training."

Mr. Mehar Singh argues that the Central Medical Wing for Sportsmen should be "only forthe supervision of top-notchers—athletes scoring first, second and third places at the national meets". For athletes coming up to the State standard, there should be State Medical Centres for Sportsmen attached to the State Sports Councils.

Like the curate's egg, Mr. Mehar Singh's scheme is good in parts. One athlete I have particularly in mind at the moment is Gurbachan Singh, who has been keeping indifferent health over a long period. Medical check-ups in such cases will be exceedingly useful.

But what I cannot understand is why so much emphasis should be laid on the topnotchers only. What is badly needed is a reawakening among India's masses. For only a healthy Young India can be a stepping-stone to better and more promising sportsmen.

Elliott It is a pity that the a n x iously-looked.

Retires forward-to Mile of the Century is now

definitely off. With the retirement of Elliott from the scene of international athletics, all expectations of a titanic struggle between him and Peter Snell in the forthcoming British Empire and Commonwealth Games at Perth will remain a mere dream.

The 24-year-old Australian, now in his second year at Cambridge University, recently confirmed his decision to retire from the international track. Elliott holds the official mile record of 3 min. 54.5 sec., which, incidentally, was broken by New Zealand's Peter Snell early this year when he ran the mile in the fantastic time of 3 min. 54.4 sec. at Cooks Garden, Wanganui, Wellington. The Australian also holds the official 1500 metres world record of 3 min. 35.6 sec., which he established when winning the final at the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome.

It is difficult to say who is disappointed the most with



WIMBLEDON CHAMPION Rod-Laver with his trophy after his victory over New Zealander I. Crookenden in the men's singles final of the British Hard Court final of the British Hard at Tennis Championships, held at Bournemouth. Laver completed a splendid double when, a fortnight-later, he beat Roy Emerson to claim the Italian title, too.



MEMBERS of the Bangalore Sporting team, winners of the Mysore State Women's Hockey League Championship. Standing (l. to r.): Margaret Conceio, Patricia Rathnaswamy, Mrs. Yvonne Thomas, May Britto, Elvera Britto, Virginia Smalley, Colleen Patterson and Heather Favell. Front row (l. to r.): Rita Britto, Francina David, Dhunlal, Rita Rodrigues and Marie Morris.



The Illustrated Weekly

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The Illustrated Weekly of India June 10, 1962

U. S. ASTRONAUT Malcolm Scott Carpenter photographed before he was launched into space at Cape Canaveral, Florida. After his triple orbital flight he landed 200 miles "further down range than planned"; following trouble with his capsule's control system, and was rescued from the sea by helicopter.

From Abroad

TENGKU ABDUL RAHMAN, Prime Minister of Malaya, bows and turns away, after accompanying the bridegroom, Tengku Sulaiman of Johore, to the dais, and giving him away in marriage to Princess Sharifa Salwah, the Malayan King's daughter, in Kuala Lumpur.





U. S. MARINES line up their equipment on the quay after disembarking from the troop carrier NAVARRO in Bangkok harbour. The vessel brought 1,400 marines, the first contingent of the 1,800-man force sent to Thailand to bolster that country's defence against possible Communist aggression from neighbouring Laos.



IN PARIS, outside the Palace of Justice lawyers Maitre Tixier-Vignancour (left) and Pierre Menuet embrace each other after their client ex-General Raoul Salan was sentenced to life imprisonment. The former French Supreme Commander in Algeria was found guilty of treason, but because of "extenuating circumstances" was not awarded the death sentence demanded by the prosecution.







SRI JAYA CHAMARAJA WADIYAR.
Governor of Mysore, on a visit to West
Berlin, is received by Mayor Willy Brandt
at Schoeneberg City Hall.



Comment on the Marie Marie



THE CENTRE-PIECE of the long Phard showing Pabuji with his four brothers and the black mare presented to him by the Rabaris.

The Legend of Pabuji

In the sandy desert and scrub land of Rajasthan, chivalry and romance have built an atmosphere of colour which is still a living reality among its people. The inhabitants of this rugged terrain believe implicitly in the tales of heroism that have come down to them and this faith is reflect-

ed in their arts. The constant feuds between the various clans have given rise to many legends and these have found expression in the land's folk painting, each area having a distinct style of its own. Often the paintings are ritualistic in nature. Many perpetuate the memory of local heroes who have laid down their lives for a cause. One such form of painting, which is practised even today in the district of Bhilwarda, is executed on a long piece of cloth and it celebrates the story of Pabuji.

Shahpura, which was once a tiny principality owing allegiance to Udaipur, is the centre of this art, popularly 'called Pabuji ka Phard. Pabuji was the hero of the Rabaris, a tribe which have for many generations taken its cattle every year from Marwar to Malwa in Madhya Pradesh in search of green pastures. During medieval times the Rabaris were always at feud with the Boondhelas, another clan inhabiting Malwa.

Once the cattle belonging to the Rabaris were forcibly held back in Malwa by

June 10, 1962

the Boondhelas. The Four recover them and so of Pabuji. Taking a him, he attacked the covered the cattle. It is a black mare and he, promise that no mat would always go to they were in trouble away reassured, tell to know that they whenever the black

It was the day of a local Rajput's be was going round th his bride when he mare neigh. Not bo ceremony he rode the Rabaris. On re discovered that the taken away their them and brought to the Rabaris. Th hero's victory, but the cows was mo her calf had been turned to the Bo ealf. But this tim fight him and sur his death fighting of Pabuji sung a special communit

> THE painted cu Bhopas from mins by caste, I Shahpura. This f a book in which picted in drawir

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the Boondhelas. The Rabaris were helpless to recover them and sought the assistance of Pabuji. Taking a handful of men with him, he attacked the Boondhelas and recovered the cattle. As a sign of their gratitude, the Rabaris presented him with a black mare and he, for his part, gave the promise that no matter where he was he would always go to their help whenever they were in trouble. The Rabaris went away reassured, telling him that he was to know that they needed his protection whenever the black mare neighed.

It was the day of Pabuji's marriage to a local Rajput's beautiful daughter. He was going round the sacrificial fire with his bride when he suddenly heard the mare neigh. Not bothering to complete the ceremony he rode away to the rescue of the Rabaris. On reaching their camp he discovered that the Boondhelas had again taken away their cattle. He fought with them and brought back their possession to the Rabaris. The camp celebrated the hero's victory, but soon found that one of the cows was mooing piteously because her calf had been left behind. Pabuji returned to the Boondhelas to recover the calf. But this time they were ready to fight him and surrounded him. Pabuji met his death fighting. This briefly is the story of Pabuji sung among the Rabaris by a special community known as the Bhopas.

THE painted curtain is procured by the Bhopas from a family of Joshis, Brahmins by caste, living near the temple of Shahpura. This family has in its possession a book in which the story of Pabuji is depicted in drawings.

On a long piece of heavily starched cloth they start painting the story guided by the instructions in the book. Each colour is applied separately on the white surface without any drawing to begin with. Orange is applied first, then yellow, green and blue, in that order, and last of all the brilliant red. Finally the outlines are executed. The black outline of the eyes and of the figures stand out clearly binding the various colours together.

The painter, who works daily from dawn to dusk, completes the job within 10 to 15 days. The painting is done only to order, the order being placed by

the Bhopas who come from all over Rajasthan and Madhya Pradesh and stay at the house of the Joshi to have the *Phard* prepared. After it is completed, the Bhopa takes the painting with great reverence to a zamindar or prince in his locality and in his presence he commences the telling of the story of Pabuji.

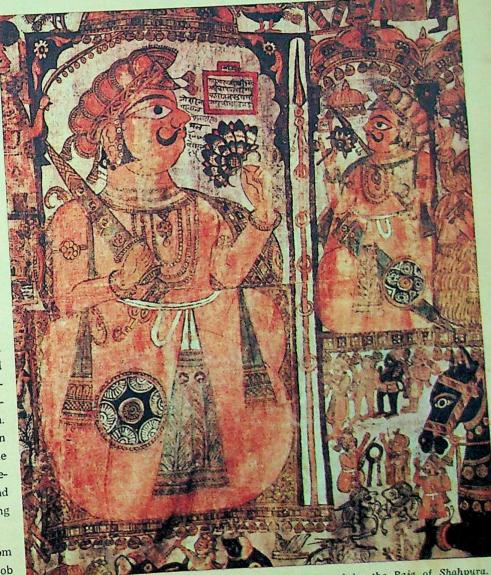
The person in whose honour the first narration is done signs the cloth and puts the date on a small square space left unpainted for the purpose. After this ceremonial inauguration, the Bhopa travels from village to village, setting up the Phard in the open and assembling the people at night to relate the story. This occasion is known as Ratti Jaga (night vigil). All through the night the Bhopa sings the story of Pabuji, playing a musical instrument which may be described as

a folk type of sarangi. The Bhopi, his wife, dances in front of the curtain, pointing to the various painted scenes and miming and enacting them before the assembly.

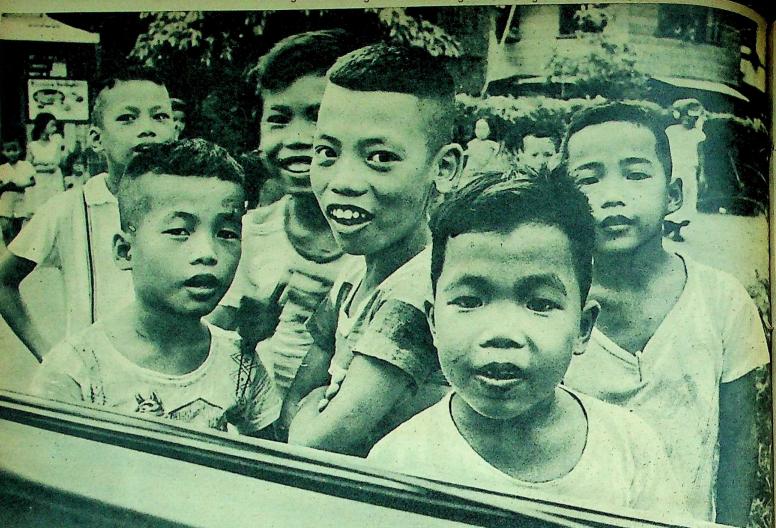
The Bhopas belong to the age-old bardic tradition of Rajasthan. In the old days each Rajasthani community had its own bards. The Charans, for instance, were poets attached to the kings and sang songs in their praise. The Bhants were associated with warriors and merchants. Next in line come the Bhopas, singing the praises of local heroes such as Pabuji, Harbaji and Ramdev. The Rava form another group, going from village to village entertaining the peasants and the working people, while the Sarora cater for the Harijans.

Each community in Rajasthan developed its own bardic tradition. Pabuji ka Phard, however, is one of the most expressive developments of this tradition.

JASLEEN DHAMIJA



DETAIL from a 150-year-old Phard which has been signed by the Raja of Shahpura.
(Photographs by Ram Dhamija)



CHILDREN OF MIXED BLOOD in the town of Panapaan.

Portrait Of Manila

ONE OF THE NUMEROUS BARS in Manila where mostly Europeans go to spend an evening. Right: A typical fishing centre.





June 10, 1962

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Impressions Of Moscow And Leningrad — 5

Excerpts from "Russian Panorama", shortly to be published by Oxford University Press.

A T the end of February 1958, I went into hospital with a severe attack of influenza, hoping to come out within a week. Actually, I had to stay there for a month as my influenza developed into pneumonia. It was a peculiar kind of pneumonia: there was hardly any temperature and there were no aches and pains of any kind. Yet it lingered for many weeks and has left a scar in my right lung which, I am told, will be a lifelong companion.

I was accommodated in the Fifth Block of the Bodkin Hospital. This block, which has about twenty rooms, each with two beds, is reserved for foreigners, especially for diplomats. Among my fellow patients were a couple of Afghans, a Chinese, a Ceylonese, an Indonesian, a Korean, a Pole, an Albanian, a Yugoslav and a Rumanian. There was no one from any Embassy belonging to NATO, MEDO or SEATO. Not that the personnel of these Embassies are more immune from human ailments or more acclimatised to Moscow than others; but, whenever they fall ill, they prefer to avail themselves of the services of the doctors attached to the British and American Embassies; and if their illness is at all serious they are flown off to Berlin or Stockholm. Evidently, the Westerners' lack of faith in Russian politics also extends to Russian medicine.

Americans should prefer to get treated by doctors of their own nationality. In the British days, Englishmen in India, especially Englishwomen, generally insisted on the right to be treated by English doctors; that was one of the reasons originally urged against the Indianisation of the IMS. Moreover, British prestige was involved.

I recall a curious incident which occurred more than thirty years ago when I entered the ICS. A senior British ICS officer's daughter had been expecting a child and desired to be attended by Dr. Rangachary, a famous surgeon whose statue stands in front of the General Hospital, Madras. Her parents tried their best to dissuade her, but she was adamant. The result was that her unfortunate father, who permitted a "native" to attend on his daughter at the time of her delivery, was almost boycotted by his people and—so it was said—lost his chance of becoming a Member of the Governor's Executive Council.

The Bodkin Hospital consists of 27 blocks and can accommodate 2,200 patients. To judge by Block No. V, the hospital is liberally staffed. The staff consists mostly

of women. In Block No. V, the doctors-incharge were Galina Ilinichna Kozlova and Nina Govrilova. Dr. Kozlova is a highly skilled doctor, who goes about with a perpetually worried look; I suspect she worries too much over the state of her patients. She has the kindest of eyes, so reassuring to a person who is ill. Dr. Govrilova is younger and more energetic. She is one of the few thin women I have come across in Russia and has almost the figure of a ballerina. No man has ever been treated by doctors abler or more kind-hearted than these two women.

The nurses were of course all women. In the Soviet Union there are no male nurses as in India. The Bodkin nurses were all in, or just out of, their teens and appear to have been selected, or at least posted to this ward, as much for their good

by K. P. S. MENON

looks as for their efficiency. One of them was a novice. Whenever she injected penicillin into me-and, to start with, this was done four times a day-I felt that she was plugging a hole into me. The other three were more gentle. One complimented me on the state of my buttocks; she said that I must have been an athlete, for the needle would not go easily into me. Another was less complimentary: she said it was always difficult to inoculate southerners like Indians and Africans, meaning that our hide was pretty thick. My own favourite was Valia, who combined good looks, good nature and an affectionate disposition. A rare combination in a nurse, which might soothe or disturb a patient, according to his temperament, during his convale-

Each nurse was assisted by an elderly female who made the beds and kept the rooms clean. They had a passion for cleanliness. Twice a day, and sometimes more often, these hefty women, armed with vacuum-cleaners, brooms and buckets, would barge into your room, no matter whether you were sleeping or not, and start cleaning. These women were old enough to be the mothers of the nurses. Evidently they are too old to be trained and are therefore employed in menial occupations which require no special training or intelligence. I felt somewhat sorry for them as it was their duty to clean the latrine and WCs. These had to be cleaned very often as the flush was always leaking. When we were in hospital in August

last, we found the flush leaking; it was leaking still! The flush in our Embassy, too, is always going out of order. It is strange that a state which was the first to invent the Sputnik has not devised a satisfactory flush. This reflects the exact relationship between heavy industry and consumer goods in the Soviet Union.

While the doctors were all women, the professors were all men. Between a doctor and a professor there is the same difference as between a Tutor and a Fellow at Oxford. A number of professors examined me—Levin, Reinburg, Shereshevsky, Savitsky and Vachell. Each of them is an authority in his own field and would be an ornament to the medical profession in any country in the world.

I also had the honour of being examined by an Academician. In the USSR, an Academician is regarded with the highest respect; he stands far higher than even a Professor; his standing can only be compared with that of a Fellow of All Souls. Academician Vovci was the Chairman of a Board which was constituted to deal with my case. The name Vovci roused a sinister echo in my mind. He was one of those Jewish "doctor-murderers" who, in January 1953, were charged by Stalin for having medically murdered senior members of the Party, the Government and the Army. Vovci and his co-accused would assuredly have been shot if Stalin had not died. It is strange that one man's life should have been dependent on another man's death. But Vovci has saved as many lives as Stalin has destroyed.

A NUMBER of specialists were also called in to examine me-specialists in dermatology, diseases of the kidney, of the ear, nose and throat, and a physical instructor. The physical instructor, a magnificent woman, was a picture of physical culture. She taught me the art of deep breathing. When she breathed in, her breasts would rise challengingly towards you, but, when she breathed out, they would withdraw like an army in retreat. The kidney expert inserted his giant finger into a delicate part where, in spite of my sojourn in the North-West Frontier Province, no foreign body had ever penetrated

The ear, nose and throat physician was a humorist; he came in jauntily, saying: "Ear, nose, throat! Ear, nose throat! I can repair them all." He was disappointed to find that mine did not need repair. The only grumpy individual whom I met was the tongue expert. I had somehow

(Please Turn To Page 41)



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Looking back the hospital, I feel was not too tireson even be said to h refreshing change no engagement-b hardly any visitor banquets. How m tions I escaped! National Days of istan, Greece, Anujee dutifully almost every day hospital with son from the outer the children, an freshly-made chie hospital.

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AIRLINES

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Moscow And Leningrad

(Continued From Page 39)

bitten my tongue and this formed a boil. The expert came in, had a look at the boil, asked me whether it was paining, and said: "Wash with soda," and walked out without so much as a "do svidaniya" (good-bye). Perhaps he was irritated that he, an eminent specialist, should have been called in for such a minor ailment. Or perhaps he was contemptuous that a grown-up man should have bitten his tongue!

Looking back on the weeks I spent in the hospital, I feel that, after all, my stay was not too tiresome. In some ways, I may even be said to have enjoyed it. It was a refreshing change to be in Moscow with no engagement-book, no telephone-calls, hardly any visitors, and no receptions and banquets. How many National Day receptions I escaped! Among them were the National Days of Denmark, Iceland, Pakistan, Greece, Cambodia and Hungary. Anujee dutifully attended them all. And almost every day she would come to the hospital with some gossip about the Embassy, some courier who got entangled with a Polish girl in Warsaw, some news from the outer world, some letter from the children, and always with a jar of freshly-made chicken soup to supplement the wholesome but monotonous diet in the hospital.

To be in hospital is rather like being in a ship. In fact, Block No. V resembled a ship. It consisted of a long line of rooms with an open space behind and a verandah in front. The verandah opened out into three rooms, corresponding to the bar, the smoking-room and the bridge-room in a ship. In these rooms, patients, most of whom seemed convalescing rather than ailing, would gather together and spend their time, talking to each other, reading, or watching the television. As in a ship, each had his favourite chair; and, if anyone else usurped it, he felt irritated. I was generally left undisturbed in my own corner, facing the garden.

The patients formed a motley crowd. There was young Habib, an Afghan boy of 12, a veritable Adonis. There was an elder Afghan of 21 who had undergone operation after operation, of which he loved giving the most vivid details: his latest operation lasted four hours and fifty minutes. There was an Albanian who would ask me the most minute questions about my illness, not so much because he was concerned over my health, but because he wanted to know how far my symptoms tallied with his own. There was Pillai, my Private Secretary, who, with touching loyal-ty, synchronised his illness with mine so as to be with me even in hospital. There was a Chinese woman, who moved about with an air of bravado and yet was a coward: she was taken to, and brought back from, the operation ward four times, because of the hell she raised by her weeping and shrieking. And, above all, there was Hashim, the Sudanese Secretary, well-read and insatiable in his thirst for knowledge, who would suddenly appear before me and ask me what I thought

of life after death and democracy and dictatorship and materialism and mysticism. "Don't you think," he asked me once, "that in this country materialism is a form of mysticism?"

A hospital, like a ship, forges a bond between persons which is more lasting than the casual friendships formed in a hotel or a club

While in hospital, I heard of the result of the elections to the Supreme Soviet and Khrushchev's appointment as Prime Minister. On the latter event, which provoked headlines and leading articles in all the newspapers in the West, there was little comment in Moscow. But the Soviet organs of publicity spoke day after day regarding the tremendous significance of the elections which took place on March 16. It was announced that 99.97% had taken part in the elections and that 99.6% had voted for the official candidates. Why anyone should have taken the trouble to go to the polling-booth at all when there was only one candidate to vote for is something beyond my comprehension. He must have felt that he was doing his duty as a Soviet citizen; and in this country baty is, to parody Wordsworth, "the stern daughter of the voice of the Party". One day, one of the old women in the hospital, after sweeping my room, said that she was going off to the polling-booth to vote.

"For whom?" I asked.

She did not know; it was rather a difficult name, she said. For that matter, Mr. Gluck, the American Ambassador-designate to Ceylon, did not know the name of Ceylon's Prime Minister!

DURING my illness, my most constant companion was the miniature radio which hung just above my pillow. Moscow Radio does indeed provide a nourishing diet to its listeners. A physical instructor wakes you up at 6.30 a.m. to the accompaniment of music and directs you to take different kinds of exercises. Having braced you up physically, it offers you a stiff intellectual treat, the leading article in Pravda. Almost every hour, news is broadcast—news, carefully sterilised so as to confirm your faith in the beauty of Communism and the iniquity of capital-ism. There is a children's hour both in the morning and in the afternoon. Not only are children listeners, but they are performers over the radio. There is, of course, exquisite music, light and heavy, popular and classical, eastern and western, vocal and instrumental. Every now and ther, there is a lesson in science and literatu e; and there are frequent exhortations as to how one should behave in society.

One day, I heard a dialogue as to the proper use of the right hand in polite society. When you meet someone, said the radio, you should raise your hat with the right hand, not with the left. It is only with the right hand that you should shake

hands; invalids alone, whose right arm is out of order, may use the left. If the right hand is wet or dirty, do not shake hands at all; simply say: "Sorry, my hand is dirty." In shaking hands, too much pressure should not be applied; in fact, pressure should be regulated according to the person you shake hands with. And always, in shaking hands, look into your companion's eyes. Thus Moscow Radio strives hard to make a Soviet citizen a better man and a stauncher Communist. Whether it actually does so, or whether its paternalist propaganda drives a man to join the ranks of Nibonichos—a term coined to denote those who care for neither God nor Devil (ni bog ni chort)—is a question which I cannot answer.

THE strangest character I met in the hospital was a barber, who shaved me when I was too ill to move from my bed. This was one of the few occasions on which I have allowed myself to be shaved, and the first occasion when I was shaved by a woman. She burst into my room like a battle-ship, asking: "Shave or hair-cut?"

"Shave," I said.

The nurse asked her whether she wanted any hot water.

"No," she replied firmly.

"A towel, perhaps," asked the nurse.

"No, no," she replied.

After this double No, the nurse retreated, leaving me to the barber's tender mercies.

She sharpened the razor, even as Shylock sharpened his knife in the court-room in Venice, and started operations. "Have you a wife?" she suddenly asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Does she come and see you in the hospital?"

"Yes, every afternoon," I replied.

"Don't tell her that I have been here!" she said, with a sardonic grin.

To return the compliment, I asked her whether she had a husband.

"Yes," she said. "No! Yes! No! I had one. He left me. He was a lorry-driver. He preferred his lorries to me."

And, as if to spite him, she started pushing the razor furiously, criss-cross, up and down, right and left.

For one moment, I thought the razor would justify its name, cut-throat. But, to give her her due, I must say I had the cleanest of shaves.

Her method reminded me of Anatole France's story of a girl who exercised her profession, the oldest in the world, on him. At first she was supine and listless, but, when she came to know that she had a Member of the French Academy in her hands, she mustered all her resources and set about her business so vigorously that Anatole France had to tell her: "A little less force, my dear, and a little more finesse will be welcome."

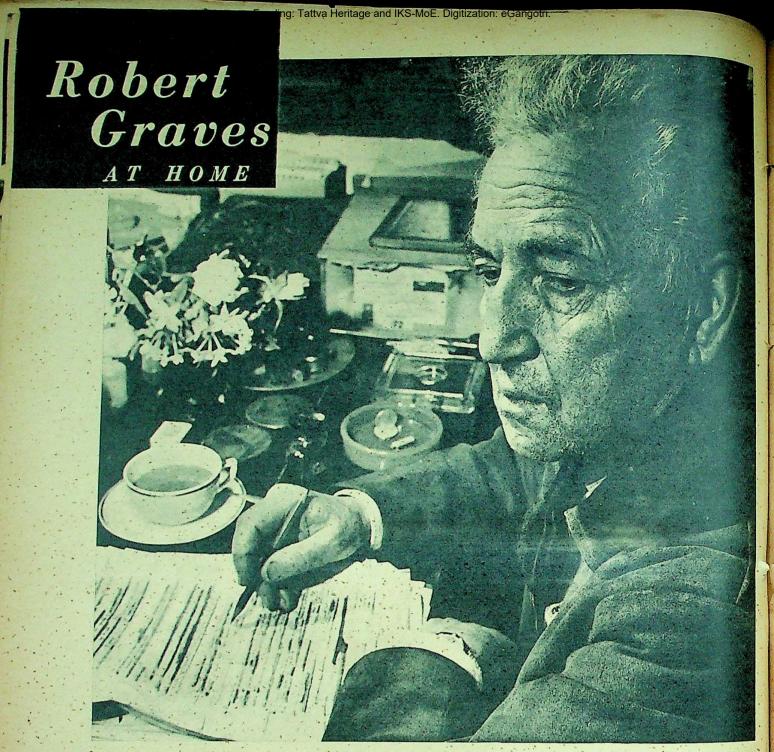
(To Be Concluded)

STAN ERNATIONAL

INES

NEW YOU

DS



...I suddenly feel your breath
Hot on my hand or on my nape,
So interrupt my theme, scratching these few
Words on the margin for you...

"The Reader Over My Shoulder"
(The quotations are from the poems of Robert Graves)

N the north-west coast of the island of Majorca, off Spain, high up in the mountains lies the village of Deya, notable as much for its scenic beauty as for the chosen home of a leading poet, critic and creative historian of our time—Robert Graves. Six-foot-two in height, of soldierly bearing, he lives in Spartan simplicity in a stone house surrounded by some three acres of land replete with fruit trees. Deya has been the home of Robert Graves since 1929.

Graves, born in 1895 in London, has been a major figure on the literary scene for decades and will shortly complete his hundredth book. At present he is at work on Hebrew Myths, a

...the lawns are soft,
The tree-stems, grave and old;
Slow branches sway aloft,
The evening air comes cold,
The sunset scatters gold.

The Illustrated Weekly

HE show trace badly hit. At tres in the cit licences if the fail to provide pacars inside or arou premises. The policin evolving a perto the city's mount lems, have decided licences to, or renof, theatres which count car-parks. By the South Indiber, that this conded only in the castres, has not been the Police Commission.

More than the theatre-licence con cent enactment e Panchayat admini State to levy a su tertainment and sh tens to paralyse the entertainment and count for 35% of collections. Now and local bodies ha ed to levy a surch tainment tax up to 100%, and on sho maximum of 3009 mean that the Go take away nearly 7 lections and make hibition" a total proposition.

The South India ber is carrying of against the new lebeen sending a nulations to plead be

SOUTH INDIAN

Bo

bers of the State Ca for a suspension, removal, of this "o tion" measure. The the recommendation **Enquiry Committee** demand. The Con was headed by Mr. eter detailed invest mended that the sh function economica quantum of taxes 20% of the box-off Although the Gover mised sympathetic of the representation Chamber, it is doub will be willing to f tional revenue accr new levies, particu own budget has rur ficits, and when it sources to finance operations.

Paradoxically eno in the show trade adverse effect activity. On the cappears to be a vin production, with score of films schedicelease, and with calequal number of proed out at a hectic p

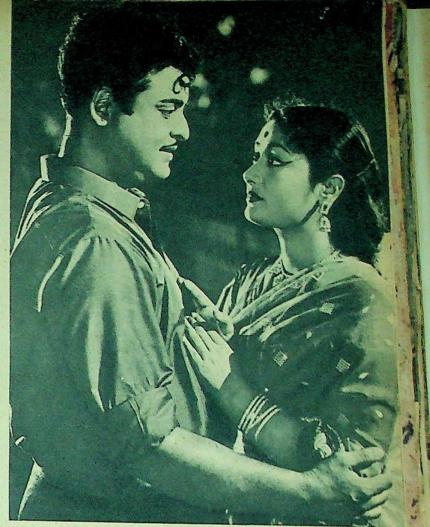
HE show trade in Madras is badly hit. At least ten thea-tres in the city will lose their licences if their managements fail to provide parking space for cars inside or around their cinema premises. The police, now engaged in evolving a permanent solution to the city's mounting traffic problems, have decided not to give new licences to, or renew the licences of, theatres which do not have adequate car-parks. The plea made by the South Indian Film Chamber, that this condition be enforced only in the case of new theatres, has not been entertained by the Police Commissioner.

More than the change in the theatre-licence conditions, the recent enactment empowering the Panchayat administration in the State to levy a surcharge on en-tertainment and show taxes threatens to paralyse the trade. According to the present structure, the entertainment and show taxes account for 35% of the box-office collections. Now the Panchayats and local bodies have been allowed to levy a surcharge on entertainment tax up to a maximum of 100%, and on show tax up to a maximum of 300%. This would mean that the Government will take away nearly 75% of the collections and make "Operation Exhibition". hibition" a totally uneconomic proposition.

The South Indian Film Chamber is carrying on a campaign against the new levies, and has been sending a number of depuations to plead before the memmore prosperous producers are doing intensive outdoor spells,
notably in the cool heights of
either Ooty or Kodi, those with
lesser resources are working indefatigably on the sets, totally unmindful of the oppressive heat.
Much of the work on these ventures has been completed and it is
expected that at least 40 films will
mount the screen between now
and September. and September.

A MONG the movies released recently, Padmini's Bale Pandya, a full-length comedy, is likely to enjoy a good run. It is a peculiar film in which the Tamil screen idol, Sivaji Ganesan, is starred in a triple role—those of a simpleton, a rowdy and a scientist—and the screen's popular "bad man", M. R. Radha, is assigned a dual role—that of the villain and of the rich father of the heroine, played by Devika.

Basing his theme on the likeness of human beings, Dada Mirasi, the popular Maharashtrian playwright, has woven a fine comedy of errors, which are well dramatised by that veteran wielder of the megaphone, B. R. Panthulu. Sivaji, Radha and Devika have combined well to provide laughs at every turn. The only unpalatable feature is that the film abounds in highly implausible situations. Consequently, the comedy is ingenuous rather than subtle. The masses may laugh with the characters, but the not-so-gullible urban filmgoer may only laugh at them. Om Prakash, noted comedian of the Hindi screen who saw the rushes of the film recently in Madras, told me: "Hitherto, I was under the impression that there was only one top comedian in movieland, and that Om Prakash." top comedian in movieland, and that Om Prakash! After seeing Bale Pandya, it is hats off to M. R. Radha! He heads me by a street!"



SAVITRI AND GEMINI GANESAN co-star in Vijaya Productions' hilarious comedy, Manithan Maravillai.

SOUTH INDIAN FILM SCENE

uctio

bers of the State Cabinet the need for a suspension, if not total removal, of this "oppressive taxation" measure. The Chamber cites the recommendations of the Film Enquiry Committee to back up its demand. The Committee, which was headed by Mr. S. K. Patil, had, ter detailed investigation, recommended that the show trade could function economically only if the quantum of taxes was limited to 20% of the box-office collections. Although the Government has promised sympathetic consideration of the representations made by the Chamber, it is doubtful whether it will be willing to forgo the additional revenue accruing from the new levies, particularly when its own budget has run into huge deficits, and when it has to find resources to finance the Panchayat operations.

Paradoxically enough, the gloom in the show trade has had no adverse effect on production activity. On the contrary, there appears to be a veritable boom in production, with at least a score of films scheduled for early release, and with call-sheets for an release, and with call-sheets for an equal number of productions work out at a hectic pace. While the

Om's statement could not be more true, for Radha, a sexagenamore true, for Radha, a sexagenarian, is the most-sought-after artiste in Tamilnad today. His antics have become extremely popular, and Bale Pandya is one more feather in his cap. The production values of the picture are quite impressive, in keeping with the standards set by the Padmini banner, which has in the past given is such to money-spinners as us such top money-spinners as Schoolmaster, Veerapandya Katta-bomman and Sabhash Meena.

Bale Pandya is a quickie. A simi-Bate Panaya is a quickie. A simi-lar brisk venture is now the aim of progressive producer-cum-di-rector S. Balachander, who has set a lightning pace for his Avana lvan?, under the banner S. B. Creations. After making all the necessary off-the-set preparations, Releachander went on the floor on necessary off-the-set preparations, Balachander went on the floor on May 4, and, within the first ten days of shooting, completed half the picture! The shooting schedule is expected to come to an end by the middle of June, and the picture will probably be released in the latter half of the month.

Although Balachander is known to be extremely progressive in his views and ideas on motion-picture themes and execution, he still has an abiding respect for our culture and traditions. And so, when asked about the theme of his new pic-

ture, he just hinted that he was attempting a modern superstructure on the solid rock of Indian culture and tradition. Avana Ivan! will highlight the need for modern realism to avert the catastrophe likely to be wrought by clinging steadfastly to old-world inhibitions. Balachander himself has written the story and scenario, besides assuming responsibility for the direction of the movie and composing its music score. A versatile artiste and a gifted musician himself, Balachander has also donned the role of the "bad man" in the picture. New comers Vasanti and Ramesh head the cast, which also includes Lakshmirajyam, C. K. Saraswati, V. S. Raghavan, S. N. Lakshmi, Chandini, Sirukalathur Sama and "Tilakam" Rajakumari. ture, he just hinted that he was at-

Balachander may well set a new pattern in production with the re-lease of Avana Ivan!. One of his best efforts in the past was the dibest efforts in the past was the direction of that music-less Agatha Christe type of mystery, Anda Nal, starring Sivaji Ganesan and Pendari Bai. Critics hailed it then as the year's best effort. It was a very successful experiment. Balachander then tried his hand at another experiment—the production of a film in which the cast would have a minimum of make-up. The venture, titled Odathe Nil, got off to a flying start, but the producers,

Gobi Brothers, for some reason or other could not finish the film. The picture may yet find its way to the screen, and, if and when it does, it is bound to set a new

While Balachander's is a serious effort, Balan Pictures' Kadavulai Kanden will turn out to be a ribtickler, if its cast is any indication. Two leading comedians, Radha and Chandra Babu, are made to match their wits in this film, which is directed by A.S.A. Sami. Swarnam has written the dialogue and Mahadevan the music score for the songs penned by Kannadasan. Sowcar Janaki is cast in the picture with Muthuraman, who shot into prominence as the cancer patient in Sridhar's off-beat offering, Nenjil Orr Alayam.

Nenjil Orr Alayam.

The Saravana unit has just returned to the city after a long spell of outdoor shooting for its forthcoming venture, Pada Kanikkai, with Gemini Ganesan and Savitri leading a stellar cast which includes Vijayakumari, Chandra Babu and Padmini Priyadarshini. The unit, as one technician pointed out, has captured the beauty of the Mysore landscape and of Kodaikanal to provide a picturesque backdrop for the film, which is slated for release early in July.

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Re

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r figure plete his Myths, a



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WEEK'S



READING

The Missionary World

HE life of Hudson Taylor by his son and daughter-in-law is one of the biggest (1100 pages) and most influential of all missionary books: in fact, it has been described as a spiritual classic to be placed on the same shelf as Pilgrim's Progress. Only it is written in the literary style of the late nineteenth century, and Mr. J. C. Pollock has now produced a much shorter work, better adapted to the modern world—Hudson Taylor and Maria (Hodder & Stoughton, 16s.). In this new version of the great missionary's experience, as in his own letters, "the rather prim, spiritually precocious youth" of the Life becomes a warm, affectionate, sensitive personality. The "revered fatherfigure" dissolves into a most lovable young man with a strong sense of fun. The drama of his fight to enter forbidden inland China, risking torture and death, springs to life when "separated from gobbets of meditation and reflection".

This book, in fact, is something more than a record of heroic

This book, in fact, is something more than a record of heroic missionary endeavour. It is the epic love story of two very good, but very human, people.

It has often been observed that the West needs missionaries from India even more than India needs missionaries from the West, and the Rev. Prafulla Kumar Sircar in his new book, My Two Worlds (Hutchinson, 21s.), describes how he has found for himself an ideal field of service in an English vicarage. He gives his experiences and puts forward his views in an vicarage. He gives his experiences and puts forward his views in an attractive, but frequently controversial, style. Mr. Sircar clearly suffers from an inferiority complex and he pays a little too much attention to the silly things said about him and to him by people attention to the silly things said about him and to him by people in Britain. He has some very strong views about the future of missions in India, believing that the time has come when the foreign missionaries should withdraw and allow the Indian Churches to manage their own affairs. He quotes someone who said: "The British dogs have gone but they have left their tails behind." "The whole missionary situation could be summed up in the observation that the missionaries have missed the bus. The outcastes of India the bus. The outcastes of India do not need them any more and they are incapable of dealing with the high-caste intelligentsia." "The old missionary concepts are as antiquated today as the Zeppelin is in this age of supersonic flight."

Not everyone will agree with Mr. Sircar but everyone must recognise his sincerity and devotion.

"Irreverent Memoirs"

SIR Cedric Hardwicke's many admirers will find his "Irreverent Memoirs" (as told to James Brough) full of theatrical joie de vivre and backstage drollery. This constructively critical volume, A Victorian in Orbit (Methuen, 25s.), relies mainly on anecdote for its overall effect. Some of it is a trifle flippant but most of it hits the target in a tone of wry humour. Sir Cedric is a Shavian to the backbone—he created the leading roles in Heartbreak House and The Apple Cart—and has much to say of his demi-God. Shaw, that "wise veteran of the theatre", imparted to him many of the secrets of his technique, such as the necessity for opening every act with five inconsequential minutes of dialogue, to give the audience "time to settle, clear their throats, attune their ears, and start to listen". His knowledge of the anatomy of playgoers did not stop there—"the capacity of the human bladder made ninety minutes the optimum span of time for concentrating on any subject!"

Sir Cedric is proud of his Victorian tenets and lauds the master-craftsmanship of Pinero in the days when the theatre was "bigger and brighter than life and the players supermen". He disapproves of the current bouts of pseudo-sex in Broadway productions and quotes Dr. Johnson's dictum on the pastime—"the position is ridiculous, the pleasure momentary, the cost enormous". cost enormous".

In Sir Cedric's view the theatre today has "the brittle quality of a cocktail party" and suffers from emasculation. The films—and Hollywood has served him well, financially and artistically, in The Barretts of Wimpole Street and many other first-rate features many other first-rate features—come in for even more scathing condemnation. Sir Cedric's hard hitting, however, never goes below the belt. His strongly-felt opinions reveal him as one of the most knowledgeable, versatile and dedicated actors of this century.

Contrapuntal to the author's urgent crusadership, there is the flow of scintillating "asides", which make A Victorian in Orbit one of the most acceptable of latter day theatrical memoirs.

A Classical Actor

THE latest addition to the Thea-I tre World Monographs series is an illustrated study by J. C. Trewin of the work of the leading English classical actor John Neville (Barrie and Rockliff, 21s.). Mr. Trewin, one of the best of contemporary English drama critics, has made an expert survey of this accomplished actor's career. Neville has repeatedly been written about for his attent actor. ten about for his strong resemblance to John Gielgud, both physically and in voice; but he has managed nevertheless to develop his own individuality and stage presence with remarkable success. His is "the face of His is "the face of a medieval saint".

Mr. Trewin's monograph is ubi-quitously interesting and well

documented. Author and subject are major Shakespeareans and a flow of elegiac virtuosity forms the rhythm of these pages. The author quotes extensively and elliptically and can sometimes be superfloral in his prose, but he is effectively Boswellian throughout. This vivacious record should make the reader eager to acquire Mr. Trewin's other works on English theatrical celebrities.

Comprehensive Study

Dr. M. D. Raghavan's mono-Dr. M. D. Raghavan's monograph on the Rodiyas and earlier contributions to the Ethnological Survey of Ceylon have already established his position as an authority in the study of racial groupings. He has now produced the first comprehensive study of an advanced and influential group of Lanka—The Karava of Ceylon: Society and Culture (K. G. De Silva & Sons, Colombo; Rs. 20).

"The Karavas," writes Haimen-"The Karavas," writes Halmen-dorf in his foreword, "are a popul-ation of remarkable vigour and versatility. Their contribution to the development of Ceylon's eco-nomy cannot be easily over-estimated. At one time a group of estimated. At one time a group of seafarers and fighting men, they developed fishing as their main caste occupation, and have later grown into a trading community of great wealth and enterprise. Today they hold a key position in the modern urban economy of Ceylon. In their adaptation to a style of life based on Western models, they have perhaps gone further than any other Sinhalese social group, and many Karavas now stand in the forefront of national life." This caste group has an extraordinary range group has an extraordinary range and includes speakers of Sinhalese and includes speakers of Sinhalese and Tamil, Buddhists as well as Roman Catholics, simple fishermen and eminent intellectuals. Side by side with sections of the caste largely westernised in style of living are others who have retained extremely ancient ideas and folkways. folkways.

The average Karava villager may be said to profess simultaneously two distinct religions, namely Theravada Buddhism and the cult of Yakka and local deities. He is evidently not conscious of any inconsistency in his practising the two different creeds side by side.

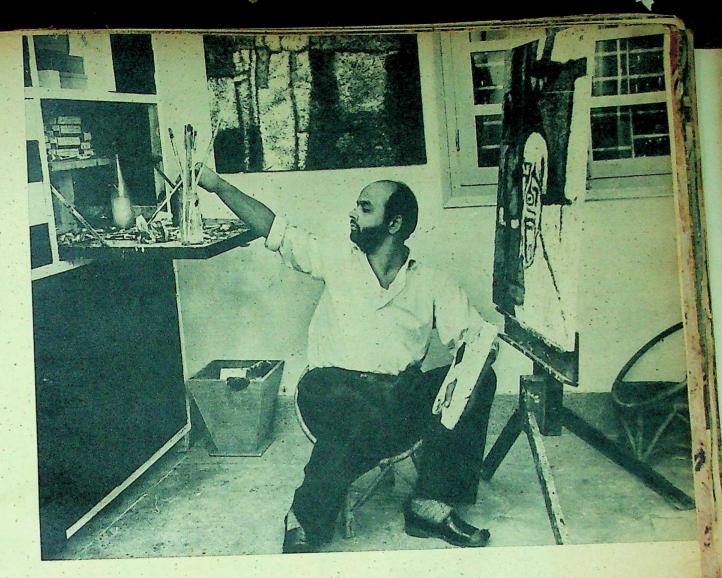
Dr. Raghavan's approach to his subject is not merely that of an ethnographer; he goes deep into the history and sociology of the community, and explores its origins and cultural affiliations thoroughly roughly.

The first chapter, "The Historical Background", is the longest in the book. The name Karava is a variant of Kaurava, the celebrated dynasty whose feuds with the Pandavas form the theme of the great epic of India. The Karavas claim descent from the Kuru refugees who scattered after the great battle.



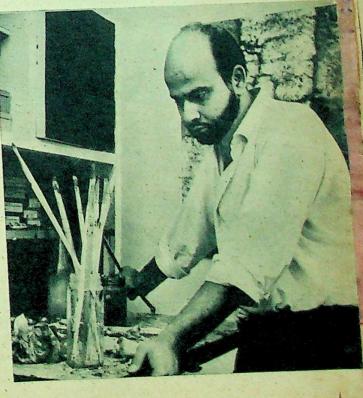
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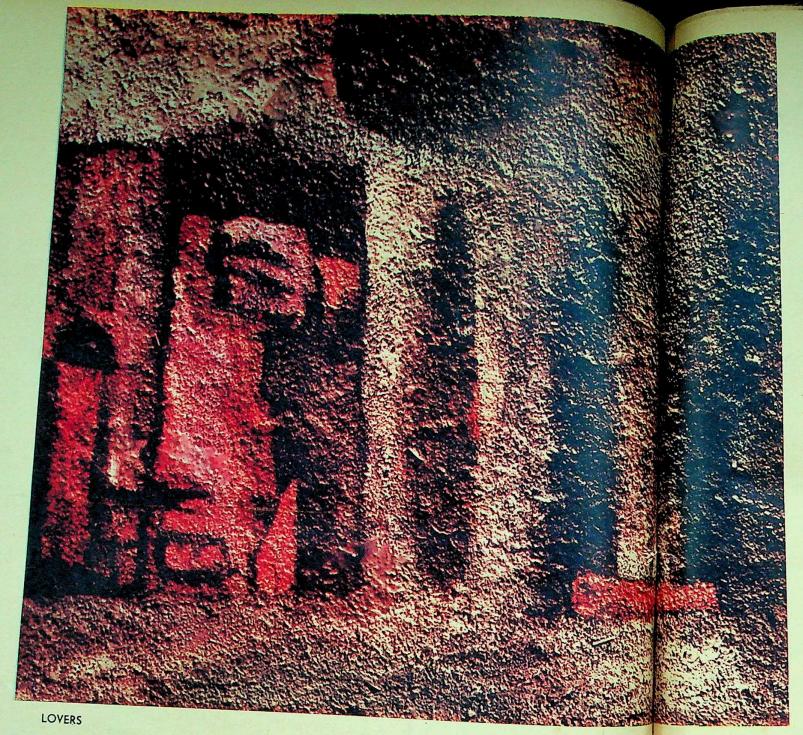


Photographs by Jaywant Ullal





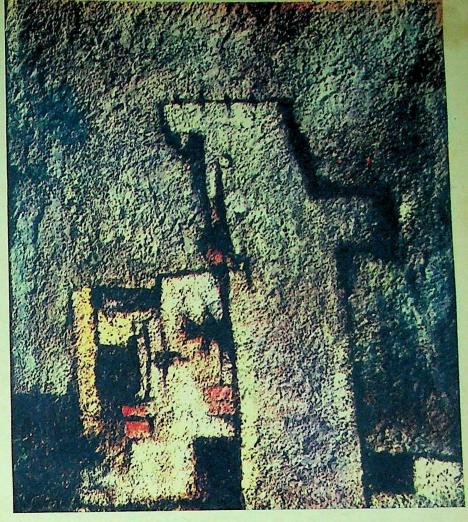
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WEEK'S





THIS READING

eace an

AG Hammarskjold by Joseph Lash (Cassell, 21s.) leaves on one's mind a lasting impression of the late U.N. Secretary-General who succeeded to a remarkable extent, during the eight years of his office in transforming a "few pregnant phrases in the Charter (on his functions)—and its more numerphrases in the Charter (on his functions)—and its more numerous silences—into a unique writ in the cause of international peace and security". Published within a few months of Hammarskjold's tragic death in the Congo, Mr. Lash pays special tribute to his bold handling of crises in the Middle East, South Asia and Africa, infusing vitality into the concept of the UN being the primary instrument for seeking solutions. It was, according to the author, Hammarskjold's resourcefulness which helped a large number of new States of Asia and Africa "to move from colonial subjection to vigorous nationhood without being entangled in great Power rivalries".

Hammarskjold was reluctant at first to accept in 1953 the offer of the high office of UN Secretary-General; but once having made the decision, he determined that in his new post, "the private man should disappear and the international public servant take his place". His duties were "to listen, analyse and learn", to understand "the forces at work and the interests at stake". From his father he inherited the tradiand the interests at stake". From his father he inherited the tradition that no life was more satisfactory than one of selfless service to country or, better still, to humanity. He took his new duties seriously: for him the conception of an international civil service (of which he was the head) was that it should be "an impartial, independent and objective body whose members served not the States of which they were the nationals but only the UN".

In this spirit he handled the various problems that arose during his term of office—contacts with Chou En-lai which neceswith Chou En-lai which necessarily implied a tough mission to Peking, a number of assignments in the Middle East designed to prevent a renewal of Arab-Israeli hostilities, and, rapidly, in their wake, the formidable Suez crisis. For his critics he had only one answer: "the Secretary-General cannot serve on any other assumpcannot serve on any other assumpcannot serve on any other assump-tion than that—within the neces-sary limits of human frailty and honest differences of opinion— all member-nations honour their pledges to observe all articles of the Charter".

Out of a search for an enduring solution of the problems in the Middle East emerged the conception of a UN force, competent to secure and supervise the objectives of the UN. Regarding the use of the Suez Canal, he produced a formula regarding which Fawzi Bey of Egypt made the shrewd comment: "Israel should keep its

mouth shut and we will keep our eyes shut."

As Hammarskjold gathered experience, his conception of his official functions seemed to grow, ficial functions seemed to grow, from being a mere instrument to assumption of the initiative. The philosophy of the Charter, he observed on one occasion, permitted the Secretary-General to act without even the guidance of the General Assembly to fill any vacuum that might appear in the system which the Charter was to safeguard in the interests of peace and security. security.

with the expansion of the UN as a result of the admission of a large number of newly emancipated colonies as members, the possibility of the UN functioning as a third force struck him as a hopeful prospect. There was an uneasy feeling on the part of some of the Big Powers about small States in the Middle East or Latin America, which contributed less than 2.5 per cent. of the total revenue of the UN, commanding a majority in the General Assembly. The rapidity with which the UN grew is indicated by the fact that whereas in 1955 its total membership was 60, in five years it had grown to 99.

The shift of power in the General Assembly to a centre party representing the middle and smaller nations was too obvious to be overlooked. Hammarskjold saw the new UN with its enlarged membership as "the main platform and the main protector of these small and middle Powers".

It was inevitable that sooner or later, Hammarskjold should find his interpretation of his own authority challenged. In the Charter, the Secretary-General is one of the principal organs of the UN, on a par with the General Assembly and the Security, Trusteeship and Economic and Social Councils: he is the Chief Administrative Officer of the organisation. Under Article 99 he felt he could send observers to an area of tension; and Article 99 he felt he could send observers to an area of tension; and if a situation warranted it, he could even raise the issue with the government concerned to avoid dangerous developments. Communist China (though not a member of the UN) and South Africa were instances which justified in his eyes such an interpretation of the Article. Such was his zeal in the pursuit of peace, that (President) Eisenhower once remarked, "This is a man who night after night has is a man who night after night has gone with one or two hours' sleep and worked all day intelligently and devotedly."

Much misunderstood, sometimes by one side, sometimes by the other, he pursued his objectives without flinching. He observed on one occasion, "Yes, whatever words you like—independence, impartiality, objectivity—they all describe essential aspects of what without exception must be the attitude of the Secretary-General."

In a speech shortly before his death, Hammarskjold referred at Oxford to the UN being "at a turning point when its members had to choose between two concepts of the organisation—either a static conference machinery or a dynamic instrument by which nations could shape an organised world community".

Whether it was deliberately planned or the result of an accident, his sudden death was a major setback to the movement for world peace.

In "Carson Country"

ANTHONY Carson has been described as "the funniest living British author"; he has even been termed a comic writer in the great tradition". Neither of these assessments quite hits the mark, for Mr. Carson is if not a minor assessments quite hits the mark, for Mr. Carson is, if not a minor practitioner, a writer in a markedly minor key. He is warm, tolerant, sensible, and his prose often has a Hazlittian grace. "My writing," he rightly says, "is composed of exact truths says, "is composed of exact truths and journalistic lies, like a mosaic, and through this medium I intend a general light of life to filter through."

a general light of life to filter through."

Carson's book, Poor Man's Mimosa (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) is a slender, tenuous account of a journey on an ancient scooter—and the minimum of cash—through Provence and over to the Balearic Isles. Nothing much happens, but Mr. Carson can make well-turned literary bricks with the minimum of literary straw. His perceptive eye sees in the restaurant keeper at Arles "a pear-shaped homosexual verging on the sixties". At Vence, when he and his lady companion wake up, it is raining—"even more hopeless rain than the old London spittle, and we looked out of the windows at the weeping trees and the curling white breath of the mountains. The land looked like a beaten woman and the turtle doves cried her shame." The weather changes to a beautiful day "as though summer had left something behind and come rushing back". The flowers are always a challenge to Mr. Carson's sensitive pen. The pinks were like "pretty children panting after running across wet fields".

Poor Man's Mimosa is prolific meiniles and matenhans—there are

Poor Man's Mimosa is prolific m similes and metaphors—there are sometimes a dozen to a page—but they are, for the most part, striking, original, and tremulous with a lyric note. As he wanders over these domains where "the sun catches you with oblique strength and the sea wind smoothly enters your lungs", Mr. Carson conveys his sense of euphory to the reader. There is much sound and intriguing logic in his "asides", as in the following, evoked at the Spanish frontier: "There is an electricity flashing from Spanish women which proceeds from no proceeds from no proceeds from the simple proceeds from the simple proceeds from no proceeds from no proceeds from the sound and its proceeds from the proceeds from no proceeds from no proceeds from the simple proceeds from the proceeds f Poor Man's Mimosa is prolific m from no men which proceeds from other women in the world.

June 24, 1962

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To travel in Provence and the Iberian lands with Mr. Carson—gentle humorist, poet and admirgentle humorist, poet and admirable guide—is a rewarding experiable guide—is a rewarding experiable termed "Carson country", been termed "Carson country", been termed man's Mimosa will undeniably verify the author's proprietory rights.

Realistic

MALCOLM Quantrill, whose photograph on the jacket is as attractive and original as his writing, is attempting, at the age of thirty-one, a three-volume auto-biography, thinly disguised as fiction. The first book in the trilogy is called Gotobed Dawn (Barrie & Rockliff, 16s.) and the second is to be called "Gotobedlam". The title of the third is not yet revealed.

of the third is not yet revealed.

Mr. Quantrill's writing is brilliant, with occasional undertones of Lawrence Sterne and of Joyce (but without Joyce's obscurity). His account of what is presumably his own childhood and his parents is written with humour and compassion. It reveals a rather sickly boy who is the only child of a working-class family in a small town in the east of England. Young Gotobed is almost overwhelmed by the extraordinary things that happen to his family whose members are not very faithful to one another. He becomes a Catholic and later an artist. There is a lot of sex in the book and by the end of this first volume Gotobed is putting his name into vigorous and diverse action. The book is realistic, completely free of inhibitions and is certainly worth reading.

Archaic Muse

THE Last Farewell and Other THE Last Farewell and Other Poems (Asia, Rs. 6), says the blurb, "is a happy memory, a song, a sigh". And a pity. For Mr. Barjor B. Paymaster should not have published memories, songs and sighs yet, but waited for them to ripen. The green ear of this barley could have profited from the wait; a good deal is pure corn anyway.

Take the recurring archaisms:
"thou liest, six feet deep", "folded
o'er thy breast", "from 'mongst the
crown", "ere my life"... One has
no quarrel with archaisms (in the
abstract no word can be bad), but anyway.

ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET, chief exponent of the "New Realist" school of writing and author of Les Voyeurs.

when "liest" is used in place of "lie", "o'er" in place of "over" "mongst" for "among" and "ere" for "before" merely for the sake of satisfying a metronomic rhythm—then one protests. For the purity of the word is sacrificed at the altar of a trivial prosodic convenience, instead of negotiating the prosody to suit the word. Nor is the sentiment very profound: much of it is wish-fulfilment, "vain regret", self-pity, corroding nostalgia, weariness and despair.

"My songs are sad and drear," runs one poem, "you said today. At thirty you are old." But Mr. Paymaster forgets that old age has yet its honour and its toil, and paddling about in paper boats of lachrymose despair is never a pretty sight. Let us hope this is indeed a "last farewell", and that the next will be a Prospice!

On Democracy

IN a democratic state the citizens elect their leaders to positions of authority. But, as is found in other forms of government, the men at the helm in a democracy also perpetrate several wrongs. At times their ill-conceived laws inflict a large amount of suffering on the people. The judges too are not omniscient and there is often miscarriage of justice. If the citizen is to be held morally responsible for all the misdeeds of men in power he will find that he is called upon to bear too heavy a burden and rather than bear it he may prefer to withdraw completely from the political scene. Whether such an attitude is correct depends upon a right answer to the question as to how far he is to be blamed for the mistakes of men in authority.

In Common Sense About Demo-IN a democratic state the citizens

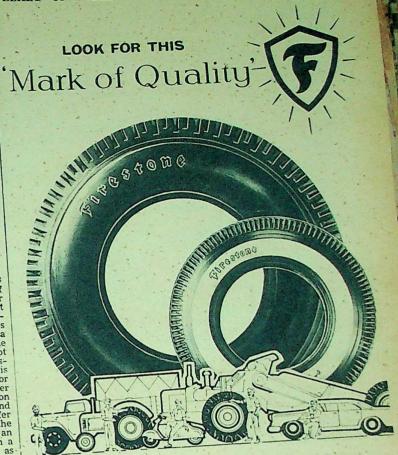
In Common Sense About Democracy (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) Edmond Cahn, Professor of Law at New York University, gives an answer to this question: an answer that provides great relief to the conscientious citizen burdened with a sense of moral guilt and which also serves as an encouragement to him to take a sustained and effective interest in the working of the government.

Prof. Cahn examines carefully the distinction between collective and individual responsibility of citizens. Officials are not the servants or the agents of those who elect them. They are men who are expected to exercise individual judgment in all they do and even to oppose public opinion when to oppose public opinion when they consider such opposition to be in public interest. If this is the correct relationship between them and the citizens, it follows that the latter cannot be held morally responsible for what their elected representatives do. It is only when an individual citizen incites a particular official to commit a wrong or remains silent or passive when he might have prevented a wrong about to be perpetrated or when he ratifies the act of wrong or accepts its fruits or acts in such a way as to make him a direct accessory to the wrong done that he becomes morally responsible.

Moreover much of the responsibility of citizens in a democracy

Moreover much of the responsibility of citizens in a democracy is of a collective character, and the guilt or default rests on the community as a whole and not on any individual citizen. With incisive analysis and with numerous examples, the author convinces the reader that the duty of a citizen lies not in withdrawing from politics but in acting as a guardian.

In an age when there is so much political disillusionment, Prof. Cahn strengthens mankind's faith in democratic institutions.



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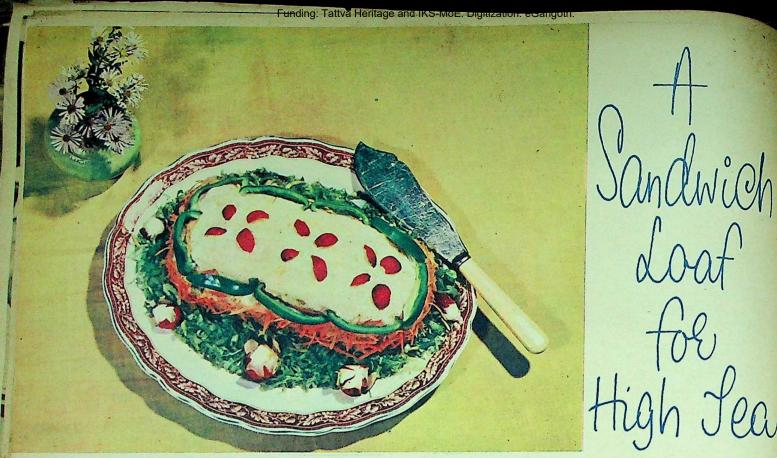
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AN IDEAL AFTERNOON SNACK (Photographs by R. N. Vernekar)

HOME SECTION

ERE is an excellent dish for hearty appetites. It is also something which you can prepare hours ahead and serve just when the family and guests are ready to eat.

INGREDIENTS: One large (day-old) sandwich loaf, ½ lb. butter.

Chutney filling: Green chillis, coriander leaves, grated coconut, salt and lemon juice all ground to a coarse paste.

Meat filling: One pound roast meat ground to a fine paste with a little vinegar and then mixed with a little mayonnaise.

Chicken fillings: One-and-a-half cups of finely chopped chicken mixed with a little mayonnaise.

Egg filling: Six hard-boiled eggs mashed with butter and mayonnaise.

Potato Paste for covering: Six boiled potatoes mashed with 2 tablespoons cream, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons butter, some salt, pepper and mustard.

Garnish: Shredded lettuce leaves, thin strips of raw capsicum, grated carrot, and red radishes.

METHOD: Remove the crusts from all sides of the sandwich loaf, including the top and bottom crusts. Slice the loaf lengthwise, making the slices as thin as possible, for which purpose it is better to have a day-old loaf. Now, lay

the first slice of bread on a flat dish and butter it. Spread the meat filling on, almost half an inch thick. Cover with another slice of bread and butter this. Spread the egg mixture over the second slice, then cover again with another and in this way build up the loaf with fillings and bread. Place the last slice of bread on the top and do not butter.

Spread the potato paste evenly on all sides of the loaf and also on top. Press the grated carrot on the sides and decorate the top with capsicum, red radishes or whatever else you fancy. Arrange the shredded lettuce leaves all round the loaf and put in the refrigerator to freeze for at least three to four hours, or overnight if you four hours, or overnight if you

want it really hard. The more frozen it is the easier it will be to slice. Do be careful not to make the filling pastes too thin as otherwise they will ooze out at the sides. Besides, the thicker the filling, the tastier the loaf.

When serving, slice in the regular way, vertically, and serve with mayonnaise, if desired.

You can vary the fillings in this loaf and have as many as you wish. For a vegetarian loaf, you could use tomato paste, cheese, chopped cucumber, mint or mango chutney, minced green peas and peanut butter. This loaf makes an ideal dish for a teanage party. ideal dish for a teenage party.

MALTI DIVECHA



Right: The various fillings are prepared beforehand. They can be as varied as you like. The loaf is cut horizontally in thin



slices; these are spread thickly with the fillings and sandwiched.

Left: The covering is of potato paste. Chill before serving.

Krish

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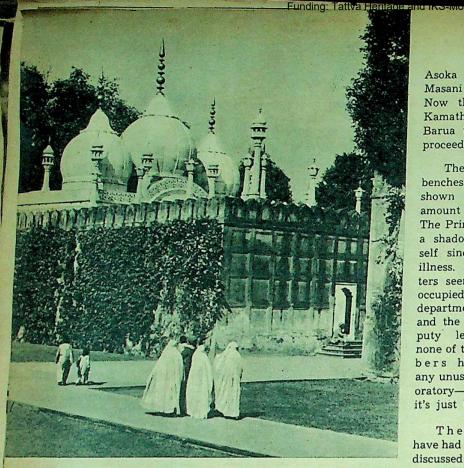
lantana cover

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area in spring.

Herds of gaur



THE PEARL MOSQUE (Photograph by P. R. Shinde)

Asoka Mehta, Minoo Masani and Vajpayee. Now there are only Kamath and Hem Barua to enliven the proceedings.

The Treasury benches have also shown a certain amount of staleness. The Prime Minister is a shadow of his old self since his recent illness. Other ministers seem to be preoccupied with their departmental duties and the choice of deputy leaders. And none of the new members has exhibited any unusual powers of oratory-or maybe it's just been too hot.

The Ministries have had their budgets discussed and sanctioned. I was interestDhingra family their return fare to Paris, Dhingra has gone back and the institution is again without a Secretary. It is a sorry state of affairs.

The Ministry of Information and Broadcasting is also vitally concerned in our cultural revival and national integration. I was heartened to learn that the news broadcasts of All India Radio are to be couched in a less Sanskritised and simpler Hindi. It has been the grievance of many educated Indians that they cannot follow the brand of Hindi used by AIR and so turn instead to listen in to foreign stations. Mr. Gopala Reddy has got the Hindi and Urdu producers to sit together and evolve a simpler vocabulary. It is unlikely that men who were specially recruited to "purify" the language will be amenable to this change, and A.I.R. may have gradually to replace the "purists" by protagonists of the people's language. Script-writers of films who manage to produce dialogue which the masses understand could teach the bureaucrats how to go about it.

We all have examples of the ludicrous extent to which the passion to coin Hindi equivalents for modern terms has gone. I came across one recently at Kasauli Cantonment. The words "Supply Depot" were transliterated into Devanagari as Saplace deepoo. On the same board was an incomprehensible mouthful, Dhumrapan-nishedha. On enquiry I learn that it was meant to prohibit smoking. A simple injunction, Sigrat peena mana hai, would have been more intelligible.

Delhi's telephones have become a source of amusement. Sometimes you pick up the instrument and hear a conversation in full swing. A well-timed "not at all, dear" can produce hilarious confusion; or if you are caught out, a torrent of abuse. In recent months, the state of affairs has got so bad that to every one call that connects, there are at least two which go haywire or bring no response. The magic number 999, meant to help one out of difficulties, has ceased to be effective. The telephone people have their own tale of woe. On the eve of independence, Delhi had only three exchanges and 6,000 telephones; today, there are seven exchanges catering to 38,000 telephones. The annual demand for instruments is over 8,000. Some applicants have been waiting for ten years to get one, and at the rate we are producing them, many will have died by the time their applications receive attention. I, for one, find the telephone an absolute nuisance and hope that one day the instrument will be abolished. Loud talkers are the bane of my life. The other day a friend of mine was yelling into the mouthpiece at the top of his voice. When I drew his attention to the fact, he protested: "I was talking to the Secretariat; it's two miles from here, you know!'

KHUSHWANT SINGH

Newsletters

SIMPLER VOCABULARY

OT, dust-raising winds, heat exhaustion and death from sunstroke—and we have the weather-cum-health bulletin of Northern India for the months of June and early July. The monsoon bird (the pied-crested cuckoo), which is a fairly reliable harbinger of rains in the coastal districts, has been heard calling through spiralling dust devils. It has called in vain, because we have only had a few squalls and nothing more. Perhaps the bird is only the trumpeter of prophecy: "If the loo comes can rain be far behind?"

The summer session of Parliament drags on. It has been one of the tamest meetings on record and now one can safely forecast that it will be one of the gentlest of Lok Sabhas in sixteen years. We miss the fireworks of men like Dange,

NEXT WEEK:

Dr. Zakir Hussain (Colour Cartoon by R. K. Laxman)

ed in the debate on the Ministry of Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, particularly in the workings of the trinity of Akademis, which are charged with the renaissance of national culture.

The Sahitya Akademi has gone from strength to strength under the very able guidance of Krishna Kripalani and Prabhakar Machwe. Writers are not the easiest of men to handle, but Krishna has, by his gentle manner, got round practically every novelist and poet of note to cooperate with him. The Lalit Kala under Bhubesh Sanyal has produced an excellent set of books on the various schools of Indian painting. Only the Sangeet Natak lags behind. It is the oldest of the three, but was apparently born under an evil star. A couple of years ago some members of the staff were suspended on charges of defalcation of funds and the post of Secretary remained vacant. After much searching the governing body offered the post to Dr. Baldoon Dhingra and persuaded him to wind up his affairs in France and return to Delhi. Immediately upon arrival he was greeted with the news that the offer had been a big mistake and that the Akademi would be pleased to pay the

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opportunity that offers in addition to the main chance, and getting printable negatives in spite of poor or horribly contrasty lighting by exploiting every control possible in development. And there was plenty to see and record there, though the animals were hard to come by.

Herds of gaur move into the Kargudi area (where I was) early in summer, and at this time the herds are occasionally very large, 40 or 50 animals together; a closer look reveals that such congregations are, in fact, made up of two or more herds, together for the time being while trekking to new feeding grounds; there are always two or more fully adult bulls, either in the herd or near it. March-April is also one of the seasons when one sees a few very young calves with the herd, golden brown or even a golden beige, with small, squaremuzzled heads and well-developed limbs; these are probably only two or three weeks old and look, with their short tails, so much more like three-month-old bull-mastiff puppies than the young of the most magnificent of the world's wild cattle—older calves, also with the herd, look like juvenile gaur. Stag parties of chital, sambar hinds with young fawns, and wild ele-phants on occasion, are other features of the area in spring.

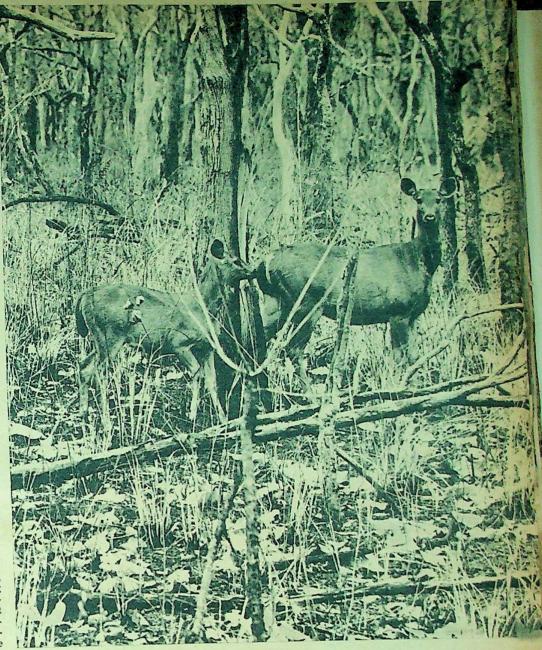
Well, I saw no elephants and no large herds of gaur-only some smallish lone bulls that I left in peace. The chital were hard to find and impossibly shy-it looked as though April should arrive before I could hope to see the animals I had known here in March previously. Meanwhile, there were other things to interest me.

NATURAL BOUNTY

The large white flowers of a small, deciduous tree (Dolichandrone sp.) were unfolding, and white is such a conspicuous colour in the jungles. The langur is fond of eating these flowers, but oddly enough I have noticed that they are eaten, not in fresh, first bloom, but about two weeks later. In 1959 the bamboo flowered gregariously in this area, but I saw a few isolated clumps in mature seed now, though bamboos are said to flower only at long intervals, of a dozen years or more, and gregariously. Another interesting point was that the seed-bearing clumps did not seem to attract wild animals, as one would have expected them to, and even Tara showed only the most casual interest in them when encouraged to partake of this natural bounty.

Occasionally we crossed the river and visited a jungle too far away for everyday reconnaissance. Here there were monitor lizards, mouse deer, and parties of chital, but the dense lantana cover rendered observation difficult and photography impossible. A pair of barking deer lived here, and it was fascinating to watch their quick, jerky getaway. And every time we crossed the river we saw the fresh pug-marks of a medium-sized tiger; once we were very close to him in the lantana, as the frantic alarms of langur and chital told us, but we saw neither hair nor hide of this nocturnal prowler.

About two miles from the rest-house was a delightfully cool streamlet, a mere trickle of water forming knee-deep pools in places, but fringed with clumps of bamboo and screwpine, and tall, leafy trees. This was the daylime retreat of a sambar hind and her two young—one a three-quarters-grown hind obviously belonging to an earlier breeding season, and the other a stag-fawn, perhaps four or five months old. They played a regular game with us every time we tried to get close enough for an unobstructed view—they would creep stealthly through the thick cover round a bend in the nullah, wait till we crossed the stream to try and head them off, and then creep back to their original hideout! Of course we could have flushed them from the cover by taking the elephant in, but such things are not done in a sanctuary, and I am glad to say that my picture of the mother and son was taken far from this About two miles from the rest-house was



SAMBAR AND SON

stream, when they were out browsing one even-ing. By the time I got this picture, the young hind had left to live by herself, but occasional-ly she rejoined the family party.

Yes, I had plenty to observe and even to photograph, purely by way of record, particularly some plants that I wanted identified. But by the end of the first week I began to realise that I had taken no worthwhile pictures, by selling which I could recover in part the heavy outlay on the trip. Somehow this worried me, though normally my attitude to money spent (I am most careful not to spend it) is that it is spent, and past praying for. I loaded my best camera with colour film, for I had been told that one could get good money for a transparency from the commercial advertising houses specialising in calendars.

For two days I saw nothing pretty, with the pretty-pretty kind of appeal that calendar merchants like; of course the wild animals were beautiful, but theirs was a fugitive beauty, beyond the speed of my colour film. Then, returning home in the evening, I saw something that halted me with its impact of sheer loveliness. The late evening sun, ahead and a little to one side of me, shone on an isolated clump of bamboo, endowing it with a clarity that only things rim-and-side-lit can have, but there was no harshness in that mellow lighting. The profuse tangle of armed branchlets around the base of the clump was revealed in marvellously integrated detail, with golden highlights and the shadows softly illumined; a

spray of dead bamboo leaves, of a perfectly even Naples yellow, formed a most decorative but still natural arch across the middle of the clump, and the young leaves on the towering, giant culms beyond were a most brilliant green, but they were almost feathery in their delicate, drooping grace.

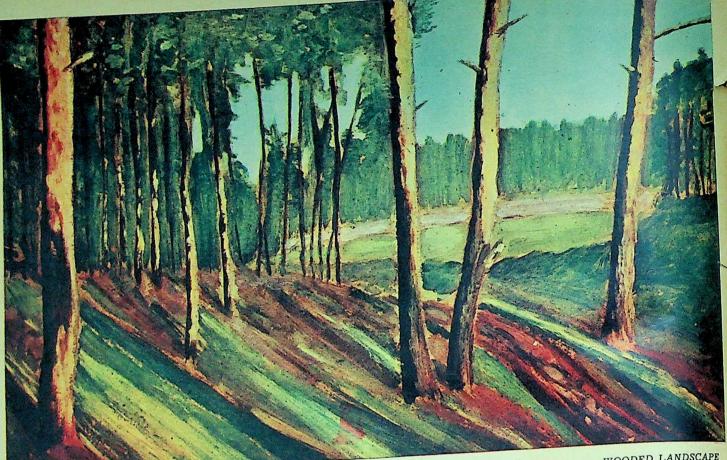
I got off the elephant and bracing the camera against a convenient tree stump, composed the picture with care, and took an accurate reading of the light with my meter. Then I got on to Tara's pad again without taking the picture and went home, feeling ever so much the better for a sudden access of common sense. The colour film that can distinguish between so many subtle shades of yellow and ochres and umbers has yet to be made, and even if I got a near approximation to the truth in my transparency, could I sell it? I saw myself, in the brief reverse of a cinematic "flashback", exhibiting my picture to various commercial advertising houses and being told, in kindly, patronising tones by their various bosses, that it was pretty, yes, very pretty, but didn't I see, it was just bamboo and some more bamboo—what it needed, to make a calendar picture, was to be thrown slightly off focus so as to provide a less distracting background to the figure of a simpering female, somewhat in adequately clad. I am still glad I had the sense not to attempt that picture, so far beyond the comprehension of colour film and commercial art.

(To Be Continued)

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WOODED LANDSCAPE

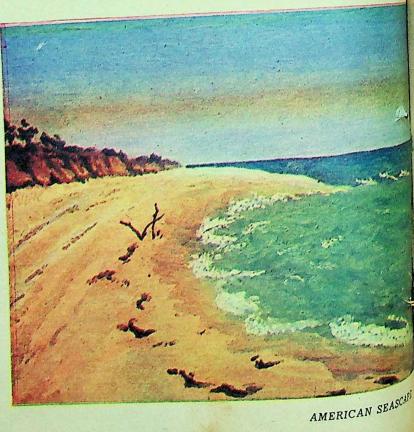
SUNDAY PAINTERS OF INDIA - 9

Rajeshwar Dayal



ABSTRACTION





A PROLIFIC pa eshwar Dayal interested in though he has do water-colours and his water to pastels. The first work stands nature—flowers, trusters hature—nowers, tr tains, sea and sky. ly he has begun to fi in abstract art too.

Tall, well-built clear-cut features, certain poise of mi found even his strassignment in the not disturbed. It been his quiet conserved him most ville. There he we for a cause, for and, he added, work for a principal work for a princip spiritual resources sustain you."

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Dayal's paint born out of frus other hand, the exuberance, his wards life, seel not dissonance helps him dis-He delights i PROLIFIC painter, Rajeshwar Dayal is mainly interested in oils, although he has done a few water-colours and has now also taken to pastels. The majority of his work stands inspired by nature—flowers, trees, mountains, sea and sky. But recently he has begun to find pleasure in abstract art too.

Tall, well-built and with clear-cut features, Dayal has a certain poise of mind, which I found even his strenuous UN assignment in the Congo had not disturbed. It must have been his quiet composure that served him most at Leopold-ville. There he was "working for a cause, for a principle"; and, he added, "When you work for a principle your latent spiritual resources well up and sustain you."

He never looks at any crisis from a personal point of view. For him it is always a matter of principle and he tries to resolve the issue in the best traditions of law. Even in Leopoldville he succeeded in laying out a beautiful garden but, he regretted, he could not paint.

Dayal's paintings are not born out of frustration. On the other hand, they reflect his exuberance, his attitude' towards life, seeking "harmony not dissonance". Painting helps him discover himself. He delights in his search

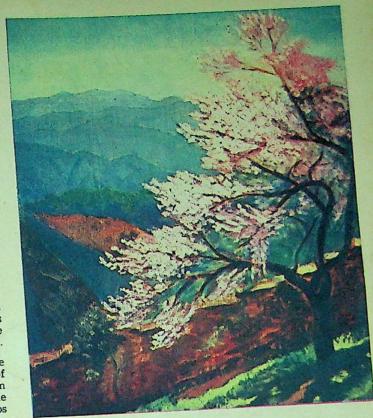
for form and in capturing the nuances of light and shade. He paints briskly and boldly, with broad sweeps of the brush. The average time he takes in doing even a large canvas is only about two hours. He keeps no sketch-book to help him in outlining a composition.

Most of his paintings have been done on the spot and aim at capturing the momentary mood of Nature.

The secret of success in painting would appear to lie in the adjustment of the illusion of dimensions with the reality of a flat picture surface, and, in this respect, Dayal has an admirable sense of composition. Wherever he has been—Russia or Yugoslavia, England or America, Kashmir or Kumaon Hills, Dayal has recorded his impressions of the land in the magnificence of his gay palette.

It was in America that he came under the influence of abstract painters. Among them he regards Rudolf Ray as one of his close friends. Perhaps his later hobby of colour photography also led him on to abstraction. Why paint a landscape when you can capture it in a colour transparency? Why not delve deeper into the unknown recesses of your consciousness and open the doors of perception?

Being active in a multitude of tasks is not a drawback for



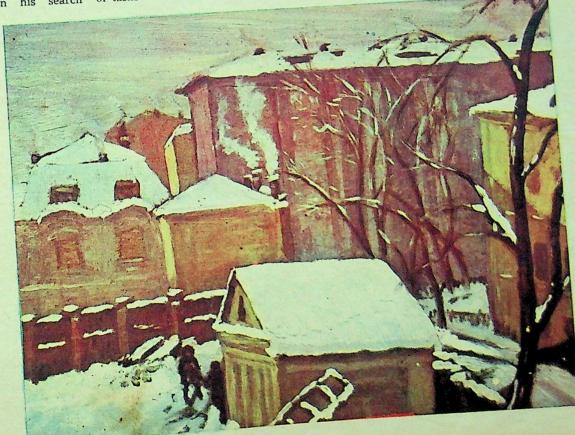
THE CHERRY TREE

Dayal, presently High Commissioner for India in Pakistan. The busier he is the better it serves his artistic pursuit. In fact most of his paintings have been done during periods of arduous assignments.

A noted Indian diplomat, who

joined the I.C.S. way back in 1931, Rajeshwar Dayal received his initial training at the Slade School of Art, London, and can be graded as the "seniormost" Sunday painter of India.

NACHIKETA GOTAM



MOSCOW WINTER SCENE

CAN SEASCAP

DSCAPE

OONER or later abstract art was bound to appear. That its appearance was delayed until the second decade of the twentieth century is almost an accident-an accident easily explained -but now that it has reached years of discretion, we must seriously consider its future-its career, one might almost say, adopting the anxious tone of a parent or guardian. What is it going to do? What is to be its function? Was it, in its early stages, merely one of those over-emphatic, defiant gestures that a man makes in order to prove to other men that they have been victims of a set of false assumptions? Or is it still in its infancy? Is it a new mode of expression with infinite possibilities for development and a long, useful life ahead of it? It was bound to appear, but is it certain to per-

If it is a protest against false assumptions, it is worth tracking those assumptions to their sources. Numberless painters have tried to explain the purport of their activity. Here is Alberti asserting, in 1436, that painters "have no other aim than to make the shapes of things seen appear on the surface of a picture not otherwise than as if the surface were of transparent glass" -trompe l'oeil, in fact-but he adds that the painter must "take pains not only to achieve a good likeness. . but to add beauty also". There, perhaps for the first time, one senses the dilemma that has always pursued the painter. Is a work of art an imitation, a copy, a translation of things into pigment? Or is it a thing-of-beautyin-its-own-right? "Both," answers Alberti, little knowing what his admission will eventually lead to.

Listen to Leonardo. "Painting...is the sole imitator of all the visible works of nature", but "whatever exists in the universe, whether in essence, in act, or in the imagination (my italics), the painter has first in his mind and then in his hands". Another dilemma. You don't only imitate: you imagine. That, too, seems to open a door that might lead anywhere.

Listen to Michelangelo: "Good painting is a copy of the perfections of God... it is a music and a melody which only intellect can understand." The simple Albertian plot thickens, yet the basic argument remains the same. "Painting imitates life." The phrase is echoed by a thousand voices, yet it is always followed by a "but". And as the centuries pass, the "but" grows bigger. Sometimes it is "but be guided by the masters of the past" (see the Eclectics passim). Sometimes "but follow the rules

of design and colour" (see Poussin), or "stick to the principles of Fitness, Variety, Uniformity, Intricacy and Quantity" (see Hogarth).

Soon a new voice is heard: "Painting... selects in the universe whatever she deems most appropriate to her ends" (Goya), or "The happy choice of forms and the right understanding of their relationship act on the imagination in the art of painting" (Delacroix). Here, at last, is a maxim that any abstract painter could accept, though doubtless Delacroix himself would have been astonished to know where his thought was leading.

The early nineteenth century, for all its lush sentiment, was fully aware of the problem of form versus content. "Titian, Tintoret and Paul Veronese enchanted me," says Allston in 1803, "for they took away all sense of subject." If that is genuine praise, then it is only a matter of time before the question is to be asked: "Then why bother about subject?" True, it is a question that no Impressionist is going to ask, for Impressionism has just discovered the new aspect of nature-namely the vibration of light-which is crying out to be "copied". Impressionism, acting as a dam to the growing volume of aesthetic consciousness, held up the question for a quarter of a century. But even in 1878 the dam was beginning to disintegrate. Here is Whistler writing: "As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject-matter has nothing to do with harmony of sound or of colour." And again in 1885: "Nature contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of music." Odilon Redon's confession: "A sheet of paper so shocks me that as soon as it is on the easel I am forced to scrawl on it... and this process gives it life," leads straight into Braque's "Colour has a reality in itself, a life of its own: a geometric form also has a reality in itself, independent and plastic. There never was any question in plastic art, in poetry, in music, of representing anything. It is a matter of making something beautiful." And so on, through Kandinsky and Gabo to (perhaps the neatest of such statements) Wadsworth's "A picture is primarily the animation of an inert plane surface by a spatial rhythm of forms and colours.'

Very well; abstract art, the animation of plane surfaces combined with the refusal to represent specific objects, was bound to come. What held back its arrival till the second decade of the twentieth century was largely habit, engendered by (a) Albertian theories of painting, and (b) the obligation of the painter to his patron to produce something with a specific subject for a specific purpose. That kind of

patron, however, had almost ceased to exist by the middle of the nineteenth century, and all that was required was an artist courageous enough to put into practice the theories that Delacroix and Whistler had already expressed in words. Mondrian and Kandinsky completed the destruction of the Impressionist dam, and now there is nothing in abstract art to surprise or even puzzle the spectator.

Yet the spectator, no longer surprised, is a little discontented. The artist has at last earned the right to throw subject-matter overboard. He has done it in the name of "freedom", of "beauty", even of "basic reality"—as opposed to "superficial realism"—and now what? Does his new freedom, his removal of the tiresome obstacles between himself and the basic harmonies of form and colour give him more power? He has turned art into music; he plays with form as a composer plays with sound. Where, then, are the masterpieces of pure visual harmony that should have come into being as soon as the artist achieved his new freedom? Who, after thirty years, is the Giotto, the Masaccio, of abstract art?

Many names spring to mind, successors to Kandinsky and Mondrian. In England, Ben Nicholson, and for a short period Wadsworth, and later William Gear and Victor Pasmore. In France, a host of experimenters, some of them grim purists, others alternating between abstract and near-abstract, others making an occasional raid into abstract territory—but, alas, among their names there is not one that convinces us that painting has at last reached the destination to which it has been slowly moving since civilisation began.

It is not my purpose, in this short arti-cle, to define the word "abstract", or to specify exactly what in a painting must be thrown overboard in order that it should qualify as an "abstract". I have sometimes listened, rather wearily, to heated arguments as to whether Picasso's Cubism of 1918, or any of Leger or Juan Gris deserved the name of abstract in its ultimate connotations. I am frankly indifferent to the strict meaning of the word. I am even prepared to argue that the word is indefinable and that, as between the extremes of, say, Mondrian's rectangular constructions on the one hand, and Caravaggio's tenebrist realism on the other, there is an infinite number of attitudes which an artist can take up towards the interpretation of specific visual experience.

But if the reader agrees with me that every art is tethered at one end of the scale to the specific limitations imposed on him by his eyesight, and at the other by his sense of how best to "animate a plane surface", then I ask him also to agree with me that what really matters is the length of the tether. It would be theoretically possible to enumerate and arrange all the artists of the world in order, between the abstract extreme of Mondrian

and the realistic e Juan Gris very nea yelasquez fairly ne and Giovanni Bellir middle), it would a that the arrangem to do with merit. genius would find with men of deplor and every point tremes. Van Eyck a surprised to discov door neighbours. P next to... but her The point I wish to sion of art into "ab is a comparatively matters is that eac himself whether t follow Alberti, or "achieve a good li sertion, on the ot was any question, presenting anythin dle course by dra perience in order harmony of form of

The middle w tractive as the exit. There is a sim that makes its cre since the extreme now been put out of photography ar aesthetics, the on honourably defen of abstract art. O graphy have cont artist to produce it. As mankind be province of descr proud monopoly, writer. The word the most damagir bulary. And with there is no longe art. The frontiers the artist's terri there he stands i ken kingdom, prolast it has its o age of colour and ture-and that r arts can rob him experiment with son could say th that Picasso nov ger vocabulary, than Alberti or

What, surel titude of certain artist has nothing vocabulary and tax. There is to tics whose pass tract art is rer loyalties of par most to be bas the critic's fun licy for artists who, like myse vince is to ass the artist may an attitude of r labyrinths of 1 ing, to which i suspicion that, by the artist a and the realistic extreme of Caravaggio. Juan Gris very near to the Mondrian end, Welasquez fairly near the Caravaggio end, and Giovanni Bellini somewhere about the middle), it would at once become evident that the arrangement had nothing at all to do with merit. Artists of the highest genius would find themselves side by side with men of deplorable mediocrity at any and every point between the two ex-tremes. Van Eyck and Meissonier would be surprised to discover that they were nextdoor neighbours. Picasso would be seated next to... but here discretion intervenes. The point I wish to make is that the divi-sion of art into "abstract" and "figurati ed is a comparatively unimportant one. W 1at matters is that each artist must decide for himself whether the painter's task i to follow Alberti, on the one hand, and "achieve a good likeness", or Braque' assertion, on the other, that "there rever was any question, in plastic art... i representing anything", or to pursue a middle course by drawing on his visua experience in order to achieve the des ed harmony of form and colour.

The middle way is never quite as attractive as the extremes on either side of it. There is a simplicity about extremism that makes its creeds easy to defend. And since the extreme of visual realism has now been put out of court by the invention of photography and the discovery of pure aesthetics, the only extreme that can be honourably defended today is the extreme of abstract art. Other factors than photography have contributed to encourage the artist to produce it and the critic to praise it. As mankind becomes more literate, the province of description, once the painter's proud monopoly, has been invaded by the writer. The word "literary" is now one of the most damaging in the art critic's vocabulary. And with the growth of the cinema there is no longer any place for narrative art. The frontiers of painting have shrunk; the artist's territory has diminished. Yet there he stands in the centre of his shrunken kingdom, proudly proclaiming that at last it has its own language—the language of colour and form, of pattern and texture—and that no invasion from adjacent arts can rob him of the right to use it and experiment with it. And no sensible person could say that he is mistaken in doing so. Nor could any sensible person deny that Picasso now has at his disposal a larger vocabulary, a more flexible syntax than Alberti or Leonardo ever had.

What, surely, is not sensible is the attitude of certain critics who assert that the artist has nothing to do but play with his vocabulary and experiment with his syntax. There is today a body of French critics whose passionate propaganda for abstract art is reminiscent of the one-sided loyalties of party politics, and seems almost to be based on an implication that the critic's function is to formulate a poley for artists to carry out. To the critic, who, like myself, assumes that his province is to assess the value of whatever the artist may be moved to create, such an attitude of mind is bewildering, and the labyrinths of polemics and special pleading, to which it gives rise, fill him with a suspicion that, while the means employed by the artist are being debated with the

COMPOSITION 2 (1922) by PIET MONDRIAN

(Courtesy: The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum)

utmost ingenuity, the main purpose of art has been entirely forgotten.

Yet, unless the purpose of art is remembered-and from time to time restated-there can be no standard for judging the validity of the means. If the artist has no more to do than to invent harmonies of form and colour that will express his state of mind at a given moment and to externalise the emotional tensions that beset him, then abstract art will serve his purpose admirably. But only the simplest of human beings could be content so to divorce himself from the material world in which he lives, and only the most puritanical of spectators could be content to see him so divorced. What the abstract artist attempts to reach is the very core of the artistic apple, the very skeleton that holds the body of art in place and gives it firmness and strength. Yet a core without an apple, a skeleton without a body, is too fundamental to be interesting in its own right. The human being, at skeleton level, has shed most of its human attributes and has become a mere symbol of humanity, bereft of all those specific dreams and desires that have made the individual body so endearing in the past.

The abstract artist, in fact, in his search for ultimate purity, has achieved a kind of auto-castration, and in doing so he has made himself sterile. The forms and

colours with which he "animates" his canvas can never link themselves to his visual experience; they can only express his visual imagination. That thrilling orgasm in which a Titian or a Fra Angelico can make the visible world his own and beget a work of art that combines the essence of himself with the essence of the place and the time he lives in—that miracle is denied him, and all he can offer in its place is his innocence, his celibacy, his immunity from the temptations of the world and the flesh. The sensuous glory of a tree is denied him, and he must fall back on the abstractions of tree-ness and spring-ness.

I have stated the case for him as fairly as I can. It is a logical case. But the case against him is a humanist case and only in an epoch which is essentially non-humanist could it be forgotten. We live in such an epoch, and we have the abstract artists we deserve. Like an emetic, they have purged us of a great deal of silly nineteenth century sentiment; like a professor of anatomy, they have revealed the permanent, the timeless bones beneath the perishable flesh. Yet the perishable flesh, in all its ephemeral weakness, will assert itself again. The body can be purified by an emetic, but it can't be nourished by it. It can be explained by the anatomist, but the anatomist cannot teach us to enjoy it.

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But modern alge symbols of its disco nor even the operat subjected to those uses them to denote say, x may as wel which nothing is as certain fundamental very different from and algebra. "Indefi the ineffable of something that is to not be defined. It is is not pinned dow order to create an may be as widely other words, we led widest possible ge thus reach the sun

To fix ideas, le definables" denote want to distinguis ments of this set, X₁, X₂ X₃... For represent the set fling three cards, of spades. Since distinct ways in w muted, any two will inevitably yi fles of the set it or more of the si any new shuffle original six of th of six shuffles is tion of "indefinal of three cards, w a way that any t are equivalent to is known as a gr the elements of cording to some them produces a itself. It is, there or closed.

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It often has original group in distinct sub-sets ments included properties ment a case, each sulperty in its ow group of the original of the six shuffles groups, each of possesses the groups.

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travelled to foreign countries, spending close upon three billion dollars, and 1962 promises to be an even bigger travel year.

Funding: Tativa Figurage and Incomo

Italy, Switzerland and Austria, Europe's traditional holiday-makers' Meccas, were overrun last summer by Germans, conscious of their currency's favourable rate of exchange. Better-heeled tourists from all over the world mingled nonchalantly with the old financial aristocracy along the French Riviera and other exclusive areas, once catering only to a select elite.

Last year, more than 170,000 Americans took off for the South Pacific and the Far East and 7,000 went even as far as East Africa, lured by attractive package deals incorporating exciting safaris. Once, it used to be fashionable among namedroppers to mention London, Paris and the obligatory French Riviera, but today's sophisticated traveller can be expected to ask: "And did I tell you what happened to me in Moscow?"

The travel bug does not confine itself to any particular age group, since forty per cent. of all U.S. passports issued during 1961 went to people over fifty, while more did not possess the sparkle, the vitality and enthusiasm which mark students and younger people representing the middle class.

When they arrive, in addition to see ing the country, they will want to meet their hosts on a people-to-people basis. Like those before them, they will reach India most likely by air, after having visited Bangkok and Rangoon. As tourists they will naturally want to see the many monuments and temples; the Burning Ghats of Benares; the historic Red Fort at New Delhi and of course the Taj Mahal, without doubt the most famous attraction of every tour. Their journey may take them to the Pink City of Jaipur, famous not only for its own beauty, but also for the nearby city of Amber, once the ancient capital of the Kachhawa rulers of this region.

The newspaper and television coverage of Mrs. Kennedy's tour of India, watched by millions, will also inspire many who have followed her fashion lead to do the same. As goodwill ambassadors, these Americans will be anxious to learn more about India's culture, the complexity of

A New Generation Discovers India

oIN the Navy and See the World," read the caption of a mighty battle-ship braving the waves, while another picture, that of a young man in smart-looking uniform, said: "Join the Army and let the World See You."

Travelling by courtesy of Uncle Sam has long been a tradition with adventurous young Americans, but "seeing the world" is no mere spine-tingling phrase today, but a sober reality. Not so many years ago only a small percentage of the populace could afford this luxury, but the John Doe of the 1960s does not have to sign up any longer for his dream to come true. Till recent years the general conception was that only a financially privileged few could visit foreign countries in their leisure time. Wage-earners and white-collar workers considered themselves lucky if they could manage to save enough money during the year to spend a week or two at a nearby lake or mountain village, usually within a radius of not more than one hundred miles from their place

In my native Austria, camping was the poor man's vacation, and when one got too old to rough it, there were inexpensive lodgings in the country, catering to the working class. Social position and income brackets determined where the others would spend their holidays. Trespassing into another man's territory was not only frowned upon but also gave rise to speculation regarding one's trustworthiness and conversancy with etiquette.

Together with many other pre-war conceptions these notions are history now. Rejecting any interference and intrusion in their private lives, people are on the move today. The number of Americans going abroad has increased by 54 per cent. since 1955. Last year an estimated 1,650,000

than 100,000 students are expected to go abroad during the current year. They will mainly go to Europe to see the Old World's treasures and to test their skill in foreign languages. In addition, such jaunts will bring them three to six credit points towards their educational requirements.

"What is good for son, cannot be bad for dad," say their fathers, who have learned to combine business with pleasure, sometimes even with tax-deductable expenses. Psychiatrists, for example, held their convention in Freud's Vienna; the American Bar Association picked London, so that their members could visit the birthplace of the Magna Carta at Runnymede; the Rotarians convened in Tokyo, and the American Cancer Society even went as far as Moscow.

TRAVELLING MADE EASY

To give man's wanderlust an additional shot in the arm, such American standbys as Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward are offering tours with nothing down and two years to pay and, believe it or not, any American who buys his groceries at the market can save his Blue Chip Stamps for a grand tour of Europe. Since 235 books of stamps are necessary, he will have to consume quite a bit of food before he can start packing his grip, but in the mean time nobody can stop him from making his travel itinerary.

The largest number of tourists visiting India, from any single country, come from the United States. In the past, those able to afford a trip to the Orient were well over fifty. They had seen most other places in the world and were accustomed to the best accommodation money could buy. Conditioned to a certain way of life, these people, with very few exceptions,

her problems and her remarkable effort to build a bridge between the old and the new—a new synthesis between tradition and modern progress. Most visitors, I dare say, will prove quite sympathetic, for the monumental task involved in such a transition will very probably remind them of their own history and of the almost insurmountable struggle encountered by America's early settlers.

Even those who have done their homework in preparing themselves intellectually for such a journey may find the



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r the search for the "essence" of integers, the basis of arithmetic, yielded the ethereal abstractions of symbolic logic and metamathematics already described, those of modern algebra were even more tenuous. As is well known, in elementary algebra we use the mystery symbol x to denote a quantity which we do not happen to know. Although the quantity is unknown, we are ultimately able to find its value, because, by subjecting it to the operations of arithmetic, like addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, squaring, cube-rooting, etc., we obtain a known result.

But modern algebra no longer restricts the symbols of its discourse to represent numbers, nor even the operations to which symbols are subjected to those of ordinary arithmetic. It uses them to denote "indefinables". That is to x may as well be a symbol concerning which nothing is assumed except that it obeys certain fundamental laws, which again may be very different from those of ordinary arithmetic and algebra. "Indefinable" in this context is not the ineffable of the mystics—a mysterious something that is too deep for words and cannot be defined. It is simply the undefined that is not pinned down to anything concrete in order to create an instrument of analysis that may be as widely applicable as possible. In other words, we leave the mystery symbol x deliberately undefined in order to secure the widest possible generality in our theory and thus reach the summit of abstraction.

To fix ideas, let us start with a set of "indefinables" denoted by the symbol x. If we want to distinguish between the various elements of this set, we may represent them by x_1, x_2, x_3, \dots For example, x_1, x_2, \dots, x_n may represent the set of six different ways of shuffling three cards, like the ace, two and three of spades. Since there are six and only six distinct ways in which three cards can be permuted, any two shuffles successively applied will inevitably yield some one of the six shuffles of the set itself. By combining any two or more of the six shuffles, we cannot generate any new shuffle not included already in the original six of the set. In other words, the set of six shuffles is closed. Such a set* or collection of "indefinables" as the set of six shuffles of three cards, whose elements combine in such a way that any two or more of them in unison are equivalent to some single item of the set, is known as a group. The essential point is that the elements of the group can be combined according to some law, and any combination of them produces an element belonging to the set itself. It is, therefore, completely self-contained or closed.

THE GROUP CONCEPT

It often happens that the elements of the original group may be divided into two or more distinct sub-sets in such a way that the elements included in each sub-set satisfy the two properties mentioned above separately. In such a case, each sub-set possessing the group property in its own right is known as the subgroup of the original group. Thus, in the case of the six shuffles of three cards cited earlier, the six shuffles can be so divided into two subgroups, each of three shuffles, that each of them Possesses the group property in its own right.

It is really a wonder that, from the simple, insignificant-looking assumptions underlying the group concept, there springs an abundance

of profound relations tying up, in the single framework of a deductive system, an astounding variety of seemingly unrelated branches. This is why group theory provides an important tool for the study of many problems in cal-

culus, geometry and even quantum mechanics.

If algebra soared to dizzier and dizzier heights of abstraction by liberating the symbols of its discourse from their attachment even to numbers, geometry, not to be outdone, went one better. It liberated itself in three major ways to reach the high-water mark of abstraction that it has attained today. First, it wrenched itself free from the slavery of diagrams. Before Descartes's invention of algebraic geometry that proved to be its Magna Carta, there was no way of developing a geometric argument except by drawing a figure. Descartes showed that, instead of denoting points by dots and crosses, as in a geometrical diagram, we could designate them by their coordinates-that is, distances from a set of mutually perpendicular reference lines. The way is then clear to carry on the argument by mani-pulation of numbers (co-ordinates) instead of diagrams.

SECOND LIBERATION

Descartes's innovation, in due course, paved the way for the second liberation of geometry, this time from its complete domination by Euclid. For over 2,000 years, Euclid had pontificated geometry so absolutely that even philosophers like Kant thought they could "prove" that geometric relations in space could not be other than those laid down by Euclid. For the application of Cartesian methodology and cal-culus to geometry led to the profound investigations of Gauss, Lobachevsky, Bolyai and Riemann into the foundations of geometry, which finally undermined Euclid's domination of it. They showed that Euclidean geometry was only one of the many that could be deduced equally logically from postulates differing from those of Euclid—especially his parallel postulate.

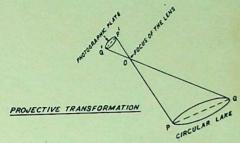
Furthermore, all this rich abundance of Euclidean and non-Euclidean geometries that were devised could be applied to still more abstract spaces of dimensions more than three that the perceptual space around us seems to possess. Indeed, there was no limit to the dimensions that such abstract spaces could conceivably have. Mathematicians even conjured spaces of infinitely many dimensions, such as Hilbert space with its applications to quantum

These new geometries were, in turn, unified by the group concept that had already proved so fruitful in extending the horizons of modern algebra. It first invaded projective geometry-a new branch that began to be developed as a self-contained body of doctrine about the beginning of the 19th century. The idea underlying such a geometry is precisely that of photography. When we photograph a landscape, the picture no doubt distorts the angles, distances and shapes observed. Thus a circular pond may appear in the photograph as an ellipse, and the parallel edges of a track may seem to converge. Despite these distortions, the photograph still retains intact a number of geometric properties of the landscape to remain a recognisably faithful replica of the actual

The properties that are preserved in the photograph, that is, the properties that remain

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"invariant" under the photographic transformation, are the properties studied by projective geometry. This is because if we analyse the mechanism of the photographic transformation we find that it is exactly what the mathematicians call a projective transformation. For the latter is engineered in the following way: Let there be any plane geometric figure (landscape) and let O (the converging centre within the camera of the rays of light from the landscape) be any point not in the plane of the figure. Draw straight lines (rays of light) from O to every point of the plane figure, as shown in the figure below: the figure below:



Let this set of lines be cut by any plane (the photographic plate) not passing through O. This plane section of the lines through O gives a new figure (photograph) in the cutting plane, which is said to have been obtained from the original by projection and section or a projective transformation. It is obvious that to every point P in the original figure there corresponds one and only one point in the projection, so that to every straight line such as PQ in the original there corresponds one and only one straight line PQ' in the projection yielded by the points P' and Q' corresponding, respectively, to P and Q of the original figure.

A projective transformation thus transforms points into points, and lines into lines, and preserves the incidence of points and lines, even though it does not preserve distances and angles. Now the set of all projective transformations forms a group, because any two such transformations applied in succession yield a third, also belonging to the set. Projective geometry is thus the study of properties of figures which are "invariant" or remain intact under the group of all projective transformations.

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE

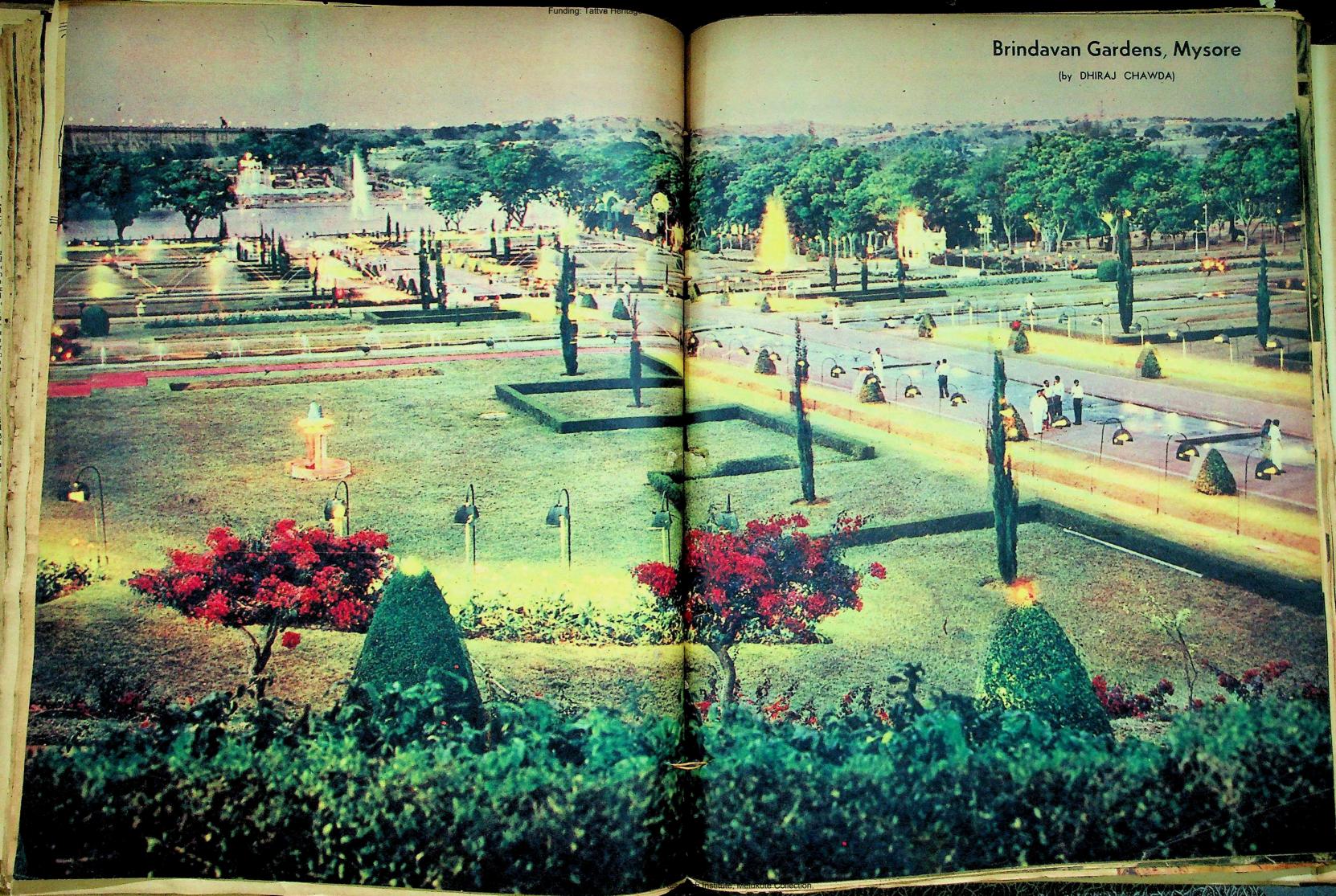
In exactly the same way, the group idea is also applicable to ordinary Euclidean geometry, because the set of all rigid motions in space also forms a group. This is a way of saying that any two shifts of a rigid body applied in succession yield a third which, too, belongs to the set. It, therefore, follows that ordinary Euclidean geometry is the study of those properties of figures that remain invariant under the group of all such motions.

This, again, is only a particular case of a fundamental principle first enunciated by Felix Klein to the effect that, corresponding to every group of transformation in space, there is a geometry consisting of those properties of space which are invariant under the given group. Klein's principle is thus a sort of Ariadne's thread running through the whole gamut of modern geometries, and provides a systematic method of procedure in studying geometry as a whole by the investigation of all possible groups of transformations. For instance, the group of rigid motions is a subgroup of the general projective groups when the point O of projection recedes to infinity. Likewise, there are other subgroups which are equivalent to the non-Euclidean displacements. It, therefore, results that all geometries, whether Euclidean or not, are implicitly contained in projective geometry from which they are obtained by specialisation. No wonder Cayley was tempted to exclaim, although somewhat prematurely, that "projective geometry is all geometry"!

(To Be Continued)

AND WASHINGTON

Such a set is really a permutation group, as it is the result of permuting three cards.



100 Long in the West

SYNOPSIS

Mudalur is a remote village drowned by the monsoon rains and an extravagance of vegetation and dominated by the horn of Mahavir peak. On the summit of this mountain is a mango tree, which, according to legend, is a young prince accidentally transformed by the power of a rishi. To this village come Professor Sambasivan, his wife Lakshmi and their young son Gopal to spend their annual holiday in their sandalwood house. The rooms of this villa, called Hillview, are arranged concentrically in the manner of ancient cosmographies and are constantly rebuilt to provide employment to Mudalur's manpower. On the day following his arrival, Sambasivan presides over a gathering of his employees among whom are such characters as Guruswami the caretaker, Kesavan the carpenter and Murugesan the treasury officer. Before he brings the proceedings to a close someone raises the cry of exploitation. The trouble-maker, young Raman, at first manages to rally the men under the banner of revolt, but is eventually compelled to leave, Sambasivan meanwhile having succeeded in winning back their loyalty.

ID anything happen?" Lakshmi asked, without interest. She had squeezed a blackhead out of her nose, which she considered a far more satisfying accomplishment than the decisions taken at these pompous durbars.

"A few things," said Sambasivan offhand-edly. "There was a little trouble, to tell the truth, but I disposed of it in my usual decisive fashion" fashion.

"Trouble," grumbled Lakshmi. "As if we haven't enough of it."

It was not a proposition her husband wanted to dispute. There was obviously a burden on his wife's heart, so he waited dutifully to have it laid on his shoulder.

"Just look at the mess we're making of Nalini's marriage."

The we was broadminded, since, as far as Lakshmi was concerned, there could have been no question where the blame lay.

"But she isn't married," Sambasivan obiected.

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"That's just the trouble," she wailed. "Who'll ever marry her with an American university education?"

"Oh I don't know, you know. I've known it happen."

"A woman's place is in the kitchen," Lakshmi said flatly.

"How edifying, my dear! I didn't realise you'd moved the dressing-table in there."

"Yes, be funny," she scolded. "But mar-riage is no joke."

"I see no obstacles," Sambasivan declared. He was falling into his professorial mood and the words came forward dignified and self-conscious, as if they had all taken university degrees. "She is endowed with beauty, modesty and wit, to which education has been dextrously added. Such a combination can very well speak for itself. But to make it speak louder we have proclaimed it in every leading journal."

"That's just it," she said. "Advertising. Siva, Siva, why did you have to do it? Anyone would think we were getting desperate."

by BALACHANDRA RAJAN

"What's wrong with advertising? The Government does it when they want to buy a steel mill."

"They'll think she's ugly as sin."

"That isn't what I said, dear. May I remind you of my well-chosen text?"

He took the frayed piece of paper out of his pocket, reading the words as if they were buttered rice on his tongue.

"'Vadama girl, educated yet domesticated.
Fair of face, ravishing of form. Unprecedented paragon will marry whoever deserves her.'

"There you are," he said proudly. "Perfection in a nutshell."

"Even I don't believe it," said Lakshmi.
"And if I don't, what makes you think that anybody else will? I'll tell you what they'll think. They'll think she's ugly and that her mother's venomous. They'll think you're a profligate who can't afford a dowry. They'll think we're both idiots and you probably are one."

"Toujours la politesse," said Sambasivan feebly. It was the only French that he knew.

feebly. It was the only French that he knew.

"Don't think," Lakshmi blazed at him, "that you can escape from the truth by speaking a foreign language. I'll tell you what you've done. You've ruined my only daughter's marriage prospects. You've corrurted her maiden virtues with education. And home-made corruption isn't good enough for you. Oh no! You have to send her to Columbia. That means she's superior to everybody else. She'll be priggish and insufferable. She'll be too big for her shoes and too swanky for her sari. And, even if she isn't, everyone will think so."

"You think too much, I'm afraid," said Sambasivan, "about what other people are going to think. Kindly permit them to draw their own conclusions. And there is no question of Nalini not doing what she is required to. She has been given the best possible education only to equip her to perform her wifely duties. She will now perform them with an efficiency that justifies my considerable expenditure. I shall choose a young man with the correct sense of proportion in these matters."

"She'll never fit in," Lakshmi prophesied dismally. "She's been too long in the West. She's forgotten our language and will turn up her nose at our food. She'll want to bathe with soap instead of sikkai powder and to clean her teeth with toothpaste instead of a neem twig. And worst of all she'll talk back to her husband."

Her last remark tempted Sambasivan sore-ly but he thought it best to reply in a less sen-

"I can't understand all this fuss about toothpaste," he said blandly. "I seem to remem-ber that you use cold cream. Perhaps you'll tell me it's a Vedic invention."

"I belong to the older generation," she re-torted, "and so I can afford to indulge in such things. It's a frivolity in me. In her, it's a rebel-lion."

She realised that she was being diverted from the main stream of her complaints.

"Very well, let's assume that America has done her no harm, and that other people don't think so. It isn't true, but let's assume it is. But that's only the beginning of our troubles. You've read only one half of your silly advertisement. And what does the other half say? 'Apply in person to Hillview, Mudalur.' Mudalur, mind you. Not to Madras or Madurai or even Kodaikanal, but to a flea-bitten, fraudinfested pigsty of a place, which isn't on any map and which only a lunatic could find. Do you seriously expect anyone in his right mind to come here? In the middle of the monsoon? Up a road that's no better than a river of mud?" "Very well, let's assume that America has

"Perhaps the going is a little rough," Sam-basivan admitted. "But nothing venture, noth-ing win, you know. None but the bold deserve the fair, and all that."

"Only a fool would be fool enough to come here. And I'm not giving my only daughter to a fool. If she must be married I want it to be done sensibly, in a proper house, with all the would-be husbands driving up in cars and neighbours around knowing exactly what's happening. Not here, where even the postman couldn't care less."

The corners of her mouth were beginning to tremble. She fumbled indignantly for her handkerchief, at the waist of her sari.

THERE was a knock at the door, to Sambasivan's relief. He had never been good at consoling tearful ladies and, realising that, he would have asserted his authority with unnecessary heaviness. He didn't want to hurt her, but he would have probably done so to defend himself.

defend himself.

The young man came in like a calamity out of the rain. He had an umbrella, but the wind had broken its ribs. It flapped despondently and dripped water into his collar. He took his spectacles off, mistook the Kashmiri carpet for the doormat and walked with Groucho Marx strides to the nearest arm-chair in the seventh circle. He sat down and twirled his umbrella vigorously, drenching Sambasivan who had incautiously approached him. Then he put his left ankle on his right knee, blew unnecessarily on his glasses and wiped them on the turn-ups of his trousers. He put them back on a remarkably large nose. His eyes had a look of perpetual surprise in them at being able to see round so enormous an obstacle.

He looked around the room, as if it were an undesirable legacy.

"Interesting house," he observed eventually. "Was it Courvoisier or Corbusier who designed it?"

"Oh, it wasn't designed," Sambasivan explained. "It just happened. Rather like the English constitution."

The young man frowned at him, making him realise that the British were no longer a

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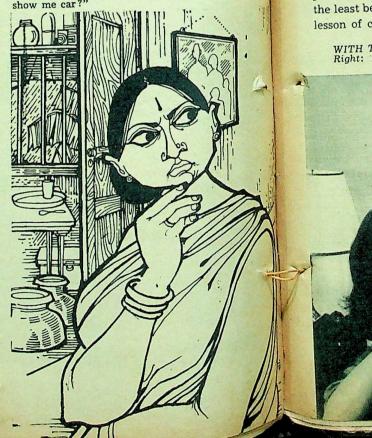
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"I am not impressed. Everything must be planned. In my scheme of things nothing can be permitted to happen."

"This is our house incidentally," Sambasi-

"Quite so. That is precisely why it concerns me. Now will you be good enough to show me car?"



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It can still be fun, though, and often better than living at home. There are both snags and comforts. But in the end it just means growing up and facing life, as it is outside the home, a little sooner. On the whole, running a flat is a good preparation for marriage in many ways—not the least being the learning of the valuable lesson of consideration for others.



THE QUESTION OF COOKING can be settled by agreeing upon which chores should be done by which girl. Here the one who has arrived home first prepares the dinner on condition that her friend will wash the dishes.

WITH THE TELEPHONE it is a great advantage to have an ally. Right: Eventually one of the girls will get engaged and then

married. The one who is left behind will have to find someone new, and the settling down process will begin all over again.



Choose Cotton For S

HE days are hot and muggy. In monsoon regions the humidity, following rain, weighs on the spirits. Anything one wears seems to wilt and droop. Silks are impossible. They lose their lustre, are sticky to the touch and are stifling. The moisture harms them and one often finds dark damp marks disfiguring their beauty. Store them carefully and air once a month to preserve them well.

Beyond the monsoon regions, up north and north-west, the next few weeks are parched and searing. How can one attempt to fight the heat and try and look, if not feel, cool and neat?

The answer is to use cotton. Nylons are uncrushable, no doubt. But they are unbearably hot and also unhealthy in this season. Georgette and chiffon crush soon and if you are caught in the variable monsoon weather, any sudden shower will shrink them to your shins!

Cotton has the widest range of any textile. It can be fine or coarse; thin or thick; supple or stiff; dull or gleaming; simple or rich. It washes well and can be laundered at home. Being absorbent it does not show ugly stains but absorbs body moisture. This is important as a fashion feature, for nothing so detracts from a look of personal freshness as perspiration



ORIGINAL COMBINATIONS are the distinguishing feature of the striking cottons of Adyar.

A "shot" effect in the body is blended with a wide border.



A SOFTENING GLOW, due to a mercerised thread, is given to these gay Poona saris. This vivid check is bound to drive away the "monsoon blues".



DELICATE STRIPES in pastel shades lend an enchanting air to this dainty Chanderi.

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It is curious that in the hot season, Nature puts forth her brightest colours. Flame of the Forest, Pride of India, Amaltash, and Gol Mohur set gardens and parks ablaze with their oranges, yellows and vermilions. But in contrast, the soft pink and white of Cassia, the mauve of Jacaranda and the rose and cream of Champa are also present to offset the gayer hues with their pretty pastels. In the same way, one can vary one's summer-cummonsoon wardrobe with colours both bright and pale. But if one decides on a bright shade one's choice should be of a dull, matt surface cotton while accessories should be very simple and kept to a minimum. It is the cluttered look, the toostrongly contrasting choli, the over made-up face that makes one look hot and bothered.

The stronger shades should be relegated to late hours, the pastels to evening or afternoon, while the neutral tones -coffee, neutra, grey, chalkare correct for day and afternoon, too. White is an asset at any time. Black in summer is a possibility if used in a light, almost flimsy material of the very best quality and if set-off by gold or silver. A thick, black cotton, however smart, is not advisable on a hot or humid night.

Some of the best buys in cotton are the Coimbatore saris. The simplest of these, sometimes in stripes or checks with narrow borders, are inexpensive—they cost about Rs. 20 and are just right for office wear or lecture time. The better quality can be Rs. 50 or more. These are very fine in quality and the unbleached one with a plain border illustrated

here shows you how elegant they can be.

South Indian cottons from Adyar are thicker, more lasting and striking. The "shot" one with an orange border gives a good idea of the unusual colour combinations employed.

From Poona come cottons with a glaze. This is due to a mercerised thread being woven in. Invariably in bright colours, as the gay checked one modelled here, these cottons are guaranteed to raise drooping spirits whatever the weather!

Chanderis, of course, are a heaven-sent gift in hot weather. They always look like cobwebs and make one feel cool and dainty! Their range is remarkable and the two here are the striped one—just right for an evening occasion-and for a gala night the exquisite blue with a heavily worked red-and-gold border.

The Hyderabad gadwal saris are an asset to any wardrobe. They are of a heavy, smooth texture, with a matt surface and are usually in strong contrasting colours—the one here is haldi yellow and red-with considerable work in gold on borders and wide pallavs. They are handsome saris and require careful handling. No fussy accessories are possible and they look their best if the choli is unobtrusively the same shade as the ground.

Other cottons of note are the exquisite Banaras cutwork saris which have compensated us for our loss of the unique Dacca muslims of pre-Partition days; the Lucknavi chikan-work muslins; the fabulous U. P. jamdars, so fine and delicate that a six-yard length can be folded to the size of a handkerchief; the bandhani saris of Saurashtra and Rajasthan and the famous Bengal cottons. But these we shall feature later.



FOR GALA NIGHTS a glamorous Chanderi is the best answer.



POISED ELEGANCE. There is a simple sophistication in the exquisite cottons of Coimbatore. Bombay Photographs: R. N. Vernekar 4, K. M. Mahajan 2)

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

WEEK'S



THIS READING

A Tale Of Horror

MERICAN reviewers have referred to J. R. Salamanca's novel Lilith (Heinemann, 18s.) as "daring", "extraordinary" and "magical"; the "luminous beauty" of its polished prose has evoked their praise. It certainly merits all these descriptions. The prose has style and nobility and is as Gothic as the theme. There are echoes here of Emily Bronte and, on a contemporary level, of the Danish author, Karen Blixen.

In recent years there have been many books written about the mentally deranged, but Lilith is perhaps the most compelling and authentic. It is a tale of stark horror in which beauty and evil intermingle like the beam of a lighthouse on a saturnine sea.

The hero, Vincent Bruce, is a former American serviceman who becomes an occupational therapist

in a Maryland asylum, where he looks after, and falls in love with, the lovely, enigmatic, perverse Lilith. This attractive, flute-playing schizophrenic lives in her remote, esoteric world of sexual ecstasy—she even has her own language—and can be cozeningly lucid when it suits her purpose. Vince is no match for her in a richly sensuous love-hate relationship. It is hard to say who is seducer or seduced. Before she vanishes into the murk of complete dementia he is on the verge of becoming a schizophrenic himself.

Mr. Salamanca portrays the inmates and staff of the asylum in fascinating, clinical detail, subtly differentiating the various grades of the mentally lost. The only false premise in this remarkable story is that it is told in the first person singular by the naive, semi-illiterate Vincent. No amount of self-education or, from the

technical side of the narrative, immersion in Freud or Jung, could produce the exquisite lyrical passages and psychological bravura with which Mr. Salamanca has so frequently embroidered the utterly dismaying contours of Lilith.

Massive Comedy

THE clear, simple, straightfor-THE clear, simple, straightforward story is fast dying out in Western literature. Whereas every sort of a misfit of a charactersadist, masochist or hypochondriac—is considered a subject interesting enough for a novelist's endless vapourings, few writers pay much attention to a well articulated sequence of events. Whatever little of the story is still left, the "anti-novel" novelists are bent on suppressing it.

Olivia Manning in this respect may be called old fashioned. But how refreshing to meet her in the midst of her contemporaries, each one of whom imagines himself to one of whom imagines infisent to be a blooming psychiatrist! The Spoilt City (Heinemann, 18s.), her latest novel, continues the story begun in The Great Fortune, and both form part of her projected Balkan trilogy. It is actually a story of the war affecting the Englishman abroad.

The Great Fortune closed with the fall of France. The scene once again is set in Bucharest, and the time is 1940. The protagonists have already been introduced: Guy already been introduced: Guy Pringle, a lecturer in English at the university of Bucharest, and Harriet, his wife. The hub of the story in the present work is the struggle between the Russians and the Germans, during World War II, for the control of Rumania, and the impact this has on the city of Bucharest and the English community staying there.

There is a king in Bucharest to begin with, but soon the disruptive element in the city forces him out of office. The city is now a free-for-all carnival place, with soldiers, party bosses, irresponsible reactionaries, and plain ruffians and thugs holding most of the show. Amidst this confusion arrives a professor of English from Cambridge to deliver a lecture on English poetry. He is confident that English poetry. He is confident that his talk on poetic trends from Chaucer to Tennyson will improve the morale of the city, but he never gets a chance to deliver the talk.

The book, like The Great Fortune, is a huge comedy with a vast canvas and a massive cast. There are no snags anywhere, and everything is what it seems to be. Perhaps, with such a big cast, Miss Manning could not be very subtle in characterisation.

The novel ends with the occupation of Rumania by the Germans. Only a day before this, Harriet flies out of Bucharest to safety in Athens. Guy stays behind, because of his silly conviction that he has a of the tale is unconvincing, such that the moment the Germans move in he will be sent to a concentration camp. But of course Miss Manning has another volume to spin about the Pringles and about the city of Bucharest, and so a thread must be left loose.

C. L. N.

Bible Stories

POR nearly 150 years Hebel's Bible stories have been as important to German children as Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare have been to English children. They have never before been translated into English, but now Barrie and Rockliff have issued a beautifully produced volume of Hebel's Bible Stories, translated by Emily Anderson, with delightful illustrations by Susan Sims (21s.).

illustrations by Susan Sims (21s.).

Hebel, the son of a weaver, was born at Basel in 1760. Goethe called him a poet after his own heart. The first edition of his stories was published in 1824 and was accepted alike by Protestant and Catholic schools. The stories are drawn from both the Old and the New Testaments and vary considerably in length. Hebel usually points a moral, but never tediously, for his precepts are wholly delightful and touching and are never worded too sternly. "For Hebel was no killjoy. In his busy life he found his best form of relation in 'laughter and the love of friends'; and in company his hilarious sallies as well as his more serious disquisitions accounted for his undoubted popularity."

A Bengali Novel

MANOJE Basu's Bengali novel MANOJE Basu's Bengali novel Jalajangal now appears in English, translated by Barindra Nath Dass as The River Goddess (Asia, Rs. 9.50). It is primarily the story of Ketu, the "boatman boy" of the Sunderbans, and of Elokeshi, the mischievous and excitable girl he loves. But Elokeshi has a husband, Durlabh, who gives her shoe-beatings which leave "dark marks on her fair skin". Very conveniently for Ketu, Durlabh goes to Calcutta, and a sentimental Bengali romance results between Ketu and Elokeshi ("Please sing Calcutta, and a sentimental Beligali romance results between
Ketu and Elokeshi ("Please sing
me a song," she asks him; and he
gets songs out of her as he rows
her, noticing "her clothes wet and
almost glued to her body"). There
is a grisly end for Durlabh, and
ugly doings all through the story.

Songs notwithstanding, Mr. Basu is an unsentimental realist, and his novel leaves a hard, clear impression of the dog-eat-dog existence of the fishermen of the Sunderbans.

P. L.

Writer-Visionary

ALDOUS Huxley's mind has A LDOUS Huxley's mind has been ever on the move, forming and reforming, experimenting with ideas of transcendence and casting sidelong glances at existing forms of social organisation. For about two decades now, Huxley has been deeply interested in the metaphysics of the East and, in recent years, has also been experirecent years, has also been experimenting in discovering new avenues of perception with the help of drugs of drugs.

Huxley—A Cynical Salvationist by Sisir Kumar Goshe (Asia,

CLOUDBURST OF MONSOON FEATURES -AND IN COLOUR!

DHARMAYU

Dated 15th July, 1962.

You just can't resist reading this issue ... dripping-wet with articles and pictorials dealing with the monsoon theme.

Here are some of the highlights:

COVER: reproduction of a colour transparency appropriately depicting 'paper boats'

CENTRE-SPREAD: 'Yakshadoot', a cameo in colour

FEATURES: 'Clouds' - a candid camera study by four colour photo-graphers; 'After the Rains' — a pastiche of black & white photographs answering the question, 'after the deluge, what?'

PAINTINGS: a rare Rajput painting by courtesy of Kr. Sangram Singh and three colour Paintings by Sudhir Khastgir

All these plus the fiction and regular features.

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Make sure of your copy!

Prof. Goshe
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July 1, 1962

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vationist (Asia,

Rs. 12.75) is a brief survey of the thought that has contributed to the intellectual make-up of a Huxley engaged in discovering the "Highest Common Factor of all theologies and cultures."

prof. Goshe has ably brought out Huxley's importance as an artist, thinker and philosopher—a harmonious combination of a "mystic" "pacifist" and "Godist"—who maintains that mysticism is the only way out for attaining salvation from the stultifying world of modernism.

Apart from his other literary gifts, Huxley's importance as a writer lies in his intellectual attitudes, well explained and ably elucidated by the author in the volume under review.

Flat Adventure

Flat Adventure

It is rather a far cry from a fashionable club and a medical practice in a London hospital to the life of a kitchen-boy in a Ladakhi monastery—but that is what Imji Getsul, An English Buddhist in a Tibetan Monastery by Lobzang Jivaka (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 28s.) tries to convey. Its attraction lies in the very incongruity of the situation. How does a mature intellectual, "no longer in the first blush of youth", react to the primitive surroundings of a medieval society and the company of simple, childlike minds? If the author had not been somewhat stifled by his Oxford complex and his extreme Englishness, he could have turned his adventure into an experience of deeper significance. But lacking that depth of mind, as well as the knowledge of the traditional and spiritual background of his newly adopted religion, he remains all the time on the surface of things; and while he gives a factual, though uninspired account of the events and impressions of his odyssey, one cannot help feeling the futility of his effort to enter into a world of religious experience through the kitchen door.

The inadequacy of the means

then door.

The inadequacy of the means through which he tries to condition himself for a spiritual career can only be compared to the attempt of a grown-up Easterner, well-versed in his own tradition, who would enter a kindergarten in the West in order to study western culture. In a similar way the author wastes the three months of his stay in Ladakh in the trivialities of kitchen life—but picks up enough to write a book a bout!—instead of trying to get in touch with people nearer his own age

ALEXANDER ELIOT, noted American art historian.

and level of education, who could have given him valuable information or helped him to learn the language. But without a knowledge of language and literature and without an intuitive capacity to enter the religious climate of his surroundings, he leaves the place as unenlightened as he came, though with a saleable story to tell ("the only possible source of income for me was writing"). And, as he himself says in the foreword: "For those who are not particularly interested in the religion of Thet, this is still the story of the adventures of an Englishman"—and we had better leave it at that.

L. A. G.

L. A. G.

Take a remote island inhabited by a few hard-drinking European settlers and officials and a cast of a hundred or so bronzed islanders in the grip of some sinister cult, add a generous mixture of violence and sex, and finally top off the mixture with a cyclone or hurricane or what you will, and you have the almost standard plot of a South Sea drama. But the doings of lonely people on lonely islands usually make dull reading, and the fact that Michael Hastings makes a success of his new novel, The Rising Sea (Macdonald, 15s.) out of these almost shopworn props, is a tribute to his skill as a story-teller.

The "mysterious cult" itself

story-teller.

The "mysterious cult" itself looks too contrived to be taken seriously by anyone, including the islanders, but Mr. Hastings makes his characters come to life and keeps the story moving at a rattling pace right up to a gratifyingly devastating climax. There is never a dull moment, from the beginning to the end, even if the efforts to keep a tab on the doings of the dozen or so principal characters is inclined to give the narrative a somewhat zigzag pace.

M. D. M.

Rustic Dialect

(Punjabi)

PUNJABI writers can be linguis-PUNJABI writers can be linguistically divided into two broad groups according to their preference for a Hindi or an Urdu vocabulary. There is also a third group who stick resolutely to the dialect spoken by the people and try to preserve its rustic simplicity. Of this set, the most distinguished writer is Kulwant Singh Virk.

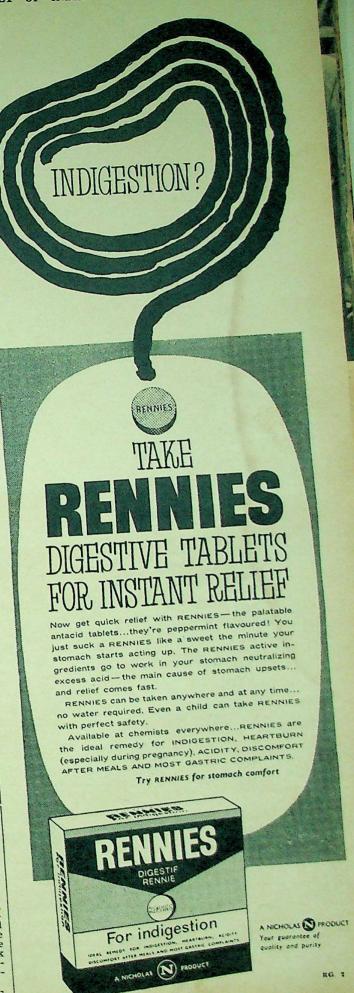
writer is Kulwant Singh Virk.

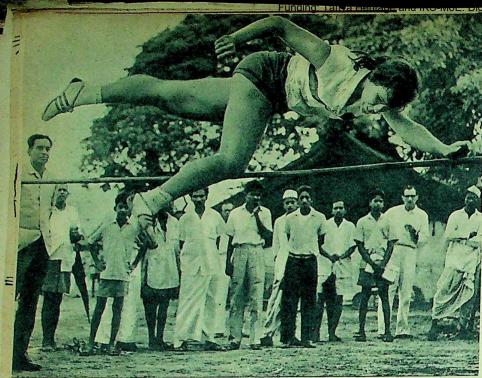
Virk's language is that of Majha, the home of the sturdiest of Sikh peasants; it has the earthy robustness of the Bhangra dance. His simple diction can be deceptive, because he is at the same time the most sophisticated and polished writer of short stories. He never loses his temper nor explodes with laughter as one might expect of a Punjabi peasant. On the contrary, he is almost English in his understatement and innuendo. He prefers mild sarcasm to outright condemnation; a smile to a hearty back-slap. He is obsessed with the problems of poverty but, unlike his other contemporaries who either preach Marxism or indulge in sobstuff, Virk fires his barbed quill with a surer aim because his vision is not blinded by hatred.

Golham (Hazuria & Sons, Jullum-offers fifteen short stor-

Golhan (Hazuria & Sons, Jullundur; Rs. 3) offers fitteen short stories by Kulwant Singh Virk, all in the style familiar to his innumerable admirers. "The Mosquito" and "Mother and Daughter" are the two outstanding tales in the volume. It is time that Virk was translated into other languages and introduced to a larger circle of readers.

NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY O







ON THE THRESHOLD OF A BRIGHT CAREER. Sixteen-year-old Christine Forage, scheduled to take part in a two-day international meet in Moscow, specially photographed in her favourite events

just before the date of her departure from Bombay. Left: She clears 4 ft. 10 in. in the high jump, while coach Ullal Rao (extreme left) looks on. Right: Here she has just thrown the discus.

SPORTFOLIO

by "JAYEE"

Big Break For Christine Forag

in the Brother Znamonsky Memorial Games in Moscow this week-end are Milkha Singh and Christine Forage. They have been invited by the Light Athletic Federation of the U.S.S.R., following the advice of Korobkov Gabriel, the well-known Russian athletics coach.

Korobkov was in Bombay last October, en route to Tokyo, and was so impressed by Christine's performances that he suggested to her coach, Ullal Rao, that she should be given an opportunity of visiting Moscow to enable him to determine the events in which she ought to specialise. Someone, somewhere, sometime says something in a lighter vein, but, evidently, not Korobkov Gabriel. True to his word, he has made it possible for Christine to participate in the twoday international meet.

Winning or losing is not going to make the slightest difference to Christine. What is of prime importance is the opportunity of taking part in open events in which the cream of athletes from all over the world will be participating. This will give her an ideal op-

quarters the style, the strides and the starts, to say nothing of the finishing bursts, of the sprinters; and also the rhythmic action of the various stars in the field events.

Fame came to Christine rather early in life. While her colleagues in school enjoyed skipping and playing hopscotch during leisure hours, Christine was collecting medals and cups by the dozenand that, too, before she was in her teens.

To say that athletics is in Christine's blood would not be quite correct. In fact, her introduction to athletics was accidental. Her first love was hockey. When practising for the Lynnettes, at the Brabourne Stadium, Bombay, she was spotted by the well-known high jumper and athletics coach, Ullal Rao. After a lot of persuasion and cajoling, young Christine agreed to learn athletics under him. That was four years ago. Since then, Christine has made phenomenal progress, and the credit for this goes to coach and pupil alike.

This year, when taking part in the All-India Schools Games, at Bhopal, she won five gold

CHEDULED to take part portunity to study at close medals, three silver and one bronze, thereby securing a prize in each of the events in which she participated.

> Later, in the Maharashtra State Games, at the Brabourne Stadium, she stood first in all the five events-high jump, long jump, putting the shot, throwing the discus, and throwing the javelin-in which she participated. A week later, in the State's Senior Games, she was first in four events and second in the fifth. Winning nine events in a State championship must perhaps be an all-time record!

> It was just as well that the Maharashtra State Athletic Association had decided to limit the entries to five events from an individual. For otherwise her over-enthusiastic coach would have made her take part in more events, and I have no

doubt but that Christine would have won even those. However, in the process, there is always the risk of a budding athlete's getting burnt out. This is very important, and the sooner Christine is made to participate in fewer events the better it will be for this young, rising, sensational star.

In the National Games which followed, Christine was the most successful athlete of the meet, carrying away six gold medals, two silver and one bronze.

Today, Christine holds, in all, no fewer than sixteen records in the various junior age groups—three of them National records and the rest State records.

Christine has gone from strength to strength with each season, and her progress in the various events during the last four years is to be seen to be believed. The following figures will give some idea of what she has achieved in so short a period:

(1959	1962
50 Metres	7.5 sec.	7.1 sec.
100 Metres	14.2 sec.	13.2 sec.
80 Metres Hurdles	14.4 sec.	12.4 sec.
Putting the Shot	21 ft. 5 in.	31 ft. 8 in.
Discus Throw	78 ft.	105 ft.
Javelin Throw	82 ft.	111 ft. 7 in.
High Jump	4 ft. 3 in.	4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump	14 ft. 6 in.	16 ft. 11 in.



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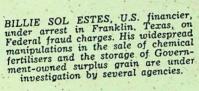
LONG LINES OF PRIVATE CARS jam the approach to Algiers harbour as fleeing Europeans, anxious to leave Algeria be-fore the arrival of independence, wait to board ship for metropolitan France.



THE THREE PRINCES of Laos shake hands outside the Officers' Club on the Plain of Jars. Central Laos. after one of the long series of talks which preceded the formation of the current Government of National Union. Left to right: Pro-Communist Prince Souphanouvong, the Pathet Lao leader; neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma, who heads the new Government: and right-wing Prince Boun Oum, Premier of the outgoing regime.

From Abroad

Mr. JULIUS NYERERE, former Premier of Tanganyika, who is considered likely to become his country's first President, gives an example of "self-help" in digging the foundations of a new house in the capital, Dar-es-Salaam.







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FLOWER STUDY

ANISHI DEY has been in Bangalore for seven years now and has exhibited his pictures three times there: once, long ago, in 1930; the second time, in 1957. And recently, in his studio on Brigade Road, he put on show a selection representative of his most recent work. He has now changed his technique radically. One found in these exhibits a freshness and vitality which left his earlier studies far behind. To produce the new effects with line, form, plane and paint, he has changed the softer wash styles and brush techniques and today gives us bolder, ridged or relief modes of presentation. Considering the time and attention bestowed on them, the effect is most striking; and there is a greater imaginative fertility. The colours are warmer. One would say that Manishi Dey was entering his red-and-orange period.

Curves are less in evidence, while angles and other geometrical forms are more freely used. This represents a modernism without abstruseness and tears; free from wilfulness and fads; and certainly with no like-me-and-understand-me-if-you-c a reor-dare" attitude. There is no sophistication or deliberate primitiveness; no straining after "purity". Even such conventional subjects as a mother and child, a worshipping figure, a boat under sail, a rickshaw in the rain, or Radha and the

Gopis are governed by this new temper. The breath of their being and the light of their eyes are different. Good technique knows its place in service to vision and theme and in evoking mood and atmosphere and does not arrogate all importance to itself—for the most brilliant technique cannot compensate for failure to achieve a satisfying unity of impression.

Bright reds and yellows and other sparkling colours are now used rather more freely by Manishi Dey. His gul mohrs and coxcombs are afire. The former dark browns, tan and sepia no longer dominate, The greys, the bluish green and gradations of darkness are there, however, to sustain the effect. Nothing is eschewed. The items exhibited numbered over a hundred. We saw his water colours and oils, his mural designs, his line and pencil work and his illustrations. Much of the material shown was profoundly interesting: some of it. vital and outstanding. All the earlier training with Abanindranath Tagore, and under the influence of Rabindranath and Santiniketan, was still manifest as part of his sensibility and impulse to create new forms. There was other experience in evidence as well, including that of the time and its stimulating demands. For how can any live artist avoid the press and challenge of contemporary modes of theory and practice? Here the venturing proves

al subject worshipp

New Work

by Manishi Dey



MAHADURGA

ever more eager; and his restless talent has urged the artist to essay new modes of pictorial speech and idiom. In each period during these past thirty years Manishi Dey's exhibitions—and there have been roughly twenty up to date—have presented some new articulation of power.

Today the subjects are not idealised or presented in the round; and there is no particular attention to finish. Suggestion and implication play a large part in some pieces: the hand of a lady, for instance is seen simply reflected from a transparent surface. The effect in many is more like that of modelling—there is a definite sculpturesqueness. In painting, however, the distinctions emerge from colour, and the medium creates planes and relationships and establishes consonance and contrast, depth and distance, arranging patterns of light and shade and marking the items in evidence—emphasising here,

The Illustrated Weekly

touching up and to centrating or diffus and achieving even of the parts.

The effects a figured out. There generally: only a pair, more common from the streets though an Omar K cession presents couple of white lili proud, gay and cle open, with buds of many-celled l comb; clusters o almost incarnates emerging grave a low eye, women ket place; a fisher loaded basket; a out a-tingle with portance; burnin in several stages ing luscious or figures in expecta in a corner, cut full; a conventi asks his partner f bottle and glass a tired cycle-ric in the pouring the themes. And complex spatial instance, of urb ened street, in cubist and other view. Or, it mi with a swaying the viewer. Or and poultry go

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The Illustrated Weekly of India, July 8, 1962,

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The effects are clearly sensed and figured out. There is no loading of content generally: only a few items—one, or a pair, more commonly. And these are taken from the streets and from daily life, though an Omar Khayyam or a royal procession presents another atmosphere. A couple of white lilies hold their heads high, proud, gay and clean; a lotus is seen, half open, with buds and leaves; sunflowers of many-celled heart, as in a honeycomb; clusters of palms; a night bird almost incarnates its dark background, emerging grave and sinister with its yellow eye, women pass to and from a market place; a fisherwoman stands with her loaded basket; a very extrovert lady steps out a-tingle with a sense of her own importance; burning, blazing trees; women in several stages of toilet, yet with nothing luscious or seductive about them; figures in expectation, or lonesome; a lady in a corner, cut as in granite, round and full; a conventional soldier in uniform asks his partner for a dance, with the usual bottle and glass ready on a nearby table; a tired cycle-rickshawalla drags his feet in the pouring rain-such were a few of the themes. And then there were the more complex spatial patterns-those, for such estance, of urban quarters, or of a darkened street, in which night-blue and tan cubist and other modernist effects were on view. Or, it might be a procession scene, with a swaying elephant marching towards the viewer. Or a riotous clamour of ducks and poultry going to the market.

The artist is never fuzzy or woolly and never scamps a demand in realising his subject. The work-out is there-bold, masculine and adequate. There are angles, single and grouped, or three- or four-sided surfaces, as foreground, frame or decora-

tion, integral to the total sense and idea of the picture. Sometimes details and ornamentation fill them, sometimes it is all open. Everything contributes to significance of effect.

The work is done with a palette knife, with a spatula mixture of paints and colours. The knife itself has an extraordinary play of movement, issuing from the natural resistance of the blade. Twists, turns and cuts lay the surface and shape the outline-sharp or smooth-with touch, dab or daub. Idea, instrument, medium and execution work immediately together. The knife cuts lines and marks off its theme with remarkable speed—even as a pencil would, but with less relief, depth or elevation. And there are very bold patches of colour in some items. The real finishing does not seem to take much time, or not as much as in other media and processes. A too-soft finish does not characterise this mode of working, though an able painter like Dey produces a closeness, a velvety softness of texture, akin to that of work in a finer medium.

Through three decades of painting, searching tirelessly for modes and values, and presenting his vision of life in terms pictorial, Manishi Dey has gained assurance and power and feels that he is near the end of his search. The next stage will be to climb the steps, as he styles it, that lead to what he conceives as the Temple of Kala-lakshmi, where the Goddess sits, simple, austere and great, with her conch-shell bangles, mrittika kumkum on her forehead, surrounded with the dazzling colours of diamonds and precious stones, in a setting of surpassing splendour. Brush in hand, no subject will then be able to elude him; no limit be set to his achievement. Supported by the blessings of his gurus and his own indomitable genius, it should be possible for him to withstand every shock of fortune and win. Nothing less than this is the meaning of his red-tipped brush between the red impressions of abhaya-hastas haloed in a flood of light. An artist of so varied an earlier achievement, fired with such courage and determination, is bound to fulfil the dreams of his heart.

V. SITARAMIAH



RICKSHAW IN THE RAIN



HURRYING TO MARKET

LOVERS



CC-0. Bhagayad F



THE ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR in India, Dr. Ricardo Mosquera Eastman, at work in his Delhi residence. Lawyer, politician, journalist and writer, Dr. Mosquera is deeply concerned with culture in every form. Before him on
his table are a rare piece of Chinese sculpture attributed to the Han dynasty and an early Manchu silver bowl.

The Ambassador is at present completing a Spanish rendering of the Bhagavad Gita.



DIPLOMATS IN DELHI

Ricardo Mosquera Eastman

BACHELOR Dr. MOSQUERA'S MOTHER keeps house for him in Delhi. Behind them, over the mantelpiece, is a painting by Dr. Bavia, from Ubud, depicting a Balinese market scene. Before coming to India, Dr. Mosquera was his country's envoy to Indonesia.

THIS GIRI

MILI son, of F

of F spent the Polynesia.

in fact, h talent did his older a at school. exhibition since lost

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



THIS GIRL comes from Raiatea, where some of Emile's children now live. Her face would have appealed to Gauguin.

Gauguin's Son

MILE Gauguin, born (he says) in 1899, is the son, by a Tahitian woman, of Paul Gauguin, one of France's greatest Impressionist painters who spent the later years of his life in voluntary exile in Polynesia.

Emile has inherited none of his father's gifts and, in fact, has no memory of him. Paul's talent did show itself in the paintings of his older grand-daughters whilst they were at school. One in fact won a prize at a Paris exhibition of children's art, but has long since lost the gift of painting.

There are signs that Emile has some of

the wilder traits of Paul's character, but none of his fire, artistic drive and madness. Emile is a harmless drunk, the father of 11 children, aged from 8 to 20. Beyond haphazardly making souvenirs and bamboo-fishing rods for tourists he does no work, although he does obtain the odd glass

of beer on the strength of his famous father.

Of Paul Gaugin himself, there are few signs remaining in Tahiti. The French have named a street after him in Papeete, and a school. There is also a sign on a country road announcing that his house stood near by.



A TYPICAL sturdy native of the South Seas. He has no need of a shirt and wears a straw hat that he wove himself. Centre: The Tahitian Tourist Board has erected this sign near Punaavia, where

Gauguin lived for a short time, and where his son Emile was born. Right: Even today, much of the work of the South Seas is performed while sitting on the ground.







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July 8, 1962



POLSON'S COFFEE



You know this man as well as you know yourself. His mind nibbles at EVERYTHING and masters NOTH-ING. He always takes up the EASIEST thing first, puts it down when it gets HARD, and starts something else.

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A Pretentious Work

HE American author J. D. Salinger is surely one of the strangest literary figures of this century. On the strength of two books—his altogether enchanting novel, The Catcher in the Rye, and a book of pleasantly astringent short stories, For Esme with Love and Squalor, he has become the biggest of recent American best-sellers, wielding an influence equal to that of Hemingway or Steinbeck.

way or Steinbeck.

For some years the Salinger style of writing has been the vogue among young American authors. Now, after a decade, he has produced Franny and Zooey (Heinemann, 16s.) which consists of a short story and a novella, loosely interlinked. Both appeared in The New Yorker in the mid-fifties. Stories which see the light in that mildly esoteric weekly tend to be either shimmeringly brilliant or blatantly unreadable. The majority of readers, one suspects, will find Franny and Zooey in the latter category. latter category.

will find Franky that 2000y in the latter category.

It is difficult to understand what Mr. Salinger is aiming at in this extraordinary duo. The first work deals with a long dinnertable conversation between Franny and her current "date". This is too dull to be called a quarrel. The novella is made up of a protracted discourse between Zooey and his tiresome ex-actress mother (he calls her Bessie and is painstakingly rude to her) and a wrangle with his sister Franny. Almost every subject is dragged in—sex, the Upanishads, Kafka, the occult, sophomoric curricula—all in a succession of flat non sequiturs. There is no plot or focal point to ameliorate the rigmarole. On page 75 a list of forty items on a shelf is given. This has nothing to do with the progression of the story and is quite meaningless.

In a foreword Mr. Salinger states

In a foreword Mr. Salinger states that, in writing monomaniacally of Franny and Zooey's family, he may "bog down, perhaps disappear entirely" in his own methods, locutions and mannerisms. He is alentirely" in his own methods, locutions and mannerisms. He is already submerged up to the neck in Franny and Zooey which, coming from a writer of prestige, must rival, for sheer nonsensicality and pretentiousness, Hemingway's preposterous Across the River and into the Trees.

A Friendly Creature

STORIES of shipwrecked sailors STORIES of shipwrecked sailors being helped by dolphins go back to the time of the ancient Greeks, and a number of books recounting somewhat similar experiences (some of them authenticated by scientific observers, with photographic proof) have been published in recent years—one thinks at once of Alberto Denti di Pirajno's A Grave for a Dolphin, almost lyrical in its story of Shambowa and the dolphin with which she kept trysts along the African coastline, and of A Book of Dolphins by Anthony Alpers,

with its carefully verified account of all man-dolphin encounters, and its fully documented record of the dolphin of Oponini, whose friendly attitude towards humanity was witnessed by thousands and widely photographed in 1956.

and widely photographed in 1956.

How come that the dolphin, of all creatures, living in a different element altogether, mammalian like ourselves but with limbs and body so differently modified for oceanic life, is the only wild animal that exhibits an actual liking for a dult humanity? Dr. J. C. Lilly in his Man and Dolphin (Gollancz, 30s.) has a startling answer to this question. He is a specialist in neurophysiology and, working with a nimals whose brains were much smaller than ours, it occurred to him that only those creatures with a comparable brain development could really effect any communication with men.

men.

The dolphin has such a brain, similar in size and complexity to the human brain, and working along carefully controlled scientific lines he investigated this likeness, having the courage of his convictions to make a start with his own money before seeking institutional aid for his researches. He feels it is only a question of time before dolphins can, by vocal and other means, establish genuine communication with men, and points out that, even if he is proved wrong in this belief ultimately, much scientific knowledge of these fascinating creatures, and of interspecific communications, would be gained by the work, if only in an incidental manner.

M. K.

The African Scene

NORTHERN Rhodesia, The Hu-NORTHERN Rhodesia, The Human Background, by Anthony St. John Wood (Pall Mall Press, 16s.), and A Woman in Africa, by Olga John Brom (Oldbourne, 16s.), deal with current changes in the African scene and show the great problems that these involve. Apart from the disagreeable, even painful, character of their respective subjects, the books are poles apart in almost every respect.

The author of Northern Rhodesia, Anthony St. John Wood, is a Government servant of long experience in India, on the Northexperience in India, on the North-West Frontier, and in Nigeria. Mme. Olga John Brom, who treats of the Congo, is the Danish wife of a French author and camera-man, with whom she travelled in Africa before writing her book.

The volume on Rhodesia gives the impression of a sincere and objective, if rather depressing, pre-sentation of facts. The Congo descriptions tend always to convey a feeling that these are made-up stories—even when they happen to be more or less true.

Wood in his analysis of the si-tuation in Northern Rhodesia is impartially circumspect. Though he neither idealises nor white-

washes his Africa, he none the less points to the unfortunate tendencies which racialism and the proximity of South Africa's apartheid policy have injected into the attitudes of the Europeans there.

tudes of the Europeans there.

Olga Brom, in her discussion of the sentiments and events in the Congo shortly before independence, gives the impression that she personally is filled with goodwill and sympathy for Africans, and especially for the women, whose problems she rightly considers a topic of major importance for the future of the continent. However, after creating this impression, she proceeds to dish out all the old, old stories about the "Dark Continent", using this very epithet and enlarging on "witchcraft", "stultifying tribal customs" and a general description of Africa as a country of horrors. as a country of horrors.

as a country of horrors.

Wood recounts the hopeless tangle of economic forces which a policy lacking in foresight and humaneness on the part of the white rulers has created for these, no less than for the growing body of de-tribalised, rootless and greedy elements in the African population. This does not make pleasant reading, but it always gives the impression of an honest search for truth and for feasible solutions.

Mme. Brom deals with a similar situation, the tragic consequences of which have been made familiar to us by the newspapers, but her portrayal of the Africans (and Asians) discloses almost no touch of sympathy or ray of hope for their future. True, she describes sometimes the lovely appearance or naive behaviour of African girls and women, but only to show all the more painfully their abject misery and humiliation under the curse of "tribal barbarism". In generalising thus, she apparently remains unaware of all the numerous and manifold differences between the various African groups.

Wood touches upon these tribal Mme. Brom deals with a similar

Wood touches upon these tribal differences and mentions the important matriarchal and patriarchal social patterns in Northern Rhodesia. That the same problems have no less importance in the Congo seems never even to have occurred to Mme. Brom. To her, all tribal concepts, whether of witchcraft, the dance, or girls' initiation rites, seem to be one amorphous mass of primitive barbarism and superstition, without the discernible relief of any good or beautiful feature. She has, on the other hand, words only of the highest praise for anything and everything that the European religious missions are doing. Wood touches upon these tribal

In this world there is nothing which can be described as completely and unexceptionably perfect. The widespread activities undertaken in the economic, cial, artistic and religious fields, by powerful European missionary organisations, however beneficial they may no doubt be in many ways, form no exception to general rule, but, reading Mme.

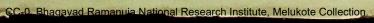
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AS a result technology the modern a state stand transformed. bility for o vacquired con of production change, it is social security terprises, wing the eco distinction by politics is for All these

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Olga Brom's book, one is led to be-

Throughout she tries to give the reader the impression that she, the author, has sympathy for Africans, but towards the end this feeling gives way to a different tone. She says, for instance: "Once again I was seized with the conviction that the majority of coloured men are capable of only two feelings where women are concerned: desire or contempt"; yet she is able to remark, on prostitution, that it is "as old as the world itself; yet in primitive Africa it did not exist, whereas now it has spread everywhere in the wake of our civilisation", and she wants to atone for "the evil that we, the whites, have done to Africa" with the gift of a lock of her blonde hair to a young African prostitute!

A sense of unresolved contradictions lingers on after reading Mme. Brom's book on the Congo, and this touches not only the material treated, but also the author who handles it, whereas the Northern Rhodesian analysis is dry but consistent.

Public Administration

As a result of the industrial and As a result of the industrial and technological revolutions of the modern age the character of a state stands to be completely transformed. With the responsibility for overall planning and acquired control over the processes of production, distribution and exchange, it is expected to provide social security and run public enterprises, with a view to bolstering the economy. The traditional distinction between economics and politics is fast disappearing.

distinction between economics and politics is fast disappearing.

All these changes have created a new set of problems in regard to the way in which a state should be organised to discharge its duties efficiently. One of these problems is concerned with the question of decentralisation in the field of public administration. No Central Government is in a position to bear the whole burden of administration. Apart from this, any over-centralisation results in the bodies at lower levels being deprived of the spirit of initiative and a sense of responsibility, which have inherent values of their own in any complex organisation. There is also the other question whether, in the present concept of duties and responsibilities of the Government, the principle of separation of powers between the executive, the legislature and the judiciary can be adhered to if flexibility and speed in administration are to be secured. All these

LAWRENCE DURRELL, noted British novelist and poet.

problems have come to the fore-front in India in recent years and attempts are being made to solve them on the right lines.

Professor Arthur W. Macmahon in his Delegation and Autonomy (Asia, Rs. 8.50), which presents the lectures he delivered under the auspices of the Indian Institute of Public Administration, elucidates the manner in which some of these problems have been solved in his own country, America.

own country, America.

Some American experts, who have visited India in recent years to suggest improvements in the system of public administration, have expressed the view that state autonomy is a hindrance to the rapid execution of the projects planned by the Centre. Prof. Macmahon however understands better the working of federalism here and elsewhere and controverts the above view. Along with many other contemporary writers on politics, he does not find anything reactionary in the growth of administrative law and administrative adjudication, and points out that necessary limits should be placed on the authority claimed by courts to review administrative action.

The reader cannot draw many lessons from this volume since the lectures are based mainly on American experience. All the same one may gain an insight into some of the general world trends in public administration consequent public administration consequent upon the state assuming responsi-bility for economic and social

Art In Ritual

IN The Ritual Art of the Bratas IN The Ritual Art of the Bratas of Bengal (Mukhopadhyay, Rs. 16) S. K. Ray, of the All-India Handicrafts Board, New Delhi, attempts a historical survey of the magico-religious rites practised in Bengal and the crafts that have sprung up around them. The "bratas" (the taking of vows) are meant to invoke the blessings of the deities in securing for oneself and one's family welfare and happiness, and are a domestic form of worship as distinct from temple worship. worship.

The main characteristic of the "brata" is its therio-morphism (cult of worship of a deity in the form of man and beast), which had its origins in the tribal beliefs and organisations of the various ethnic groups of the Gangetic delta region in the Neolithic age.

ous ethnic groups of the Gangetic delta region in the Neolithic age.

After presenting the artistic aspect of the domestic rituals—which includes extensive notes on the inted vase, ritual plates (sara), ay toys, alpana and the like, all illustrated with carefully prepared drawings and select photographs—Mr. Ray offers the reader an idea of the basic traditional culture of Bengal in its unbroken continuity from the pre-Aryan period to the present day. Interesting parallels are drawn between the ancient cultures of Bengal, Egypt and other parts of West Asia. For instance, the prehistoric terracotta seal depicting a two-beaked figure discovered in the 24 Parganas in 1957 has a certain affinity with the lost civilisations of the Indus Valley and West Asia, and this establishes the existence of a form of therio-morphic religion of the "brata" type over a large belt in ancient times. Common funerary practices and the existence of lords we aring a "double crown" found both in ancient Bengal and in Egypt are incient Bengal and the study of our ancient culture.

S. R. B.

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EXOTIC NAMES add glamour to lipsticks. Basic shades are available but not yet the "difficult" tones.



FOR CLEANSING, soap is still the best aid, from the humblest washing types to perfumed and tinted bath cakes. (Photographs by J. Ullal)



FACE CREAM. Raw materials of a uniformly high standard result in reliable products.

HOME SECTION

Beauty in a Bottle

IDS to beauty have long been known in India. There were oils to anoint the skin, kohl to darken the eyes and soorma to keep them sparkling. Jabakusum, a vegetable dye, tinged the cheeks, aalta stained the hands and feet. Innumerable face-packs were devised, depilatories were known and attars were world famous.

Today few Indian beauty aids remain, except as home remedies. Western cosmetics have usurped the place of kajal, aalta and attar and, ever since import restrictions gave an impetus to home industry, India has been making practically every type of modern beauty aid.

Apart from the many famous foreign concerns that have their plants and factories in the country, there are several today that are wholly Indian, having their own chemical plants, research laboratories, and side concerns to supply such necessities as bottles, jars and containers, plastic handles and bottle-tops, paper bags and wrappers, cardboard boxes, wooden crates and all sorts of strange, but vital things that one would not dream of connecting with

the jar of cream or bottle of hand-lotion one buys at a local store.

Although housewives are reconciled to buying indigenous toilet and cosmetic goods, they cannot but complain of the poor standards of some of the products on the market.

The producers, on the other hand, lay the blame on the controls that keep them from purchasing first-grade raw materials. But the Indian Standards Institute, although not as effective as, for example, its counterpart in the U.K., is trying to pull up production standards and to create consumer interest. It is this latter fact that can really help the I.S.I. to make any headway in its task of persuading producers to maintain standards. Unless consumerand in the cosmetics industry this means the women—want better goods, insist on better goods and demand better goods, production standards will continue to fluctuate.

On the other hand, producers and manufacturers are increasingly aware of the requirements in their field. They also realise that an expanding business can only be built upon a solid reputation for genuine, standardised goods.

Research work is essential for the cosmetics industry. Perfumes, creams and other beauty aids need to be proved harmless to the human organism. Lately certain exotic nail varnishes were found to contain harmful chemical lacquers. Vegetable dyes are not harmful, but the colour range is limited, and before chemically derived nail varnishes can be marketed, the chemicals must be properly tested.

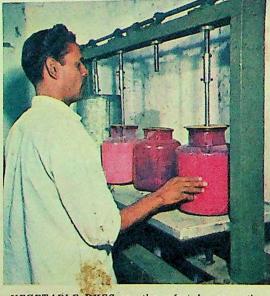
It is also to be hoped that the deplorable practice of imitating the wrappers and trade names of established foreign firms and products in order to deceive consumers will be dropped by our concerns.

More thought is at last being given to the packaging of toilet goods and cosmetics. In the West this is a vast field of specialised industrial design. The wrapper, bottle or jar design will prove a winning factor once standards are uniform.

And maybe, while they are about it, some enterprising Indian concern might succeed in marketing Indian beauty aids in a manner acceptable to both home and overseas consumers.



LABORATORY RESEARCH is essential for the successful manufacture of exciting new perfumes.



VEGETABLE DYES are the safest for cosmetics such as nail polish, but for a variety of shades experiments with chemical dyes are necessary.



Rama and Devotee Hamman

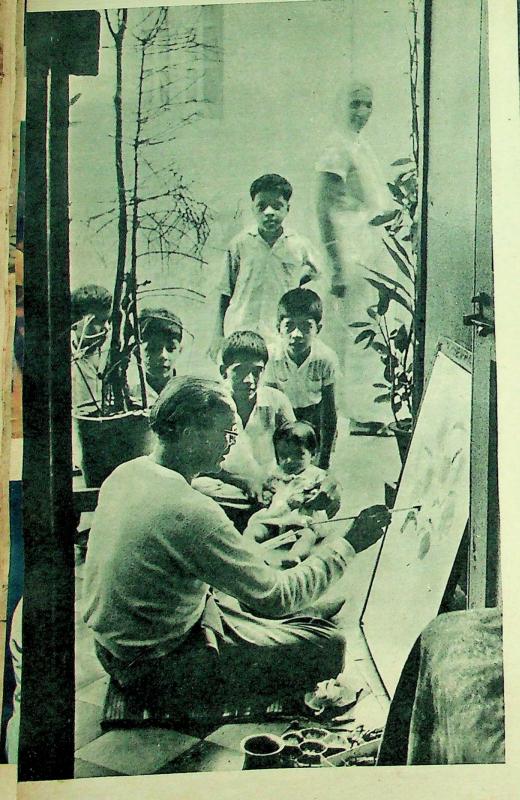
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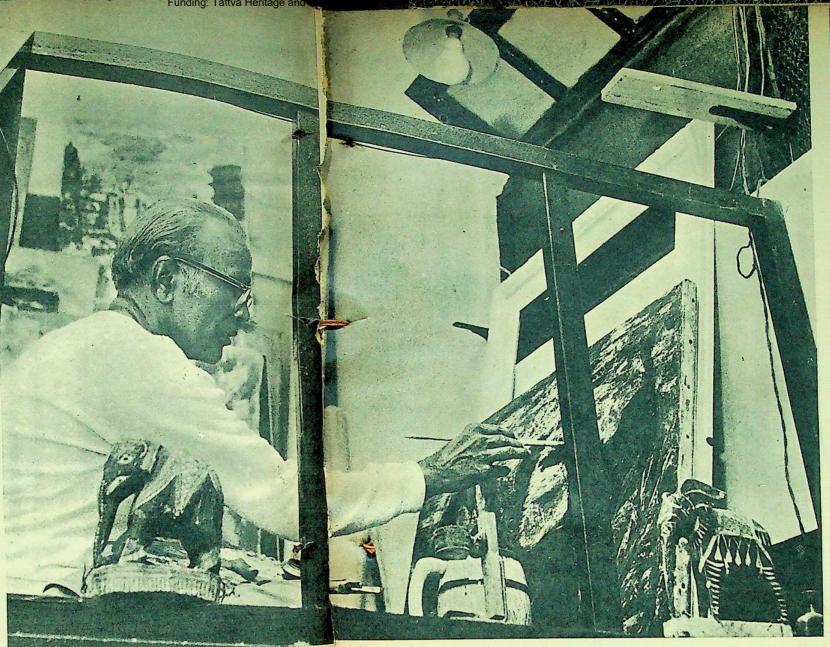
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ARTISTS AT WORK - 7

K. H. ARA









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Recent
Still Lifes

by K. H. ARA



CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuj

SYNOPSIS

Nalini is returning to India after three years at Columbia University, New York. She is on the train to rainsoaked Mudalur where her parents, Professor Sambasivan and Lakshmi, and her little brother Gopal are spending their annual holiday in their villa, Hillview. Lakshmi is worried about finding a suitable groom for her American-educated daughter, but her husband is confident that eager young men will troop in seeking the hand of Nalini, in response to the advertisement he has given in the matrimonial columns of a leading newspaper. The first suitor for the "unprecedented paragon" (that is how the girl is described in the advertisement) is truth-teller Satyamurti to whom Lakshmi takes an intense dislike particularly because he cannot tell who his parents were.

On the train Nalini's mind goes back to her stay in America and the new sense of freedom she has acquired there. "You matter, you matter", that is the lesson she has learnt there, and the wheels of her carriage seem to echo these words as she is coming back now not just to a different land but to a different self.

HE train whistled and snorted and made reluctant preparations to leave. The guard walked down the platform, waving his flag. There was the usual succession of banging doors, and relatives who had come to say farewell tumbled out of compartments with mild squeaks of alarm. A man rounded the corner behind the second-class waiting-room, running with a loping, leisurely stride as if slightly contemptuous of the abilities of the engine. He headed for Nalini's carriage and opened the door. The porter behind him pointed vainly to the sign and shouted out, but the young man did not hear him. He trotted by the train as it began to move slowly forward, wailing and gesticulating in a torment of apprehension, as if a seduction were about to take place. The young man flung open the window and pulled his suitcase and bedding roll out of the porter's arms. He threw a two-anna piece on to the platform. The porter stopped crying and began to curse. He launched into a virulent description of the many sins committed by the young man's ancestors. He called upon the God Siva to abandon all his other preoccupations and to focus his third eye urgently on this particular miscreant's head. The train gathered speed, left the porter behind, and burst with relief out of the clouds of his invective.

"You don't mind my being here, do you?" HE train whistled and snorted and made

"You don't mind my being here, do you?" the young man asked.

"You must be a college student," Nalini said. It was always the first thing she associated with bad manners.

"First class, right through," the young man proudly proclaimed. "Highest marks for the last ten years in my district."

"And you still don't even know how to read."

"Was there something I ought to have read?"

"This is a ladies' compartment," Nalini said a little impatiently.

"Ladies! Oh dear! Well, it's too late to get out now. And anyway it doesn't matter, does

by BALACHANDRA RAJAN

it? These dainty distinctions are becoming out of date. You've got the vote now and you'll have to pig it with us."

"Pig it" wasn't inappropriate at all, Nalini thought. He had a soup-stained moustache and a thirty-six-hour growth of stubble. His hair was plastered and reeked of coconut oil. There was a faint smear above his heart where his fountain-pen had leaked into his shirt. But with less hair and more soap one could have been aware of the character in the intense eyes and of the well-proportioned face which might even have been suave if the man had been better fed. His mouth too would have been sensitive, had it not been overawed by the fungus.

"Which university are you from?" he ask-

He wanted to seem perspicacious and it was a safe assumption that she was a student, since she was young and evidently unmarried.

"Columbia, New York," she answered a little haughtily. She had no real inclination to seem uppish about it, but his behaviour had stung her into an appearance of pride. She looked out of the window to heighten the effect.

"Hmmm!" the young man said obviously.
"Been away from India long?"

"You can't do your degree in less than three years."



"It's far too long," the student told her gloomily. "We're independent now. We've different attitudes and different standards. We're Indians, not mimics of the white man. We've changed and you've changed, but in the wrong direction. You won't fit in. You've joined the lost generation, out of place everywhere and acceptable nowhere. You'll always be an exile and an alien, a self-created foreigner, a refugee from yourself. You can't belong. You'll live in two worlds and fall between two stools."

He paraded the synonyms as evidence of his wide reading, the accumulation adding to the crushing weight of his argument.

"Oh fiddlesticks!" said Nalini warmly.
"All this belonging is balderdash. This is my country and I like the way it looks. And if I don't like anything, I'll make it what I like."

"That isn't Indian either," said the young man. "Too rebellious an attitude. You'll never get married if you go on thinking like that."

"What can a weed like you possibly know about marriage?"

"I should know a great deal," he said. "My name is Kalyanasundaram."

He treated himself to a delighted burst of laughter.

"Yes, I know. The name means 'beautiful marriage'. But it's only a name, so what does that prove?"

"You haven't asked me what I do," he

She didn't ask, so he proceeded to tell her. "I'm a specialist in arranged marriages." "Show me an Indian who isn't."

"You misunderstand me," he explained. "I don't arrange them. I explore them. I dissect them. My occupation is to answer those newspaper ads. Particularly the ones that are really

NOTICE



desperate. You know, the ones that say: 'Caste no bar, university degree not essential.' That's a sure sign of approaching panic. Then I write in and of course my caste is everything that it should be and my academic qualifications are above reproach. It's really a wonderful way to earn a living. Free board and lodging and the red carpet treatment. And most of the time my rail fares are paid in advance."

"It's as simple as that?" she asked, a little disgusted. "They don't even ask for a photograph?'

"More often than not they're so eager that they don't. That's the point of picking the des-perate ones. But if they insist on something then I send them this."

He fished a photograph out of his wallet and showed it to her. It looked remarkably like a picture of Ramon Novarro. The resemblance to the young man was less striking, but perhaps real enough to save him from being sued for having sent it having sent it.

"You write to these poor people," Nalini said, trying to fight back her anger. "You take their money. You live like a lord in their homes. And all the time you haven't the slightest intention of doing the thing in which you express an interest. The last thing you're prepared to do is marry."

July 15,

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Sivaji is America, the United met and ta ferent wal course, the Hollywood

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ILM fans and artistes gave a a hero's welcome to Sivaji Ganesan when the Tamil screen idol returned to Madras after a tour of the U.S. and other countries. Hundreds of thousands of his admirers cheered lustily as he landed at Meenambakkam, the scenes at the airport being reminiscent of the pell-mell witnessed during the visit of Khrushchev and Bulganin, some years ago.

Sivaji is full of stories about America, Japan and Malaya. In the United States, particularly, ne met and talked to people from different walks of life, including, of course, the fraternity of artistes in Hollywood and Los Angeles.

Hollywood and Los Angeles.

In an effort to know more about the people of the U.S.A., Sivaji got himself billeted with a number of American families. According to him, one thing about India that they admire much is the joint family system, a mode of living totally foreign to them. For filial and fraternal relationships cease to exist in American families after the children grow into adulthood, with each one of them going his or her own way. The family or community bond is conspicuously absent. This mode of living had appealed to the Americans initially because it helped to develop the ly because it helped to develop the personality of the individual; and so they scoffed at the idea of the joint family. Now they feel that

On the screen side, Sivaji met a number of film personalities, all of whom evinced a keen interest in India and in the life of movie artistes in this country. In Rome, he was scheduled to meet the artistes on the sets of Cleopatra, but he reached the place too late to catch them before they left. to catch them before they left. In London, he was able to see a few reels of the forthcoming film, Nine Hours To Rama, and what he saw

In the United States, he had the opportunity to chat with several artistes, including Walter Pidgeon, Charlton Heston, Henry Fonda, Shelley Winters, Frederic March, Marlon Brando and Jack Lemmon. Walter Pidgeon, a former President of the Artistes' Guild, told Sivaji about the steps taken by this body to promote the welfare of artistes. For instance, the Guild runs a kind of hostel for retired and less prosperous film artistes—a measure kind of hostel for retired and less prosperous film artistes—a measure worthy of emulation by the artistes' associations in India. The members of the Guild, active artistes, contribute five to ten per cent. of their earnings to the Guild's exchequer.

Charlton Heston talked of the community of artistes, who actually belonged to one world, with no geographical borders dividing them. "None can separate us, the artistes," Heston told Sivaji.



ON HIS RETURN TO MADRAS after a tour of the U.S. and other countries, Sivaji Ganesan, the noted actor, is welcomed by the American Consul-General, Mr. Thomas W. Simons. Looking on is Mrs. Simons.

SOUTH INDIAN FILM SCENE

A Tamil Actor's Impressions Of The U.S.

love, compassion, affection and other essential human qualities could be developed only through the joint system of living prevaling in India. They are, therefore, keen on knowing more about this way of life.

In the course of his stay there, Sivaji visited most of the universities in the United States. He was struck by the fact that, in 60% of these institutions, Tamil ("my own mother tongue") was a subject of study. In fact, he himself joined a class being given a lecture on Kural by the famous Tamil scholar, Professor Meenakshisundaram Pillai. This was in Chicago University. versity.

THE earn-while-you-learn sys-THE earn-while-you-learn system obtaining in America also appealed to Sivaji. He met a number of Indian students. Many of them complained of lack of employment opportunities in India on their return. That was why some of them had chosen to settle in the States itself. Sivaji told them that India needed them more, that they must study well and return to India to serve "your mother country". It was possible that they might not get jobs immediately on return, but, developing as India was, they were bound to do so sooner or later.

That which Sivaji regards as his most memorable day in the U.S. is the one on which he was presented with the key to Niagara City. He was a kind of "Ek Din Ka Mayor" of the city. It was also an exciting day, for immediately a fter the ceremony, as he was flying into Texas, his plane all but crashed, having descended from an altitude of 30,000 feet to 10,000 feet. The pilot, a very able hand at his job, somehow managed to land the aircraft safely.

Shelley Winters gave Sivaji an enthusiastic welcome: "I have heard about you, thanks to the U.S. State Department. How I'd love to act with you! Some day we may, I hope!"

Henry Fonda was bitter about television, which threatens to put the movies out of business. Henry and several others have now taken to the stage, as there appears to be a lull in film production in Holly-

Frederic March recalled a ra Frederic March recalled a ra-ther unhappy incident during his visit to India—he had been de-tained somewhere in Madurai by the Excise authorities for posses-sing two ounces of brandy! Such incidents, he told Sivaji, could not help promote tourism. At least in the case of tourists, the Government should relax restrictions.

Sivaji met Marlon Brando as he was working on the sets of The Ugly American. Brando's one regret was that Sivaji had come to him last; and that he could not spare more time for him. Brando, who is extremely interested in India, will soon visit this country.

dia, will soon visit this country.

Sivaji does not take kindly to film journalists abroad. In America, for instance, these scribes appear to be more interested in the personal lives of artistes. Many of them closely shadow the stars and, a l most every day, there is an artiste-journalist brawl in a night-club. Fortunately, in India, journalists do not bother themselves overmuch with the personal lives of stars. According to Sivaji, Indian film journalists are far superior to their counterparts in the U.S. At one of the numerous Press conferences that he held, Sivaji was asked by a scribe whether he would like to act with "Liz" Taylor, and the artiste said No. The

journalist then asked what Sivaji would do if "Liz" herself came forward to act with him. Sivaji replied: "Perhaps then I will agree to act with her." The following day, he saw a streamer headline in a newspaper: "Indian Actor Wants To Act With Elizabeth Taylor"!

Sivaji studied the spectacular development in stagecraft both in the United Kingdom and the United States. This development has been possible because of the phenomenal patronage given to the stage by the public. In both countries, leading members of the public took an interest in building theatres for the stage. In fact, the stage is so popular that many a film artiste has returned to Broadway, following the lull in movie production. way, follow production.

Right now, Sivaji, who also heads a dramatic troupe, proposes to produce two historical stage-plays—one touching on the life of Asoka and the other on Nurjahan—and in these he will introduce the novel stagecraft techniques he has learned. He will also have a hectic time in Kodambakkam, relieving the anxiety of a number of producers, who have been patientproducers, who have been patiently awaiting his return to finish their ventures.

SOME of the producers, however, OME of the producers, however, do not get any relief even with the star's return, because of the new problem created by a further 50% cut in the already limited raw film imports. It was in 1957 that raw film was removed from the OGL and a 40% cut introduced. The cut was progressively increased until the film industry was getting just 33% of its original requirements. Now there has been yet another cut, of full 50%. Right from 1957, when the first cut

was announced, the industry has introduced a series of economy and self-regulatory measures, largely to adjust itself to the new situation. Wastage of raw film has been scrupulously avoided—the length of films having been rigorously cut down to 15,000 feet—and arrangements have been made for equitable distribution of the limited raw stock available. Even such adjustments are now not possible. Permits to new ventures have been suspended.

At one time, the South Indian film industry turned out nearly 200 pictures a year. With the raw film import cuts, it could put out only 50 Tamil and 50 Telugu pictures. The stock which will be available after the fresh cut would be adequate for hardly 25 Tamil and 25 Telugu films. The industry will be totally ruined and crippled if the new cut is not withdrawn, according to a spokesman of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. A. L. Srinivasan, the Chamber President, points out that films produced here have a good foreign market. This has been proved, although no organised attempt has so far been made to explore this market. Today the industry here, through the export of finished films, is earning foreign exchange to the tune of Rs. 1.75 crores. This return could be raised by 100% if the export of films is promoted vigorously. Against this, the raw film requirement of the industry is to the tune of Rs. 2 crores. Even in the Government's own interest, it will be profitable to offer incentives to the industry, organise export promotion and allow unrestricted production. This could be done by placing raw film back on the OGL.

all his influence in support of the Prime Minister.

on payment of fair compensation.

The Sardar's greatest achievement, for which he will ever be remembered with gratitude, was as Minister for States. He dealt sternly with the delicate problem of Hyderabad, and particularly its demand for a specially privileged position. On the other hand, his policy of integration recognised the dights of the rulers acquired by heredity, which the people, he held, were bound to honour. Once integration was achieved, the Sardar became a staunch supporter of the conditions under which the Princes had acceded to the Union. He pleaded passionately for this view in the Constituent Assembly:

Let us do justice to them; let

Let us do justice to them; let us place ourselves in their position and then assess the value of their sacrifice. The rulers have now discharged their part of the obligations by transferring all ruling powers and by agreeing to the integration of their States.

In the final chapter, Mr. Panjabi thus describes the difficult rela-tions between the Sardar and the

Prime Minister:

What hurt him most was Pandit Nehru's habit of lending his ear to complaints. He knew Jawaharlal intimately. He admired the power and brilliance of his intellect. He envied his wide perspective and his deep knowledge of world forces. But as regards movements within the country Sardar noticed his indifference to imponderable facts and his poor judgment of the men whom he had selected as his lieutenants. He had developed blind spots in respect of some of them. Sardar had his limitations. He was blunt and outspoken and knew not the use of soft words which would please Panditji. Sardar was frequently baffled by his leader's outburst. He was deeply hurt when he received blistering letters which inflicted wounds on him and left indelible scars.

This volume will be read with keen interest and is bound to give rise to further controversy, there cially on the point whether there was any failure on the part of the

indelible scars.

The Sardar was a stern realist, whether in fighting the British or in running Free India's administration. As the author puts it "Rugged in appearance, he looked as if he had been hewn out of rock, and rocklike he stood when the storms blew over him. He was blunt, forthright and decisive."

It was Bardoli and the hardships of the peasants of that area which first gave the Sardar, in the 'twenties, the opportunity of building up a strong movement against injustice. Its ultimate success gave him a reputation, which endured for the rest of his life, as a fearless champion of the peasantry.

less champion of the peasantry.

The Sardar rose steadily in influence in the Congress organisation, becoming its President at Karachi, in 1931. From then onwards, there developed ties of the closest intimacy and cordiality, despite divergences in views, between him and Gandhiji. Frequent imprisonment shattered his health but not his spirit. Released from

Sardar to at ate protection bullets.

July 15, 1

State Er

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WEEK'S READING

The Sardar Portrait

prison in 1934, he told the peasants of Gujarat:

nts of Gujarat:

The hardships which brave men suffer voluntarily cannot but be successful, not so would be the effect of hardship which a coward endures through compulsion. If there is a reason in your hearts, the true spirit of sacrifice, then the loss which you have suffered will not depress you but will rouse your spirits and raise you in the eyes of the world.

The Sardar's greatest service to

of the world.

The Sardar's greatest service to India was undoubtedly during the few years from the end of World War II until his death in 1950. In the formation of the Interim Government in 1946, with the issue of partition of the country awaiting settlement, he protested in a letter to the Viceroy, Lord Wavell, against the Government's being made the arena of party politics and intrigues. An assurance came from the Viceroy through Mr. Nehru: "I have made it clear to Mr. Jinnah that the Muslim Lea-

gue's entry into the Interim Government is conditional on the acceptance of the scheme of May 16... Mr. Jinnah has assured me that the Muslim League will come into the Interim Government and the Constituent Assembly with the intention of co-operating."

In the subsequent months, the Sardar, torn by anxiety and convinced that British officials lacked the will to prevent communal outbreaks (preferring to remain passive), came to the conclusion that, however painful the decision might be, India's partition was both inevitable and necessary. Without it, he feared that chaos and anarchy would spread throughout the country.

all his limitates.

In the Constituent Assembly, the Sardar was the Chairman of the Sub-Committees on Fundamental Rights, on the States Constitution and on the Minorities. In the first, he held the balance between two conflicting points of view—whether such rights were to be enforceable in courts of law or more restricted in character. The Sardar, who was a believer in strong administration, was convinced that fundamental rights should be subject to considerations of public order, security and stability. On property rights, he was firm, believing in the sanctity of the rights of ownership of land. He had no objection to the acquisition by the state of land for a genuine public purpose, but only on payment of fair compensation.

The Sardar's greatest achieves

lain language in the Constituent assembly:

I agreed to partition as a last resort, when we should have lost all. Five Muslim League members had established themselves as Ministers of the Interim Government with the sole object of partitioning the country. We decided that partition should be agreed upon the terms that Puniab and Bengal should be partitioned. Mr. Jinnah did not want a truncated Pakistan but he had to swallow it. I made a further condition that in two months' time power should be transferred and an Act should be passed by Parliament during that time, guaranteeing that the question of the Indian States. We will deal with that question. Let paramountcy be dead.

dead.

Mr. Panjabi reveals that on the issue of the Prime Ministership, though the Sardar had been nominated by 12 Provincial Congress Committees out of 15 and only three had voted for Mr. Nehru, Gandhiji persuaded the Sardar and Acharya Kripalani not to press their respective claims. The transfer of power was imminent and Mr. Nehru (thought Gandhiji) would be able to establish better relations with the British than the Sardar; secondly, Mr. Nehru was more popular with the left wing of the Congress and, therefore, could control it better.

On the eve of Gandhiji's assassination, there were sharp differences between Mr. Nehru and the Sardar. Lord Mountbatten had told Gandhiji that, in the interests of the country, these two leaders should continue to be in the Cabinal California. net. Gandhiji, who had previously taken the view that one of them should be out, apparently changed should be out, apparently changed his mind and came to the conclusion that the presence of both in the Government was indispensable. After Gandhiji's death, the Sardar is reported to have persuaded the Congress Party to accept Nehru's policies and thrown

It needed great courage to take the mental plunge in favour of partition, especially in the face of Gandhiji's obvious disapproval. The Sardar explained his position in plain language in the Constituent Assembly:

dead.

fore, could control it better.

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Sardar to afford Gandhiji adequate protection from the assassin's bullets.

State Enterprises

THE Public Sector in India by THE Public Sector in India by N. Das (Asia, Rs. 11.25), while offering a competent analysis of the subject and relevant problems, ignores almost totally the economic and social costs of Government enterprise, a vital question facing our country today. Beyond a passing reference to the "moderate dividends" declared by some public undertakings, no attention has been paid to the sorry tale of returns from them. This is a serious omission, as the book deals with the "industrial and commercial undertakings" in the public sector.

The book, however, offers a wide perspective of the public sector—its designs, management, finance and industrial relations. Turning to the foreign scene, the author attempts, in the limited space of three chapters, the difficult task of reviewing the public sector undertakings in 14 foreign countries, including China, U.K., U.S.A. and U.S.S.R., and has only a sketchy and superficial study to offer.

There are shrewd observations on, and apt and trenchant criticism of, the functioning of the public sector enterprises in India. Also, some sharp statements on Ministerial interference in the matter of appointments and in the day-to-day working of the enterprises.

The problem of the public sector in India, as elsewhere, is a fundamental policy problem. The weaknesses and limitations of public sector enterprises are inherent to the system. They cannot be corrected by reforms here and there. The experience of their working everywhere tells the same story, and this can be summed up in the words of Colin Clark, the noted econometrician: "Governments should perform their normal duties in assisting economic development." in assisting economic development but beyond this should avoid attempting to force accelerated growth, since to do so is to risk impeding it and destroying individual liberties in the process."

S. R. S.

Portuguese Tyranny

THE Goa Inquisition, a quarter centenary commemoration study of the Inquisition in India, by Anant Kakba Priolkar, with accounts given by Dr. Dellon and Dr. Buchanan (Rs. 15), presents



J. B. PRIESTLEY, the noted British novelist and playwright.

"a dismal record of callousness and cruelty, tyranny and injustice, espionage and blackmail, avarice and corruption, repression of thought and culture and promotion of obscurantism..." Mr. Priolk ar is aware that an Indian writer who undertakes an expose of Portuguese tyranny "can easily be accused of being inspired by ulterior motives". But no Portuguese writer has shown any interest in the subject and, for all we know, is not likely to do so.

The book under review was pub-

Funding: Tattva Heritage

The book under review was published shortly before the liberation of Goa from Portuguese misrule, and would seem to justify the military action by India. The record of the atrocities inflicted on people by the Inquisition in the name of religion is well-documented and must put to shame the Inquisitors and their supporters, who took every care to maintain the whole apparatus of tyranny a closely guarded secret and to destroy all incriminating evidence before they were forced to leave.

Mr. Priolkar has divided the first part of the book into ten chapters, and seeks in one to establish the authenticity of Dr. Dellon's statements. Dellon's account is based on personal experiences covering a period of over three years, and his narration of the horrors suffered by the victims of the Inquisition is reproduced in Part II. It constitutes the most authentic document now available on the monstrous activities of the Portuguese in Goa, along with the extracts from the diary (1808) of the indefatigable Dr. Buchanan reproduced in the same section. The latter's investigations in Goa and the publication of his findings played no small part in bringing about the final suppression, in 1812, of this obnoxious perversion of religious "enthusiasm".

Mr. Priolkar's book makes grim reading for the most part, but it is not his fault; in fact, he allows others to speak the truth. And the reader should be grateful to him for having carried out this unpleasant but essential task of presenting in a handy form the sordid story of the Goa Inquisition.

K. A. N.

Unimaginative

HOW An Introduction to Plan-mar (Bookland, Calcutta, Rs. 6), ever saw the light of day is a wonder difficult to fathom! With wonder difficult to fathom! With spelling and grammatical errors that would make a back-bencher in the high school blush, it is indeed difficult to comprehend that anyone would sit down to write a book. All that one can suggest is that Mr. Birendra Kumar must have suddenly developed what Cervantes called "the writing itch".

However, Mr. Kumar's contents and data are not as awry as his expression. He has certainly taken considerable pains in the collection and collation of his material, which pertains to plans both in the private and the public sector. Quite rightly, he supports the idea of planned economy and seizes upon its dynamic role in the static economies of underdeveloped countries. But, unfortunately, the book under review does not issue from an "economic" imagination.

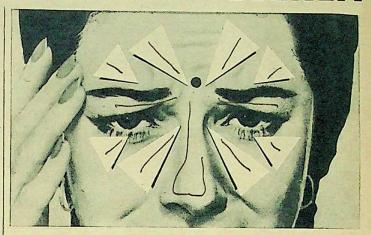
The Odyssey of planning on which India is embarked today would have fired the mind of a creative writer or thinker. In the case of Mr. Birendra Kumar, the whole thing misfires, leaving behind nothing but a smoky trail of platitudes, truisms, inanities and howlers.

D. S. M.

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"He's a firm believer in the Constitution—especially the 'pursuit of happiness' part!"

AFTER an elaborate introduction lauding him as an industrial giant, the guest of honour admitted that all that the principal speaker had said was true.

"I did start work as the messenger boy, bringing my lunch in a paper bag," he said. "I worked my way up from one department to another. At the age of 32, I was elected chairman of the company."

"Just one thing was omitted," the industrial giant continued. "The speaker failed to inform you that my father owns the company."

THERE was a writer who not only appropriated a lot of Bertrand Russell's ideas for a book he was writing, but had the nerve to ask Russell to contribute an introduction when the work was completed.

Lord Russell's reply consisted of two words: "Modesty forbids."

"DEAR doctor," wrote the patient's wife, happy family man, an ideal mate and father. Since consulting you, he has become restless, flirtatious, critical of my house-keeping and our children, an ogre about bills, vain, arrogant and, I suspect, a woman-chaser. It is my belief that you have been giving him hormone shots which have entirely changed his personality. My next appeal will be to the medical society."

"Dear Mrs. Jones," came the reply. "In response to your letter, I have not been giving your husband shots of any kind. I have had him fitted with contact lenses."

DOWN near the Brooklyn Navy Yard there is a bar that aims to do right by its tipsy customers. A large sign behind the bar says, "Patrons, please do not stand while the bar is in motion."

THE optician patiently tried lens after lens on an elderly woman who wanted some glasses. Nothing seemed to be right for her.

"Now don't become discouraged," the optician reassured her. "It's not easy to get just the right glasses, you know."

"It certainly isn't," the woman replied, "especially when you're shopping for a friend."

Smile Awhile

THE bald-headed little assistant in the men's-wear department was so nice that a customer bought half a dozen shirts, four ties and two pairs of pants. As the parcel was being wrapped, he said, "It's refreshing to do business with a man who knows his merchandise and treats a customer like an intelligent human being."

"Thank you, sir," said the assistant, smiling shyly. "Would you mind telling that to the manager on your way out? He's right over there."

The manager listened gravely while the customer repeated the compliment. "That eager beaver!" he muttered, shaking his head. "You're the sixth customer he has sent to me this morning with a similar story. He's making everyone in the department, including me, look bad."

"What's wrong with that?" the customer asked.

"Plenty," replied the manager with a rueful grin. "He owns the shop."

ONE little girl said to another, "My father's a chemist."

"Mine," replied the second girl, "is a civil serpent."

AS a woman approached her car in a crowded city car park, a policeman stopped her. "Your licence plates are on upside down!" he exclaimed. "I know," she answered brightly "It saves me a lot or time. Now I don't have to wander all over the car park looking for my car."

IN a small restaurant there was a notice on the wall: "Please do not insult our waitresses by tipping them." But on the table was a small white box, with a slit across the top, labelled "Insults".

A LONDON socialite apologising to her host for arriving late for a party: "My chauffeur lost his cap, and I had to come by taxi."



"Are you the 'Most' or the 'Living End'?"



MISS ARGENTINA (centre), dark-haired Norma Beatriz Nolan, a model from Buenos Aires, sits enthroned as winner of the 1962 Miss Universe beauty contest, at Miami Beach, Florida, U.S.A. Flanking her are the runners up: (from left) Miss Brazil, Maria Reboucas (5); Miss Finland, Aulikki Jarvinen (3); Miss Iceland Ann Geirsdettir (2); and Miss Taiwan, Helen Liu (4).

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From Far And Near



DISSIDENT ALGERIAN VICE-PREMIER BEN BELLA confers with his military adviser, Col. Othmane, at a working session in Ben Bella's Villa Rivaud residence, at Tlemcen, Algeria. Attempts to reconcile the Vice-Premier with Premier Ben Khedda have so far proved unavailing.

BURMA'S AMBASSADOR TO INDIA Mrs. Aung San, widow of assassinated Premier Aung San, the founder of Burma's freedom, offers food to Buddhist monks in New Delhi, on the anniversary day of the Burmese leader's martyrdom.





MALAYAN PREMIER Tunku Abdul Rahman arrives at London Airport from Singapore, for talks with the British Government on the proposed Federation of Malaysia, embracing Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak and North Borneo.

A "KENNEDY ROCKER", made by the National Small Industries Corporation, is tried out by U.S. Ambassador J. K. Galbraith, in New Delhi, while NSIC Chairman C. R. Sundaram, who presented it to him, looks on.



Siva As Bhikshatana

(18th century — Mysore)

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

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Too Long in the West - 6

SYNOPSIS

Nalini has returned to India after three years at Columbia University, New York. Her mind has been liberated by her foreign education and she has acquired a new sense of freedom, but her mother Lakshmi is glad that she has not forgotten how to sit in the hairpin posture before the plantain leaf to eat. Soon after her arrival at Hillview, in rain-soaked Mudalur, where her father, Professor Sambasivan, is spending his annual vacation, Nalini is engaged in interviewing a number of young men who have come to seek her hand in response to an advertisement given by her father in the matrimonial columns of a leading newspaper. The first candidate is Viswakarman the journalist and master of many styles, who honestly expects a dowry so that,

among other things, he can buy a linotype machine. The second is the orphan Satyamurti, self-conscious and self-contemptuous, who arouses Nalini's pity. When he has left, her little brother Gopal sidles up to her. He hopes that she must have brought for him comics and spine-tingling murder stories from America—all that his father allows him to read is the "Young People's Clarion". But Lakshmi descends upon the seene and drives him back to his slate. The guests are served an elaborate meal... it is becoming dark... and while the rain lashes at the windows, the night swoops down. Nalini spends the night lost in thought, turning over in her mind the problem of whom to choose. It is dawn again and time for the next interview.

by BALACHANDRA RAJAN

ALINI went to the room where the interviews were held. There was a picture of Saraswati on the wall, cow-eyed and expressionless on a rock in the forest. She bowed to it slightly in her heart, telling herself that no one ever stopped learning. In front of her was a curtain of soiled lace. When the candidate had entered and sat down with his back to it, she was supposed to glide in demurely through its folds. She amused herself by practising various entries. How precisely would she steal upon his senses? With the hesitant cough, the carefully exaggerated rustle of bangles and silks, or with the lilting voice like clear spring water, delightfully offering

It seems probable that you can bless a house-hold with good fortune."

"Who on earth do you think you're supposed to be?" she demanded.

"No one on earth," he corrected her. "I am named after Kubera, god of riches."

"I suppose you're disgustingly wealthy like your namesake."

He patted his chest complacently. "Let us say that I am not entirely without means."

"Money isn't a substitute for manners." She reproved herself at once for having said that.

"That's liberal of you," she said. "I simply can't stand you, so I'd love to know whom I am throwing out."

"That is a question which always answers itself."

He looked at her in a way that compelled her to look back. He was several years older than herself, a man who had beaten his own road through life and then smoothed the consequences carefully out of his skin. His face was square, his expression impassive and confident, withdrawn and dominating, a nice combination of the bludgeon and the Buddha. She was haunted by that face. She hadn't just seen it before. She felt she had always been seeing it. And yet she couldn't remember to whom the face belonged.

"Don't be disturbed," he said. "You think you have met me already. You have, and so have tens of thousands of others."

"You're not a politician?" she enquired

He flicked the unseemly question off his shirt. "Obviously not. I am a man of taste. But some politicians owe their well-being to me."

"Then you must be a financier."

"My dear girl, what is the point of this catechism? You remember me because you cannot avoid me. You've always known me because you're destined to share life with me." He rose from his seat and moved forward purposefully. She backed into a corner, her eyes blazing.

"If you dare to touch me, I'll scream."

He was genuinely surprised, "Why should I need to touch you? There is a certain decorum



him a glass of fruit juice? She would stand at the window, unconscious of his presence, looking out at her dreams, bedraggled like the zinnias. Then she would turn around, impelled by an unseen force and, with a cry of ardour, hurl herself at her destiny.

"Excellent indeed!" the mellow voice said.
"The back view is decidedly auspicious."

She whirled rather than turned around, so disconcerted that she forgot even her namaskar. "How dare you speak to me like that," she chided him hotly.

He was of medium height and stockily built. He had a sleek skin, ceremoniously oiled. His dhoti was of the very best silk, his white shirt expensively homespun, and his plain slippers made of butter-soft leather that would have done credit to the most select of ladies' handbags. He was dressed to an image of dignitied frugality that must have cost him a minor fortune to imitate.

"Excellent," he repeated, unperturbed "You have dulcet tones to add to a classical figure.

But there was something about the man that made her sententious.

He looked at her approvingly. "Your anger, too, is excellent. I expect my future wife to be a woman of spirit. In principle I find you satisfactory. Consequently let us get down to business. You are related to the Nellore Narayanans?"

"I've never had anything to do with them."

"Indeed. That is unfortunate. In that case perhaps the Vellore Vaidyanathans?"

"I've never known anyone whom you could possibly meet."

"Excellent." he beamed. "A lady without liabilities. If you've no relatives so much the better. I shan't have to pay for their upkeep and for idiot sons who can't take college degrees. I'm completely against this dowry, pedigree business. My policy has always been to take people on their merits. Character and substance are what I demand in my consort."

in these matters. Apparently you've forgotten that in America."

"I detest you. I stamp on the thought of marrying you."

marrying you.

"I approve of you and your family will approve of me. The rest does not matter. Your hostilities will dissolve in our identity of interests. You are everything I have looked for in a wife. Sophisticated and yet unspoilt. Vivid and yet not blatant. Your figure can do justice to the finest of silks. Your skin is softer than the most exquisite powder. Your magnificent eyes would market oceans of lotions. And your hair! What can one say of your hair? It is your benediction, the very richness of darkness—"

"I know you now," she cried out, her eyes widening. "I know where I've seen you, why I can't forget. It isn't true, tell me it isn't true."

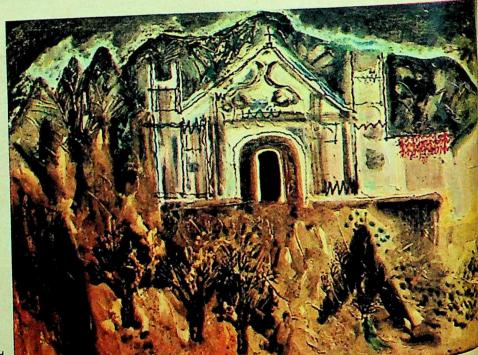
She sank dizzily into the nearest chair. He produced a bottle of smelling-salts and waved it under her nose. She pushed it away, angrily.

"Must you even have your wretched picture on that?"





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THE OPEN WINDOW

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The act A full desc grouping arent players Radha and miniatures in temple ration for tab times, at the tor rearran cond and cowas also poscene, but occasions. Viaif-lion go save the chademon king court assem god stands scene woult tableau and applause. So very effective

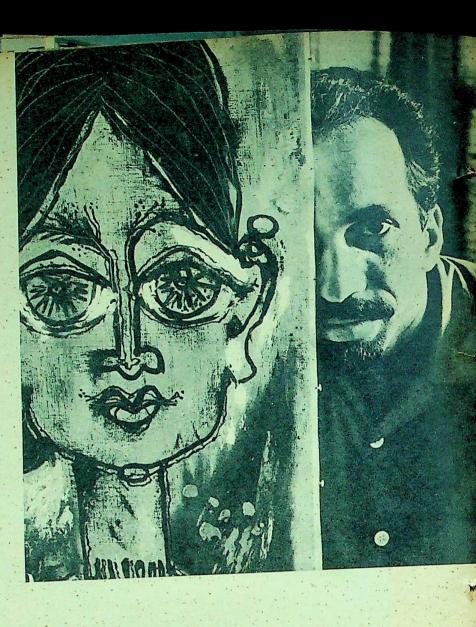
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JITENDRA ARYA

(Our Special Photographer)

Heaven to introduce the theme of the play. Asides, soliloquies, monologues and choruses were frequently used. A soliloquy was considered a rare moment for an actor to display his art. Walking across the stage, up and down, diagonally and crosswise, he spoke his lines, thinking aloud, directly addressing the audience.

The act generally ended in a tableau. A full description of its composition, the grouping and the positions of the different players was given in the text. The Radha and Krishna legends depicted in miniatures in Rajput and other styles, and in temple murals, provided the composition for tableaux on these themes. Sometimes, at the curtain call, the expert director rearranged the tableau in a split se-cond and offered a variant. A tableau was also permissible in the middle of a scene, but only on very rare and special occasions. When Narasimha, the half-man alf-lion god, appears out of the pillar to save the child-saint Prahlada and kill the demon king Hiranyakashipu, the royal court assembly is stunned. The lion-headed god stands with his claws upraised. The scene would turn immediately into a tableau and there would be thunderous applause. Such scenes were pictorially very effective.

In the auditorium of the Parsi companies, the City Magistrate watched the show from a privileged position. If he was late, the performance awaited his august arrival. Women sat apart on one side and men on the other, as in temple gatherings. In the more fashionable city theatres, respectable ladies sat behind a gauze curtain, which was pulled aside when the show started. As soon as a scene ended, a man ran along pulling the curtain to hide the ladies.

EXTRAVAGANT MELODRAMAS

The play started at ten o'clock and lasted until dawn, moving from comedy to tragedy, from pathos to farce, from songs to the rattle of swords, all interspersed with moral lessons and rhyming epigrams. In these extravagant melodramas, full of blood and tears, there ran a comedy subplot. These comic interludes have been unmatched in contemporary Hindi drama for their droll humour and realism. This multi-purpose, many-faced drama fed the needs of the people.

While the main play was acted against elaborate sets, the comedy was performed against the background of a painted curtain. The comedy characters were generally a petulant servant, an old miser, a demure daughter, a saucy shrew of a wife, a dominating mother and a rebellious rake of a son. Love-affairs of a lewd nature, normally forbidden by prudes, broke through in these comedies. In their gags, punch-lines, comic situations, lewd references and mocking caricatures of misers and cuckolds, they remind one of Moliere's plays and of the commedia dell'arte.

Music was the chief concern of the playgoer. If the play was poor, the public came to see its favourite actor in a particular scene or song. Once, in a production of Sati Manjari, Master Nisar, the well-publicised star singer who played the heroine, did not appear because he was

ill. The public started booing and catcalling. He had to be brought from home on a stretcher and produced on the stage to sing. He was forced to sing encores of the same song eleven times.

The opening chorus was always set to a classical melody. The duets of hero and heroine were a mixture of the classical and the folk styles, with a dash of current popular tunes. The duets of the comedian and his wench were dazzling nonsense in a snappy, fast, trippling rhythm, with a great deal of clowning and tumbling. The entry of the comic hero-for example, Munva, the clown servant in Agha Hashar's Khawab-e-Hasti—was signalled by the rhythm of the tabla. The duets of the hero and the heroine were romantic, sentimental. Comic duets had echoes of the songs of the clowns and tumblers of pre-World War I London. Music, in the scenes of murder, bloodshed or precarious escape from a palace balcony, followed the popular Western horror tunes.



An actor in the Parsi theatrical companies was required to know singing, dancing, music, acrobatics and fencing and to possess a good physical bearing. Great stress was laid on voice training. In auditoriums with bad acoustics packed with two thousand people, in improvised halls made of tin sheets and straw mats, sometimes without any roof, the actor's voice reached the farthest spectator as the applause came from the galleries.

The actors impersonating females grew long hair, since wigs were not in vogue. A group of teen-age boys appeared as dancing girls in court scenes. Sometimes there were thirty-six in a company and they worked in three shifts. The star actor was paid from Rs. 500 to Rs. 700 a month, in days when wheat was sold for 30 kilos a rupee. The extras were paid Rs. 30-40 a month. There were always two sets of alternative actors for the main roles. This was not only to give rest to the

chief actors, but also to ensure the hold of the producer on the players, who might choose to be difficult and threaten to sabotage the show. A good company generally had 100 to 150 members, excluding the establishment staff, and a whole troupe of gate-keepers and back-stage workers. They toured towns and cities like a huge circus, with truckloads of scenery and properties.

The actors specialised in particular roles and scenes. Some portrayals—for example, Agha Mahmud's Bilwa Mangal, Miss Gauhar's Draupadi and Chintamani (the courtesan turned saint), Rahim Bakhsh's Fazita (the comic villain), Bhagwan Das's Krishna, and Master Nisar's Uttara (the noble heroine of the Mahabharata)—were as famous as Lawrence Olivier's Richard III and John Gielgud's Hamlet today. Bhagwan Das playing Lord Krishna had a following of millions. Famous heroines of this period were Sharifa and the bewitching Miss Gauhar, star actress whom every theatre-lover looked forward to seeing.

WELL-ADVERTISED ARRIVAL

These companies visited towns where people had never before seen footlights and a proscenium stage. They advertised their shows with the help of bullock-carts, as even today such carts carrying film posters trundle through small towns. Clowns—the most ancient theatrical characters of the world—stood in the cart, fooling and barking through horns. Their visits to both towns and cities were anxiously awaited. Audiences compared the effectiveness of the acting, the spectacle and the songs and plays of the different companies.

The role of the Parsi theatre in the history of the Indian drama has often been dismissed as something brash and vulgar, and it is mocked at by the supercilious modern critic. But a deeper analysis and study of the times show how much valuable service the Parsi companies did in popularising dramatic performances. The New Alfred Theatrical Company, with its director, Sohrabji Ogra, flourished up to the late 1920s. The Old Alfred Company was a revival of the first Alfred Theatrical Company, which had splintered into seven different groups, all owned by Parsis. The Corinthian Theatre later changed its name to Madan Theatres Ltd., and had as its star attraction a large number of female artistes-mainly courtesans and singing girls, who at first afforded the only available feminine talent. The Alexandra Company, founded by the twin brothers Mohammed Seth and Habib Seth, rose to glittering heights in the 'twenties, with the greatest number then seen of dancing girls.

The first impact of the West on Indian theatrical forms is visible in the Parsi theatre. These companies, routed out of existence in the 'twenties and completely annihilated by the talking cinema in the 'thirties, were replaced by amateur clubs, which presented feeble and anaemic short plays in Hindi. The Parsi theatre had showmanship and a sense of the dramatic. No regional theatre could escape the impact of its spectacular productions.

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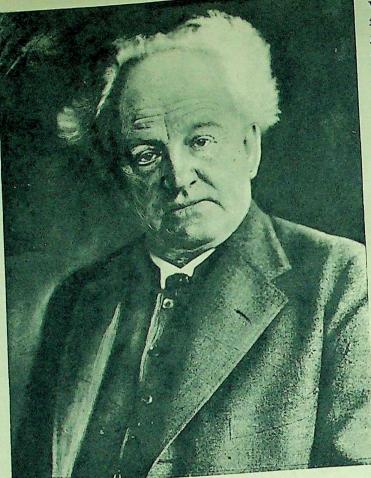
HIS year the thoughts of Germans are occupied with the centenary celebrations of Gerhart Hauptmann, who was born in Silesia on November 15, 1862. Unlike Thomas Mann, who was the son of an aristocrat, Gerhart Hauptmann came from a humble weaver's family, which had to struggle to make both ends meet. His grandfather had first risen from a lowly hired hand to a waiter and then to an innkeeper. He and his son (Gerhart's father) later developed the inn into a reputable hotel in Obersalzbrunn,

Gerhart Hauptmann's writings deal with people strong, natural and passionate. It is not sublime feelings that pervade his works, but the strong heartbeat of the common folk. Germany's rise from pre-industrial poverty and servitude, from social inequality to a modern well-balanced society, correctly represents the leading theme of Gerhart Hauptmann's writings.

The play which established Hauptmann's reputation is Vor Sonnenaufgang (Before Sunrise). Its stage performance, in 1889, was a theatre scandal comparable only with that of the first performance of Victor Hugo's Hernani or Richard Wagner's Tannhauser.

EVERYDAY LANGUAGE

Contemporary theatre was conventional; it flourished on hollow rhetoric and false pathos. This young and unknown dramatist shocked it with his use of everyday language, and an almost naturalistic portrayal of some truths about poor miserable common folks. The flabbergasted spectators of a literary and lively Berlin witnessed this dull tragedy of a Silesian village caught in the transition to industrialisation. The noise grew from act to act. With whistles and boots, they wanted to stamp the play down. To crown a tumultuous end, thanks were offered by the writer, a serious, slim young man



Gerhart Hauptmann PROFILE

and well-cut suit.

Only Theodore Fontane, one of the most famous theatre critics and journalists of the time, recognised the genius in Hauptmann and wrote of him: "This is your day, your hour. The new play begins. You are leading the round. It is your turn."

Fontane was right. Hauptmann helped Naturalism to break its way through. His purpose was to fill the spoken word with a new meaning. Three years after the "scandal", he surprised the German theatre with the tragedy, Die Weber (The Weavers). In this, he not only posed a social problem, but also provided a solution.

All the later accusing pieces of world literature pale into insignificance before Hauptmann's "Weavers". The social

with a highly intellectual face problem and its solution appear suffused with bright humanity, and not subordinated to the meaningless class struggle. Here one finds not only an accusation but also an interpretation of the future. The end is certain and uncertain as in a dream. Would new times come? Or would there be a revival of the old?

In the next ten years, Gerhart Hauptmann presented a large number of powerful plays to the world stage. In these he discarded the narrow limitations imposed by contemporary trends in playwriting. For example, we have his Der Biberpelz (The Beaver's Coat), which, after Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm and Kleist's Der Zerbrochene Krug (The Broken Jug), is the third great German comedy. When compared

with the writings of Thornton Wilder, Claudel and Eliot, his fantasies, Hanneles Himmelfahrt (Hannele's Ascension) and Versunkene Glocke (The Sunken Bell), can be rightly considered earlier examples of Expressionism.

The first performance of Die Ratten (The Rats) was as much of a failure as Hauptmann's very first work, and only a later film adaptation showed its worth as a dramatic masterpiece. Hauptmann's narrative art is as fruitful as his dramas, though even today the avenues of its adaptations have not been fully explored. His later dramas try to interpret the tragedy of the son of Atreus in a tetralogy: Iphigenie in Delphi, Iphigenie in Aulis, Agamemnons Tod (Agamemnon's Death) and Elektra.

FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

A picture has come down to us of the fiftieth birthday of Hauptmann. Remote from the official machinery of the Government and the Emperor, far from the ruling class, intellectual Germany flocked around this slender, thoughtful-looking man in a hotel in Berlin. Its representatives included uncrowned theatre king Max Reinhardt, painter Liebermann, and the elite of Berlin University.

Another picture from Hauptmann's life is, in contrast, more tragic but in no way less bound up with the destiny of the Germans. On the night of the 13th and the 14th of February, 1945, the playwright witnessed the almost complete destruction of Dresden, his beloved city, in a heavy bombardment. But the personal tragedy of the man was not complete yet. Russian soldiers drove him out of his house in Agnetendorf, in Silesia. On the threshold of death-which carried him away on June 6, 1946-a hospital nurse found him in a strangely detached mood over a Bible text: "...he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

For no ordinary man, perhaps—but the playwright could hear them and utter them.





Rural Vignette

by SAILOZ MOOKHERJEA

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SYNOPSIS

To the remote village of Mudalur has come Professor Sambasivan with his wife Lakshmi and young son Gopal to spend their annual holiday in their villa Hillview. The professor is the very sustenance of the village and the provider of employment to its inhabitants. At Hillview he receives Satyamurti who has come to seek the hand of his daughter Nalini in answer to an advertisement in the matrimonial columns of a leading newspaper. This young man is an orphan and Lakshmi takes an intense dislike to him.

Meanwhile Nalini is returning to India after three years at Columbia University, New York. She is returning home, but to a new self for she has been refashioned by the liberating influence of the West. On the train to Mudalur she meets Kalyanasundaram who is gathering material for a book on arranged marriages. "Beautiful Marriage", that is how his name is understood, is also destined for Mudalur and turns out to be another candidate for the hand of Nalini. The two together come to Hillview. Lakshmi is glad that her daughter has forgotten very little. And now it is time to interview the suitors, and there are others, too, besides Satyamurti and Kalyanasundaram.

by BALACHANDRA RAJAN

I was not clear whether the suitors should be presented in alphabetical order, the order of their arrival, or in their presumed order of desirability. Sambasivan suggested that age should have precedence, or alternatively that priority be given to him who could shoot an arrow farthest or plant the largest amount of tomatoes in one day. Lakshmi retorted that her daughter was not going to be married to old age, brute strength, or to a budding gift for market gardening. The deadlock seemed unbreakable until Nalini suggested that he who had made the longest journey should be permitted to see her first.

It happened to be Viswakarman, who had arrived the previous night. He had come a long way and lost some of himself in the process. His face had the frightened, unnaturally brilliant look of one who by some weird negligence had been in his suit when it was sent to the cleaners. He stared at Nalini with a cautious, curious insolence. It was always better to be firm with the unknown.

"You are," he enquired, "no doubt a cap-able hussif?" He spat the word out with a precision that made her recoil. mitted to see her first.

"I detest cooking-" she began, truthfully

He wouldn't let her add that she was good at it, anyway

"You must not despise the dignity of labour.

"I'll marry you," she retorted, "if you promise to scrub the floor."

"The proposal of marriage is to be made by me only. And I must satisfy myself as to your qualifications. A foreign degree and a figure are not enough. I am more concerned with diligence and humility."

"You talk like a file," she said. "Sideways, you happen to look like one also."

He stood up, trying hard to be dominating

"You are extremely ill-mannered. A Brahmin girl should strive to be like a cow. She should furnish the household with everything but impertinence."

She slumped her shoulders delicately and looked down. He was encouraged to see the flower droop. A sense of sympathy glowed in him, mingled with satisfaction at his own stern-

"If you condescend to marry me," she asked, "you'll be able, won't you, to keep us from starvation?"

He smiled reassuringly, "I am a journalist, India is on the verge of great achievements. Vigorous pens will be needed to announce

"A journalist! How unusual! How much more original than being a teacher or lawyer."

He buttoned his coat in an effort to look successful. It was his father's coat unfortunate-ly and he remained some distance from the

"I am not simply a reporter but a master of style. In fact I am a master of many styles. When I was a child I wrote like Middleton Murry. I have successfully imitated all the Nobel Prize winners. I am now maturing from early to late Eliot."

For a moment she was startled. She was back in the study, seeing herself three years before, watching the destruction of her proudest efforts at mimicry.

"How wonderful it would be," she suggested, "if you were to write like yourself."

He reared back, surprised. "It is impossible. I am only a novice. Before I can say anything I have to master all masters."

"Don't you ever hear the sound of your own voice?"

"Often," he said candidly. "I seem to hear nothing else."

"Then why don't you use it to say what's on your own mind?"

He smiled superciliously to conceal his embarrassment. "First I must enter into the minds of others. If something can be said by Rabindranath Tagore or Winston Churchill, then first of all I must say it on their behalf. If not, can speak for myself. But that is most unlikely. If Tagore had lived for ever he would undoubtedly have said everything."

She wished she could teach him what she herself had learnt. But she obviously wasn't meant to succeed as a teacher. She tried to convince him by a different approach.

"I'd never know whom I was married to."

He brushed the objection aside. "I will decide the personality of your literary mentor." Valmiki perhaps, or possibly Tulsidas.

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The meal over press on with the more hospitable time to conclude guests packing. The ment had inflame the reaction in March 1982 and 1982 in a popular plac which was less emphasised more her daughter? In would be five the lection of frustrat mal men with m fathers. As she the suitors breaking rented house, of have to be run i lice constables mopping their br to Tiruchi, the c in Lakshmi's hea to spend a vacati thirty-two wasted deem everything mud, to hasten



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whose figure was not wholly dissimilar to a laddoo, rewarded him with an unsympathetic glare. He was relieved when the coffee was served in silver tumblers. It was grown on the estate, he pointed out proudly, omitting to add that the guests were about to consume a whole year's produce.

The meal over, Lakshmi was anxious to press on with the interviews. She had been more hospitable than was necessary, and it was time to conclude the affair and to send her guests packing. The response to the advertisement had inflamed her expectations. If this was the reaction in Mudalur, what could it not be in a popular place like Madurai, given a text which was less insanely drafted and which emphasised more specifically the qualities of her daughter? Instead of five applicants there would be five thousand; and instead of a collection of frustrated freaks there would be normal men with more than normally prosperous fathers. As she thought of the seething mob of suitors breaking down the iron gates of her rented house, of the extra trains that would have to be run in to Madurai, and of the police constables on their stampeding horses, mopping their brows and pleading for transfer to Truchi, the conviction burned and leaped in Lakshmi's heart that this was the only way to spend a vacation. It was enough to atone for thirty-two wasted years. She was eager to redeem everything, to abandon her past to the mud, to hasten down to civilisation and the



rose dust of the plains. But Sambasivan struck one of his infuriating postures. He was the sustenance of Mudalur, he declared. It ill behoved him to let his people down. He was their salvation, the root of their prosperity and the asoka tree that blossomed over their heads. He would not deviate from his responsibilities even to marry his priceless pearl of a daughter. Making this proclamation gave him a gratifying sense of moral dignity and mentally added inches to his height. By declaring his daughter to be priceless, he had made the tasks of duty even more onerous, and thereby increased his own nobility in performing them. Lakshmi reasoned with him for nearly five minutes and then upbraided him for an hour and a half. Sambasivan mounted the black stone plinth in front of the sun-dial, partly in self-defence, but also to deliver a three-hour sermon on silence as the most eminent of womanly virtues. This he would undoubtedly have done if the rain had not catastrophically intervened. By then it was becoming dark and the lightning put on a display that was truly fearsome. It was an evil omen, everyone agreed. The heavens were obviously warning someone, but each felt that the other was the culprit. At any rate, there was no point in going anywhere except into the innermost depths of Hillview.

While the rain lashed at the windows, the night swooped down in a crushing envelopment

that stifled every star. It lay on one's thoughts with a demanding weight of emptiness. One tried to force one's mind away from its questionings only to be drawn more surely into its depths. Nalini opened her eyes against the vaguely singing darkness, through which the rain beat in the irregular drumming of a memory, a fear pushing its way into the senses that would not receive it. Had she come home only to the trap of growing old? There were many roads to emptiness, but they all began at the sacred fire of marriage when the bridegroom was dissuaded from his journey to Kashi only to lead the bride to a different death. She thought of the different ways of extinction, of the way of duty, of drudgery upheld with pride and fortitude till the house filled gradually with children and one could ebb away into the strength of their growth. Then there was the more prosperous form of dying, devouring jalebis and screaming at many servants, till the thickening waistline turned one to the penance of social work and the stab of pain let in the light of religion. There was the imported alternative of romantic love. She snuggled up to the thought, trying to swoon in front of it, but the night took it and wound it around her instead, making it only into a pleasant suffocation. pleasant suffocation.

The morning would come and the death could not be repeated. Satyamurti's face implored her from the shadows, the eyes flinching back, the note thrusting forward like a defensive rampart. Should she pity him, pour her generosity into him, drive him into a frenzy of achievement? She pricked a pin into the darkness and pulled out a voice from the crowd. It was the nine hundred and eleventh answer to her marriage advertisement. A voice unattached to a person. She would see the face only on the night of her wedding, not the eyes she would look into during the ceremony itself, but the other face after the presents had been put away and the shy student had turned into the caged animal. She might yoke herself, she thought, to any body and the excess of the first moments, whether love or disgust, would subside eventually into the same resignation. But she herself would be intact. However much given, she would remain apart.

Almost angrily she brushed away the fascination of those thoughts that lay so close to her lips. The night seemed to be in her lungs now, so that in fighting it off she shared its darkness. She could make the pattern, she reminded herself, and not simply preserve her identity in it. She could choose her own life and not simply choose her smile when she looked up into the doomed, demanding face, forsaken and avid, of the life that was given. She spoke her convictions gently to the night and in her imagination the hills held it, reminding her how they, too, had been softened into submission by the everlasting tryst of cloud and rain.

Where was she to find the appropriate fate, the right incompleteness to welcome, to cherish into the other half of her image? By advertisement, by the conjunction of stars, or by the right combination of pedigree and performance? Would she find the inclusive formula in the exclusive club, mixing inferior Scotch with apish English, the hollow man with the obsequious voice who in five years' time would be suddenly stuffed with Indianness? Should she choose the patriot who had suffered for the dream and seen it realised and who now accepted the benefits of freedom from the same brown masters who had once put him in jail? Perhaps she should not marry at all but join the Foreign Service, where every ambassador's brief-case would be her handbag.

HER forebodings slithered away as the dawn emptiness while the rain struck at her mind in the monotonous, consoling drumming of normality. She unglued her eyelids and opened her thoughts reluctantly to the day's dazzlings. When the water slapped at her face, the sleepiness scaled off, but there were faint lights of rebellion which she could not extinguish. She tried to make her discontent more precise, picturing herself reproachfully descending a majestic marble stairway, while those who were guilty huddled at the foot of it, waiting for her judgment. In fact she stumbled out of her circle, disconcerted to find her parents at her feet, pouring coffee in and out of brass tumfeet, She had had enough of interviews, she

said; in her resentment she was certain at least of that. A girl had the right to make up her own mind, she added, the words following almost automatically and sounding absurd as soon as they were detached from her.

"But, of course, you're free," said Sambasivan, puzzled. "You can choose anyone who is fit to be chosen."

"There'll be at least two thousand of them," promised Lakshmi. "The marriage season begins in April, so that comes to six every day for the next ten months, excluding Deepavali and Tamil New Year. So why grumble about a mere three people yesterday? You're out of condition, that's what you are, poor girl. You've lived too long among labour-saving gadgets."

Nalini subsided delicately on to her plank, simmering over the coffee which her mother offered her.

"It's immoral," she protested, "to interview eople whom you have no intention of marry-

"What's immoral about trying to get your eye in? They came here of their own free will, didn't they? So you can't argue that they don't deserve it. Besides, they've eaten enough to make themselves useful."

"Nalini's ideas are different now," Sambasivan proclaimed. He was ponderous even in his teasing. "She believes in true love like a gong in the heart. Somewhere in India her soul-mate awaits her. He reads no advertisements. He can be found only by the eternal pilgrim."

"How ravishing," chortled Lakshmi. "Do tell me all about him, Nalini dear! Is he like one of our ancient epic heroes, tall as a sala tree, with eyes red at the corners and long arms like snakes? Is his skin like beaten gold or melted butter? Do tell me so that I can find something superior."

"He's an artist," said Sambasivan. "One of those emancipated chaps. With an inherited house and a hired clique to applaud him. He falls in and out of love between the courses of a fifty-course dinner. He's suffered so little for his convictions that he's lost them."

Nalini sipped her coffee and smiled back. It was the best face she could put on her discomfiture. They were too fond of her to be overbearing, but the bantering pin-pricks were meant to make it clear that happiness lay only in intelligent submissiveness (reconciliation, they would have preferred to call it), and that to dream of escaping was only childish petulance. She found herself stiffened instinctively by the thought. If that was her fate she would let her fate flow over her. There was a flame of personality that could not be extinguished.

What was the point of having been in the West, she wondered. One came back eventually to the sacrifice. Year after year millions of people like her, with henna-red feet and garments of gold tissue, would circle devoutly the flame and ordeal of marriage. Little by little the storm would break one open. The procession of clouds across the greying hills would flood dispassionately into one's mind, pushing it down into annihilation, quietening it insistently into its final darkness. One kept one's identity, maintained one's defences, and if one was well taught the struggle was only longer, the pain of acceptance more drawn out and acute. Her hands reached out and she had to take them back hurriedly, realising that she was warming herself in front of an imaginary fire. She sensed that her smile was unaltered. Her feelings had already learned how to retreat from her face.

She shrugged her shoulders and the mood disappeared. It was no more than that, only a passing sombreness. But it slipped into her feelings unannounced, pervading them with the slow rot of its colour, and the time might come when it would no longer be foreign.

"I'm ready," she said, with a gaiety meant partly to reassure herself. "Ready to go on with the show."

"Don't take it seriously," Lakshmi advised her. "That's what's tiring you out. Live away from your skin, it's the secret of all happi-ness."

(Next Instalment: August 5)

July 22, 1962

Animal Adve

Animal Adve

WILD COMPANY
is made up of forty vive-animal vignette known writers, nathunters. Some of the pieces (such as "The of Ben More", by Chand Paul du Chaillu adventures), and so the most delightful mal encounters of the sessaped pet gazelle die but, instead, govin Maxwell's accounter, Gerald Typhlops in Disgu Adamson's evocative of the first unaided her lioness Elsa. The sum of the first unaided her lioness Elsa. The sum of the first unaided her lioness elsa. The sum of the first unaided her lioness elsa. The sum of the first unaided her lioness elsa. The sum of the first unaided her lioness elsa. The sum of the first unaided her lioness elsa. The sum of the first unaided her lioness elsa. The sum of the first unaided her lioness elsa. The sum of the first unaided her lioness elsa the sum of the first unaided

In short, seeking not merely the me his collection, Mr. I en from widely-re venture and nature six of the selection this reviewer, amore sent letter to The colm MacDonald in ville Chamberlain. representative and collection, offering cellent value for one could wish that he home of some thrilling and tout encounters of all better represented. piler has not limite past decade or two of Indian shikar awas somewhat ear justifiably expect like Sanderson, Sterndale and ever two pieces represented the story of a stern the story of a st

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WEEK'S





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READING

Tagorean Thought

AGORE was one of those few great poets who combined a highly subjective and individualised vision of the Universe with a deep awareness of concrete social problems. In his Social Thinking of Rabindranath Tagore (Asia, Rs. 12.50), Sasadhar Sinha deals with an aspect of Tagore's achievement that has been unjustifiably neglected. Although the pioneering character of many of Tagore's socio-political ideas is now being gradually recognised, very few attempts have been made to present in a systematic and unified form Tagore's contribution to contemporary social thought.

Tagore never hesitated to bring

cial thought.

Tagore never hesitated to bring out clearly the weaknesses of traditional social thought in India. He called for a bold rejection of the dogmatism, rigidity and exclusiveness that have led Indian society into long periods of passivity and stagnation. At the same time he stressed the undercurrent of vitality and endurance in the traditional ideals of Indian culture.

However, the most inspiring of

tional ideals of Indian culture.

However, the most inspiring of Tagore's social essays are those in which he transcends the level of nationalism and becomes a spokesman of the social unity of mankind. In these essays he reveals a deep awareness of the crisis in modern society, traces the spiritual roots of this crisis, and asserts the ultimate triumph of the human will over forces of strife and disorder. All his life he spoke up against the spirit of rejection and pleaded for an abolition of intellectual and aesthetic barriers. But while advocating unity he warned while advocating unity he warned against uniformity and regimentIn Sasadhar Sinha's book these fundamental ideas of Tagore have been lucidly brought out. Some of the appendices, however, seem to have very little relation with the theme of the book. Essays on "Tagore in Japan" and "Tagore's Connection with the United Kingdom" hardly further the reader's understanding of Tagore's social thinking and might well have been left out.

V. S. N.

Mao's Flowers

AFTER twelve years in Great A FTER twelve years in Great Britain and the United States as trainee, student, research worker and lecturer, Mu Fu-sheng (a pseudonym) returned to Communist China with the idea of contributing to his fatherland's progress. Disillusioned, he stayed only for a year before departing of his own free will. Now he offers an academic commentary on Mao Tse-tung's regime in The Wilting of the Hundred Flowers (Heinemann, 42s.), a survey of "Free Thought in China Today".

This is a lonely record, written with the dispassionate integrity of a well-meaning scholar. It paints a fair picture of the metastasis of Marxism. A year's observance—however acute—may seem too short a period for such a study, but Mu Fu-sheng devotes much of his book to the historical and cultural background of his country. This, though cogently adequate, might well have been written in the fuggy comfort of an occidental reference library. It is not until the author begins to analyse the amalgam of disillusion, callousness, selflessness, courage and des-This is a lonely record, written

peration inherent in his race that one realises how the Communist apocalyptic vision to some extent restored psychological needs among the Chinese masses, but not among the author's own jat—the intellectuals, whose attitude continues to be one of active support—for the reformation accomplished—and muffled disagreement with the violation of liberal and humanitarian ideals.

nitarian ideals.

The Chinese Communist regime, concludes Mu Fu-sheng, will last. He gives his own succinct reaction to the Party: "Like the Englishman, who found the Arabs first to be dirty, then to be cunning, and lastly to be very much like Englishmen, one will find the Chinese Communists, when one sees them at close range, first to be honest, then to be bigoted, and lastly to be mad."

In essence The Wilting of the

In essence The Wilting of the Hundred Flowers is a severely dialectical discourse. It contains no single reference to the author's day-to-day experiences during his year of rediscovery and failure to co-exist with totalitarianism. If it had even a modicum of the personal touch, the book would have greater appeal to the general reader. As it is, it reeks a little too much—in its bibliographical fullness—of the reading room at the British Museum.

Readable

WHEN the Duke of Edinburgh When the Duke of Edinburgh stated that he would like to graduate work his way round the world on five pounds, he intended, presumably, to inculcate the spirit of Drake and Raleigh in the

youth of Britain. Was he, on the other hand, aware of the stream of European itinerants who vicariously beg their way across the world, attaching themselves, with the tenacity of limpets, to editorial offices? (Many of these penniless globe-trotters put forth completely unfounded claims to literary ability.)

Alistair Boyd, author of Theoremselves

ly unfounded claims to literary ability.)

Alistair Boyd, author of Royal Challenge Accepted (Macdonald, 21s.), set out on his world odyssey as a result of the Duke's widely-reported exhortation. He was as indigent and importunate as the rest of the tribe, but the resemblance ends there, for Mr. Boyd writes vividly and persuasively in a colourful journalistic style. His transit through India was brief and "mystifying"—a few days in Calcutta, a glance at Darjeeling (and the Tenzing family) and a final glimpse of Bombay. There is not much depth in his assimilation of people or places; nevertheless his impressions of the Congo, Thailand and Peru are indefatigably readable. His zest and intelligent absorption of new customs pleasantly counterbalance his necessary machinations as an uninhibited cadger of hospitality and air tickets.

Two Viewpoints

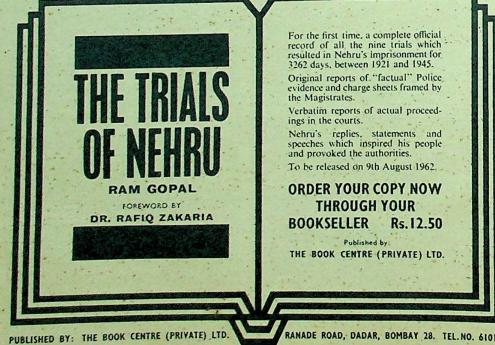
THE Common Sense Series published by Mr. Gollancz includes books about different countries, and on such subjects as religion, and on such subjects as religion, crime and punishment, race and the starving world. The authors were asked to assume no such specialised knowledge in their readers, to write in a clear, intelligible manner, and to be reasonably objective.

youths. The problem he examines is that of the tendency to violence and indiscipline among the boys and girls of the U.K. He begins by studying the environment of these children, their education and the kind of training they get at home. He has an interesting account to give of the famous Teddy boys, examines the working of the juvenile courts and the various methods of cure—probation, approved schools and Borstal. Mr. Wills writes with sympathy and understanding as well as courage. He is critical of the influence of conventional religion, dislikes corporal punishment, and supports Judge Lindsey's proposal to permit some kind of preliminary temporary trial marriage before a young couple settle down together for life.

Two new volumes have now been published. The first is Common Sense about Young Offenders (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), by W. David Wills, a Quaker who has had wide experience of delinquent youths. The problem he examines is that of the tendency to violence and indiscipline among the hows

couple settle down together for life.

This would not appeal to the Rev. Sherwin Bailey, whose Common Sense about Sexual Ethics: A Christian View (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) is a rather conventional discussion of the subject. Mr. Bailey is a clergyman on the Church of England Moral Welfare Council and he has written widely on ecclesiastical history and liturgy. He has also obviously read a large number of books on sex, and is especially interested in the problem of homosexuality. His argument follows the usual pattern and, for those who accept the Christian teaching on this subject, it will serve as a useful summary. But it is hard to accept his use of the word "venereal" as an alternative word "venereal" as an alternative infective has become so associated with certain diseases that to hear Mr. Bailey speak of "marriage in venereal terms" or "approved patterns of venereal behaviour sounds very odd indeed.



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Animal Adventure

Animal Adventure

WILD COMPANY (Heinemann, is made up of forty wild- and captive-animal vignettes by well-known writers, naturalists and hunters. Some of these are period pieces (such as "The Muckle Hart of Ben More", by Charles St. John, and Paul du Chaillu's early gorilla adventures), and some are among the most delightful reports of animal encounters of the recent past—Baroness Blixen's story of her escaped pet gazelle which did not die but, instead, got married, Gavin Maxwell's account of his very own otter, Gerald Durrell's "The Typhlops in Disguise", and Joy Adamson's evocative recollection of the first unaided, grand kill of her lioness Elsa. There are some quite scientific but no less fascinating bits of natural history, by K on r a d Lorenz, W. H. Hudson, Fabre and Wolfgang Kohler, and both Henry Williamson and Richard Jefferies are here.

In short, seeking the best and

ard Jefferies are here.

In short, seeking the best and not merely the most obscure for his collection, Mr. Duthie has chosen from widely-read animal adventure and nature writers—only six of the selections were new to this reviewer, among them an unsent letter to The Times by Malcolm MacDonald in parody of Neville Chamberlain. This is a quite representative and very delightful collection, offering the reader excellent value for his money—but one could wish that India (surely the home of some of the most thrilling and touching of animal encounters of all time) had been better represented. Since the compiler has not limited himself to the past decade or two (the golden age of Indian shikar and animal books was somewhat earlier) one might institiably expect to find writers of Indian shikar and animal books was somewhat earlier) one might justifiably expect to find writers like Sanderson, Forsyth, "Eha", Sterndale and even Kipling. Only two pieces represent India here, one, the story of a shikar elephant that ran amok, by Col. Kesri Singh, that never rises above narrative prosiness, and the other, Jim Corbett's account of the end of the Chowgarh tigress, by no means the best by this great maneater slayer and raconteur.

Cliche Novel

"RUDE" hands, "vicious" embraces, "leering" money-lenders, Bengali wives who "Ogo" their husbands indiscriminately, "uncontrollable" sobs and "trickling" tears, "his hungry mouth parting her lips and his hands



PLAYWRIGHT Noel Coward with Elaine Stritch, leading lady of Sail Away, a musical he specially wrote for her.

moving passionately over her body", "gloomy" slums and "brutal" husbands—what a glorious bunch of cliches in Padmini Sengupta's novel, Red Hibiscus (Asia, Rs. 6.50)! Indo-Anglian fiction will remain in adolescent doldrums if this type of adjectival and emotional diarrhoea lasts.

tional diarrhoea lasts.

Cliche characters abound. Sita
Das is "beautiful, vivacious, and
nineteen", full of "soft womanliness"—she wants to marry only
for love. Nirmal Chatterjee is an
Indian Air Force Officer—"handsome, gallant, debonair", engaged
to an Anglo-Indian girl, but having a fling with a "fresh, young
flower" (Sita). Santosh Bose,
whom she lovelessly marries after
Nirmal jilts her, is a Lecturer in
English in a Government College
—and, poor man, has a mother
who "keeps a perpetual eye on
Sita".

There are indigenous tourist paraphernalia—political processions, sadhus, Durga Pujas, accounts of weddings, menials. There is a lot of misinformation about pujas and caste-marks. The publishers should have realised that this could be misinterpreted by some as being offensive.

Mrs. Sengupta, however, is full of the milk of human kindness. Her novel is a model of harmless obviousness. "God is good, Beti," says Rasmi to her daughter, Chokri—a point of view one endorses, wishing, however, that His goodness included the prevention of the publication of cliche novels.

For The Young

"THE Flying Doctor" books of "THE Flying Doctor" books of New Zealand-born writer Michale Noonan give promise of growing into one of those hardy series of adventure books for boys and girls. The Flying Doctor on the Great Barrier Reef (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.) has an impressive quota of built-in ingredients for a series of cliff-hanging perils: a clean-limbed doctor who has just joined the Flying Doctor service, a villain, crafty as they come and equipped with his own plane for offence and defence, savages, voodoo, dogs, whales, poisonous fishes and even a full-scale blizzard, just to round things off. The young doctor goes on bumping merrily from one crisis to another, just managing to keep one jump ahead of the villain and his gang, and the result is a book of adventures such as would delight the hearts of the young. the young.

On Fire-arms

On Fire-arms

The Art of the Gunmaker, by J. F. Hayward (Barrie and Rockliff, 70s.), is the sort of elegantly produced book that one only comes across in reference libraries and in private collections—rich, profusely illustrated, handsomely bound. It is also an interesting and informative book. Mr. Hayward, who is a well-known authority on fire-arms, writes with special fondness about the techniques of ornamentation. This is the first of two volumes and covers a period of a hundred and sixty years from 1500, when fire-arms had just emerged as somewhat crudely fashioned and not very reliable instruments, to 1660, when they had become more like pieces of jewellery lavishly adorned with precious metals and each weapon bearing the distinctive mark of the master craftsman. The mark of the Gunmaker should prove a valuable guide to connoisseurs and to collectors of antique fire-arms.

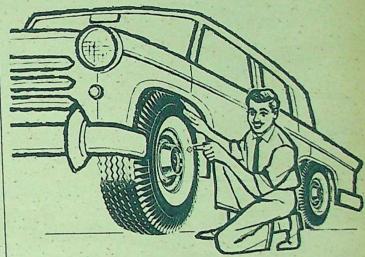
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CHAMPION AGAIN. Rod Laver, with his facile victory over fellow Australian Martin Mulligan in the men's singles final at Wimbledon, is now three quarters of the way to achieving the "grand slam" of winning in a single season all the four major amateur titles—Australian, French, Wimbledon and U.S.

SPORTFOLIO

Most Strange Wimbledon!

H EADS have rolled on Wimbledon's famous courts in the past, but seldom with such startling rapidity as was witnessed during the Championships concluded recently at the All-England Club. Form went by the board, there were shocks galore and, almost throughout the fortnight that the famous tennis tournament lasted, there were ominous rumblings heard on one court or another. And they say that cricket is known for its glorious uncertainty.

The first and the biggest upset of the competition came when, before a packed Centre Court, 18-year-old Billie Jean Moffitt (U.S.A.) lowered the colours of the odds-on favourite, Margaret Smith (Australia). Never before, in the long history of this famous festival, has a top seed been toppled in this manner. More than one enthusiast went to the extent of rubbing his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming.

Margaret's sensational defeat seemed to have started a chain reaction, for the very next day the comparatively unknown Michael Hann (Britain) eliminated "Chuck" McKinley (U.S.A.), last year's runner-up—and that, too, in straight sets. The shock waves created by this devastating defeat must have been felt all the way across the Atlantic.

A still bigger surprise was happily averted when the No. 2 seed, Roy Emerson (Australia), after being two sets down at 13-15, 4-6, pulled up his socks to beat Wilhelm Bungert (Germany) in five sets.

It was a Britisher again who sprang a surprise when A. R. Mills defeated the fifth-seeded seasoned campaigner, Nicola Pietrangeli.

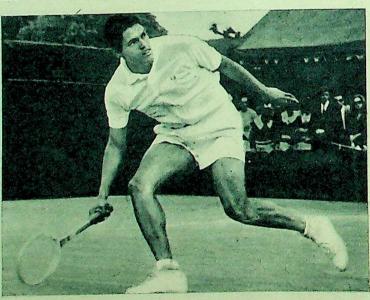
While the heads of the top-notchers were tumbling, there were two distinct notes of misfor-tune. And both of them came early in the competition. India's Rama-nathan Krishnan and Australia's Roy Emerson had to retire from the singles owing to injuries sus-tained earlier in the game.

But, amidst all this stress and strain of stormy happenings, amidst all this rack and ruin, one man stood firm—Rod Laver, of Australia, the man who had already won the Australian and French titles and was now seeking the Wimble-

don and American crowns to complete a grand slam.

plete a grand slam.

But let us go back to the hard-luck stories first. With the 1961 finalist, "Chuck" McKinley, out of the way early in the tournament, many in this country felt that this would at last be Krishnan's year—at any rate to figure in the final. His only serious opponent would have been Roy Emerson, in the semi-final. But Dame Fortune refused to smile on the young Indian. If anything, she frowned, and hapless Krishnan was forced to concede the match to John Fraser,



UNLUCKY EXIT. India's Krishnan, who stood a good chance of figuring in the final this year, had to give up his bid within twenty minutes of his match against Australia's John Fraser, on account of a leg' injury sustained while engaged in a doubles encounter the previous afternoon.

of Roy Emerson, second seed for the men's singles. The 25-year-old Queenslander had to retire with a toe injury during his fourth round match against fellow Australian Martin Mulligan.

the doctor brother of the 1960 champion.

champion.

Krishnan had fallen heavily the previous afternoon, during his doubles match against Newcombe and Fletcher. Some said that he had torn a couple of ligaments in his left ankle, others affirmed that he had wrenched a bone. Yet, despite doctor's advice to the contrary, India's ace took the court bravely the next day, his left leg strapped all the way up to the knee. He stood discomfort and bore pain for almost 20 minutes, and then called it a day, with the score at 5-2 in Fraser's favour. As Krishnan himself put it: "What a terrible thing to happen! I just could not run, and it was impossible to carry on. I am bitterly disappointed."

When later asked why he had

When later asked why he had not requested a postponement, Krishnan replied: "It would not be fair... It's all in the game."

Here was a gesture of the truly great. Sportsmen can be found at any street-corner by the dozen, but rarely does one come across a sporting guy, even if one roams from north to south or east to west. What an object-lesson to the innumerable prima donnas of modern tennis!

Yet another sad story of an un-usual and unexpected exit was that

by "JAYEE"

Emerson had badly sprained a toe in his right foot during the men's doubles encounter the previous afternoon. Before going on the court the next day, he had taken a pain-killing injection. The effect lasted for some time, as the injury did not seem to worry Emerson much in the first set. But, with the pain becoming unbearable and the score at one-set all, Emerson was forced to leave the court. Here was another plucky display, by a game and gallant display, by a game and gallant stalwart, worthy of emulation.

But so great is the stranglehold the Australians have on world tennis today that, despite Emerson's exit, the Aussies had no fewer than six representatives in the last eight. And, of these six, two were brothers—Neale and John Fraser—rather a rare, if not a unique, family double at Wimbledon. Curiously enough, these sons of a Melbourne judge, after fluctuating fortunes in five-set encounters, qualified for the semi-finals. Twenty-eight-year-old Neale defeated Rafael Osuna (Mexico), by 6-3, 6-1, 4-6, 4-6, 6-2, while the two-years-younger John survived a two-set arrears and rallied round to beat fellow Australian Ken Fletcher, 1-6, 7-9, 6-4, 6-1, 6-2. But so great is the stranglehold

The nearest parallel to this amazing family achievement was at the turn of the present century, when the famous Doherty brothers were among the last four. But in those days there was one difference—the reigning champion did not play through, and defended

Fvolutio he

HAT is a kiss? It is a salute given with the lips. It is an intoxicant each one of us must have experienced. It is to be felt rather than defined.

Biologically, a kiss is a physiological action where the most sensitive tangoreceptors of the oral region come in contact with the skin of the part kissed, and feel the rapture of the softness, smoothness, fluffiness and warmth of that region. Anatomically, it is a juxtaposition of two orbicularis muscles in a state of contraction. Physiologically, it originates from reflexes which are responsible for excitement and passion in sex-embrace. Literally, it is a knitting both of body and soul, and it expresses affection, love, respect, homage, humbles es affection, love, respect, homage, humble-ness and salutation. The Greek poets have cal-led it "the key of paradise". There are kisses and kisses and, in each one of them, there is a contact urge.

What is the origin of this "universal contact urge" that has been sublimated in the human kiss of love? This urge began with the smallest and simplest of animals, the amoeba, belonging to the phylum, Protozoa. The amoebae come into contact, during locomotion, for a very short period, give company to each other, and then go their way. During this surface apposition, the animals receive stimulus and undergo division (binary fission). Another example of the protozoa is the paramecium (slipper-animalcule). It undergoes binary fissions some three hundred times, after which (slipper-animalcule). It undergoes binary fissions some three hundred times, after which it dies of senility. This animal, too, exhibits the contact urge. When the paramecia find an opportunity, they fuse by their oral surfaces for a very short period. During this contact, they receive stimulus and are reinvigorated to such an extent that they can undergo three hundred more divisions.

THE CONTACT URGE

This contact process assists rejuvenescence, these organisms come together by attraction due to some chemical substances derived from them. Such reactions of free swimming organisms to chemical substances show that they produce a definite chemotactic response (chemotaxis). Many protozoa form special reproductive cells—the small gametes which are strongly attracted towards each other for conjugation and fusion. Such movements are called tactic movements. tactic movements.

The contact urge inducing living matter to orient itself in some static manner with regard to bodies has been called stereotropism. The sea-worm exhibits an interesting example. When the animal burrows into the sand, it shows the positive geotropic urge, like plants; and, when it remains in contact with the walls of its burrow, it shows the positive stereotropic urge. Like plants, two different types of tropic urge. Like plants, two different types of tropic urge. Like plants, two different types of tropic urge. Like plants, two different types of the same animal—as, for example, the stalk of the hydra in Coelenterata, the ventral side of the starfish in Echinodermata, are positively stereotropic, and the upper parts are negatively so.

The insects in Arthropoda also exhibit the

The insects in Arthropoda also exhibit the The insects in Arthropoda also exhibit the contact urge. They creep into holes and crevices to hide themselves. This is instinctive behaviour. Biologists believe that the animals try to bring, as much as possible, their body surface in contact with the walls of the holes and crevices. Similarly, the earthworms in Annelida, when put into an aquarium, come to lie at an angle calculated to bring the maximum body surface in contact with the walls of the aquarium. When several earthworms of the same species are put in the aquarium, they come to lie side by side, trying to secure contact with each other. This contact provides for them a soothing influence. them a soothing influence.

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The above examples show the existence of The above examples show the existence of the contact urge in the lower animals. But, in the higher scale of life, we observe other factors, over and above the simple contact urge. Touch is the mother of all senses—tangoreceptors have given birth to all receptors. Mr. Bain has called the touch the alpha, and the sexembrace the omega, of love. He says: "Tenderness is a pleasurable emotion, its effect is to draw human beings into mutual embrace, hence we want to clasp in our arms those whom we tenderly love." It has been demonstrated

by Heidenhain that a gentle touch exalts the excitability of the brain. The acts of touching and the sense of feeling the objects are common to all animals.

mon to all animals.

A kiss is a touch by mouth. It is the expression of love, affection, excitement and passion in sexual embrace. It is the exhibition of one's feelings and sentiments. Kisses also denote respect, homage and humbleness. The different types of kisses—the mouth kiss of lovers, the tongue kiss of savages, the contact urge of the lower animals—are specialised forms of the generalised touch kiss of affection. This type of expression is also commonly observed in such carnivores as dogs, cats and cubs, when they rub their heads against their masters and mistresses, and when they lick. They take pleasure in being rubbed or petted. Similarly, the billing of birds, the caressing strokes of the antennae of insects or of the horns of snails, the love walk of the scorpions when the male holds the claws of the female, the hide-and-seek play of the male spider among the lady's legs, and the intertwining of the trunks of elephants, are all expressions of love and affection. and affection.

The sense of touch is especially more developed when the outer skin meets the inner skin (mucous membrane). The mouth forms such a structure, and the rapture of the kiss is to be achieved by this erotic touch zone. The oral region is the most sensitive area, and that is why the human infants and the young ones of mongion is the most sensitive area, and that is why the human infants and the young ones of monkeys take everything that comes into their hands to the mouth. Some infants show affection for their mother by licking her skin. In a savage tribe, the mother licks her child just as a cat licks her kitten or a bitch her pups. The mouth kiss of today is linked with the pleasurable associations of the past, and it has now become sublimated into a physiological act that expresses feelings of love and affection on the part of one person, and arouses emotional reactions in the other.

Kisses, according to the Romans, are to be classified into the following orders:

- (i) Oscula Kiss: This is the kiss of the soft cheek, in friendship.
- (ii) Basia Kiss: This is the kiss of the mouth, in affection.
- (iii) Suavia Kiss: This is the kiss of pas-sion, taken between the tender and sweet lips.

Apart from the above classification, the part of the body kissed has its own significance:

- (a) A kiss on the forehead signifies res-
- (b) A kiss on the cheek shows affection.
- (c) A kiss on the hand denotes homage and tribute.
- (d) A kiss on the foot expresses humble-ness and reverence.

DIFFERENT VIEWS

Above you have a conception of the kissimprinted on different parts of the body,
but people of different countries have different views in the matter. For example, in
France, the mouth kiss is regarded as a social
sin except between lovers. In Finland, this kiss
is considered very indecent, though mixed
bathing in a state of nudity is permissible. In
England, the mouth kiss is an innovation and
has become very common. The evolution of the
mouth kiss is the gradual outcome of the apposition of face to face, which is regarded as a
common kiss amongst the primitive races. In
Malaya, the South Sea Islands and New Zealand, a simpler form of face contact is the nose
rub. Young lovers express their feelings for
each other by gently rubbing their olfactory
organs. Kissing is unknown in West Africathe largest non-kissing area in the world!

The nose or sniff kiss originated in India Above you have a conception of the kiss-

The nose or sniff kiss originated in India around 2000 B.C., and from this the mouth-to-mouth apposition (the mouth kiss) has been evolved. The kissing "contagion", in one form or another, spread to Italy, Greece, Persia and

Syria. In Persia, persons of equal ranks kissed each other on the mouth, and those of unequal ranks on the cheek. In the Eastern countries, the sniff kiss is regarded as a strange method of salutation. The hill tribes of India, in requesting a kiss, say: "Smell me." In Malaya, to smell a person is to greet him.

The Chinese, even today, retain the original form of the kiss. They apply their noses to the soft and rosy cheeks and take a nasal inspiration, as if smelling deeply a coloured fragrant flower. The Chinese regard the European mouth kiss as a sign of vulgarism with a tinge of cannibalism. In Indo-China, nurses and mothers frighten or threaten unruly and obstinate children with the mouth kiss. The Japanese do not even have a word for kissing. This mode of showing affection among them is confined to the mother and child, with the father, too, being allowed to do so before the child begins to walk.

The kiss was regarded as a token of maternal and sex love in the physiological life of primitive man. Its significance was so great that it was incorporated in religious ceremonies. Primitive osculatory rites and customs included the kissing of the newly-baptised, of the penitents, of sacred relics, of the host, and of the priest by the deacon.

MODES OF SALUTATION

The kiss of homage was held in high esteem and the osculum (kiss of the cheek) was very common. It was the custom in England up to the 18th century that equals kissed each other on the cheeks and inferiors on the thigh, foot, hand or dress. Similarly, in Palestine and Assyria, equals kissed on the cheeks and inferiors on the feet.

feriors on the feet.

The act of prostration is also a type of kiss. This is the mode of salutation between inferiors and superiors. The inferiors, while saluting, stretch themselves out, full length, on the ground, "kissing" the earth with their forehead. This process is derived from the instinctive act of crouching by the lower animals when they apprehend danger. Arabs salute their king by kissing the earth between the hands, and the Persians lie down on the ground before their superiors. A devotee of the Buddha prostrates over 30,000 times in the last six miles of the road leading to the temple. At Somnath, devotees crawl on their sides and stand on their heads before the image of God.

As a contact salutation, the handshake appears to be derived from the face kiss, which gave origin to the hand kiss. Knights of old kissed, but modern players shake hands. In Morocco, equals greet each other by grasping hands for a moment and then kissing their own hands. A Turk, after kissing his own hand, carries it up to his forehead in token of respect. Roman devotees would bring the right hand to the mouth, kiss it and then wave it towards God—thus "throwing" Him a kiss.

How many among us know of its origin when we kiss and wave our hands to departing friends? Actually, we are here repeating the actions of the pagan-worshippers. A popular game with children is kiss-in-the-ring, in which one player chases and kisses another of the opposite sex. Similarly, one who submits to punishment is said to kiss the rod.

In higher religions, sacred books were kissed during oath-taking. Even today, the hands are laid on sacred books and then kissed. These acts originated in the ancient rites of touching and kissing the God or Goddess.

How the kiss was linked up with the earlier religious life of man can be realised from the present-day widespread habit of kissing statues and relics of saints, especially by harassed and distressed persons. It is surprising to know that the lips and beard of a bronze statue of the God Herakles, at Agrigentum, were completely effaced by the kisses of his devotees! Similarly, in Rome, at St. Peter's Church, there is a bronze statue of the saint which has been so steadily kissed since the 5th century that the greater part of the right foot has been gradually kissed away!

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WEEK'S THIS READING A Japanese Master

HERE is no need for an apology if, in discussing Ryuno-Akutagawa's stories. suke one dwells a little at length on the profound, macabre and searchingly moral world of his creation. His second collection, Japanese Short Stories (Liveright, \$4.95) has just appeared, and it reinforces the general consensus of critical opinion that here is a brilliant writer who looked into what Conrad described as the "heart of darkness" and emerged with a vision of such cathartic horror that he was compelled, at the age of 35, to take his own life (as Dazai did, after presenting his vision of the horror in The Setting Sun).

A haiku by Sodo

Springtime, and in my hut —nothing: Yet everything!

"enshrines the ecstasy of the moment" and indicates the succinct, evocatively Chekovian quality of Akutagawa's stories. Admirers of Rashomon, that classic story by him, made into a memorable film, will know what to expect. "The Story of Yonosuke" is a masterpiece of sexual suggestion, achieved with such economy as only the Japanese mind is capable of—"The rest I leave to imagination." What is left to imagination is indeed the crux of the story. An old woman's relationship with her ambitious daughter-in-law is the theme of "A Clod of Soil"; "Genkanu-Sambo" is a psychological study of an old man's stoic reception of death's inevitability, complicated by the attempts of his mistress and their child to help him face the "horror"; "Haichu, the Amorous Genius" soon reveals that winning the hearts and bodies of women is not enough if a man doesn't get what he really wants; "Otomi's Virginity" is a superb narrative of "pride in chivalry and the personal preservation of honour"; in "The Tangerines" a disillusioned sophisticate is restored to his will to live, by a chance meeting with a country girl; "The Story of Yonosuke" posits the Eastern concept that "the ecstasy is in the expectation, not in the fulfilment" ("For ever wilt thou love, and she be

Thus, baldly, the outlines of the stories. But the discerning reader will note the disturbing Rashomon motif running through each. What is reality? Who is telling the truth? How does one live the good and honest life? Or are all—the woodcutter, the husband, the wife, and

the bandit—equally trapped in the spider's web of false experience, all desperately telling lies in order to preserve their slippery grasp on a reality that is forever eluding them? Are all merely miming?

Akutagawa presents the human malaise as no Existentialist has done—for him life is both evil Serpent and glittering Garland and the problem is to balance them in a tenuous harmony that will provide the living person with illuminating glimpses into the contradictions of his personality. The fact that he couldn't face the reality himself is irrelevant. "In the West you say: My cup is half full, let's fill it; in the East we say: My cup is half empty, let's empty it." These "half-empty" stories are nothings which are everythings, like Nachiketa's nothing in the split seed from which he was told sprang the great tree.

L.

Thoughtful Work

ONE of the most unusual of the spate of recent novels with a Japanese background is Robert L. Duncan's The Voice of Strangers (Heinemann, 21s.). This bears the somewhat Marie Corelli-like subtitle "A novel of a dedicated man." The theme is American missionary work in a provincial prefecture, and one anticipates a heavy ecclesiastical atmosphere, plus a possible element of Pearl Buckery. It is therefore a pleasant surprise to find Mr. Duncan's story the reverse of one's fears.

The Voice of Strangers is a most accomplished novel, exquisitely written, gently humorous, and full of human understanding. It describes the battle of the Rev. Henry Rector—a veteran Japanner—visavis his less dedicated mission superiors and the subtleties of the Japanese mind—and his final triumph in the cause of God. To achieve his aims Rector does not disdain to make use of certain subtle gambits which he has advantageously imbibed during his long sojourn in Nippon. His subordinates in the mission are vividly portrayed. The day to day activities in this small isolated enclave make fascinating reading. The narrative might easily have developed into a soggily religious tract. In Mr. Duncan's capable hands it becomes a deeply thoughtful work of intense interest.

S. M.

Extravagant

READING the opening chapters of With Gall and Honey by R. Leslie Gourse (Barrie & Rockliff, 21s.) one would get the im-

pression that here was another of those drab, sickly sentimental, infuriating novels of erotic exhibitionism. A Miss Andrea Mornatnai, an American, is on her way to visit Israel. The very first evening of her voyage she meets a Venezuelan on board the ship, who has already made Israel his home. She finds the young man very attractive, "so dark... that I wonder if he might be full of grease from something on the ship": his moustache is "black and thick", his arms "powerful", his hair "clean", and his skin "fresh from after-shaving lotion"; indeed he is striking "like some one from a wild, southern seafaring race, once captains of merchant ships bringing spices from the Orient, now divers and fishermen". Before the evening is out, she and this captain-cumdiver-cum-fisherman are exploring each other's attractions on the topmost deck of the ship, right in the open. Meanwhile, Andrea records: "The black sea swirled close before us, rolling out from the ship's side like an endless cloth flung from a shuttle." The language, the gesture, the action, are all alike—monstrously extravagant.

But the novel over, Andramornatnai stays with you. She does not quite compensate for the stilted dialogues and the mummified emotive responses of the other characters, but she comes very close to doing that. Warm and uninhibited, she alone is the living reality in a sea of death. Even her promiscuity is touching. She surrenders herself completely to Luis Manuel, the Venezuelan, and after their arrival in Israel finds herself "with child". But since she would not go and live on the community kubbutz with him, he leaves her and goes away (soon afterwards he is killed in action against the Arabs). Though admittedly there is a bond between them, the man is neither sensitive nor considerate, something one would expect a lover to be. Anan Reuveni, a wealthy bore of a Jew and a lover of Andrea's mother in her premarried days, promises to help Andrea, but at a price she is unwilling to pay. He wants to have her as his mistress; and that too not for the love of her but, as he bluntly tells her, to relive his love for her mother through her. The mental adjustments this girl has to make are endless! The novel certainly has a lot of gall in it, but where is the honey?

The blurb mentions that the book is the result of this American author's two visits to Israel and makes one wonder whether the is an autobiographical strain in the story.

At one stage Andrea perceives the subtle distinction between cruelty and ruthlessness, when she says that cruelty is the weapon of the weak and ruthlessness of the strong (she imagines she is too weak, Luis too strong for her). Both are the result of frustration,

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euveni nd a lover her prethough. Miss Leslie Gourse (who is only 23) has yet to learn that. C. L. N.

The Abode Of Snow

The Abode Of Snow

SINCE Joseph Hooker published
Shis two volumes of Himalayan
Journals in 1854, there have been
many books about this Abode of
Snow, of climbing expeditions,
most of them too fairly expensive,
and the introductory booklet recently issued under the title Himalayan Endeavour (Times of India, Rs. 10) is a welcome addition
to the literature. It is edited by
B. G. Verghese, who has contributed two chapters—a concise
summary of the major expeditions
and a portrait of Tenzing—and collaborated with Sohan Singh and
M. S. Kohli in two others. There
are notes on the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute at Darjeeling,
the "Nandu" Jayal Memorial Fund,
and the Indian Mountaineering
Foundation which has grown out
of the committee which, with the
enthusiastic support of S. S. Khera
and H. C. Sarin, sponsored Keki
Bunshah's expedition to Cho Oyu
(26,867 ft.) in 1958. There are
chapters on Himalayan birds, butterflies, animals and flowers. The
part the Doon School has played
in popularizing climbing is recalled by reprinting J. T. M. Gibson's
"Holiday on Black Peak", when a
17-year-old boy, Cheema, climbed
six thousand feet in a day and
nearly reached the summit—"a
magnificent effort", comments
Gibson—and a description of the
I.A.F. flight over Everest by Nalni
Jayal, an "old boy" of the school.
General Williams, another stalwart, contributes an account of the
expedition he took to Kamet in
1952, of which "Nandu" Jayal, FitLt. N. D. Jayal and Gurdial Singh
were all members.

The most absorbing reading is
however provided by the stories of

were all members.

The most absorbing reading is however provided by the stories of more recent Indian expeditions, the first one to Everest in 1960, by Brigadier Gyan Singh, the first ascent of Annapurna III (24,858 ft.) led by M. S. Kohli and the first ascent of Nilkantha (21,640 ft.) under extremely risky conditions, in 1961. There is a well-deserved tribute to the Sherpas—"it is difficult to think of the great triumphs of Himalayan mountaineering without instinctively calling to mind this indomitable band of men"—and a fine collection of photographs and maps, including a breath-taking colour photograph of Nanda Devi, taken by Gurdial Singh, which adorns the cover.



M. TREVELYAN, eminent British, historian, who died recently in Cambridge.

A Suspense Story

TODAY, seventeen years after Hitler's Germany was defeated and destroyed, news reports do appear from time to time of the notorious swastika scrawled on walls and buildings. The excitement and suspense of Christopher Short's Dark Lantern (Chapman & Hall, 16s.) fabricate the velvet glove; the latent force of surviving Nazism is the iron fist that packs a wallop in this work of fiction.

In style, or rather approach, Dark Lantern is reminiscent of John Buchan's glorious stories of John Buchan's glorious stories of political intrigue, suspense and high adventure. The most sinister schemes are laid, but all in such an undramatic fashion outwardly as to lead the sharpest bloodhound astray. The plotters are so respectable, their hideouts so obviously public, their actions so plain, normal, average. Yet under this placid surface of normalcy surges the dangerous current that would, at any moment, swell into a tidal wave to overwhelm the self-contented world.

A touring Englishman idly swivels his binoculars; two men on a mountain in the Bavarian Alps come into his view. Before he can carry on with his appreciation of the Alps, one of the men he is viewing deliberately pushes the other over a precipice. By the time the Englishman rushes to the base of the cliff, the body is gone. All he finds is a small metal badge, shaped like an eagle—with the number 11 on it. From here on, the author's keen insight into German character and his facile skill at story-telling lead to a compelling adventure. It takes Mr. Short about thirty pages to paint the backdrops; after that the stage is quite alive with action.

Mr. Short's hero is at times in-consistent and his actions are often not in keeping with his character and the situation he faces. Yet it should be praise enough for the author, as a story-teller, to be considered a reasonably clear echo of a master such as the late John Buchan. Buchan.

F. K. R. M.

Endearing Characters

Endearing Characters

CEORGE Davis achieved a great
Roag's Syndicate, and he is likely
to gain similar distinction from his
second, Toledano (Chapman &
Hall, 16s.), especially as some of
the endearing characters in the
first now appear to enjoy new adventures. There is, for example,
Simon Good who, it may be remembered, was convicted on a
charge of making "ice-shillings"
for his electricity meter. We also
have Mr. Justice Meddlisome who
sent him down but in this new
book meets him at the jail gates
and demands his help. The story
begins with Good's release from
prison, when he is disconcerted to
be told that a gentleman called
Mario Toledano, a powerful and
ingenuous crook of indeterminate
nationality, has decided to kill
him. At the same time the Judge
is being threatened with blackmail, and the Judge's brother who
has the pleasant name of Adam
Neeve and lives in a house called
Eden, plays a very ambiguous
part indeed throughout the story.

The crime element is perhaps not very convincing in this book but it is often extremely funny in a quiet way, and, since it is very much out of the ordinary, it will come as a tonic to readers surfeited by conventional crime literature.



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Readers' Forum

The Editor, The Illustrated Weekly of India

Sir-First of all, let us be clear in our minds about the problem. What we mean by national integration, I suppose, is the state in which the various religious, linguistic, communal and regional groups in this country follow the biblical precept of "Love thy neighbour as thyself" and live happily to-

Now, is it not absurd to expect such a state so soon after becoming an independent nation, when we have at no time in the past been a homogeneous people? Some people deplore the disintegration that is taking place. But, for disintegration to take place, should not there have been a state of integration at one time? And can we ever expect integration so long as we are not prepared to eliminate competition between individuals and do away with the individual's freedom (and the necessity) to exploit his neighbour economically? As J. Krishnamurty is never tired of asking, can you compete with your neighbour and love him at the same time? Is not the competition between groups just a manifestation of the economic competition between individuals? Is not "healthy competition" a contradiction in terms? Where there is competition can there be health? And where there is health will there be competi-

In my opinion, so long as the majority of us and our leaders consider economic competition to be necessary and good (not even a necessary evil, mark you), the tears being shed over lack of integration in the country can only be called crocodile tears.

RADHA G. NAIR

Calcutta

S i r-National integration has become India's Problem No. 1, not because any new disintegrating forces are in

This is the second instalment of letters from readers, commenting on the views expressed by Mayadhar Mansinha on the above subject in the issue of July 1.

operation, endangering the country's basic unity and solidarity, but because the crying need of our economic development is the creation of "an integrated India through plugging the apparent crevices in the social group and regions". Mr. Mansinha has brought into bold relief some of the "invisible pegs on which hangs the story of many a fissiparous tendency in this land". According to him, these disruptive tendencies have stemmed from the Government's policiesnamely, the linguistic redistribution of India in accordance with the recommendations of the States Reorganisation Commission, the adoption of the idea of a secular state, disappearance of fair play among the caste and regional groups, lack of uniform marriage laws, inter-regional disparities, di-vided or group loyalties, general lack of integrity and loss of faith in ethical values.

There is a good deal of force in the arguments of Mr. Mansinha. But it is difficult to agree with him that our leaders are responsible for the disintegration that has set in. For were not these the very leaders who united India to wage a virulent war against foreign rule and helped the country to emerge as an independent and sovereign state?

Secularism, dubbed as the arch-enemy of emotional and national integration, has erroneously been equated with irreligiousness and amorality. The truth of the matter is that a secular state is a respecter of all religions, sects and faiths. True secularism is a better substitute for the religious fanaticism that has deeply entrenched itself in the minds of the so-called pious people. I am firmly of the view that the policy or ideology of secularism is a powerful potential force in forging unity in the country.

National and emotional integration calls for a psychological change, a change of heart and mind. It is a long-range process, though its achievement can be accelerated through such short-range measures as those suggested by Mr. Mansinha.

C. L. KHANNA

Ambala City

Sir-The significance of national integration has been overemphasised both by the party in power and those in opposition. Conferences have been held and discussions initiated to ponder over this burning problem. Yet, nothing has been done to explore the basic malady undermining national

The ruling party is in a great hurry to bring about national integration, without realising that the disintegration in evidence today has its roots in its own house. The remedy, therefore, lies in cleansing this house of vested interests and other elements that are responsible for national disintegration.

A start should be made at the top and not from the bottom. Groupism and regionalism are rampant in all political parties, especially in the Congress, and these alone are responsible for national disunity. India, as has been said, is a land of unity in diversity and a modicum of national integration has always been there from the inception of civilisation. The political parties that emerged subsequently did not care for the larger unity of the nation. They worked for narrow ends, and the pathetic result is national disintegration. The reorganisation of States into linguistic units has not helped the cause

Communal and other parties which indoctrinate into the minds of illiterate masses a

ua National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

sense of parochialism and regionalism should be dealt with severely. We could even do with a blanket ban on the functioning of such parties. A pragmatic approach is vitally necessary to achieve national integration.

V. CHANDRASEKHARAN Bombay

Sir-I fully agree with Mr. Mansinha that the most potent means of national integration is intercommunal marriage. What can be stronger than the matrimonial bond in bringing the communities together? Why should not our leaders political, social and religiousadvocate and encourage intercommunal marriages and try to remove all prejudices to these, if they really aim at in-tegration and have the solidarity of the nation at heart? We have the example of the statesmanship and far-sighted political sagacity of the great Akbar, who himself married a Rajput princess with the same noble object of bringing about national integration.

I would also suggest the free and constant use of the powerful agency of the cinema towards this end. The Films Division could make some interesting shorts based on this theme, particularly emphasising the common hopes, aspirations, fears, joys and woes of the ordinary people, and the advan-tages of mutual communal help and sympathy. The showing of these films, if made compul-sory, would, I feel, go a long way towards achieving national integration.

T. P. DAVER

Belgaum

Sir-Few will deny that, even after fifteen years of Independence, our country lacks national cohesion and a sense of oneness, and that certain evil forces are at work which to a great extent, are nullifying the benefits that should accrue to the people from their hard-earned freedom. But is

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Need To Develop A Secular Outlook

GREAT even m novel for less challed and spirituall exacting. Of corral Kafkac

February 24

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WEEK'S



THIS READING

Remarkable Autobiography

GREAT autobiography is even more striking an achievement than a great novel for, though technically less challenging, emotionally and spiritually, it is much more exacting. Of course a Dostoevskian or a Kafkaesque novel would leave the writer washed out in the end, but, even there; the imaginative reconstruction of reality would not perhaps demand such a terrible price as a naked flaming testament of personal life. That is why Fool in Love by Katharine Trevelyan (Gollancz, 25s) is indeed more than a literary achievement; it is an explosive, traumatic experience. tic experience.

ment: It is all explosive, tradinatic experience.

To begin with, the autobiography under review, shows no extraordinary signs of greatness. Though nostalgic memories of sunlit days are etched in a highly personal idiom, the impression of an aristocratic family with several ancestral celebrities "fuming" in "the bloodstream" puts the reader on his guard. And one expects another family saga with a skeleton or two in the cupboard. But before long, one discerns a new type of signature, and then, dramaticularly impressive is the rendering of the tender relationship between a passionately agnostic father—a rock-hewn Liberal M.P. touched by the socialist dream—and a spiritually committed daughter bound on "the wheel of fire."

Her "clear dreams" and "voices"

Her "clear dreams" and "voices" which in the end rise to a prophetic crescendo follow the death of Maurice, a school-teacher, for whom she had a star-like, white passion. But the true note of harrowing agony is not struck till a few years later when she marries a consumptive German music master, Geo, and settles in the a consumptive German music master, Geo, and settles in the land of Luther to work out her incluctable destiny. Her husband's arbivalent attitude towards Hitlerite tyranny and the shadow of war make her a divided soul, torn between conflicting loyalties.

And then comes Andreas, another German, into her life, and she is launched on a journey between Heaven and Hell which was to end in Purgatory, only when she had passed through "the eye of a needle" and a Lear-like collapse into insanity. The truth dawns on her suddenly one night when an animal howl broke from the vitals of her being—the truth of sinanimal howl broke from the vitals of her being—the truth of sin. "Down the ages into my blood and ashes, into my heart and fibres, sounded the words: "Thou shalt not commit adultery!" Thereafter she is like "the baleful Ancient Mariner" journeying on "a ship of horror."

The return journey is always a slow and tedious process and when, like "a worm on the compost heap", she struggles back into the stream of ordinary life, after a course of soul-searing laceration, the woman who once wished to join the ranks

of saints becomes a writer and broadcaster. The wheel has indeed come "full circle."

Whether one accepts her "voices" or not, there is no doubt about the touch of authenticity in every line of this remarkable autobiography which ends with the following words:

"So I take the web of my life off the loom for the moment, unfinished as it is, believing that it is precisely its dark background and ragged edges which will set off the gold thread running through that some neonle sitting it, and that some people, sitting on it in the sun, will be able to contemplate the evolving pattern of their own lives in greater tran-quillity."

Pitiful Night-walker

AFTER having been on five occasions in prison or to use his own term, "in the nick", Frank Norman capitalised on his experiences in a successful book called Bang to Rights and later with a musical play Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be. The latter, during its two-year run in London, brought him fame and fortune and enabled him to indulge in extravagant living—from the sartorial to a liberality of whiskey and expensive food. ("I seem to be forever eating oysters and lobsters in cream sauce.") oysters sauce.")

In The Guntz (Secker and Warburg, 21s.) he tells of his career since he became "loaded". His method consists mainly of rhymed Cockney slang, which can be quaint and amusing though a little of it goes a very long way. He is a self-confessed layabout and boozer—the "potulent noctambule" of the Restoration dramatists. His of the Restoration dramatists. His progress through innumerable Soho night-clubs is recorded with



JORGE LUIS BORGES, wellknown Argentine author.

gusto and a natural writer's skill. He has a penchant for birds (females) with a blonde barnet (hair) and prominent Bristols (breasts). Charvering (copulation) occupies much of his time. For six years he has resisted the temptation to become a tealeaf (burglar) again, but he is by no means happy with himself in his new-found world of "social geezers".

In The Guntz (which is Yiddish for "the lot") he exposes the pit-falls and hypocrisies of Show Business, describes visits to Paris and America, analyses the antics of the Very Rich and his lionization at the hands of wrinkled dowagers. His narrative is formless but has in places undeniable charm. He has a naive not unappealing philosophy about this "savage old world." "I guess"—he says—"it is man's nature to have a go at whoever else they can, which is why there is always plenty of bother all over the world all the bleeding time."

One feels that Mr. Norman could be a very good writer. Apart from the thirst he has something in his make-up of O'Henry and Brendan Behan and a little of Dylan Thomas and our own Dom Moraes. It would be a tragedy if his talent were eventually to evaporate in his peregrinations as a pitiful night-walker in the off-licence cellars of London's underworld. One feels that Mr. Norman could

Two Romantic Novels

ROBIN Jenkins has been describted by Compton Mackenzie as the most outstanding novelist that Scotland has produced since the last war. His previous novel Dust on the Paw was enthusiastically praised and his new book, The Tiger of Gold (Macdonald 16s.) is, like its predecessor, a study in the problem of inter-racial marriage, though in this case the marriage does not come off. It is the story of an eighteen-year-old girl of a not very distinguished family (her father is a veterinary surgeon) who meets and falls in love with a young Indian prince and is immediately made to realise what this may mean. The general European reactions are described with great humour, though Mr. Jenkins main concern is to describe an American family who take the girl on a tour round India. The prince, as might be expected, is forced to marry a high-born girl of his own caste to whom he has long been betrothed and the story of the disappointed girl, Sheila, is told with great understanding and compassion. This is, in fact, a love story of delicacy and discernment and, incidentally, is enlivened and saved from sentimentality by being often extremely funny.

Daniel, by David Thomson (Bar-ROBIN Jenkins has been describ-

Daniel by David Thomson (Barrie and Rockliff, 21s.), is a love-story of a very different kind, for

the hero, Daniel, does not meet Susanna until the book is almost finished. The story is placed between the burning of the Reichstag in 1933 and the dropping of the first atom bomb in 1945 and the characters, of which there are a great many, are drawn against this background. We see Susanna, whose father is a Jew, growing up in Berlin from the age of four but escaping with her non-Jewish mother to England when she is ten. Daniel does not have much chance of making love to his girl at least in the pages of the book but the last sentence leaves us in little doubt of what he is going to do. He has run away from a conventional middle-class home and there are adventures in a V.D. clinic, a public urinal and the almost inevitable scene with an abortionist for, contrary to all experience, girls in modern novels seem to find it impossible to be naughty without conceiving.

Cricket Cavalier

A NATURAL athlete, looselimbed and broad-shouldered,
Denis Compton became known
to millions as the "cavalier of
cricket". And when he was not
dominating the sport he adline
for cricket deeds in England
and elsewhere, he was an outside-left of outstanding brilliance
for Arsenal, and that too at a time
when the name of Arsenal had a
magic ring in the football world.

Compton's activities in sport

magic ring in the football world.

Compton's activities in sport date back to the early 'thirties. He was in his school team at both football and cricket at the age of ten. He made a century in his school's match at Lord's before he was 14 and in 1932 he joined the ground staff at Lord's. He made his debut in first-class cricket for Middlesex in 1936. The impact was immediate. Critics remarked that he had in him a touch of genius. He brought into the game something fresh and unusual—a spirit of adventure. of adventure.

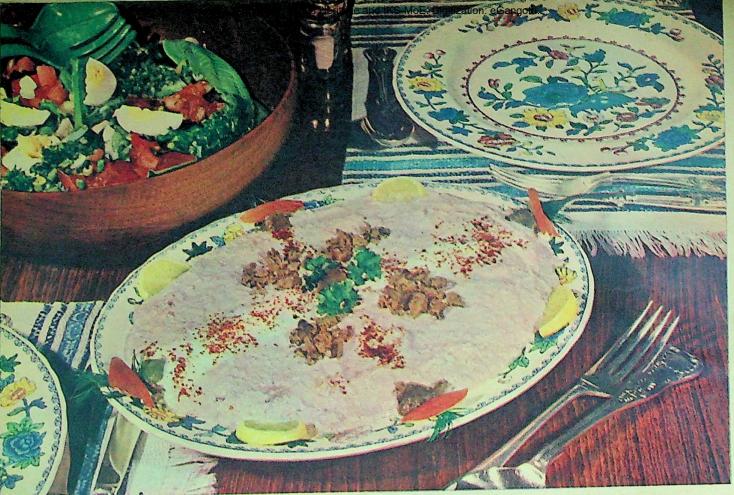
Compton scored 38,635 runs in first-class cricket for an average of 51.99, including 122 centuries, with a top score of exactly 300 made in only three hours against North-East Transvaal for M.C.C. in South Africa in 1948|49. In 78 Tests he made 5,807 runs with 17 centuries for an average of 50.06.

made 5,807 runs with 17 centuries for an average of 50.06.

But Compton lives not by the runs he scored but by the manner in which he made them. And how he did this is lucidly brought out in End of An Innings by Denis Compton (Rupa & Co., Rs. 6). Looking back on events he is able to place on record what he saw and felt at that time, the opinions he formed of people. At times he hits hard and among the many who come in for criticism are Don Bradman, Len Hutton and Fred Trueman. He has nothing but praise for the West Indies. He thinks the West Indies crowd to be the most knowledgeable about cricket in the world, "far more knowledgeable than the Australians, and certainly to some extent more so than ours". He considers Learie Constantine, one of the greatest all-rounders the game has produced.

The autobiography also covers such important topics as the game as it is played today; the demands of captaincy and the qualities that go to make a good skipper; the manner in which the game has changed in the last two decades; and the unsatisfactory preparation of wickets. of wickets.

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CHICKEN A LA TURQUE

6 GOURMETS DELIGHT

one CCASIONALLY gives a small, select party to a few friends who really know how to appreciate good food. For such a meal one prepares a delicacy for which one may have gained a reputation; or cooks a rare traditional dish, the recipe for which is in the nature of a family heirloom; or, if one has a flair, concocts an entirely new dessert. But even these specialities can pall, so a good hostess should keep a few surprises for her guests for her special dinners.

The two recipes given here are exotic to look at and unusual in flavour. Yet they are extremely simple to make. The almond-flavoured chicken is a Turkish recipe, it is a particularly decorative dish and as it is served cold can be prepared beforehand.

The fish and prawns recipe has a French and Spanish flavour—a subtle blend found in Creole dishes.

CHICKEN A LA TURQUE

Ingredients: 1 large chicken, 2 large onions sliced, 1 bay leaf, salt to taste.

For Sauce: 1 lb. blanched walnuts, 2 oz. cream, 1 cup chicken stock, 2 slices white bread, juice of 1 lemon, paprika.

Method: Boil chicken, preferably in pressure cooker, with bay leaf and salt. Preserve 1 cup stock. Remove bones and place large pieces on platter.

Prepare sauce: mince walnuts and bread in fine meatmincer and grind to a smooth paste. Into this gradually add the cup of chicken stock and the lemon juice and beat till creamy. Pour over chicken pieces and cover with whipped cream. Decorate with paprika. Serve chilled.

FISH CREOLE

Ingredients: Two pomfrets filleted into 8 pieces, 4 cup tomato sauce, 1 lb. large deepsea prawns, 4 strips bacon, flour, salt.

For Hollandaise Sauce: Three egg yolks well beaten, juice of 1 lemon, 4 oz. butter, hot water and salt.

Method: Dip fish and prawns (sliced through the middle in two pieces each) in tomato sauce and dredge in flour and salt. Fry fish quickly in butter and bacon fat. Fry prawns separately in the same pan. Place fish on platter, alternating with a row of prawns. Place strips of bacon over the fish. Keep hot.

Hollandaise Sauce: Pour beaten yolks into double boiler with a teaspoon of lemon juice and a portion of butter the size of a walnut. Add salt and stir with a wooden spoon. Stirring constantly add the rest of the lemon juice and I tablespoon hot water and continue cooking. When mixture thickens add remaining butter and another tablespoon hot water. Keep stirring till smooth and of the required consistency for easy pouring. Pour hot over fish and prawns and serve immediately.

COMOLA BERNARD



FISH CREOLE (Photographs by R. N. Vernekar)

January OREA

MY GREA

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MY GREATEST CRIME STORY

Moscow At Midnight

E RUSSIANS are not accustomed to filling our newspapers with stories of personal tragedy or of the unhappy accidents which befall various individuals, nor are we interested in publicising the passions of unfortunate men and women who are led to commit crime because of either their feelings or ambitions. Basically, we are concerned with problems of far greater importanceproblems important to our people and to the rest of the world. Contrary to the opinion of our critics, this attitude does not spring from any lack of respect for the individual; it arises because we believe that the great questions of our time should not be submerged by a morbid interest in the activities of convicted thieves, murderers, rapers and embezzlers.

Nevertheless, since the opportunity has been offered to me to join my police colleagues all over the world in telling the story of a well-remembered case, here is my contribution.

I remember that it was a cool summer night, at the end of August 1955, when one of the many inspectors of the Moscow Metro finished his working day and started on his way home. Arcadi Gurelevich, whom I knew well, was an excellent worker, a fine comrade and the sort of loyal neighbour one likes to have. We lived in the same apartment house—Arcadi on the fourth floor and I, with my family, on the first. Our children played together at the recreation centre, went to the same school, and together our families attended the meetings, plays and social gatherings at the public school.

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NARD

ARCADI was about forty-five, with two deep loves, the Communist Party and football. That August night, when he left the subway station and approached his home, it was well past midnight and the streets were deserted and half-lighted.

Suddenly a small car, driven by a maniac, careened with shricking tyres around the street corner, ran off the road and hit Arcadi with such force that the inspector's body was tossed against the wind-shield, shattering it.

Fearful of arrest, the driver did not stop, and carried the badly injured and unconscious Arcadi along on the front of the car for some distance, until his body was jarred off on to the street, almost in front of our apartment house. The criminal at the wheel continued his breakneck speed northwards, towards the outlying suburbs, and disappeared.

Half a dozen men and women heard the screech of tyres, the dull thud followed by the thin sound of breaking glass,

This is the first of a new series written by police chiefs from centres all over the world.

and hurried from their apartments to the street, where they found the injured man. One of them then ran to my apartment, rang the bell and excitedly told me that Comrade Gurelevich had niet with a serious accident. I telephoned for an ambulance and reported the matter to the police station in our district.

When I went outside, Arcadi was lying on the ground. Someone had placed a heavy blanket over him, but he was so still that, for a moment, I thought he was dead. As I leaned over him, however, I could see that he was breathing faintly, although he was quite unconscious. There was a large and fearful wound in his skull.

Within a few minutes, the ambulance and a number of police cars arrived and pushed their way through the agitated knot of worried neighbours. Arcadi's wife, Tania, cried hysterically while she watched the limp body of her husband lifted on to the stretcher and placed in the ambulance.

"He killed him...killed him...killed him!" she sobbed, over and over again. The women in the crowd wrapped her in a shawl and did their best to comfort her.

by GREGORY ARENSKY

The police officers questioned the witnesses, but no one was able to give any information other than that they had heard the car, seen it streak away and found poor Arcadi in a dying condition on the chill street.

Since I had both a personal and professional interest in the case, I decided to follow the ambulance in a police car to the Gorki Hospital. Our route took us northwards.

About thirty blocks from the scene of the accident, we passed a repair and service station which had only recently been built. It gave me an idea.

"Comrade, stop immediately!" I order-

The police driver slammed on his brakes.

Together, with flash-lights in hand, we made our way down the dark alley into the parking lot at the rear of the garage. There, the thin beams of our lights picked out a damaged car with a splintered windshield and dented hood.

I remember thinking what a piece of luck I might have stumbled on just from intuition.

Three steps further, and we knew that we had found the hit-and-run car. The

radiator was still warm, and the centre rib of the hood held a piece of Arcadi's flannel coat.

As we played our lights over the automobile, I saw something that filled me with horror. Speared in the centre of a star of broken glass was a piece of bone—ten centimetres of skull bone.

While I carefully extricated that piece of Arcadi's skull and wrapped it in my handkerchief, my comrade called the police precinct, reported our find and asked for a car expert to be sent along to examine the vehicle. We then telephoned the hospital and said we were on our way to the operating room.

WITH sirens cutting the night like the cry of harpies, we raced the remainder of the way to the Gorki Hospital. The doctors had been perturbed by our urgent call. It was obvious they could not understand why I had asked them to delay the operation on the dying man.

"Arcadi is one of my best friends," I explained. "I thought you might want to see this before beginning your work to save his life."

At first, the doctors looked as if they thought I was insane. But, almost immediately, one of them grabbed the bone from its wrapping. "But yes," he almost yelled, "this will do."

They cleansed the bone carefully, and later, in the operating theatre, meticulously grafted it into its rightful place in the skull of Arcadi Gurelevich. The operation took more than three hours, and at last one of the doctors came out and walked over to where I stood, waiting.

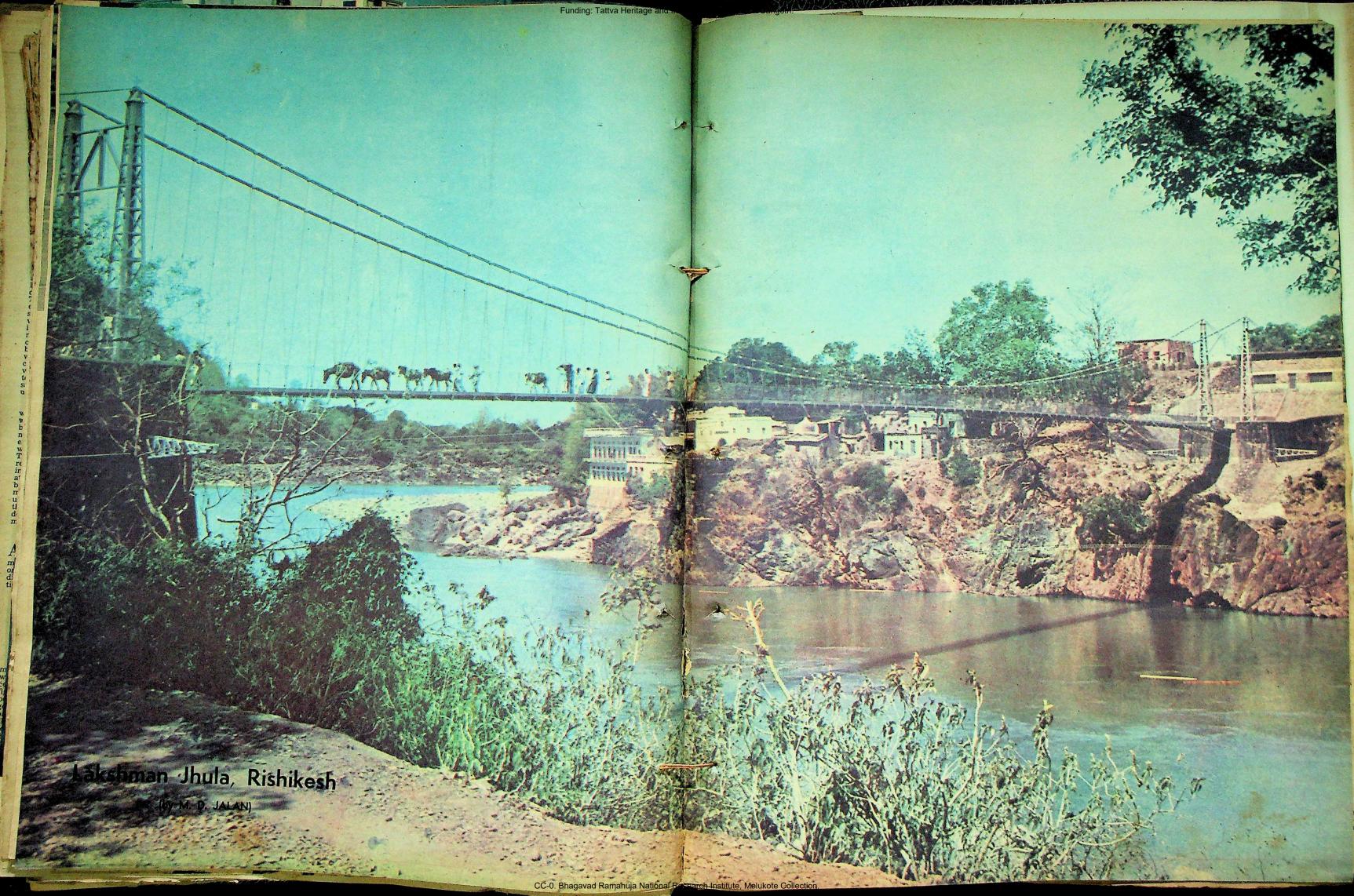
"Commissar," he said, "your friend is out of danger, but, without the bone you were fortunate enough to recover, therewould have been little chance for him."

Ten minutes later, another police car drove up the hospital ramp, and a detective reported to me that the hit-and-run driver had been identified from the number plates on the automobile. He had been found at his home and it was obvious that he had been drinking. He had readily confessed. Although he was a high Party official, he paid severely for his criminal negligence.

This was a case where fast detection, plus a great deal of luck, undoubtedly saved a man's life. Russian policemen are often accused by people in other countries of being interested only in arresting culprits and destroying the lives of those who are enemies of the Soviet Union, but may I say that my colleagues and I are no different from policemen the world over? We prefer a thousand times to save a life rather than to destroy it.

Next Week: "Blood On The Pavement"

CC-0 E





SYNOPSIS

The beautiful Rohini, widowed in childhood, had surreptitiously substituted a forged will for the wealthy zamindar Krishnakanta Ray's original will, by which his nephew Govindalal was to receive his father's half share of the total property. She made the substitution at the instance of Haralal, Krishnakanta's elder son, who would thus receive three-quarters of the property, while Govindalal received one-fortyeighth. But afterwards she finds herself smitten with a sudden, secret passion for Govindalal and, attempting to reverse the wrong she has done him, she is caught red-handed. Govindalal thus comes to understand that Rohini loves him. When he lets his wife, Bhramar, know this, she sends word to Rohini to down herself. "Very well," is Rohini's reply and she attempts it, but is rescued by Govindalal, who has to place his lips to hers to restore her respiration. Govindalal realises that he is in danger and makes a visit to outlying estates of his uncle's, in order to get away for a spell. Meanwhile gossip begins to associate Rohini's name with Govindalal's, and Bhramar, duped by this, leaves for her father's place on learning of Govindalal's, and Bhramar, duped by this, leaves for her father's place on learning of Govindalal's imminent return. Krishnakanta himself, displeased with what he hears of his nephew, changes his will on his deathbed, making over Govindalal's paternal share of the property to the later's wife, Bhramar. Despite Bhramar's entreaties Govindalal, out of pride and pique, refuses to touch his property and soon leaves for Kashi. His family, after a while, loses contact with him and Rohini, too, shortly leaves the village and does not return. Bhramar falls ill, when a year has passed thus, and her father, Madhavinath Sarkar, takes his daughter's unhappiness deeply to heart. By stratagems he learns of Govindalal's and Rohini's whereabouts and, enlisting the help of his handsome friend, Nisakar Das, proceeds to Prasadpur to wreak his revenge. Nisakar beguiles Rohini into seeking a meeting with hi

Krishnakanta's Will-8

by BANKIMCHANDRA CHATTERJEE

Translated from the Bengali by J. C. Ghosh

A FTER Rupo had gone, Nisakar called Sona and asked him how long he had been in his master's service.

-Sona! "Ever since he came here."

NISAKAR: "Not very long, then. What does he pay you?"

Sona: "Three rupees a month, all told."

NISAKAR: "How can you live on such a low wage?"

Sona (melting): "What can I do? How can I get another job in this place?"

NISAKAR: "What's the worry about a job? In my part of the country you'll be snapped up, and will easily earn five, seven, or even ten rupees per month."

Sona: "If you would be so kind as to take me with you."

NISAKAR: "How can I take you? How can you leave such a master?"

Sona: "The master isn't bad, but the mistress is awful."

NISAKAR: "Of that I have first-hand proof. Are you sure you want to come with me?"

Sona: "Of course I am."

NISAKAR: "Then do your master a good turn before leaving him. It's a job that needs great caution. Can you do it?"

SONA: "Of course I can, if it's something good."

NISAKAR: "It's good for your master, but very bad for your mistress."

Sona: "In that case please tell me at once. I'll do it most willingly."

NISAKAR: "Your mistress sent word that she would meet me secretly on the river ghat tonight. I'll meet her on purpose to open your master's eyes, and I want you to inform him on the quiet."

Sona: "I'll do it at once. I shan't rest till I get rid of that wicked woman."

NISAKAR: "Not yet. Wait till I've gone to the ghat. Keep your eyes skinned, and inform your master as soon as you see your mistress setting off. Then come and join me."

"As you order," said Sona, and bowed to Nisakar, who then walked slowly and

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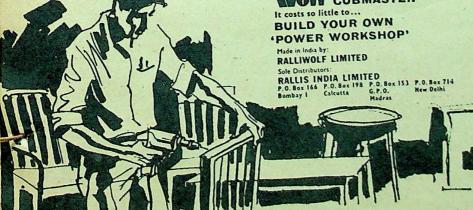
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Grams: 'Pranayam', Dadar, BOMBAY.

Incident At Marion

I SAW the hooded men. They rode in with their white robes streaming and, in the evening light, they looked like devils on horses. I was a child living in a village near Marianna, Florida, and I remembered that night of all nights and how the hooded men put a fiery cross outside our Catholic church and then called for those at worship to come out. I was very young, but not so young that I could not understand the awful threat to set fire to the church church.

These men, who hid their faces, hated Catholics and Negroes and Jews—they hated anyone who was not white and did not belong to the South and think as they did. The Ku Klux Klan had long terrorised our village and the workers who strove in the fields.

During my college days, I read more about the activities of the Klan, of its fantastic ritual, the oath of death and the brutal punishment meted out to those who dared to name any of its members. It was a sickening story of flogging and humiliation. The bombastic titles, such as Grand Imperial Wizard and Mogul, would have been comic but for the thought that really they belonged to men dedicated to serving the perpetuation of religious and racial hatred.

So it came about that many years later, when I had reached maturity and enjoyed some measure of success as a criminal investigator, I was sent from Washington to look into a Ku Klux Klan slaying. I knew I was going to do my utmost to drive a nail into the coffin of this unholy and un-American secret society.

On August 7, 1930, I arrived in Marion, Indiana. It was ironical, I thought, to have to recall that Marion once was a name famous in the "underground railroad" by which hundreds of Negro slaves escaped from the beleaguered

THE affair at Marion, which was really two THE affair at Marion, which was really two halves of a complemetary story, began and ended within twenty-four hours. It had started when a farm-boy from nearby Fairmont visited his 18-year-old girl friend in Marion. They went to a movie and later stopped by at a drug store for a soda. Finally, they drove towards the Mississinewa River, parked the car and, in sight of the river, enjoyed a little petting, as millions of other youngsters do. The idyll, though, was destroyed almost before it had begun by a dark cloud of fear and terror. Quite suddenly, the car door was wrenched open and a shadowy figure, who appeared to be a Negro, pointed a gun at the young couple.

"It's a stick-up. kids!" said a guttural

"It's a stick-up, kids!" said a guttural voice. "You'd better get out of the car if you know what's good for you."

The boy did as he was ordered, leaving the girl still in the car. The gunman signalled to two others, and silhouettes came out of the darkness. They took all the money the boy had, including his loose change, and were then ordered by the leader "to take care of the girl". One of them slipped into the car and the girl". One of them slipped into the car and the boy heard his girl cry out, in terror. In the grip of desperation, and disregarding his own safety, he drove his fist into the mouth of the gunman.

It took a lot of courage-a lot of courage for a youngster!

The gunman staggered, recovered his balance and then fired three times. Hit in the arm and stomach, the boy collapsed, with blood spurting from his wounds, and rolled over, un-

The three raiders ran to their car and, without as much as a glance at their victim, drove away

The girl knelt beside her sweetheart and was so overwrought that she began to scream, but there was no one to hear her in that lonely spot, and at last she got up and ran to a farm-house for help. The time was 10-20 p.m.

The place where the shooting occurred was outside Marion, and the City Police said it was the business of the County authorities, who

therefore called in the State highway patrol, and it was finally decided that Sheriff Jake Campbell, of Grant County, should handle the

Now Campbell was a very competent Police officer and did not lack courage, as could be seen from the limp he had collected from a gun battle in which he was seriously wounded in the leg. When he took over the case, doctors were fighting for the life of the young farmboy, whose girl friend had made a statement describing what had happened.

describing what had happened.

On the night after the shooting, Campbell was in Marion when he saw three Negroes in an old car. They were driving down Washington Street, whooping it up, and the Sheriff did not much care for the way they were behaving. He realised however that, in times of depression, men, both white and coloured, easily lost their balance and acted crazily. Nevertheless, he checked the licence number of their car and found that it was registered in the name of Tom Shipp. A little later, Campbell and his deputies, Bert White and Orville Wells, drove over to Tom Shipp's address, in the coloured section of the town. section of the town.

The unpainted wooden house was embraced by half-darkness and it seemed to lean into the night, as if too old and tired to support itself. The Police officers looked into the garage and found the car. There were weeds and grass round the axles, such as might be found on the banks of the Mississinewa River.

Campbell kicked open the warped screen-door of the house to find Tom Shipp sprawled across an unmade bed, in his clothes. He was aroused and he admitted that he had been out, enjoying himself with two friends, Abe Smith and Herb Cameron. Campbell left with Shipp, and the deputies rounded up Smith and Came-

by JOHN CONNALLY

Abraham Smith was nineteen and Herb Cameron a thin, underfed boy of sixteen. They were handcuffed and taken to the jail in the cld court-house of Marion. It was built of red brick and granite.

Tom Shipp admitted the hold-up and the others agreed that they had been with him. It was then two o'clock on the morning of August 7—the hour for the meeting of the Ku Klux Klan on the outskirts of Marion. Prohibition are flowed freely and so did only Norma the Kian on the outskirts of marion. Prohibition gin flowed freely and so did anti-Negro talk, which grew more profane as plans were discussed for an assault on the jail. When the meeting broke up, many of the Klansmen were drunk and eager for mischief, and it had been decided to rally every member in the district. "We gotta put them damned niggers in their place!" was the cry.

At ten o'clock that morning, a big crowd had gathered in the streets converging on the had gathered in the streets converging on the court-house, and more sullen men were drifting in from places outside Marion. The air, in fact, was thick with the threat of impending violence, and Sheriff Campbell was warned that the mob outside the jail meant trouble. "Play it safe and take your prisoners outside Marion," Campbell was advised.

The Sheriff, believing in his own powers, answered: "And let people think I'm running away? Nothing doing! The jail here is the strongest in these parts and nobody's going to bust into it."

Campbell was disastrously wrong, for a little over three hours later lynch law had triumphed and two bodies swung gently in the hot sun. The mob dispensed with the formality of a trial and there had been no National Guard present to prevent the fulfilment of their blood lust.

The assault on the jail first began when four hooded Klansmen dug out an iron traffic-

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA signal from a street corner and used it as battering-ram against the bolted oak door of the court-house. The door stood firm and they had to lay down the iron pole for a short rest. They sweated and swore and then tried again.

They sweated and swore and then tried again.

A tear-gas bomb was thrown among the picked it up and tossed it back. The battering went up when it was seen that the masonry with the door was beginning to break up. yet!" shouted one of the hooded men. The gind from underneath the robe of the Wizard, and more men rushed forward to help.

The gide the jail. Sheriff Campbell.

more men rushed forward to help.

Inside the jail, Sheriff Campbell had more than a notion that the hell-bent mobsters outbigger than ever. Men stood on the roofs of their cars to get a better view, and some held their wild-eyed children on their shoulders, so that they could watch the battering of the courtators who were there for the morbid satisfaction of witnessing violence without desiring to take part in it, but nobody had the inclination or the courage to intervene.

From the window. Campbell voltage.

From the window, Campbell yelled: "Stop it! Stop it now! I've a machine-gun facing the door and the first one in gets it!"

Amid yells and screams, the battering continued, until at last the stone and brick linted and supports broke away—and the Ku Klux Klan had triumphed! Through a haze of dust and mortar, the besiegers broke in and the scene was one of madness.

CAMPBELL did not fire on the mob, as he had threatened to do. It was a hard decision either way. He know that among the men sion either way. He knew that among the men outside were his friends and neighbours and, perhaps, even a relative or two. He had to decide whether he could justifiably kill perhaps a dozen or more in defence of his prisoners, and, more important still, whether they could be saved even if he did fire on the crowd.

The hooded Wizard tore the keys from the Sheriff's hands and the cell-doors were open-ed. Two men grabbed Tom Shipp. He was almost fainting and, as one held him, the other beat him in the face with his fists. The young Negro was dragged outside, kicked down the steps of the court-house to the lawn and, when a noose was put around his neck, he was already unconscious. A girl, perilously poised on the roof of a car, screamed: "Kill him, kill him!"

In a moment, Tom Shipp was dangling from a tree. Abe Smith was then brought out, his hands tied behind his back. "Howya goin'to like this, ya black devil?" asked one of the drunks. The other end of the noose was slung over the branch of an oak tree and, mercifully the principal ways. fully, the pinioned young Negro died quickly.

Only 16-year-old Herb Cameron escaped by hiding in a women's cell.

As this dreadful story was flashed round the world, Police were drafted into Marion, and also members of the National Guard, but the also members of the National Guard, but the Klansmen were no longer there—at least, not as hooded men. The temperature in Marion was still at fever-heat when I began my task of trying to find the guilty men. It must not be imagined for a moment that decent citizens were not dismayed by the outrage: a priest, in appealing to those who knew the identities of the murderers to come forward, expressed the view shared by many. "Let us hear the truth," he said, "in the name of Christ Who has been violated in this community by the mob's gruesome victory." mob's gruesome victory."

Marion was put under martial law, and for four weeks, with the help of those who had the courage to denounce the rule of mob law, I tried to get the wheels of justice moving. But throughout the search, and the interrogation of those who had watched the awful event, nowhere could I find two witnesses prepared to name the ringleaders or even one of them.

Over a quarter of a continuous gone by

Over a quarter of a century has gone by since I left Marion, knowing that I had failed. In the intervening In the intervening years, however, better times have come to the South and, although racial hatred still blossoms like an evil flower in some places, the great majority of Americans look forward to the day when it will have disappeared for ever appeared for ever.

February 3: "Deferred Payment"

many people where his b be, and he s down and th replaced by had careful scept this Yamini had I am on m sure garden to whom I

In the

January 1

flowering s pavilions h tues were a or rather w standing, to overrun wi house the r and sashes way, the r ers bloome be no good more.

GOVINDA broken head as m where he about to di and Rohini fore and ha alternating The w

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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

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many people, Govindalal went to the spot where his beautiful flower garden used to be, and the heautiful income and the heautiful income be, and the beautiful iron gate had been replaced by a bamboo hedge. Bhramar had carefully preserved all his property this garden, and had said when the bad mentioned it on any time. Yamini had mentioned it on one occasion, "I am on my way to death, so let my pleasure garden also go to ruin. I have no one to whom I can leave my earthly paradise."

In the garden Govindalal found no flowering shrubs, only coarse ulu grass and wild plants. The creeper-covered pavilions had all crumbled, the stone statues were all broken. Some of the figures, or rather what was left of them, were still standing, the others lay on the ground overrun with creepers. Of the pleasure-house the roof had cracked, the venetians and sashes had been broken and taken yelled: "Stop and sassies had save the marble floor removed. No flow-un facing the alway, the marble floor removed. No flow-un facing the bloomed, no trees bore fruit, and mayers bloomed, no trees bore fruit, and maybe no good wind blew in this garden any

> GOVINDALAL sat down at the foot of a broken statue. The strong sun burnt his head as midday came, but he remained where he was. He felt nothing, like one about to die. He had thought of Bhramar and Rohini all the time since the night before and had seen them one after the other alternating continuously before his mind's

The world now seemed to be filled with those two figures; every tree took the form of Bhramar, and Rohini sat in its shadew; Bhramar appeared before him one mement only to disappear the next, and Rohini did the same. He heard their voices in every sound: when the bathers in the Varuni spoke to one another, he heard Bhramar, Rohini, or both of them speaking. The rustle of dry leaves sounded like Bhramar coming; the movement of insects like Rohini running away. The swaying of boughs sounded like Bhramar sighing; the call of koels like Rohini singing. The world was filled with Bhramar and

Twelve noon, and later, half past one: Govindalal was still there, at the foot of that broken statue, in that world filled with Bhramar and Rohini. Three o'clock, and later, half past four: Govindalal had not had his bath or anything to eat, and was still there, in that pit of fire, in that world filled with Bhramar and Rohini. The day drew in, but Govindalal neither got up nor had any awareness of where he was. The people in the house, not seeing him all day, thought he had gone back to Calcutta and did not search for him. As evening fell, the garden turned dark, stars appeared in the sky and the world became silent. Govindalal was still there.

Suddenly in that dark, hushed solitude Govindalal became delirious, and heard whini say aloud:

"Here . . .

Govindalal did not remember that Rohini was dead. He asked, "Here, what?"

He heard Rohini say again:

"At this time ... "

Mechanically he repeated, "Here, at this time... what, Rohini?"

The delirious Govindalal heard Rohini again answer:

"Here at this time, in that water I drowned myself."

Hearing these words, the fiction of his own mind, he asked, "Shall I drown my-

Again he heard an answer invented by his disordered mind: "Yes, come. Bhramar sends word from heaven that her virtue has power to redeem us. Atone. Die."

Govindalal closed his eyes and fell down, exhausted and trembling, unconscious on the stone steps.

Still unconscious, he saw with his mind's eye the figure of Rohini suddenly dissolve in the darkness. Illuminating the horizon by degrees, the resplendent figure of Bhramar then rose before him and said. "Do not die. Why should you die? Because you have lost me? But there is One dearer than I. Live and attain Him."

Govindalal lay there in an unconscious state that night, but was found and carried home next morning by his people. Seeing the condition he was in, even Madhavinath felt pity for him. They put him under medical care and he recovered after two or three months. They all hoped that he would live at home from thenceforward, but he did not. One night, without telling anyone, he went away, and no one had news of him any more.

After seven years he was presumed dead and his funeral rites were performed.

GOVINDALAL'S sister's son, Sachikanta, inherited his property when he came

Sachikanta came daily to walk in that spot which had formerly been Govindalal's pleasure garden, but was now neglected. He was well acquainted with his uncle's sad story, and as he recalled it during these walks, he decided to restore the garden. He put up a handsome iron railing round it and built a splendid flight of black marble steps going down to the Varuni. In newly-made flower-beds he planted rows of beautiful shrubs, taking care that none of them bore coloured

flowers. The bakul and the kamini were the indigenous, and the cypress and the willow the foreign, trees that he planted. In place of the pleasure-house he erected a temple and placed in it, instead of a god or a goddess, a costly gold statue of Bhramar. The base of the statue bore the following inscription:

TO HER WHO WILL EQUAL BHRAMAR IN JOY AND IN SORROW IN MERIT AND IN DEMERIT I SHALL GIVE THIS GOLDEN STATUE

Twelve years after Bhramar's death a sannyasi appeared at the door of the temple and said to Sachikanta, who was there, that he wished to see what was in it.

Opening the door, Sachikanta showed the statue. The monk said, "This Bhramar was mine. I am Govindalal Ray.'

Sachikanta was struck dumb with surprise. A little later he recovered, bowed to Govindalal, and invited him to come to the house. Govindalal declined the invitation. "I came here to give you my blessing on this the last day of my twelve years' life of obscurity. I shall go away now that I have blessed you.'

Sachikanta entreated him with folded hands to stay and enjoy his property.

Govindalal said, "I have found a treasure which is greater than all properties and estates, one that even Kuver, the god of wealth, can never possess, and it is sweeter and more holy than even Bhramar. I have found peace. I have no need of the property. Let it remain yours."

Sachikanta inquired humbly if peace could be found in asceticism.

Govindalal answered, "No, never. I only put on this monk's garment because it is suitable to a life of obscurity. Only by offering one's mind at the feet of God can peace be found. God alone is now my property, my Bhramar, and my more than Bhramar.

With these words Govindalal went his way, and was never again seen in Haridragram.

(Concluded)





attva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

MY GREATEST CRIME STORY - 2

Blood On The Pavement

LITTLE before eleven o'clock on the morning of April 20, 1951, a cream-and-black taxi pulled up in Bastion Road (which is in the heart of Bombay) at the rear door of Lloyds Bank. Almost at once, for the taxi was expected, an escort of three bank officials and a messenger in khaki uniform emerged from the bank and began to get into the car. The messenger, an Indian named Rama Madura, was carrying Rs. 12,00,000 in a heavy leather bag chained to his waist, when suddenly there was a burst of gunfire and five men rushed forward. One of them flung open the door of the taxi, shot the driver dead at point-blank range and dragged the body out on to the road. Another of the raiders grabbed the messenger and tried to wrest the bag from him, but he fought back, and was shot in the stomach. The bag was then snatched from him and he was flung out of the car.

Two other bank employees were also fired on—a watchman who pulled out his baton but was shot as he ran forward to help, and an Indian cashier who tried to grapple with one of the gunmen.

In a few blood-stained seconds, the raiders were in possession both of the money and the taxi, and, as they drove away, Mr. H. H. Brightling, a sub-accountant in charge of the escort, risked his life by trying to stop a passing car. He failed, but managed to fling a motor-cycle in the path of the moving taxi. Nothing, however, could prevent the escape of the raiders and the taxi vanished, at top speed, into the maze of roads in central Bombay. With it disappeared the large sum of money in notes of a single denomination—the biggest cash haul ever made in a robbery of this kind in India.

THREE weeks later, in the tiny village of Oghad, near Delhi, a young Hindu bride and bridegroom squatted before the sacred marriage fire. A shaven, saffron-robed priest chanted the wedding hymns and the scent of camphor rose from the sacrificial flames.

In a corner of the striped marriagetent, the bride's father looked on at the ceremony with great satisfaction. He was convinced that the young bridegroom, whose name was Harnarayan, was an excellent match for his daughter—a small business man, very lavish with gifts, who had driven down from Delhi to the wedding in a brand-new limousine. And he had such important friends, too! For example, there was the small group of men who had just arrived and were watching the ceremony. Obviously, thought the father, they were distinguished colleagues of Harnarayan's from the city.

The Brahmin priest tied the bride-groom's turban to the end of the bride's sari in a knot symbolising their union. The bride sat with head bowed, her gold-bordered sari pulled modestly over her face. Young Harnarayan parted the multiple chains of marigolds and jasmine that hung round his head to steal a glance at her. But, as he looked up, he saw for the first time the small, silent group of newcomers. His heart missed a beat. He did not know them, and from their appearance he was aware that they could not belong to the village.

by D. K. PEDNEKAR

He was filled with dismay and, when he rose and with his bride made the ritual three circles of the marriage fire, his steps were uncertain. The ceremony was over. From the shadows, one of the strangers then came forward, placed his hand on the bridegroom's shoulder, and said, in a quiet voice: "Harnarayan, son of Nanakchand, you must consider yourself under arrest."

The charge was one of robbery and murder and the trail had led, tortuously, from a blood-stained pavement in Bombay to a village over 1,000 miles away.

The Bombay affair, which had taken place in broad daylight and in one of the busiest parts of the city, was in the tradition of movie drama. It was exceptionally well planned and ruthlessly carried out, for in their wake the gangsters had left one man dead and three others seriously injured. The raid was accomplished in a matter of seconds, and, when I took charge of the case, I realised that the problem of identifying the gang was going to be a stiff one. They had struck and got away, seemingly without leaving a clue.

What had happened was that, as soon as the shots rang out that April morning, the telephone operator inside the bank had dialled the police emergency number. When the facts of the crime became known, a call went out for the escaping taxi, and patrol officers and pointsmen checked all outgoing traffic from the city. For the next three hours nothing was heard of the vehicle, until a report came in that, after a comb of the city by-ways, it had been found abandoned behind a

cinema near the fashionable Marine Drive quarter. The police found the broken belt and chain belonging to the bank messenger.

The taxi was examined for finger-prints and some, indeed, were found, but we were unable to match them with any in our records department. We pulled in a number of likely suspects for interrogation—criminals to whom this type of robbery would appeal—but each of them had an alibi which put him in the clear. Our contacts in the underworld were tipped off and, in the mean time, a reward of Rs. 10,000 was offered for information which would lead to the arrest and conviction of the murderers.

Details of this offer appeared in the newspapers, and letters began to pour into the Criminal Investigation Department. Some were written in good faith by men and women with a genuine desire to assist the police, but many of them were the work of vengeful people with a grudge against someone, which they hoped to pay off by having them arrested. It was all a great waste of time, but we were in no position to ignore any information, however fantastic it might ultimately turn out to be.

MEANWHILE, banks and commercial firms were asked to keep a sharp lookout for the missing bank-notes. The money, all in the 100-rupee denomination, had been sent from Kuwait and Bahrein by the Bank of the Middle East and Iran to Bombay and had undergone the routine procedure of checking and initialling by the Lloyds Bank cashiers before that fateful morning when it was brought out to be transported for deposit in the Reserve Bank of India. Each bundle of notes, therefore, carried the cashier's initials as well as the rubberstamp marks of Lloyds and the Iranian Bank. Business houses and other banks cooperated with us and, whenever there was any doubt about a 100-rupee note proffered by a customer, the Police were called in to check the identification.

Despite all these precautions, none of the stolen money came to light. Witnesses who had seen the shooting said the raiders, none of whom was masked, were dressed like most Bombay office workers. They were quite young men and, with the exception of one who wore a felt hat, were all bare-headed.

We took our witnesses through the rogues' gallery in the hope that they might recognise the gang from scores of likely photographs, but again we drew a blank.

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READ Hyd of its of room in attracti out on AVE you been to the Exhibition?"
A Gallup poll between January 1 and February 10 any year in Hyderabad would probably show this as the most-frequently-asked question at get-togethers. This period is the allotted span of Hyderabad's hardy annual, the All-India Industrial Exhibition. There was an agitation to shelve the show this year because of the emergency and the power rationing in the city. But in Hyderabad exhibitions are particularly popular, and for all the curtailed quota for illuminations, the 40-day Fair proved to be as glittering

and well-attended as ever.

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On an average the exhibition draws 35,000 visitors on week days and nearly 100,000 on Sundays and holidays. As I went window-shopping at the up-country stalls, those put up by Kashmir caught my eye. There were clusters of women shoppers matching wits with dapper Kashmiri salesmen and striking bargains for lovely shawls, draperies and oxidised jewellery. The accent on defence was obvious in many of the other stalls.

At the end of an exhausting round of the Exhibition, the Canara Bank people hustled me into their stall, which had won the first prize for demonstration. It had on view an amazing electronic cheque-forgery detector, and coins and currency notes of 44 countries. It was surprising to see the Yugoslav currency note for one paras, which is 1|63rd of a naya paisa. The demonstrator next showed our own notes in blue, green and brown for Rs. 10,000, Rs. 5,000 and Rs. 1,000. An armed guard followed the crowd as it went round the collection valued at over Rs. 100,000.

The Flower Show, the Horticultural Show, the Dog Show, entertainment programmes of well-known artistes and the Southern India Badminton Championships are annual features of the Exhibition and have made it the highlight of the season. Prizes are also awarded each year for the outstanding invention from among the entries.

A few of the 40 days are earmarked as zenana days. On these days, admission is restricted to women and children and all the volunteers, ticket sellers and other staff are women. An erstwhile salesgirl in one of the stalls said that those days were nearriotous. It was possible to handle a mixed crowd of any size, but it was difficult and a trifle hazardous in the case of women only. I was reminded of Admiral Byrd's remark during a Polar expedition that it was women who made men well-mannered. The reverse, perhaps, is equally true!

READERS will be surprised to learn that Hyderabad has a Sino-Indian border of its own. Since the emergency, a small room in the Raj Bhavan here has been attracting quite a few visitors. Here, laid out on the ground, is a relief model of the



NEWSLETTERS (Continued)

HYDERABAD

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

entire 2,200-mile-long Sino-Indian border, showing outlying States, the Himalayan kingdoms, and various topographic and strategic details. The model which is 16 ft. by 6 ft. took the State Governor, Gen. Srinagesh, and his Military Secretary, Maj. Shishupal Rampal, three weeks of what leisure hours they could spare from a Governor's schedule to lay out.

The model is laid out with scrupulous attention to detail, and shows road routes, rail tracks, air-fields, mountains, rivers and strategic installations. Small electric bulbs which can be turned on and off enable a chronological discussion of the Chinese thrust. There are other wall maps giving greater details of the various sectors and theatres of the border conflict. VIPs, legislators, journalists and others visiting the Raj Bhavan come away with a better perspective of the border war after seeing the model and (if the Governor is in town) an informal chat with Gen. Srinagesh.

THE preceding weeks provided a spate of entertainment activity in the State capital. It looks as though the Rabindra Bharati auditorium with its good acoustics and stage facilities is fast becoming the most sought-after hall in Hyderabad.

The season got off to a magnificent start with the Kumari Kamala troupe offering vignettes from its rich repertoire of Eharata Natyam. Close on its toes followed the three-day Kalakshetra festival under the stewardship of Mrs. Rukmini

Devi Arundale. The troupe presented three dance-dramas, Usha Parinayam, Paduka Pattabhishekham and Gita Govindam. The show, sponsored jointly by the Children's Aid Society and the Hyderabad Lions Club, was in aid of the Vejbai Bal Nivas, Radha Kishen Home and Radha Kishen Balika Bhavan, the latter run by the former.

From Bharata Natyam to Western ballet was admittedly quite a change, but the Hyderabadi took it in his stride when the Robert Joffrey Ballet arrived to give three enchanting performances. Before the performances, some members of the troupe gave a demonstration, which gave the invited audience some idea of the work-out and technique which lie behind a polished performance. The spell-bound spectators gave tacit proof of the visiting troupe's claim that it typifies a fresh and exciting approach to ballet.

Hardly had the terpsichorean pirouettes faded from the mind's eye when the annual competitions in Telugu drama organised by the Andhra Natya Kala Parishath commenced. Some of the seven fullength and eight one-act plays selected from among the 107 entries reached new heights. A welcome innovation was the staging of the Marathi play, Prema Tujha Ranga Kasaa, by the local Kala Mandal before the delegates. The Marathi comedy by the avant garde playwright, Vasant Kanetkar, gave a good peep into the modern Marathi theatre.

MAVIN KURVE

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CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja Maria Barasa Inst

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A POETIC REPRESENTATION of the moon and the clouds in the "Megh-Doot" Ballet presented recently in Bombay by the Little Ballet Troupe, under the auspices of the Sur-Singar Samsad.

The "Megh-Doot" Ballet

HE Meghadootam was composed over fifteen hundred years ago, but the enchantment of its superb verse still holds its readers in thrall. A monody, with an apparently lyrical character, it tells of the deepest yearnings of the human heart. Even the mandakranta metre in which the poetic flights have been shackled and held to earth moves haltingly and unevenly like the sobs, sighs and moans of a suffering soul

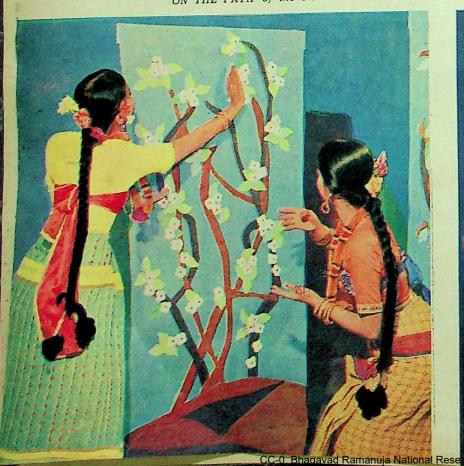
On the first day of the month of Ashad, a rumbling sound rolls along the Ramagiri mountain, and the pitiful Yaksha lamenting his separation from a young and longing. For eight long months he has been parted from her, exiled to this lonely mountain by an unsympathetic master who could not forgive his newly-wedded attendant's preoccupation with affairs other than his actual duties.

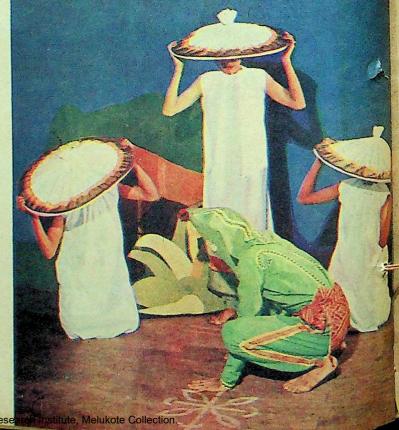
by RITHA DEVI

The thought occurs to him that this raincloud, travelling in a northward direction, will be able to take a message from him to his beloved, languishing for him in the Himalayan city of Alakapuri—a message of love, longing and solace. "Tell her he lives and lives for her alone." His lovebemused mind remains blissfully unaware of the inanimate nature of his messenger.

There follows a lyrical, colourful description of the route from the Ramagiri mountain, in the heart of Bharatavarsha, to Alakapuri in the north. Dry geography has been elevated into the sublime regions of poesy, and what would otherwise have remained mere wayside landmarks have been transformed by the poet's imagination into fanciful beings. Rivers, mountains and trees have been given a form and a character intensely their own, so that each remains distinct from the other. For instance, the playful, flirtatious river

ON THE PATH of the Cloud-Messenger-girls in a garden, Right: The dance of the frogs and the mushrooms.





March

The volume duced, the justice to counters cover-desiration

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Books

The volume is decorously pro-duced, the sketches have done full justice to the human types one en-counters in Kashmir, and the cover-design is pleasing.

V. S. N.

Disappointing

THE Time Before This by Nichoa THE Time Before This by Nicho-fed.) claims to be an important, powerful parable of our times. It tells the strange and incredible story of a man who saw our future preserved in the distant past as a warning to the present generation.

All this may sound mysterious and impressive, but it is really nothing of the sort. In the Canadian Arctic is a great ice-mountain towering above the northern coast-line, far away from human habitation. An old man who spends all ine, far away from human habita-tion. An old man who spends all his time at the local pub claims that he has discovered a colossal refrigerator in this mountain rerefrigerator in this mountain retreat. In fact he had seen with his own eyes a frozen man from the pre-historic age, something like an armadillo, standing on guard over an arched cathedral several miles long. The cathedral gave the impression of a highly advanced civilisation. It contained galleries of sophisticated food, jars of oil and wine, silos of grain. There were immense quantities of bread, tubs of pressed meat, huge carcasses of strange birds and animals, es of strange birds and animals, acres of fish. There was a whole fleet of trackless trollies which moved easily and effortlessly. Whole storeys of the cathedral

(Continued From Page 45)

changed position as soon as his hand was stretched out.

The old man spent some two months in the ice-box. He took notes of the ingenious devices, some of them ahead of 20th century technology, before he came out. He was anxious to tell the world of his discovery of this past world and of his strange experiences. But nobody would believe him—nobody except a girl in the bar and a newspaper man who drops in for a drink. Mary is the name of the girl, Peter Benton the young journalist.

Peter Benton finally coaxes the story out of the Mad Trapper.

Shepherd is supposed to be a Shepherd is supposed to be a symbol—a symbol and "a reflection of an earlier time when mankind was given a choice between good and evil, and through weakness, stupidity and greed, chose to enter 'the wide gate upon the broad way'." Peter too is supposed to be a symbol, "representing us—you the reader". Peter stands for man today, full of comfortable cynicism and unwilling to face reality. The and unwilling to face reality. The extinct past world is a warning to us that we too are on the brink of a catastrophe and that our civilisation may be totally destroyed with only some relics left for the future.

This is too tall a varn to swallow This is too tall a yarn to swallow and too puerile a symbolism to be taken seriously. It is written in the words of Peter Benton, the journalist. There it does achieve some realism. The style, however, has all the cliches and the mannerisms of a second-rate reporter.



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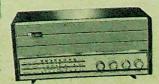
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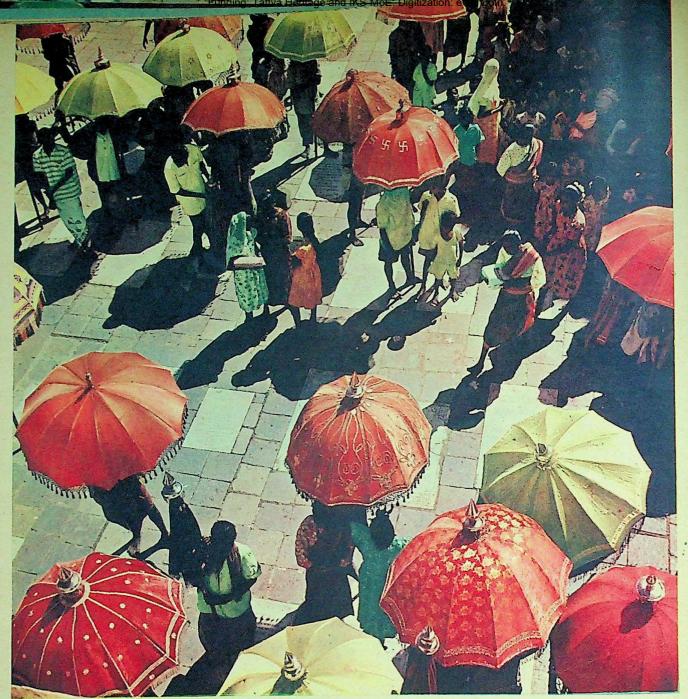
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MEN WITH COLOURFUL UMBRELLAS wait outside the church at Uttan, near Bassein, to escort the brides and bridegrooms.

Forty Brides For Forty Bridegrooms

Text and Photographs

by

SHAMA KILANJAR

O the East Indian fisherfolk on the Maharashtra coast, particularly at Uttan, near Bassein, the last Sunday of February is especially auspicious. On this day, all the marriageable belles and boys of the village are blessed into holy matrimony. The boys, with their sinewy frames, bronzed on the weather-beaten seas, can ply a boat with as much facility as they can down a straight glass of the local brew; the girls, fair and buxom, already seem to possess the aggressive nature of the fishwives that they will soon become. Hardly a bride is over 18 years old, and hardly a bride-groom over 21.

This year was remarkable: 40 couples were counted under the eaves of the spacious church at Uttan, as within the span of two hours the holy father blessed each one of them with meticulous attention to the sacred ritual. And outside, the band-leaders of forty different country bands were waiting for the peals of the church bells to signify ing medley of incoherent, cacophonous sounds.

The tedium of the marries with the span of the spa

The tedium of the marriage ritual is usually relieved by the glasses of "holy water" (liquor, to the uninitiated) that are passed round and by the sudden burst of laughter of relatives and friends, caused by some saucy remark. Despite their dedicated obserfrom the beliefs of their forefathers. The ceremony is spread over a period of seven couple are given a ritual bath, and the bridegroom is shaved (both before and after the shave the contents of an egg are applied to the face of the youth). This is followed by

Reva has a the Ganga, the Ganga, serenely poi parvati's ire

This VI sonification cession of person make the sect for darand animals thoughts an brings it ev Indian ball proportion dancing.

Perhap other troup perennially idiom, but that made has answer fulfilled thabove all, science, by style which has in a by stamp and

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The unfetter Lending has patterns dance o the bear let Trouing bird rivalled choreog Little F sometim

The Illustrated Weekly of India,

Reva has a personality apart from that of Reva Ganga, mature and majestic, who, the Gauss, who, serenely poised on Siva's crown, laughs at Parvati's ire.

This vividness of imagery, this personification of inanimate beings, this prosonification of pictures up scanners, this prosonnicasion of picturesque scenes and characters make the Meghadootam an ideal subers make the integration an ideal sub-ject for dance-dramatisation. Even birds and animals have been endowed with the thoughts and feelings of humans, and this brings it even more within the field of the Indian ballet, which combines in equal proportion rhythmic as well as mimetic dancing.

Perhaps efforts have been made by other troupes to translate this slight yet perennially appealing theme into the dance idiom, but none has been so successful as that made by the Little Ballet Troupe. It has answered the demands of the aesthete, fulfilled the needs of the layman, and, above all, satisfied the performers' conscience, by continuing the individualistic style which, started within recent memory, has in a brief span of time acquired the stamp and dignity of tradition. The "Megh-





JOYOUS PEASANTS welcoming the rain (below and left). Right: Megha and Vid-yullata. (Photographs by Balkrishan)



Doot" ballet is true to Shanti Bardhan and true to the "Little Ballet" he formed and developed.

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The choreography is free, facile and unfettered by the rigid bonds of classicism. Lending itself to the mood of the moment, has created its own style and dancepatterns. Noteworthy examples are the dance of the mushrooms and the frogs, and the bear in quest of honey. The Little Ballet Troupe is in its element when portraying bird and animal life, and has been unrivalled in this field so far. In this, the choreography is typically and delightfully Little Pollet and the many charming and Little Ballet, and the many charming, and sometimes amusing, dance patterns creat-

individuality.

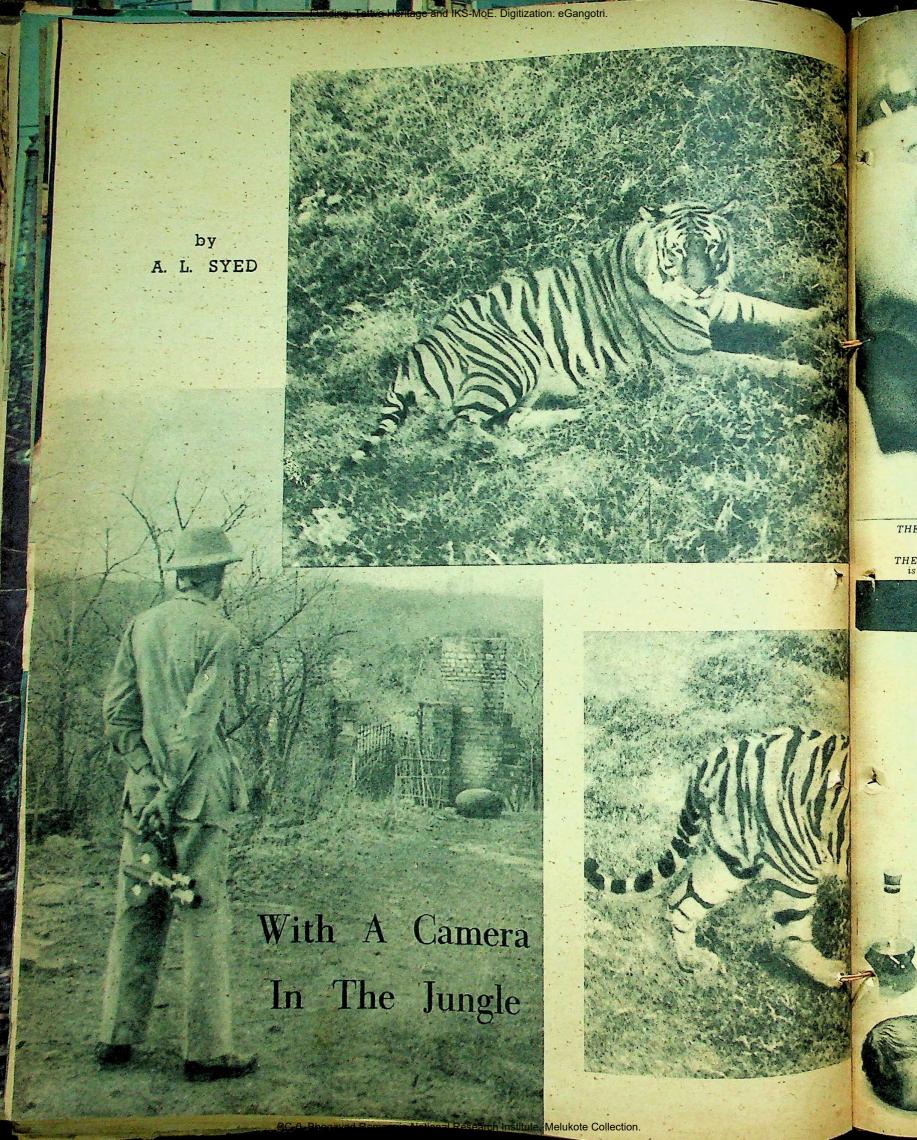
Each character, however minor, its: been brought vibrantly to life, and invested with its own significance. The gay frolicsome rivers are contrasted and balanced against the remote grandeur of mountains, and the sprightly, elusive lightning streaks in and out of the soleun array of rainclouds. The wide-eyed innocence of the peasants serves as a foil to the jewelled sophistication of Ujjain's grandes dames, throwing glances of practised coquetry at the cloud.

The music of Bahadur Hussein Khan deserves a special bouquet all to itself.

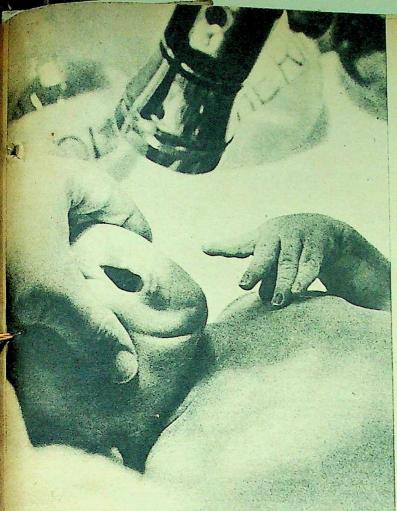
sounds and images conjured up by the fabulous fancy of the poet, soft, soothing and lilting at places, and at places strong and forceful, but always melodious, it leaves an indelible impress on the mind.

The costumes, as usual, are entirely the Troupe's own handiwork and bear testimony to their excellence of taste. Their unerring "feel" for colour harmony, impeccable sense of line and design, unlimited imaginative scope when something new or unusual has to be devised—these have been exploited to the full. The decor is, as it should always be, unobtrusive yet effective. The "Megh-Doot" is a rewarding experience.

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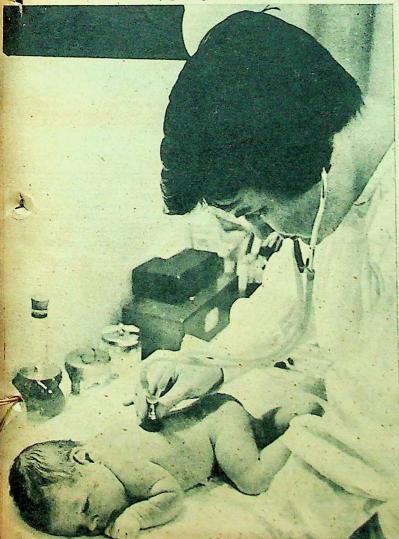
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THE BABY'S mouth is examined for cleft palate and abnormal pharynx. Right: During birth, everything that happens is carefully recorded. Reflected in the labour room mirror, a nurse listens to the unborn baby's heartbeat.

THE PEDIATRICIAN checks the heart rate and breathing of the 20-minute-old child. Right: Before her child is born, each mother is interviewed by a psychologist. Many factors, from the mother's weight to her emotional state, can adversely affect the baby.





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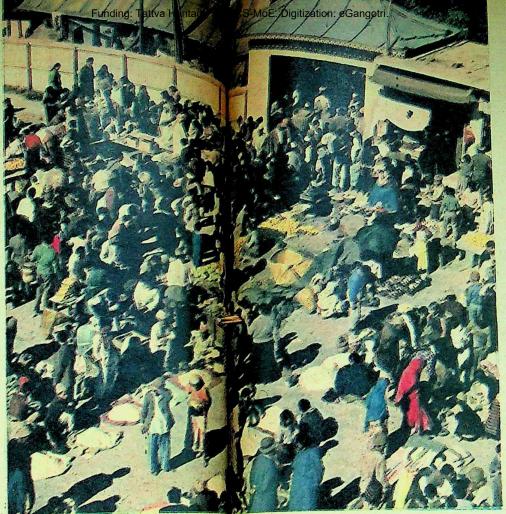
NEW YEAR'S DAY IN A GANGTOK HOME. The Sikkimese still preserve their ancient traditions and are devoted to their customary observances.

Glimpses Of Sikkim

THE Tibetans call it Bay Yul Demo Jong, "The Hidden Valley of Rice"; to its own people it is Dres-mo-Jong, "Valley of Rice"; and the world at large knows it as Sikkim. This little country of many names lies in the Eastern Himalayas, wedged in between four larger neighbours—India on its south, Tibet to the porth Phyton on the east and Nepal on hours—India on its south, first to the north, Bhutan on the east and Nepal on the west. Its area is 2,800 square miles and its population nearly 170,000. The mountain system of which Sikkim is formed consists of two great spurs jutting out from the main Himalayan watershed in the shadow of Mt. Kanchenjunga (28,168 ft.), the world's third-highest mountain. Sik-kim produces rice, maize, potatoes, carda-

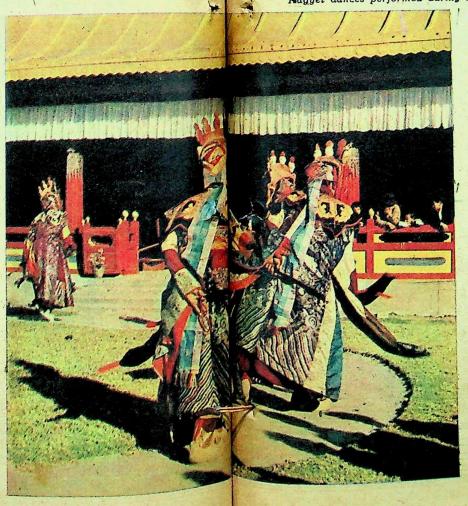
Such are the facts and figures, but they hardly convey the fascination of this "Valley of Rice". The road over the 14,200-ft.-high Nathu Pass on the Tibet-Sikkim border and onwards to the Indian plains provides the easiest route between Tibet and India. Until the Chinese occupation of

(Please Turn To Page 42)

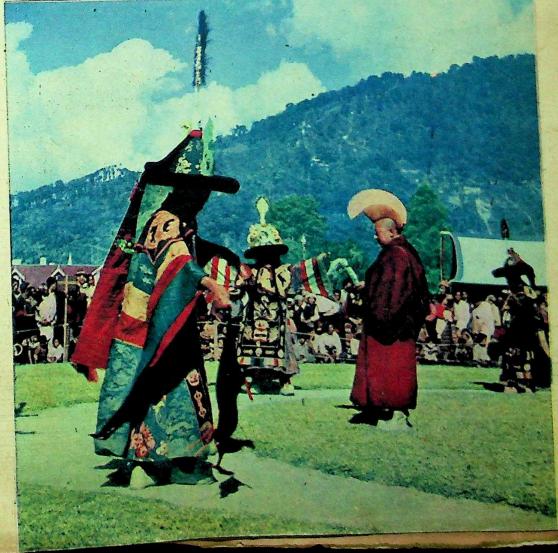




S MOST COLOURFUL SIGHTS is the heat, the open-air market held every Sunday. Right: Street scene in the capital difficult in this land-locked state, though more roads are being built today. Below, left and right: Scenes from the Kagyet dances performed during the year-end. (Photographs by author)



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THE MAHARAJA, Sir Tashi Namgyal, is 70 years old and is no longer actively associated with state affairs. His chief interest is painting Sikkim's enchanting mountain landscapes.

SIKKIM

(CONTINUED)

Tibet, most of the mule caravans exchanging goods between India and Tibet passed this way. Races and cultures from both sides have also intermingled in Sikkim. The original inhabitants, who now form but a small minority, are the Lepchas. Bhotias, who began migrating from Tibet in the 14th century, constitute another section, though somewhat bigger. The Nepalese immigrants, who started coming in the last century, represent over 70% of the population. Though the Lepchas and Bhotias are small in numbers, it is largely their characteristics and customs which give Sikkim its distinctive character and atmosphere.

The Sikkimese language, dress and

customs closely resemble those of Tibet. Buddhism, with Tantrik overtones, is the state religion, and the several big monasteries in Sikkim receive Government grants. Sikkim's own protecting deity is Kanchenjunga (pronounced "Khangchenjunga" locally and meaning "Big Snow of the Five Treasures"). During the autumn festival called "Worship of the Snowy Ranges", lamas in the royal monastery perform dances and ceremonies to honour their mountain-god.

Rangpo, the border town of Sikkim, is about 60 miles by road from the nearest railway station of Siliguri, in West Bengal. Indian nationals need no entry permit and for tourists the Customs check is a mere formality. From Rangpo to Gangtok, Sikkim's capital and its only sizable town, is 25 miles. The buildings of Gangtok are spread around a mountain-top, at an altitude of about 6,000 ft. At the highest point is the magnificent royal monastery, and a bright-yellow prayer pavilion just opposite it. A little below is the cream-coloured royal palace guarded by soldiers in picturesque crimson jackets and peaked straw helmets. At a lower level, on the other side of the monastery, behind an ornate gateway, is the Tashiling ("Fortunate Place"),

The Illustrated Weekly of India, March 10, 1963



MISS HOPE COOKE, the Maharajkumar's American-born fiancee, with his children by his former wife who died four years ago.

the Secretariat building. Like most official buildings in Sikkim, this too has a pagodalike turquoise roof and is decked out with touches of brilliant scarlet and yellow. Though Gangtok's population is only about 8,000, it boasts a very stylish cinema completed about eight months ago but already

TWO LAMAS, blowing long trumpets, lead a procession of thanks giving at the conclusion of ceremonies marking the end of the year.
Right: An archery contest during the New Year festival.





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May 13, 1962

The Philosopher President

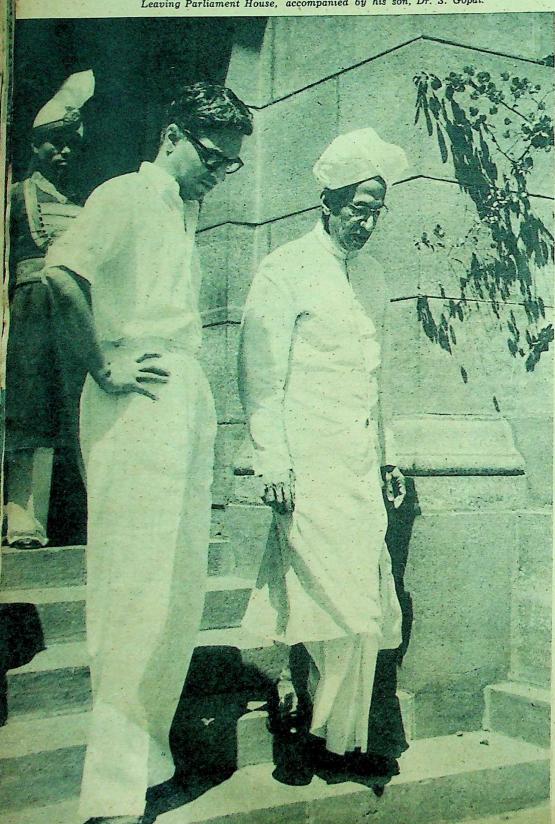
Dr. S. Radhakrishnan will be sworn in as President on Sunday.

HILOSOPHERS in public authority are rare. Marcus Aurelius was the philosopher king; Sarvepalli Radha-. krishnan is becoming the philosopher President. The cupola of a white turban hiding an abundant crop of unruly hair, a deep, penetrating Calvinistic look, a striking, sensitive nose, a rich, resonant

voice, and a spare, ascetic frame—this has become a familiar ensemble in this country and in several others. Radhakrishnan's life has been like a loud incantation; his merest gestures, benedictions.

Radhakrishnan contains contrasts. The philosopher who has expounded the ideal-

Leaving Parliament House, accompanied by his son, Dr. S. Gopal.



ist's view of life with prophetic fervour is not a bore; he is a writer of power and eloquent elegance, an orator of charm, a scholar who has lived life richly. In public he stands as an oracle of wisdom; in private he is a sparkling conversationalist. He is devoted to books and seclusion, but the world of living men attracts him. He talks of the soul and the spirit, but he has not forgotten the miseries of the world. He has preached unceasingly to people-and worked for their material ad-

Many vivid vignettes can be drawn of Radhakrishnan striding across the world, addressing parliaments, academies, political bodies, statesmen, scholars and stu-

As Vice-President, he would, at eleven in the morning, walk from his room to his high seat in the Council of States, and his first utterance would be like a prayer. The day's business would then begin. As member after member rose to ask questions and to put halting, irrelevant or troublesome supplementaries and Ministers struggled to give their answers, there would be crisp, curt interruptions from the Chair. Members would be

____ by ___

M. CHALAPATHI RAU

encouraged to go on and faltering Ministers would be prodded to complete their answers, and the House would rock with sallies and laughter. There would be high seriousness and excitement and amusement. Even the boisterous Bhupesh Gupta, after being shown the utmost latitude, would be made to sit down-and he would settle down with a smile of immense satisfaction. There was no false note in the House; rarely a walk-out; there was never a protest against the Chairman's ruling. In atmosphere, it was a senate worthy of Brutus and Cato, or Chatham and Brougham; at all moments, it was like a class-room dominated by a patriarchal and teasing teacher.

Radhakrishnan had been a superb performer in the class-room in Madras, Mysore and Calcutta, in the Andhra University Senate, in the Varanasi University Court, as Chairman of the University Education Commission, as Hibbert Lecturer, and as Spalding Professor.

There is never any deviation from dignity; there is complete self-posses-sion in thought, word and gesture. His lectures were not confined to the curriculum or the text-book. It is still recalled how in his early days at Mysore, he would come into the class a quarter of

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The Unpredictable NOOSE (Continued From Page 33)

certain instructions respecting Emmett-Dunne's 23-year-old half-brother, Ronald.

brother, Konald.

Mr. McDougall was still in Duisburg when Ronald Emmett paid a visit to his nearest Police station in Cheshire and volunteered a statement which implicated Emmett-Dunne to the hilt. As a result, he was later taken to Scotland Yard, where he filled in the important missing parts of the story of the murder of Sergeant Watters.

This frank statement was, on request, air-mailed to us after we had been notified of this vital development.

Emmett-Dunne had stopped outside the mess hall and broken the news to Ronald (whom he had had called out of his quarters) that he had killed a man. It was an accident, he had claimed, but he needed his brother's help, and said he expected to receive it. The body of Watters was carried to Entrance No. 3, covered with a plastic sheet and deposited, in a sitting position, in the dimly lighted corner. The soldiers who passed by the heap never noticed it.

In two minutes, while Ronald held the body straight, Dunne attached the rope. Together they hoisted the dead form and made the knot. Dunne thoughtfully had brought a bucket, which he placed in an appropriate and convincing spot.

Scotland Yard had solved the case. Emmett-Dunne was arrested in England, and thus the case was closed for me.

Emmett-Dunne at first denied the murder charge, but he finally broke down and admitted: "I killed my friend, Tich. We had an argument that night. Tich accused me of having an affair with his wife and threatened to kill me or commit suicide. He jumped out of the car before. I entered the gate. I stopped and tried to reason with him, but he threatened me. I pleaded with him to understand that I had no designs on his wife.

"Finally, he told me he was sorry for what he had said. He wanted to talk with me some more and, because of the drizzle, he suggested that we sit in the car. He got in and immediately pulled a gun. Tm going to kill you!' he said, pointing the pistol right between my eyes. I could see the cylinder was moving around and the gun was about to fire.

"I struck Tich and grabbed the gun. He didn't move any more and I realised that he was dead. I got panicky. Tich had talked about hanging himself, so I decided to make his death look like a suicide."

THIS plea of self-defence was maintained at Emmett-Dunne's trial, at which he was defended by the late Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennett. During the interrogation following his arrest, he was asked, as the report shows: "Why did you marry your friend's wife such a short time later?"

"I wanted to give her a home and security," explained the accused. "Because Tich's death was put down as suicide, she wasn't put down as suicide, she wasn't getting the Army pension she was getting the Army pension she was ters getting the Army pension she was to fend for her. I felt responsible to fend for her. I felt responsible for the fix Mia was in. For the after the fix Mia was in. CC-0. Bhard

first three months of our mar-riage, we didn't even live as man and wife. Then I got ill. The lov-ing care she gave me touched me and I fell in love with her and she with me."

"And what is the truth about the secret meetings during the old camp days?" the question-ing continued.

Emmett-Dunne was insistent that these were friendly, harmless visits, that he had no designs, was not in love and, as a matter of fact. was rather negative in his feelings about all German women. This, he said, was what had inspired the accusations and animostiv of the camp trauleins. ity of the camp frauleins.

Frederick Emmett-Dunne faced his court martial in Dusseldorf, Germany's smartest and most modern city since the war. The trial date was June 27, 1955. The defendant faced seven judges, comprising a colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, three majors and the President, Brigadier D. L. Betts.

The Prosecutor accused: "This is a carefully prepared crime. At least a month before, the defendleast a month before, the defendant spread rumours around the camp that a man was going to commit suicide. Sergeant Emmett-Dunne lured the victim out of his house, murdered him, smuggled the body into camp and staged a suicide, all because he wanted to get possession of this woman."

IT was a long trial, for Emmett-Dunne was stoutly defended, but it took the judges only 74 minutes to reach their verdict, which was: "The court sentences Sergeant Frederick Emmett-Dunne to suffer death by hanging."

death by hanging."

When the verdict was duly confirmed. a legal conference, to which I was invited, with two experts from the Department of Federal German Justice, took place to grapple with the question of whether, in fact, Emmett-Dunne could legally be hanged. The era of Konrad Adenauer, determined to destroy Nazism and Prussianism, had abolished the death sentence, and, since Emmett-Dunne had commitabolished the death sentence, and, since Emmett-Dunne had committed a crime on German soil and was sentenced on German soil, it became apparent that the supreme penalty could not be imposed. Indeed, there existed an agreement between Germany and Britain that court-martial sentences in Germany could be commuted to life or long-term prison sentences.

Such then were the circumstan-

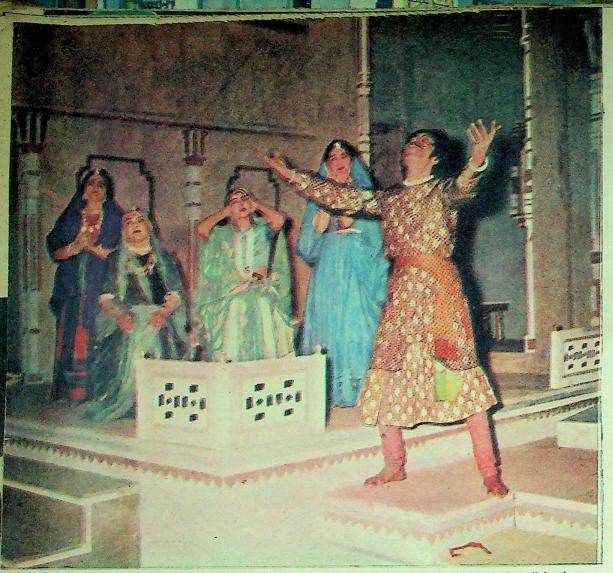
Such then were the circumstances which saved Emmett-Dunne and prevented Mia from becoming the widow of two hanged men. Mia stood staunchly by her husband during his arrest and trial, visited him regularly with food, and she also hired German lawyers to take advantage of the international agreement respecting the death sentence.

There was, too, a minor facet to the odd and tragic affair. Since Tich Watters was believed to have committed suicide, he was given posthumously, and mistakenly, as events proved, a dishonourable discharge, which prevented his widow from receiving an Army pension. When the court martial decided that Mia's second husband was the murderer of her first spouse, Watters's dishonourable discharge was converted to an honourable one and Mia now receives her pension, after all!

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Ketab brings the tidings of the heroic death of Prithviraj Chauhan and of the glorious fight the latter gave the enemy.

"Prithviraj Chauhan" - A Punjabi Opera

HEILA Bhatia's Punjabi opera, Prithviraj Chauhan, is a brave attempt. It not only satisfies the test that there must be musical structure of some kind in opera, but also breaks new ground in the orchestration of folk motifs, particularly in concerted numbers. That is the strongest element in this opera, the others, particularly the formal arias, being good with some voices and indifferent with others.

The first act of the production moves in pedestrian fashion. San-yogta's swayamber, at which she has to choose her husband, is athas to choose her hushand, is attended by a galaxy of princes, except for Prithviraj Chauhan; and her father, Jai Chand, takes his revenge by installing a statue of the absent prince at the gate as a watchman. The ceremony ends with Prithviraj abruptly entering Jai Chand's court and carrying off Sanyogta, but it is a tame act of bride-snatching, to which the au-dience responds with a giggle. It is dience responds with a giggle. It is only after the entry of Ichhani (Snehalata Sanyal) in the second act that power and eloquence of voice and instrument combine harmoniously in a perfect blend. The orchestra responds equally well to the urbane voice of Anna (Kanta Dogra) in her pleadings with Sanyogta. The revolt of Hahuli Rai (Bir Gorowala) against Prithviraj and the readiness of Chamand (S. S. Purba) to forget the injus-

tice done to him by Prithviraj are other episodes in which the histrionic sense is matched by the theatrical sense of the musical com-

Such rapport is found mostly in the lesser moments of the production. It is lacking when Sanyogta

is torn between her love for Prithviraj and her filial duty towards Jai Chand. Sanyogta sends her spouse to fight a war against her father. She prays at once for the victory of her husband and the death of her father. This should be a mighty conflict, but the mu-



by G. S. KHOSLA



sic, the words and the histrionics fail

the listener. A dramatic work in which the player on the stage and the orchestra combinator or two minor changes when the curtoproduce a powerful effect. But in Prian rises on the second act. For some thviraj Chauhan, the music lacks spring time and the tempo is generally slow during the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scenes in which the protagonists may like the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scenes in which the protagonists may like the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scenes in which the protagonists may like the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scenes in which the protagonists may like the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scenes in which the protagonists may like the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scenes in which the protagonists may like the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scenes in which the protagonists may like the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scenes in which the protagonists may like the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scenes in which the protagonists may like the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scenes in which the protagonists may like the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scenes in which the protagonists may like the scene is still in Kanauj or has the scene is still in Kanauj or

stage.

The story of Prithviraj Chauhan and through the pages of Indian history as the story of disunity and fratricidal warfare help noticing some obvious lapses; for eign invader. It is the beginning of the composition is that the protection of the story of distinguished by high literary merit. It is the beginning of the protection is stance, Prithviraj addressing Sanyogta at Ladli", "Meri lado", expressions apnot yet been able to halt. Here the protection does not this lesson, but her production does not the chorus is generally more satisfy than the individual performances, beautiful language. In combination with trained voices places the orchestra at a single Sanyogt.

Prithviraj comes and joins Sanyogh who had been anxiously waiting for him

convey the power.

The orchestral composition by Sushdifferent, but the cleavage between them Dasgupta has variety, but it rarely thril could have been underlined by a contwork are sung to an instrumental accompany. cer was up against. The Delhi Art Theatre's brochure contains this

passage:

The problems of producing operas are tremendous. To find a large and adequate cast which

can sing and act is a big prob-lem in itself. Production cost is

enormous too. The Group's sta-

The heroine (Rajni Pandit) seldon is a producer to define clearly a conflict, rises to the heights that her role demand Sanyogta's ecstasies, her pining for Printipular and, finally, the news of his deal on the battlefield, all find her unequal to her task. At times, it is made difficulty according to historical truth, as by the producer. For instance, Keta by the producer. For instance, Keta by the producer is too long on the stage.

The second-rankers steal the short Ichhani, Anna, Chamand, Ketab ar Ichhani, Anna, Ichhani, Ichhani, Anna, Ichhani, Anna, Ichhani, Ichhani

Sanyogta: "Who can dishonour our women? Prepare the funeral pyre."



authorities and the patrons of art that this form of theatre has to be nurtured and adequate finan-cial grants made to put it on some sort of professional basis, it would be impossible to carry

Prithviraj Chauhan was in the

tus is still amateur, but time has past when such productions could be handled on these lines. Unless it is recognised by the making for three years and cost Rs. 30,000—maybe a little more than the 14 performances in Delhi fetched. But money could have fetched. But money could have been saved if the keynote of the setting and costumes had been economy and not lavishness. I do hope that the last words of the passage quoted were not meant to be taken seriously, for week each as the second that the seriously. for work such as that of Sheila Bhatia deserves to be carried on.



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search Institute, Melukote Collection.

SYNOPSIS

Karuthamma, daughter of the ambitious fisherman Chemban Kunju, and Pareekutti, the young Muslim trader, feel themselves irresistibly drawn to each other. Chakki, her mother, gives Karuthamma the solemn traditional warning that the fortunes of the sea front depend on the purity of its women, but she cannot prevail on the hard Chemban Kunju to give first place to his daughter's marriage. Instead, over Karuthamma's protests, she helps him borrow money for a boat and net of his own from the captivated Pareekutti.

The smile of fortune transforms Chem-The smile of fortune transforms Chemban Kunju into a heartless, greedy individual, concerned solely with his own welfare, and setting out to exploit the poverty and ill-luck of others to advance his own ends, he soon becomes master of a second boat. Then he marries off Karuthamma to a strong and canable young fisherman. a strong and capable young fisherman, Palani, who has no kith or kin and con-sequently demands no dowry.

The marriage has its ill-omened aspects: Karuthamma's fair name is publicly questioned and her afflicted mother, Chakki, questioned and her anneced method, faints away, while Chemban Kunju disowns Karuthamma because she will not stay at her sick mother's side after the wedding. But Karuthamma leaves for her new home at Chakki's orders and with

Karuthamma and Palani begin their life together happily, notwithstanding whispers in the village about the new bride's reputation. These are fanned to a blaze when at dawn one day Pareekutti, of all people, brings Karuthamma the news of her mother's death, on the plea that the dying Chakki has made them brother and sister. Palani's boat-fellows now decide that the presence of one with such a wife is a danger to their safety at sea. They decide to dispense with his services by leaving early one morning without him, but this reverse only fortifies the bond between husband and wife.

Meanwhile Chemban Kunju remarries Pappikunju, widow of the great Pallikunnath Kandankoran, whose boat had brought him good fortune, and in the quarrels over the motherless Panchami which follow, he learns from his new wife the truth of Karuthamma's tie with Pareekutti, which Chakki had kept from him. The realisation leaves him slightly crazed.

Panchami creates trouble for Pappikunju when the latter steals from Chemban Kunju's borrowed funds to help her son. When Pappikunju is put out of the house, Panchami rejoices, but when the errant wife is readmitted, Panchami runs away from home. away from home.

HE TWO SISTERS met in a deep embrace. How long they stood like that neither knew. Both were in tears. When her plans had failed, Panchami had made straight for Trikunnapuzha. Where else could she go?

Palani stood watching the sisters. The baby he carried laughed happily and made gurgling sounds.

"Who is this? Panchami?" Palani asked. "How did you come?

Before answering, Karuthamma took the baby. She went happily into Panchami's arms.

"It is your aunt, my child," Karuthamma said.

Panchami smothered the baby with kisses. She had been dreaming of this meeting.

Karuthamma wanted to ask many questions and Panchami had a lot that she wanted to tell Karuthamma. But Palani did not care

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Chemmeen -10

by THAKAZHI SIVASANKARA PILLAI

Translated from the Malayalam by Narayana Menon

to hear it. He hated the idea. He could not bear to hear the name of Nirkunnam. Panchami was a poor, helpless little girl. She was innocent. But where did she come from? What news had she brought and about whom? To Palani, Panchami was a dark shadow that had entered his home to taint the course of Karuthamma's true life with everything that he hated. What were the questions Karuthamma would ask? Who were the persons she would want to know about?

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

Palani became dejected. Again in that home a dark shadow had fallen. The cheer had gone out of the house. The baby, who hardly ever cried, now began to cry.

Karuthamma could not ask a thing or say anything. She felt suffocated. She had to wait to speak until Palani was not there. She was not getting such a chance. With mounting resentment Karuthamma became upset about every little thing that happened in the house. And so did Palani. Husband and wife were on the verge of a guarrel. verge of a quarrel.

"You are heartless, Karuthamma!" Pan-chami said gently.

"Why do you say that?"

"You haven't once asked about Father."

"Quiet. Palani will hear," Karuthamma said.

In the evening Palani said he would go out early to sea. He strung up the hooks with bait. Karuthamma made his supper early. That was a relief. As dusk was falling, mother and child stood watching him go out to sea. The baby lifted her little hands and waved. She did that every day, and Palani always waved back to her from his boat. But that day he did not wave. The boat sped westward. He was rowing hard.

Panchami gave Karuthamma all the news. The death of their beloved mother, how she entrusted Panchami to the care of Nallapennu, how her mother wanted her father

to marry again.

"Yes. And one day Pareekutti Muthalali came to see Mother."

Karuthamma changed the subject. Her heart was beating wildly.

"Why, don't you want to hear about that?" Panchami asked.

Karuthamma said, as if she had not heard that question, "Why didn't you let me know when Mother died?"

"Everyone said that that wasn't necessary."

"Yes. Everyone spoke ill of you. They said you had acted cruelly, that you were not capable of love, but were heartless."

Then she spoke of her stepmother. As she related that story, she told Karuthamma something else too.

"We have lost our boats and nets. We mort-gaged them to Ouseph because we needed the money. Stepmother gave the money to her

They had lost their boats and nets. Karuthey had lost their boats and hets. Karu-thamma saw in front of her eyes the sight of her father in command of the boat, the boat speeding like a bird over the crest of the waves. Her father and mother had toiled for that all their lives. She, too, loved that boat. And now it belonged to someone else. She had no more to do with it. Karuthamma again wept.

"How will Father live now?" she asked. "I don't know."

n National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

More than anything else that news cut right into Karuthamma's heart. What pained her even more was the casual way in which Panchami said it. She did not seem to worry how their father would live. She made light of

Karuthamma forgot herself and said, "How heartless of you!"

"Why, what is the matter?" Panchami ask-

"You left without a thought as to how Father would live. And you didn't even take leave of him. Who has Father left now?"

"Let us not go into that. What did you do, yourself?

What Panchami said was true. How could she blame Panchami? But there was a differ-ence. She left her father and mother because she had no choice. Panchami's case was differ-

"If you hadn't left them, none of these things would have happened," Panchami said. "You could have stayed back and looked after the home as Mother used to do."

Old memories came crowding in on Karu-thamma. She wondered what might have hap-pened if she had not left her home. Would everything have been all right in that case? Poor Panchami! She understood nothing.

The talkative Panchami continued, "When you got a husband, you forgot yourself and followed him out of the house."

"No, it wasn't so."

Illustrations by Mario

The words rushed out of Karuthamma, her

heart full of pain. But her words did not make sense. They came out as if she cried out something in her agony. She should have said clearly that it was not because she was infatuated with her husband that she followed him, not because she felt it her duty to go with him, come what might. But how could she say it,

living with Palani, who risked his life on the seas for their daily bread? The truth was that she left her home to save herself. She did not follow her husband as Panchami described it.

And in the course of her talk Panchami gave her the news of how her father's mind was deranged.

"That fat woman said that you were gadding about the sea front with a Muslim boy and brought ruin on the sea front," she said angrily. "And poor Father went out of his mind" angrily. mind."

Karuthamma sat there petrified. Every-thing went dark. So even now that was the talk of the sea front. Even her proud Father had come to know of it.

Panchami talked on, coming to Pareekutti's affairs. She described his pitiable story.

"He has nothing left," she said. "He is starving. And he wanders about on the shore. One would think he is mad. Such a shame."

Karuthamma had not asked to hear that story, but she did not stop Panchami from telling it. Of course, she was anxious to hear it. She saw again the little boy in his yellow shirt with a can and courf born. with a cap and scarf, hanging on to his father. And the red shell that she had given him that day. A precious life had been destroyed. Without realising it, she asked Panchami, "Does he still sit on the boat steps and sing his song?"

"Yes, sometimes he does sing," Panchami

Did Panchami know the meaning of that song? No, she had had no chance of knowing it.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

GARBA RAS (Photographs by Jitendra Mistry)

dolls and puppets, soldiers, sailors and now, airmen and space-pilots all tell their own tale.

Toys are not of interest to children alone, they are invaluable material to the historian, archaeologist, sociologist and to a host of other specialists whose field of work includes the study of man's social and cultural development. Details of dress, of hair-styles are seen in the costumes of the dolls of the period. In miniature replicas of dolls' houses, tea-sets, kitchen utensils, weapons of warfare, the customs, manners and methods of a by-gone civilisation are brought vividly to life. Small animal figures of the elephant, the camel, birds, the dog or cat, lion or horse, point to the type of birds and beasts familiar then to man. Certainly a wellstocked 20th century toy-shop or nursery would be an excellent storehouse of pointers to our scientific bent and speed- and space-minded civilisation, with its chemistry-sets, space-rockets, speed-boats, remote-controlled buses and cars, "walkie-talkie" dolls, jet planes-all remarkably accurate miniature replicas of their originals in our adult world.

But perhaps the best-loved toy in any age and by all children, both young and old, is the miniature replica of the human figure—the doll. To the child the doll is a companion. Sometimes as "real" and certainly as beloved as the members of the family. In playing with

CC-0. Bhagayad P.

and cuddling its dolls the child brings its greatest imaginative faculties to bear. The doll is not only talked to, but to its owner the doll's reply is as clearly heard as its own voice. A dialogue is developed. Problems and difficulties faced by the child are transferred to the doll-"eat up all your vegetables or you won't get a sweetie", says the child in strict imitation of mummy; or, "naughty dolly, why did you wet yourself!" with a tight spank on the inanimate bottom. The doll is fed, dressed, married and buried as correctly as the child interprets these adult functions as possible.

To help the child's play and imagination

beautiful creative toys are essential. We are now producing innumerable toys in our country and doll-making is also a fast-growing home craft. The only fault one may find with our Indian dolls is that they are usually representations of adult figures. Exquisitely made and dressed, no doubt, but a little too much so to be cuddled by a toddler in bed, or to share in childhood pranks and adventures. Indian dolls are often bought by adult tourists as pretty reminders of their visit to our land of colour and costume variety. But let our doll-makers not neglect the chief function and purpose of toys-that of fulfilling the child's need of a plaything and companion.

L. M.

LITTLE MAID



KASHMIRI FLOWERSELLER



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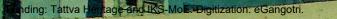
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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

August 26, 1962

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